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*T H E*  
**FAERIE QUEEN:**

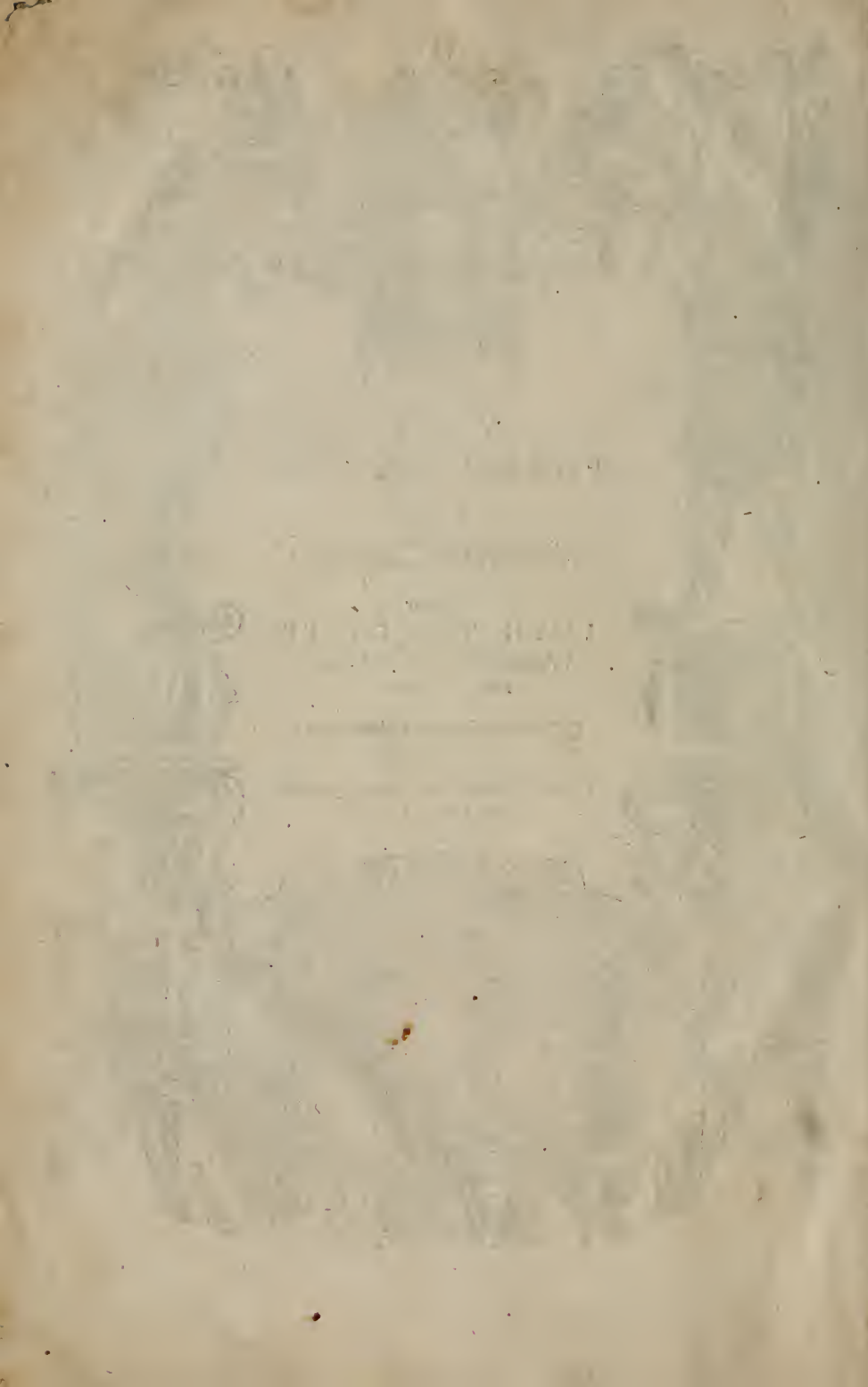
*T H E*  
Shepherds Calendar :

*Together*  
WITH THE OTHER  
Works of England's Arch-Poët,  
EDM. SPENSER:

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

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TO THE MOST

HIGH MIGHTY

AND MIGHTY

WE BEG

REVEREND FATHERS

OF THE

CONGREGATION

OF WEST

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

TO HIS HOLY FATHERS

OF THE

CONGREGATION OF THE

OF THE

OF THE







# THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT  
OF THE RED CROSSE,

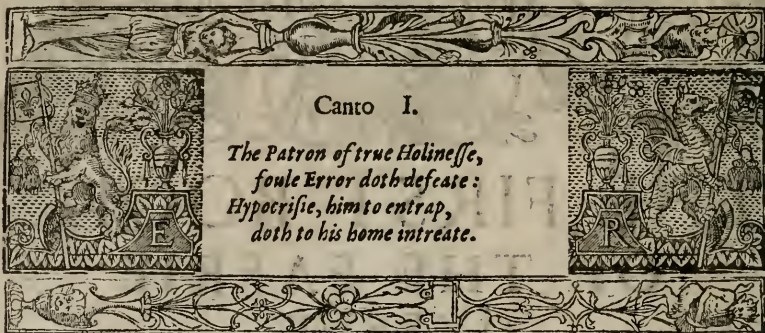
OR  
*Of Holinesse.*

**I** O, I the man, whose Muse whilom did mask,  
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards  
Am now enforce't a far vnsitter task, (weeds,  
For trumpets stern to change mine oare reeds,  
And sing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;  
Whose praises having slept in silence long,  
Mee, all to meane, the sacred Muse areeds  
To blazon broad, amongst her learned throng:  
Fiercewartes, and faithfull loues, shall moralize my song.

**2** Help then, ô holy Virgin, chiefe of oine,  
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:  
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting serine  
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,  
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! help thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

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

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



**A** Gentle Knight<sup>1</sup> was pricking on the Plaice,  
 Yclad in mighty armes of sluet shield,  
 Wherin old dints of deep wounds did remain,  
 The cruell marks of many a bloody field;  
 Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:  
 His angry steed did chide his foming bit;  
 As, much disdainning to the curb to yield:  
 Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sit,  
 As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody Crosse he bore,<sup>2</sup>  
 The deate remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:  
 Vpon his shield the like was also feor'd,  
 For soveraign hope, which in his help he had:  
 Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;  
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad:  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great adventure he was bond,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,  
 That greatest glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,  
 To win him worship, and her grace to haue,  
 Which of all earthly things he most did craue;  
 And euer as he rode, his hart did earn  
 To proue his puissance in battell braue  
 Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;  
 Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and steern.

A louely Lady rode him faire beside,<sup>4</sup>  
 Vpon a louely Affe more white then snow;  
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide  
 Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,  
 And ouer all a black stole she did throwe,  
 As one that iolly mournd: so was she sad,  
 And heauy sat vpon her palfrey slowe;  
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,  
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure an Innocent, as that same lambe,<sup>5</sup>  
 She was in life and eueri restuous lore,  
 And by descent from Royall lineage came  
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore  
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,  
 And all the world in their subiection held;  
 Till that inferoall fiend with foule yp-pore  
 Forewasted all their land, and them expeld:  
 Whom to avenge, thee had this knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,<sup>6</sup>  
 That lazic seem'd in being euer last,  
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
 Of needments at his back. Thus as they pass,  
 The day with cloudes was suddaine ouercast,  
 And angry *Ioue* an hideous storme of raie  
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,  
 That eueri wight to shrowd it did constraine,  
 And this faire couple eke to shrowd themselves were faine.

Enforc't to seeke some covert nigh at hand,<sup>7</sup>  
 A shady groue not farre away they spide,  
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:  
 Whole lofty trees cyclad with tommers pride,  
 Did spread so broad, that heuens light did hide,  
 Not pearceable with power of any star:  
 And all within were paths and alleies wide,  
 With footing worne, and leading inward far:  
 Faire harbour, that them seemes; so in they entred are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ioying to heare the birds sweet harmony,  
 Which therin shrouded from the tempests dred,  
 Seem'd in their long to scorne the cruell skie,  
 Much eao they praise the trees so straight and bic,  
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,  
 The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,  
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,  
 The Aspine, good for staues, the Cypress funeral.



9  
The Laurell, meed of mighty Conquerours  
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,  
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,  
The Bugh, obedient to the bendets will,  
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,  
The Myrthe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,  
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,  
The carver Holme, the Maple fildom inward found.

10  
Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Vntill the blustering storme is over-blowne:  
When, weening to returne, whence they did stray,  
They cannot find that path which first was showne,  
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,  
Furthest from end then, when they nereest ween,  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:  
So many paths, so many turnings seen,  
That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

11  
At last, resolving forward still to fare,  
Till that some end they finde or in or out,  
That path they take, that beaten fecm'd most bare,  
And like to lead the labyrinth about,  
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
At length it brought them to a hollow Caue  
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,  
And to the Dwarfse awhile his needlesse speare he gaue.

12  
Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,  
Least suddaine mischief yee too rash prouoke:  
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,  
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,  
And petill without stowe: therefore your hardy stroke  
Sir Knight with-hold, till further trial made.  
Ah Lady (said he) shame were to reuoke  
The forward footing for an hidden shade:  
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darkness for to wade.

13  
Yea, but (quoth shee) the perill of this place  
I better wot then you: though now too late  
To wish you back returne with foule disgrace;  
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foote is in the gate,  
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrace.  
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den;  
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:  
Therefore, I reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfse: ) this is no place for liuing men.

14  
But full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staid;  
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,  
And looked in: his glistring armour made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade,  
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,  
Halfe like a serpent horribly displeide:  
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,  
Most lothsome, filthy, foule, and full of vile disdain.

15  
And, as shee lay vpon the duty ground,  
Her hugelong taile her den all ouerspred,  
Yet was in knots and many bouglts vpwound,  
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred  
A thousand young ones, which shee daily fed,  
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, each one  
Of sundry shape, yet all ill fauoured:  
Soone as that vncouth light vpon her shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddaine all were gone.

16  
Their dam vpstare, out of her den effraid,  
And rushed forth, hurhing her hideous taile  
About her curfed head, whose folds displaid  
Were stretch now forth at length without entrail.  
Shee lookt about, and seeing once in maile  
Armed to point, lought back to turne againe;  
Pot, light shee hated as the deadly bale,  
Ay went in desert darknesse to remaine,  
Where plaine none might her see, nor the see any plaine.

17  
Which when the valiant *Elfe* percei'd, he leapt  
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,  
And with his trenchad blade her boldly kept  
From turning back, and forced her to stay:  
There-with enrag'd shee loudly gan to bray,  
And turning fierce, her peckled taile aduauist,  
Threatning her angry snog, him to dismay:  
Who, nought agast, his mighty hand enhaunst:  
The stroke down fro her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

18  
Much daunted with that dint, her sense was daz'd:  
Yet kindling rage, her selfe shee gather'd round,  
And all at once her beastly body tair'd  
With doubled forces high about the ground:  
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed sterne atoud,  
Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine  
All suddainly about his body wound,  
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaiue:  
God help the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

19  
His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, shew what you bee,  
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:  
Strangle her, else shee sure will strangle thee.  
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,  
His gall did grate for grieue and high disdain,  
And knitting all his force got one hand free,  
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with so great paine,  
That soone to loole hee wicked bands did her constrain.

20  
There-with shee spewd out of her filthy maw  
A flood of poyson horrible and black,  
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
Which stouok so vilely, that it forc't him slack  
His grasping hold, and from her turne him back:  
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
With loathly stogs and toads, which eyes did lack,  
And creeping, lought way in the weedy grats:  
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,  
 His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,  
 And over-flowe each Plaine and lowly Dale:  
 But when his later ebbe gins to auale,  
 Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed  
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,  
 And partly female of his fruitfull seed;  
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elsiwhere may no man reed.

22

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

23

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

24

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

25

Her scattered broode, soone as their Parent deare  
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,  
 Gath'rd themselues about her body round,  
 Weeming their wanted entrance to haue found  
 At her wide mowth: but, beeing there with-stood,  
 They flock'd all about her bleeding wound,  
 And sucked vp their dying mothers blood;  
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,  
 To see th'vnkindly Imps of heauen accurst,  
 Deuoure their dam; ou whom while so he gaz'd,  
 Haung all satisfide their bloody thirst,  
 Their bellies swoloe he saw with fulness burst,  
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end  
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;  
 Now needeth him no longer labour spend: (end.)  
 His foes haue slain themselves, with whom he should con-

27

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

28

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

29

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

30

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

31

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

32

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

Then

33  
Then with the Sunne, take Sir your timely rest,  
And with new day new worke at once begin :  
Vntroubled night (they say) giues counsell best,  
Right well Sir Knight ye haue aduised bin  
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win  
Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent,  
Therefore with me may take vp your In  
For this same night. The Knight was well content:  
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34  
A little lowely Hermitage it was,  
Downe in a dale, hard by a forrests side,  
Faire from resort of people, that did pass  
In trauell to and fro: a little wide  
There was an holy Chappell edificed,  
Wherein the Hermite duly wont to lay  
His holy things each morne and euentide:  
Thereby a Crystall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fontaine welled forth alway.

35  
Arriued there, the little 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 pass:  
For, that old man of pleasing words had store,  
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;  
He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore  
He stow'd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

36  
The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,  
And the sad humour looding their eye liddes,  
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast  
Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them biddes.  
Vnto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:  
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,  
He to his studie goes, and there amidst  
His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindes,  
He seekes out mightie charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes.

37  
Then chusing out few words most horrible,  
Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,  
With which, and other spells like terrible,  
He bad awake black *Plutoes* grisly Dame,  
And cursed heauen, and spake reproachfull 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 *Coryus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38  
And forth he call'd out of deep darknesse dread  
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies  
Fluttering about his euer thammed head,  
Awaite where to their seruice he applies,  
To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:  
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,  
And sitteth for to forge true-seeming lyes;  
The one of them he gaue a message to,  
The other by himselfe slide other worke to do.

39  
Hee, making speedy way through sperfed ayre,  
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire:  
Amid the bowels of the earth full sleepe  
And lowe, where dawning day doth neuer peep,  
His dwelling is; there *Telhus* his wet bed  
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth sleepe  
In silver dew his euer-drouping hed,  
Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth spreid.

40  
Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuoorie:  
The other, all with siluer ouercast;  
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lie,  
Watching to banish care their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe,  
By them the Spright doth pale in quietly,  
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep  
In silver dew he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

41  
And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
And euer-driuing raine vpon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sown  
Of warming Bees, did cast him in a trowne:  
No other noise, 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, faire from enemies.

42  
The messenger approaching, to him spake;  
But his waffe words return'd to him in vaine:  
So found he slept, that nought might him awake,  
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,  
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe  
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake,  
As one then in a dreame, whole drier braine  
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,  
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43  
The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,  
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name  
Of *Hecate*: whereat hee gan to quake,  
And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame  
Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.  
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,  
He that the stubborn Sprites can wisely tame,  
He bids thee to him send for his intent  
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

44  
The God obeyde, and calling forth straight way  
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,  
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay  
His heauie head, deuoid of carefull carke,  
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and starke.  
He, back returning by the Yuoorie dore,  
Remounted vp as light as cheerefull Lark,  
And on his little wings the dreame he bore  
In haste vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.



45  
Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,  
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,  
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts  
So liuely, and so like in all mens sight,  
That weaker sense it could haue raiisht quight:  
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,  
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 *Pna fit*.

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

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

48  
And shee her selfe (of beauty souveraigne Queene)  
Faire *Pennis*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring:  
Her, whom hee waking euermore did weene  
To be the chafest flower, that ayre did spring  
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King;  
Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound:  
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,  
*Hymen in Hymen*, dauncing all around,  
Whilst freshest *Flores* had her Yuie gielond crownd.

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

50  
All cleane dismaid to see so vncouth sight,  
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,  
He thought t'haue flaine her in his fierce despight:  
But baste heat temping with sufferance wile,

He staid his haod, and gan him selfe aduise  
To proue his sense, and tempt her feined truth,  
Wringing her hands in womens pitious wife,  
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,  
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

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

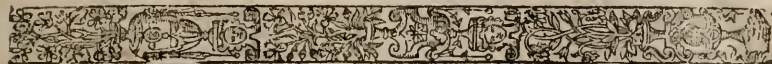
52  
Your owne deere sake fore't mee at first to leaue  
My Fathers kingdome; There shee stopt with teares:  
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue;  
And then againe begun, My weaker yeeres  
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feates,  
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:  
Let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

53  
Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint  
Lets me not sleep, but waste the weary night  
In secret anguish and vnpiitted plaint,  
Whilst you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quite.  
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight  
Suspect her truth: yet fith o'v truth he knew,  
Her fawning loue with soule disdainfull spight  
He would not shend, but said, Deere dame, I rewe,  
That for my sake vnkowne such griefe vnto you grew.

54  
Assure your selfe it fell not all to ground;  
For all so deere 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 seem'd she to appeale  
Her mournfull plaints, beguiled of her art,  
And fed with words that could not chute but please;  
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

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





## Canto II.

*The guilefull great Enchanter parts  
the Redcrosse Knight from Truth:  
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,  
and workes him wofull ruth.*



**B**Y this, the Northern wagoner had set  
His seuenfold teme behind the stedfast star,  
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,  
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far  
To all, that in the wide deepe wauering arc:  
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill  
Had warned once, that *Phabus* fiery car  
In haste was climbing vp the Easterne hill,  
Full enuious that night to long his roome did fill;

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

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

Forth-with hee runnes with feined faithfull haste  
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights  
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,  
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,  
As one agast with fiends or damned sprights,  
And to him calls, Rise, rise vnhappy Swaine,  
That beere wex old in sleepe, whites wicked wight  
Haue knit themselves in *Venus* shamefull chaine:  
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor staine;

All in a maze 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 ieaalous 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 Sire.

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

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,  
Weary of aged *Tithons* saffron bed,  
Had spred her purple robe through dewy aire,  
And the high hills *Titan* discovered,  
The royall Virgin stooke off drowsily-hed,  
And rising forth out of her balesse bowre,  
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,  
And for her Dwarfie, that wout to wait each howre;  
Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that wofull stowre.

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

9  
But subtle *Archimago*, when his guests  
He saw diuided into double parts,  
And *Vna* wandring in woods and forests,  
Th'end of his drift, he prais'd his diuinish arts,  
That had such might ouer true meaning hearts;  
Yet rests not so, but other meares doth make,  
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:  
For her he hated as the hissing snake,  
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10  
He then devise himselfe how to disguise;  
For by his mighty Science he could take  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As euer *Proserus* to himselfe could make:  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,  
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,  
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell  
The hidden power of herbs, & might of Magick spell?

11  
But now seem'd best, the person to put on  
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:  
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,  
And siluer shield: vpon his coward brest  
A bloody crosse; and on his craven brest  
A bunch of haire discolour'd diuerly:  
Full iolly Knight he seem'd, and well adrest,  
And when he late vpon his courser free,  
Saint *George* himselfe yee would haue deem'd him to bee.

12  
But he, the knight, whose semblance he did beare,  
The true Saint *George*, was wandred far away,  
Still flying from his thoughts and ielous feare;  
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.  
At last him chaunc'd to meet vpon the way  
A faithlesse Sarazin, all arm'd to point,  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans Foy*: full large of limbe and euery ioynt  
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13  
He had a faire companion of his way,  
A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,  
Purified with gold and pearle of rich assay,  
And like a *Perispa* mitre on her head  
She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,  
The which her lawissh lovers to her gaue;  
Her wanton palfrey all was overfread  
With tinselfe trappings, woven like a waue,  
Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses braue:

14  
With faire disport and courting dalliance  
Shee entertain'd her lover all the way:  
But when she saw the knight his speare advance,  
Shee 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 courser side  
The red blood, trickling, staid the way as he did ride.

15  
The knight of the *Red-crosse* when him he spide  
Spurring so hote with rage despighteous,  
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:  
Soone meet they both, both fell and furious;  
That daunted with their forces hidous,  
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,  
And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,  
Astionied with the stroke of their owne hand,  
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeelded land.

16  
As when two rammes, stir'd with ambitious pride,  
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,  
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
Doe meet, that with the terror of the stroke  
Astionied, both stand senselesse as a blocke,  
Forgetfull of the hanging victorie:  
So stode these twaine, vn-moued as a rocke,  
Both staring fierce, and holding idley  
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17  
The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buffe,  
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;  
Who well it wards, and quieth cuff with cuff:  
Each others equal puidance enuies,  
And through their iron sides with cruelties  
Doe seek to peare: re-aping courage yields  
No foote to foe. The flashing fire flies  
As from a forge out of their burning shields,  
And streames of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

18  
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 forwarn'd it:  
But yet I warne thee now assured sit,  
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his crest  
With rigour so outrageous he smit,  
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,  
And glaūcing down his shield, frō blame him fairly blest.

19  
Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping sparke  
Of native vertue gan est-soones reuie,  
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,  
So hugely strooke, that it the steele did riuie,  
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 stitied is,  
Whither the soules doe sit of men, that liue amiss.

20  
The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,  
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
Staid not to waile his wofull funeral,  
But from him fled away with all her powre;  
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,  
Bidding the Dwarfie with him to bring away  
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conquerour.  
Her soone he ouer tooke, and bad to stay;  
For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,  
 Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to stowe  
 On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,  
 And to your mighty will. Her humblest lowe,  
 In so rich weeds and seeming glorious shewe,  
 Did much emmoue his stout heroick hart,  
 And said; deare Dame, your suddain ouerthrowe  
 Much ruth me: but now put feare apart,  
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

22

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

23

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

24

His blessed body, spoyld of liuely breath,  
 Was afterward, I knowe not how, couaid  
 And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death  
 When tidings came to me vobappy mayd,  
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assayd!  
 Then forth I went, his woeful corse to finde;  
 And many yeeres throughout the world I strayd,  
 A virgin widow: whose deep wounded mind  
 With loue, long time did languish as the stricken hiode;

25

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

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vofortunate,  
 Now miserable I *Pideffa* dwell,  
 Crawing of you in pity 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 quick 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 vnderseed woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,  
 Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde;  
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest:  
 Better new friend then an old foe is said,  
 With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid  
 Let fall her eyen, as shamefalt to the earth;  
 And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-faid.  
 So forth they rode, he fanning fecniely mirth,  
 And she coy looks: so, Dainty they lay inaketh dearth;

28

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

29

But this good Knight, soone as he them gan spy,  
 For the coole shadow thither hastly got:  
 For, golden *Phœbus* now that mouated his,  
 From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,  
 Hurled his beame to scorching cruell hot,  
 That liuing creature more it not abide;  
 And his new Lady it endured not.  
 There they aight, in hope themselves to hide  
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

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

31

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

32

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

Ther



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

34  
Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,  
Quoth then the knight, by whole mischieuous arts  
Art thou misshap'd thus, as now I see?  
He oft finds medicine, who his grieft imparts;  
But double griefts afflict concealing harts,  
As raging flames who striueth to suppress.  
The author then, said he, of all my smart,  
Is one *Duessa* a false forecaster,  
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

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

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

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

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

39  
Then cride she out, Fie, fie, deformed wight,  
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine  
To haue before bewitched all mens sight;  
O leaue her soone, or let her loone be flauce.  
Her loathly visage viewing with diddaine,  
Ettloones I thought her such, as the inecold,  
And would haue kild her; but, with faim'd paine;  
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:  
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

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

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

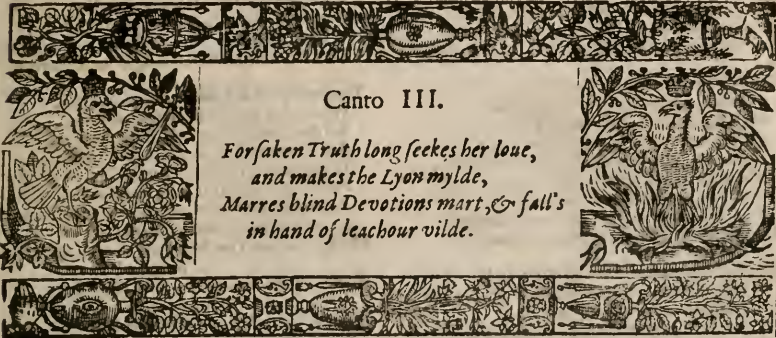
42  
The diuelish hag by changes of my cheare  
Percei'd my thought; and drownd in sleepe night,  
With wicked hearbes and oynments did besmeare  
My body all, through charmes and magick might;  
That all my senses were bereaued quite:  
Then brought she me into this defect wast,  
And by my wretched Loues side me plight;  
Where now inclosde in wooden walls full fast,  
Banisht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waste.

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

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

45  
Her seeming dead he found with feined feare,  
As all vnweeting of that well she knew,  
And paind himselfe with bulie care to reare  
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eylds blew

And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,  
At last she gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare  
Her vp he rooke, too simple and too true,  
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,  
Hec set her on her steed, and forward forth did beare.



## Canto III.

*Forfaken Truth long seekes her loue,  
and makes the Lyon mylde,  
Mares blind Devotions marr, & fall's  
in hand of leachour vilde.*

1  
**N**ought is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes  
That moues more deare cōpassion of mind,  
The beauty brought v'nworthy wretchednes  
By Enuies snares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:  
I, whether lately throug her brightnes blind,  
Or through allceagance and fast fealtie,  
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,  
Feele my heart pearc'd with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2  
And now it is empassion'd to deepe,  
For fairest *Vnaes* lake, of whom I sing,  
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares doe steepe,  
To thinke how shee 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 deed ill meriting,  
Is from her knight diuorced in despair,  
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile wretches share.

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

4  
One day, nigh weary of the irkesome way,  
From her vnhaerie beast she did alight,  
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, farre from all mees sight:

From her faire head her fillet shee vndight,  
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face  
As the great eye of heauen shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shade place:  
Did neuer mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

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

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

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

B.

Redoun.

8

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

9

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 wak't, hee waited diligent,  
With humble seruice to her well prepar'd :  
From her faire eyes he tooke commandement,  
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

10

Long shee thus trauiell'd through deserts wide,  
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,  
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide ;  
Till at the length she found the troden grasse,  
In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
Vnder the steepe foote of a mountaine bore ;  
The fame she follows, till at last she has  
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,  
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

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

12

Full fast shee fled, ne euer lookt behind,  
As if her life vpon the wager lay ;  
And home she came, where as her mother blind  
Sat 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 gassly fright and cold affray,  
Gan shut the dore. By this, arriv'd there  
Dame Pna, weary Dame, and entrance did require.

13

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

14

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

15

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

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie  
About the shiue *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 swate,  
That ready entrance was not at his call :  
For on his back a heauy load he bare  
Of nightly stelfths, and pillage feuerall,  
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

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

18

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

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,  
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise :  
The Lyon fray'd them, him in to let.  
He would no longer stay him to advise,  
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,  
And entred in ; when that disdainfull beast  
Encountering fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,  
And fenzing cruell clawes on trembling brest,  
Vnder his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.



20  
Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,  
His bleeding heart is in the venegers hand,  
Who straight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
And quite dismembred hath: the thirstie land  
Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.  
His fearefull friends wear out the wofull night,  
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand  
The heauy hap which on them is alight,  
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21  
Now, when broad day the world discovered has,  
Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,  
And on their former journey forward pass,  
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,  
With paines farre passing that long wandring Greeke,  
That for his loue refused deitie;  
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,  
Still seeking him, that from her still did fie,  
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nic.

22  
Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,  
That blinde old woman and her daughter deere,  
Came forth, and finding *Kirrapine* there slaine,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their haire,  
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare,  
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,  
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,  
Half mad through malice, and revenging will,  
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23  
Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,  
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonestie,  
That was the floure of faith and chastitie;  
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,  
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,  
And that in endlesse error she might euer stray.

24  
But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,  
She back 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 boist,  
But subtil *Archimago*, that *Vna* sought  
By traines into new troubles to haue roft;  
Of that old woman rydings he besought,  
If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

25  
There-with she gan her passion to renew,  
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her haire,  
Saying, that harlot thee too lately knew,  
That could her shed so many a bitter teare,  
And so forth told the story of her feare.  
Much seemed he to moone her haplesse chauce,  
And after, for that Lady did inquire;  
Which beeing taught, he forward did aduaunce  
His faire enchanted Reed, and eke his charmed lance.

26  
Ere long he came where *Vna* traail'd slowe,  
And that wilde Champion wayting her beside:  
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not shoue  
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide  
Vnto an hill; from whence when she him spide,  
By his like seeming shield her knight by name  
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:  
Approching nigh, she wist it was the same,  
And with faire fearefull humbleffe towards him she came.

27  
And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,  
Where haue yee been thus long out of my sight?  
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,  
Or ought haue done, that ye displeasen might,  
That should as death vnto my deare heart light:  
For since mine eye your ioyous sight did mis,  
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheerelesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is;  
But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of blisf,

28  
Hec thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,  
Farte be it from your thought, and fro my will,  
To thinke that knighthood I fo much should shame,  
As you to leaue, that haue me loued still,  
And chose in Faery Court of meere good will,  
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:  
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill  
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,  
Then I leaue you, my life, my boine of heavenly birth.

29  
But sooth to say, why I left you so long  
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,  
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong  
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;  
But knight he now shall neuer more deface:  
Good cause of mine extense; that more ye please  
Well to accept, and euer more embrace  
My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas  
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appeale,

30  
His loudly words her seem'd due recompence  
Of all her passed paines: one louing howre  
For many yeeres of sorrow can dispence:  
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:  
She had forgot, how many a wofull stowre  
For him she late endur'd; she speakes no more  
Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre  
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before,  
Before her stands her knight, for whom shee toyld so sore,

31  
Much like, as when the beateen Mariner,  
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,  
Of soust in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,  
And long time hauing and his tawney hide  
With blustering breath of heauen, that noise can bide,  
And scorching flames of fierce *Orinus* hound,  
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,  
His cheerfull whistle metts y doth sound, (round:  
And *Aereus* crownes with copps; his mates him pledge a-  
Such

32  
Such ioy made *Fna*, when her knight she found ;  
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemd no lesse  
Then the glad Merchant, that does view from ground  
His ship faire come from watry wildernesse :  
He hurles out vowes, and *Tyghtone* oft doth blesse :  
So forth they past, and all the way they spent  
Ditcoursing of her dreadfull late distress ;  
In which he askt her what the Lyon meant :  
Who told him all that fell in iourney as he went.

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

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

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

36  
Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,  
He to him leapt, in mind to reauce his life,  
And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed  
Of him, that slew *Sans loy* with bloody knife ;  
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
In peace may passe ouer *Lethe lake*,  
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,  
The black infernall *Furies* doen aslake :  
Life from *Sans loy* thou tookest, *Sans loy* shal frō thee take.

37  
There-with in haste his helmet gan volace,  
Till *Fna* cride, ô hold that heauy hand,  
Deare Sir, what cuer that thou be in place :  
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand  
Now at thy mercy : Mercy not withstand :  
For he is one the truest Knight aliuie,  
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly land,  
And whil't him fortune fauourd, faire did thrue  
In bloody field : therefore of life him not deprue.

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

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

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

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

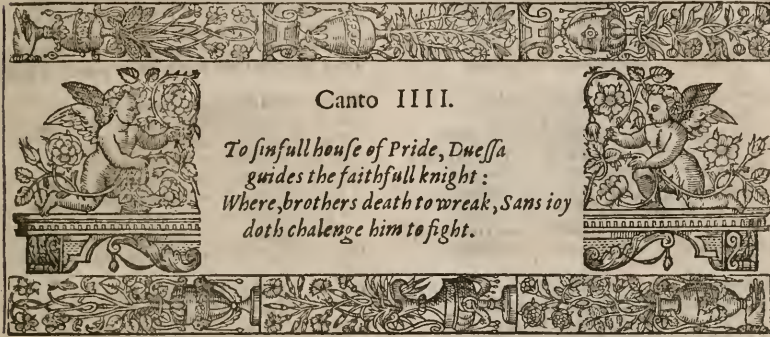
42  
O then too weake and feeble was the force  
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand :  
For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,  
As euer wielded speure in warlike hand,  
And feats of armes did wisely vnderstand.  
Estfoones he pierced through his chauffed chest  
With thrilling point of deadly uon brand,  
And launc't his lordly hart; with death opprest,  
He roard aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne breast.

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

And

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
 And pittous plaints three filleth his dull eares,  
 That stony heart could riuen haue in twaine;  
 And all the way the wets with flowing teares :

But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.  
 Her seruile beast yet would not leaue her to,  
 But followes her farre off; ne ought he feares  
 To be partaker of her wandring woe;  
 More milde in beauly kind, then that her beauly foe.



## Canto III.

To sinfull house of Pride, *Dueffa*  
 guides the faithfull knight:  
 Where, brothers death to wreak, *Sans ioy*  
 doth challenge him to fight.

**Y**ong Knight, what euer that dost arms profess  
 And through long labors huntest after fame,  
 Beware of fraude, beware of sicklenes  
 In choice, & change of thy deare loued Dame,  
 Least thou of her belience too lightly blame,  
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:  
 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 saiee *Vna lorne*,  
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,  
 And till *Dueffa* in her stead had borne,  
 Called *Fidelsi*, and so suppos'd to be;  
 Long with her trauaild, till at last they see  
 A goodly building, branely garnished,  
 The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee:  
 And towards it a broad high way that led,  
 All bare through peoples feet, which thither trauaild.

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

A stately Palace built of squared brick,  
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
 Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,  
 And golden foile all ouer them displaid,

That purest skie with brightnesse they dismayd:  
 High lifted vp were many lofty towres,  
 And goodly galleries faire 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 behold,  
 And spake the praises of the workmans wit;  
 But full great pity, that lo faire a mold  
 Did on so weak foundation euer sit:  
 For on a sandie bill, 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 spy,  
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arriued there, they passed in forth-right;  
 For still, to all, the gate stood open wide;  
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight  
 Call'd *Maluens*, 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 Palace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
 And to the preface mount; whose glorious view  
 Their fraile amazed sentes did confound:  
 In lining Princes Court none euer knew  
 Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew;  
 Ne *Perfa* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,  
 Like euer saw. And there a noble crew  
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on eury side,  
 Which with their preface fair, the place much beautifide.



8

High about all, a cloth of State was spread,  
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;  
 On which there late most braue embellished  
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
 A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titan's* ray,  
 In glistering gold, and peerelesse precious stone:  
 Yet her bright blazing beauty did aslay  
 To dim the brightnes of her glorious throne,  
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding stone, like *Phaebus* fairest childe,  
 That did presume his fathers fire wair,  
 And flaming mouths of steedes vnwonted wilde,  
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to raine:  
 Proude of such glory and advancement vaine,  
 While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyes,  
 He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,  
 And rapt with whirling wheeles, enflames the skyen,  
 With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

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

11

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

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,  
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to bee:  
 Yet rightfull kingdome shee had none at all,  
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie,  
 But did vnrpe with wrong and tyrannie  
 Vpon the scepter which shee now did hold:  
 Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,  
 And strong aduizement of sixe wisards old,  
 That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold;

13

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

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,  
 Shee thanked them in her disdainfull wise,  
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue  
 Of Princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise.  
 Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuide  
 Themselues to teten forth to strangers sight:  
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,  
 Some pranke their ruffes, and others timely dight  
 Theyr gay attire: each others greater pride does sight.

15

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

16

Suddaine vprifeth from her stately place  
 The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:  
 All burien 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 broad doth blaze:  
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
 Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:  
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

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

18

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

19

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

From

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did esioine,  
 And greatly thunned manly exercise:  
 For euery worke he chalenged esioine,  
 For contempration sake: yet otherwife,  
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;  
 By which he grew to grieuous maladie;  
 For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise  
 A shaking feaver raignd continually:  
 Such one was *Idleness*, first of this company.

21

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

22

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

23

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,  
 And eke vnable once to sitre or goe,  
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
 Whose mind in meat and driok was drowned fo,  
 That from his friend he sildome knew his fo:  
 Full of diseases was his carcase blew,  
 And a dry dropisie through his flesh did flow;  
 Which by mistier daily greater grew:  
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of this crew.

24

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

25

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

26

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,  
 And lusted after all that he did loue,  
 Ne would his looser life be ride to law,  
 But ioy'd weake womens hearts to tempt and proude  
 If from their loyall loues he might them moue;  
 Which lewdnesse filld him with reprochfull paine  
 Of that foule euill which all men reprove,  
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:  
 Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traue.

27

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

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths doore yplac't,  
 And thred-bare coate, and cobbled shooes he ware,  
 Ne scarce good morcell all his life did taste,  
 But both from back and belly still did spare,  
 To fill his bagges, and riches to compare;  
 Yet childe 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 voknowe.

29

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

30

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

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say  
 Hee clothed was, ypainced full of eyes;  
 And in his bosome secretly there lay  
 An hatefull Snake, the which his tale vp-ties  
 In many folds, and mortall sting implies.  
 Still as he rode, he gnawt his teeth, to see  
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,  
 And grudget at the great felicine  
 Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne company-

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

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

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

Full many mischiefes follow *aswell Wrath*,  
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
 Vnmanly murder, and vnrhistry scath,  
 Bitter delpight, with rancours rustie knife,  
 And fretting griefe the enemy of life :  
 All these, and many euills moe haunt ire,  
 The swelling Splene, and Phrenozie raging rife,  
 The shaking Palley, and Saint *Frauncis* fire :  
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly ture.

And after all, vpon the wago beame  
 Rode *Satan*, with a smarming whip in hand,  
 With which he forward lasht the lazie teame,  
 So oft as *Sloth* still in the mire did stand.  
 Huge routs of people did about them band,  
 Showing for ioy, and still before their way  
 A foggy mist had couered all the land ;  
 And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay  
 Dead sculls & 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 themselves to sport ;  
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
 The foule *Duessa*, next vnto the chaire  
 Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traioe :  
 But that good Knight would not so nigh repaire,  
 Him selfe estranging from their ioyance vaine,  
 Whose fellowship seem'd far vnfit for warlike twaine.

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

Who when the famed shield of slaine *Sans joy*  
 He spide with that same Fairy champions Page,  
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy  
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage  
 He to him leapt, and that same envious gage  
 Of Victors glory from him snatcht away :  
 But th'Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,  
 Disdaind to lose the meed he wonne in fray,  
 And him re'ncountering fierce, reskewd the noble prey.

There-with they gan to hurle greedily,  
 Redoubted battaile ready to dartaine,  
 And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hie,  
 That with their sturrethey troubled all the traine ;  
 Till that great Queene vpon euermall paine  
 Of high displeasure, that enswen might,  
 Commaunded them their fury to retrain,  
 And if that either to that shield 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 griefe made forget the raines to hold  
 Of reafous rule, to see this recreant Knight ;  
 No knight but treachour fall of false delpight  
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slaine  
 The prouest knight that euer field did fight,  
 Euen stout *Sans joy* (O ! who can then retrain ?)  
 Whose shield he bears re'uerst, the mote to heap disdain.

And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
 His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe  
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,  
 Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,  
 Sown in bloody field, and bought with woe :  
 That brothers hand shall deere well requight,  
 So be, ô Queene, you equall fauour shoue.  
 Him litle anferd th'angry Elfin knight ;  
 He neuer meant with words, but swords, to plead his right :

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

Now



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

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

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

At last, when perils all I weened past,  
 And hop't to reape the crop of all my care,  
 Into new woes vnweeting I was cast,  
 By this false faytor, who vnworthy ware  
 His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare  
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull gauc:  
 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 clowde,  
 And to my loathed lite now shewes some light,  
 Vnder your beames I will me safely strowde,  
 From dreaded storme of his disdainefull spight:  
 To you th' inheartance belongs by right  
 Of brothers praise, to you eke longs his loue.  
 Let not his loue, let not his restlesse spright  
 Be voreueng'd, that calls to you about  
 Fro wandring *Skygian* shores, where it doth endlesse moue.

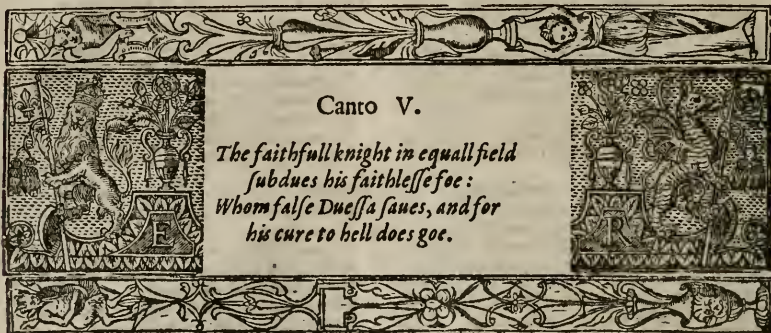
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismayd  
 For sorrowes past; their grieffe is with them gone:  
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid;  
 For, needlesse feare did neuer vantage none:  
 And helpelesse hap it booteth not to moue.  
 Dead is *Sans foy*, his vitall paines are past,  
 Though grieued ghost for vengeance deep do grone:  
 He liues that shall him pay his duties last,  
 And guilty *Elfin* blood shall sacrifice in fast.

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

But faire *Fidessa*, sit hence Fortunes guile,  
 Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,  
 Returne from whence yee came, and rest awhile  
 Till morrow next, that I the *Elfe* subdue,  
 And with *Sans foyes* dead dowry you endue.  
 Ay me, that is a double death (she sayd)  
 With proud foes fight my sorrow to reuue:  
 Where euer yet I be, my secret ayde  
 Shall follow you. So passing forth, she him obaide.

Canto





## Canto V.

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

**T**He noble hart, that harbors vertuous thought,  
And is with child of glorious great intent,  
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought  
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent:  
Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,  
Deciſing, how that doughty turnament  
With greateſt honour he atchieue might;  
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

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

And forth he comes into the common hall,  
Where carely waite him many a gazing eye,  
To weet what end to ſtranger Knights inay fall.  
There many Minſtrals maken melody,  
To driue away the dull melancholy;  
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord  
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,  
And many Chronicles, 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 dainty ſpices fetcht from furtheſt *Ind*,  
To kindle heate of courage priuily:  
And in the wine a ſolemne oath they bind  
To obſerue the ſacred lawes of armes that are aſſign'd.

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

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

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

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right:  
As when a Griffon, leized of his pray,  
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,  
Through wildeſt ayre making his idle way,  
That would his rightfull raiuee rend away:  
With hideous horrour both together ſmight,  
And ſouce ſo fore, that they the heauens affray:  
The wiſe Soothſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad fight,  
Th' amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

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

At last, the Paynim chaunc't to cast his eye,  
 His suddaine eye, flaming with wrathful fire,  
 Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:  
 Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,  
 And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fire,  
 Dooft thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,  
 Whil't heere thy shield is hangd for victors hire,  
 And sluggish german dooft thy forces flake,  
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

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

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

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

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

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

Where-with he goeth to that soveraigne Queene;  
 And falling her before on lowly knee,  
 To her makes present of his seruice scene:  
 Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,  
 Greatly advancing 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 high,  
 That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

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

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

So wept *Duessa* vntill eventide,  
 That shining lamps in *Ioues* high house were light:  
 Then forth she rote, no longer would abide,  
 But comes vnto the place, where th' Heathen knight  
 In slumbring swoune nigh void of vitall spright,  
 Lay couer'd with inchaunted clowde all day:  
 Whom when she found, as free him left in plight,  
 To waile his wofull case sice would not stay,  
 But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grieufully *Nights*, with visage deadly sad,  
 That *Phæbus* cherefull face durst neuer view,  
 And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,  
 She fides forth coming from her darksome mew,  
 Where sice all day did hide her hated hew.  
 Before the dore her iron charet stood,  
 Already harnessed for iourney new:  
 And col-black steeds yborne of hellish broode,  
 That on their rustie bits did clamp, as they were wood.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

28  
Then to her iron wagon she betakes,  
And with her beares the foule wel sauourd witch;  
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes,  
Her *Twyfold* Teme (of which, two black as pitch,  
And two were browne, yeer each to each vnlich)  
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,  
Vnlesse she chaun't their stubborn mouths to twitch;  
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,  
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29  
So well they sped, that they be come at length  
Vnto the place whereas the *Paynim* lay,  
Deuoyd of outward sense, and natie strength,  
Courd with charmed clowd from view of day,  
And sight of men, since his late lacklesse 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 charer, close in night concealed.

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

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

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

33  
They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,  
Where many soules lie wayling woefully;  
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,  
Whereas the damned ghouls 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 buik there by,  
In which, ten thousand sorts of punishment  
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

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

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

36  
They all, beholding worldly wights in place,  
Leaue off their worke, vnmyndfull of their smart,  
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe passe,  
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:  
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,  
Deepe, darke, vneaste, dolefull, comfortlesse;  
In which sad *Aesculapins* sarre apart  
Empriusd was in chaines remedlesse,  
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

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

38  
Who, all in rage, his Sea-god lyre besought  
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:  
Fro' surging gulfe two monsters straight were brought,  
With dread whereof his chafing steeds agast,  
Both charret swift and huntsman overcast.  
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,  
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste  
Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,  
That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

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

40  
Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne  
When *Ioue* auiz'd, that could the dead reuine,  
And fates expired could renewe againe,  
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,  
But vnto hell did thrust him downe aloue,  
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:  
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strue  
Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,  
And flake the heauenly fire, that rag'd euermore.

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

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

43  
Not so, quoth she: but sith that heuens 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 euerslasting *Night*?  
Goe to then, & thou sarre renowned sonne  
Of great *Apello*, shew thy famous might  
In medicine, that eise hath to thee woone  
Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

44  
Her words prevailld: 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  
*Arcus*les sonne there in the Leache-seue,  
And backe returning tooke her wanted way,  
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure  
In Westerne waues his weary wagon did recure.

C.

The



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

46  
A ruefull ſight, as could be ſcene with eye;  
Of whom he leaored had in ſecret wiſe  
The hidden cauſe of their captiuitie,  
How mortgaging their liues to *Coruetiſe*,  
Through waſtefull *Pride*, and wanton *Riotiſe*,  
They were by law of that proude *Tyranneſſe*  
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Enui*'s falſe ſurmife,  
Condemned to that *Duncheon* mercileſſe,  
Where they ſhould liue in woe, and die in wretchedneſſe.

47  
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 celeftiall doome throwae out of dore,  
Into an *Oxe* he was transform'd of yore.  
There alſo was king *Craſus*, that enbaunſt  
His heart too high through his great riches ſore;  
And proude *Antiachus*, the which aduanc't  
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altars daunc't.

48  
And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,  
That fiſt the world with ſword and fire warraid;  
And after him, old *Ninus* ſate did paſſe  
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid:  
There alſo was that mighty Monarch laid  
Lowe vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,  
That name of nature fire did foule vp-braid,  
And would as *Ammons* ſoone be magnifide.  
Till ſcornd of God and man a ſhamefull death he did.

49  
All theſe together in one heape were throwne,  
Like carkaſes of beaſts in butchers ſtall.  
And in another corner wide were ſthrowne  
The antique ruines of the *Romanes* fall;

Great *Romulus* the Grand ſire of them all,  
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,  
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborne *Hannibal*,  
Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſterne *Marius*,  
High *Ceſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

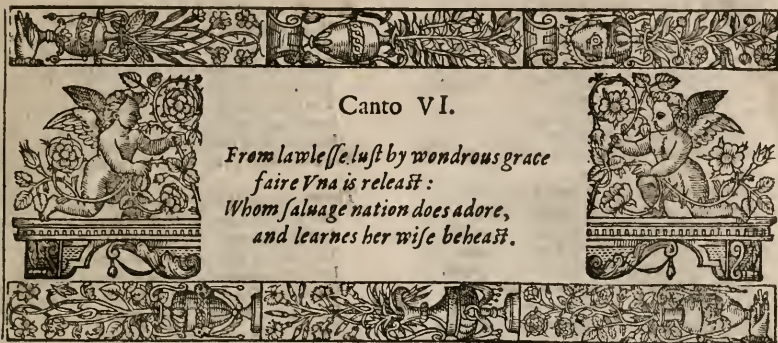
50  
Amongſt theſe mighty men, were women mixt,  
Proude women, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:  
The bold *Semiramis*, whole ſides tranſfixt  
With ſonnes owne blade, her foule reproches ſpoke;  
Faire *Sthenobæa*, that her ſelfe did choke  
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;  
High minded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

51  
Beſides the endleſſe routs of wretched thralles,  
Which thither were aſſembled day by day,  
From all the world after their woſull fall,  
Through wicked pride, and waſted wealths decay.  
But moſt of all, which in the *Duncheon* 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 heauy ſtowres.

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

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





## Canto VI.

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

**A**S when a ship, that flies faire vnder saile,  
 An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,  
 That lay in waite her wracke for to bewaile,  
 The Mariner yet halfe amazed stares  
 At perill past, and yet in doubt he dares  
 To ioy at his foole-happy oversight :  
 So doubly is distrust twixt ioy and cares  
 The dreadlesse courage of this Elin knight,  
 Hauing escap't so sad enlamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was that his too hastic speed,  
 The faire *Duesi* had forc't him leaue behind ;  
 And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare deede  
 Her truth had staine with treason so vnkind ;  
 Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,  
 But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,  
 She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,  
 Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,  
 Till her vnwares the fierce *Sans loy* did overtake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

9  
The wilde Wood-gods, arriv'd in the place,  
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,  
With ruffled rayment, and faire blubbed face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late,  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate.  
All stand amaz'd at so vncouth sight,  
And gin to pittie her vnhappy state:  
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,  
Io their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

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

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

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

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

14  
And all the way their merry pipes they found,  
That all the woods with double Echo ring,  
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring:  
Who, with the noise awak'd, commeth out,  
To weet the cause, his weak steps governing,  
And aged limbs on Cypresse stalle stour,  
And with an Ivice twine his waste is girt about.

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

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

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

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

19  
Glad of such luck, the lucklesse lucky maid,  
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,  
And long time with that salvage people staid,  
To gather breath in many maieries.  
During which time, her gentle wit she plies  
To teach them truth, which worship't her in vaine,  
And made her th'Image of Idolatries:  
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrain  
From her owne worship, they her Assie wold worship faire.

20  
It fortued a noble warlike Knight  
By iust occasion to that Forrest came,  
To seeke his kindred, and the lineage right,  
From whence he tooke his well detrued name:  
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
And filld farr lands with glory of his might,  
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
And euer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,  
But in vaine glorious fraies he little did delight.



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

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

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

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

25  
 Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,  
 That his owne sire and master of his guise,  
 Did oft n tremble at his horrid view,  
 And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,  
 The angry beasts not rashly to despise,  
 Nor too much to prouoke; for he would learne  
 The Lyon stoope to him in lowly wise  
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard stearne  
 Leaueroaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

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

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

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

29  
 In these, and like delights of bloody game  
 He trined was, till ripper yeeres he raught;  
 And there abode, whilst any beast of name  
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not raught  
 To feare his force: and then his courage haught  
 D'ch'rd off forraine foemen to be knowne,  
 And farr abroad for strange adventures sought:  
 In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,  
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

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

31  
 He wondred at her wiselome heauenly rare,  
 Whose like in womens wit he neuer knew;  
 And when her curious deeds he did compare,  
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rewe,  
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
 And ioyd to make prooue of her crueltie  
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:  
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
 And leard her discipline of faith and vertue.

32  
 But shee, all vow'd vnto the *Kedrosse* 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 priue wife  
 To *Satyran* shee shewed her intent;  
 Who glad to gaioe such fauour, gan deuise,  
 How with that pensilue Maid he best might thence arise.

33

So, on a day, when *Satyres* all were gone  
 To doe their seruice to *Syluanns* 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 carefull paine,  
 That they the woods are past, & come now to the Plaine.

34

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

35

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

36

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

37

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

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,  
 This fatal day, that I shall euer rew,  
 To see two knights in trauell on my way  
 (A fory fight) arrang'd in battell new,  
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew :  
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,  
 To see their blades so greedily imbrow,  
 That drunk with blood, yet thirsted after life : (knife,  
 What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with Paignin

39

Ah dearest Lord (quoth shee) how might that bee,  
 And hee 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 *Satyrene*) that Paignins sonne,  
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest ?  
 Not farre away (quoth he) he hence doth woonne  
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (clef.  
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the Steele were

40

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

41

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

42

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

43

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

44

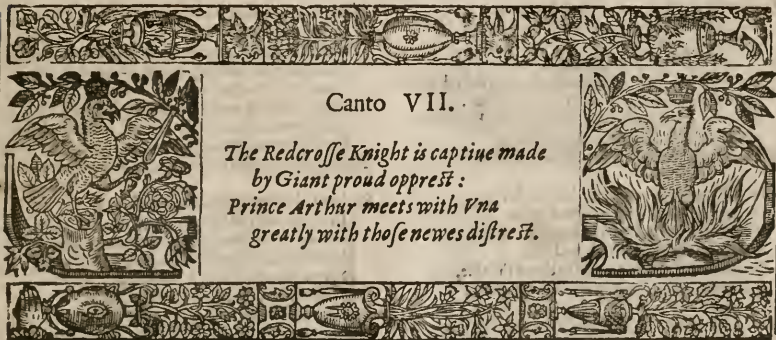
So long they fight, and fell reuenge pursue,  
 That fainting each, them selues to breathen let ;  
 And oft refreshed, battell of reueue :  
 As when two Bores with rankling malice met,  
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,  
 Till breathlesse both them selues aside retire,  
 Where foaming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

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,  
 They gan to fight retourne, increasing more  
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage atonce,  
 With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,  
 That with their dreer wounds and bloody gore  
 They both, deformed, scarcely could be knowne.  
 By this, sad *Vna* fraught with anguishi sore,  
 Led with their noise, which through the aire was thrown,  
 Arriu'd, where they in earth their fruitles bloud had sowne.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin  
 Espide, he gan reuiue the memorie  
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,  
 And lest the doubtfull battell hastilie,  
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye:  
 But *Satyran* with strokes him turning, slaid,  
 And sternely bade him other busines ply,  
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnsported Maid,  
 Where-with he all carag'd, these bitter speeches said;

O foolish Faeries sonne, what furie mad  
 Hath thee incens'd, to haste thy dolefull fate?  
 Were it not better I that Lady had,  
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
 Most sentlelesse man he, that himselte doth hate,  
 To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,  
 Heere take thy Louers token on thy pate.  
 So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid  
 Fled farre away, of that proud Paynimfore afraid.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasur told,  
 Being indeede old *Archmage*, 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 stord, and her pursu'd apace,  
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
 But, for to tell her lamentable case,  
 And eke this battels end, will oced another place.



## Canto VII.

*The Redcrosse Knight is captiue made  
 by Giant proud opprest:  
 Prince Arthur meets with Vna  
 greatly with those newes distressed.*

What man so wife, what earthly wit so ware,  
 As to defery the crafty cunning traine,  
 By which Deceit doth mask in vizour faire,  
 And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,  
 To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,  
 And sitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
 The guildelesse man with guile to entertaine?  
 Great mistresse of her art was that false Dame,  
 The false *Duffsa*, cloked with *Fidesaes* name.

Who, when returning from the dreer *Night*,  
 She found not in that perilous house of *Pride*,  
 Where she had left the noble *Redcrosse* knight,  
 Her hoped pray; she would ne lenger bide,  
 But forth she went, to seeke him farre and wide,  
 Ere long she found whereas he wearie fate,  
 To rest himselte, foreby a fountaine side,  
 Disarmed all of iron-coated Plate,  
 And by his side his steed the grassie forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes  
 His sweate for head in the breathing wind,  
 Which through the trembling leaues ful gently playes,  
 Wherein the cheerfull birds of sundry kind  
 Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:  
 The Witch approaching gan him fairely greet,  
 And with reproche of carelesnesse vnkind  
 Vpbraid, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet,  
 With foule words tempting faire, lowre gall with hoic

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,  
 And bathe in pleasance of the ioyous shade,  
 Which shielded them against the boylng heat,  
 And with greene boughies decking a gloomy glade,  
 About the fountaine like a girlond made;  
 Whote 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



5  
The cause was this: One day when *Phæbe* faire  
With all her band was following the chace,  
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching aire,  
Sat downe to rest in midst of the race:  
The Goddess, wroth, gan foule her disgrace,  
And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,  
Be such as shee her selfe was then in place.  
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and flowe,  
And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

6  
Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was;  
And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,  
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as crystal glasse:  
Effsoones his manly forces gan to faile,  
And mighty strong was turn'd to feeble fraile.  
His changed powres at first themselves not felt,  
Till crudled cold his courage gan assaile,  
And cheerefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,  
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body swelt.

7  
Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,  
Pour'd out in loofnesse on the grassie ground,  
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:  
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sound,  
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,  
That all the earth for terrour seem'd to shake,  
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe there-with astound,  
Vpstart lightly from his loofer make,  
And his vneady weapons gan in hand to take.

8  
But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy  
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,  
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,  
That with his talcesse seem'd to threat the skie,  
The ground eke groned vnder him for dread;  
His liuing like law neuer liuing eye,  
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed  
The height of three the tallest founnes of mortall seed.

9  
The greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,  
And blustering *Aeolus* his boasted fire,  
Who with his breath, that through the world doth  
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire, (pass,  
And fill her hidden caues with stormy ire,  
That shee conceiu'd; and trebbling the due time,  
In which the wombes of women doe expire,  
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,  
Puft vp with emptic wind, and filld with sinful crime.

10  
So, growing great through arrogant delight  
Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,  
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
And left to losse: his stalking steps are staide  
Vpon a snaggy Oake, which he had torne  
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made  
His mortall mace, where-with his fomed he dismaid.

11  
That, when the knight he spide, he gan aduance  
With huge force and inuportable maine,  
And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce;  
VWho haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
Did to him pafe, sad battaile to darraigne,  
Disarm'd, disgrac't, and inwardly dismaide,  
And eke so faint in eury ioynt and vaine,  
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,  
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12  
The Giant strooke so mainly mercilesse,  
That could haue overthrowe a stony towre;  
And were not heavenly grace, that him did blesse,  
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:  
But he was wary of that deadly flowre,  
And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:  
Yet so exceeding was the villaines powre,  
That with the wind it did him ouerthrowe,  
And all his senses stound, that still he lay full lowe.

13  
As when that diuelish iron Engine wrought  
In deepest Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,  
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur franght,  
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,  
Conceiueth fire, the heauens it doth fill  
With thundering noise, and all the aire doth choke,  
That none can breathe, nor see, nor heare at will,  
Through smouldry cloude of dusky stinking smoke,  
That th'onely breath him dawns, who hath escap't the

14  
So daunted when the Giant saw the knight,  
His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,  
And him to dust thought to haue battred quite,  
Vntill *Duessá* loud to him gan cry;  
O great *Orgoglio*, greatest vnder sky,  
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,  
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to die:  
But, vanquish, thine eternal bondslave make,  
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

15  
He harkned, and did stay from further harmes,  
To gaine so goodly guerdon, as the spake:  
So, willingly the came into his armes,  
Who her as willingly to grace did take,  
And was possessed of his new found make.  
Then vp he tooke the slumbr'd senselesse corse,  
And ere he could out of his swoune awake,  
Him to his Castle brought with bastie force,  
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16  
From that day forth *Duessá* was his deare,  
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:  
He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,  
And triple crowne set on her head full hie,  
And her eadow'd with royall maiestie:  
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,  
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen  
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

Such

17  
Such one it was, as that renowned Snake  
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,  
Long foisted in the filth of *Lerna* lake,  
Whole many heads out-budding euer new,  
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:  
But this same Monster much more vgly was;  
For, leaue great heads out of his body grew,  
As iron breast, and back of scaly brafs,  
And all embrewd in blood, his eyes did shine as glaifs.

18  
His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,  
That to the house of heavenly 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 forsought.  
Vpon this dreadful Beast with feauefold head  
He let the false *Dweffe*, for more awe and dread.

19  
The wofull Dwarf, which saw his masters fall,  
Whiles he had keeping of his grating steed,  
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,  
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne wood,  
His mighty armour, missing most at need;  
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse,  
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,  
The ruefull monuments of heauinesse,  
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

20  
He had not trauaild long, when on the way  
He wofull Lady (wofull *Pha*) met,  
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,  
Whil'st *Satyrene* him from pursuit did let:  
Who when her eyes shee on the Dwarf had set,  
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,  
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
And liuely breath her sad breast did forsake,  
Yet might her pittious hart be seene to pant and quake.

21  
The messenger of so vnhappy newes,  
Would faine haue dic'd: dead was his hart within,  
Yet outwardly some litle comfort shewes:  
At last recouering hart, he does begin  
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,  
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:  
So hardly he the fittid life does win,  
Vnto her native prison to returne:  
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22  
Yec dreary instruments of dolefull sight,  
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,  
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,  
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,  
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threds vnfold,  
The which my life and loue together tide?  
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold  
Pearce to my hart, and passe through euery side,  
And let eternall night so sad sight from mee hide.

23  
O lightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,  
First made by him, mens wandring waies to guide,  
When darknesse he in deepest dungeon droue,  
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,  
And shut vp heauens windows shining wide:  
For earthly fight can nought but sorrow breed,  
And late repentance, which shall long abide,  
Minceyes no more on vanity shall feed,  
But feeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

24  
Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;  
But he her quickly reared vp againe:  
Thrice did the sinke adowne in deadly sfound,  
And thrice he her reuiu'd with busie paine:  
At last, when life recouer'd had the raine,  
And ouer-wrestled his strong enemy,  
With soltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,  
Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedy,  
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

25  
Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,  
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vnyost dart;  
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,  
Then that I feele and harbour in mine hart:  
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.  
If death it be, it is not the first wound,  
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.  
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;  
If lesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26  
Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declaie,  
The subtle traines of *Archimago* old;  
The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* faire,  
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;  
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;  
The house of Pride, and perils round about:  
The combat, which he with *Sans ioy* did hold;  
The lucklesse conflict with the Giant stout,  
Wherin captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27  
Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,  
And stroue to master sorrowfull assay:  
Which greater grew, the more shee did contend,  
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;  
And loue fresh coales vnto her fire did lay:  
For, greater loue, the greater is the losse.  
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,  
Then shee did loue the Knight of the *Redersse*;  
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28  
At last, when feruent sorrow slaked was,  
She vp arose, resolving him to find  
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pass,  
All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd:  
And cuermore in constant carefull mind  
Shee fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;  
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,  
High ouer hills, and lowe adowne the dale,  
Shee wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

At last,

At last, free chanced by good hap to meet  
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way  
 Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:  
 His glittering armour shined faire away,  
 Like glaucing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray;  
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may:  
 Atwart his breast a bauldrick braue he ware, (rate.  
 That shi'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious

30  
 And in the midst thereof, one precious stone  
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,  
 Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,  
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights,  
 And stroue for to amaze the weaker fights;  
 Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong  
 In Iuorie sheath, ye'ar'd with curious slights;  
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong  
 Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden toog.

31  
 His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,  
 Both glorious brightnes, and great terror bred;  
 For, all the crest a Dragon did enfold  
 With greedy pawes, and ouer all did spread  
 His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed  
 Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throwe  
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,  
 That luddaine horror to faint harts did shoue;  
 And scaly taile was stretcht adowne his back full lowe.

32  
 Vpon the top of all his lofty 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 *Selinus* all alone,  
 With blossoms braue bedecked daintily;  
 Whose tender locks doe tremble every one  
 At every little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

33  
 His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,  
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;  
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring brasse,  
 Such earthly metallis soone consumed beene:  
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene  
 It framed was, one masse entire mould,  
 Hewen out of A *damant* rock with engines keene,  
 That point of speare it neuer peareen could,  
 Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

34  
 The same to wight hee neuer wont disclose,  
 But when as monsters huge he would dismay,  
 Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,  
 Or when the flying heauens he would assay;  
 For, so exceeding shone his glistering ray,  
 That *Phæbus* golden face it did attaine,  
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;  
 And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,  
 As when her face is staind with magick arts constraint.

35  
 Ne magicks arts heereof had any might,  
 Nor bloody words of bold Enchanters call;  
 But all that was not such, as seem'd in fight,  
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:  
 And when him list the rascall routes appall,  
 Men into stones there-with he could trantmea,  
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;  
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,  
 He would them gazing blind, or turoe to other hew.

36  
 Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds:  
 For, he that made the same, was knowe right well  
 To haue done much more admirable deeds.  
 It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell  
 All liuings wights in might of magick spell:  
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought  
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;  
 But when he hidde, the Faerie Queene it brought  
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

37  
 A gentle youth, his dearely loned Squire,  
 His speare of Heben wood behind him bare,  
 Whose harmfull head, thrice heated in the fire,  
 Had riven many a breast with pikehead square;  
 A goodly peeson, and could manage faire  
 His stubborne steed with curbed canoon bit,  
 Who vnder him did trample as the aire,  
 And chauff, that any on his backe should sit;  
 The iron rowels into frothy foam he bit.

38  
 When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
 With louely court he gan her entertaing;  
 But when he heard her answers loth, he knew  
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraing:  
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,  
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,  
 And for her humour fitting purpose faing,  
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;  
 Wherwith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say:

39  
 What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach  
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,  
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?  
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,  
 And in my heart his iron arrow steep,  
 Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:  
 Such helpelesse harmes it's better hidden keepe,  
 Then rip vp grieue, where it may not auail,  
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weep and wail.

40  
 Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,  
 Well may I weene, your grieue is wondrous great;  
 For wondrous great grieue groweth in my spright,  
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.  
 But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,  
 For to vsfold the anguish of your hart:  
 Mishaps are maldred by aduise discreet,  
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:  
 Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.



O! but (quoth shee) great grief will not be told,  
 And can more easily be thought, then said.  
 Right so (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,  
 Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aide.  
 But griefe (quoth shee) does greater growe displaid  
 If then it find nothelpe, and breeds despair.  
 Despaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staid.  
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.  
 Flesh may enpaire (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 loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,  
 And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought  
 You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,  
 Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,  
 Or that your prowesse can me yeeld reliefe:  
 Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

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

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

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

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

It was my chauce (my chauce was faire and good)  
 There for to find a fresh vprooued knight,  
 Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood  
 Had neuer been, ne euer by his might  
 Had throwne to ground the vnraged right:  
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe hee since hath made  
 (I witnesse am) in inay a cruell fight;  
 The groning gholls of many one ditnaide  
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

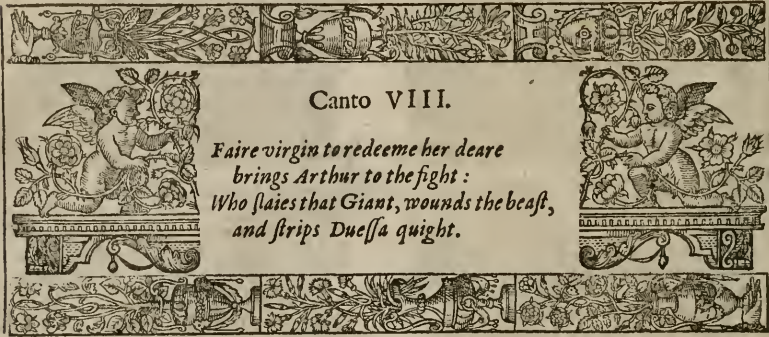
And yee the forlorne reliques of his power,  
 His byung sword, and his deuouring speere,  
 Which haue endured many a dreafull stowe,  
 Can speake his prowesse, that did earely you beare,  
 And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,  
 To be the record of his reuful losse,  
 And of my dolefull disuenturous deare:  
 O! heaue record of the good *Rederosse*,  
 Where haue you left your Lord, that could so well you

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

Thenceforth, me desolate he quite forooke,  
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,  
 And other by-waies hee himselfe betooke,  
 Where neuer foote of liuing wight did tread,  
 That brought not back the balefull body dead;  
 In which him chanced foule *Duesja* meet,  
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,  
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,  
 Inueigled him to follow her desires vomect.

At last, by subtil sleights shee him betrayd  
 Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,  
 Who him, disarm'd, disloolure, dismaid,  
 Vnwares surpris'd, and with mightie mall  
 The monster metaleesse him made to fall,  
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold;  
 And now in darklone dungeon, wretched thrall,  
 Remedilesse, for aye he doth him hold;  
 This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

Ere shee had ended all, shee gain to faint:  
 But hee comforted and faire bespake,  
 Certes, Maiden, yett hee great cause of plaint,  
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.  
 But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:  
 For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,  
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.  
 His cheerefull words reuiv'd her cheerelesse spright:  
 So forth they went, the Dwarfie them guiding euer right.



## Canto VIII.

*Faïre virgin to redeeme her deare  
brings Arthur to the fight:  
Who slaies that Giant, wounds the beast,  
and strips Dueffa quight.*

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

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

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

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

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

And after him the proude *Dueffa* came,  
High mounted on her many-headed beast,  
And euery head with fire tongue did flame,  
And euery head was crowned on his crest,  
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.  
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield  
Vpon his manly arme he soone addreit,  
And at him fiercely flew, with courageild,  
And eager greedines through euery member thrild.

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

Ne shame he thought to shun so hideous might,  
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
Missing the mark of his maynied sight,  
Did fall to ground, and with his heauy sway,  
So deeply dinted in the dinten clay,  
That three yards deepe a furrow vp did throwe:  
The sad earth wounded with so sore aslay,  
Did groane full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (showe:  
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake  
As

As when almighty *Ioue*, in wrathfull mood,  
 To wreake the guilt of mortall finnes is bent,  
 Hurles forth his thundring darts with deadly food,  
 Enroll in flames, and smouldring detriments;  
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmaments  
 The fierce threeworked engine making way,  
 Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent;  
 And all that might his angry passage stay,  
 And shooting in the earth, calls vp a mount of clay:

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,  
 He could not reare vp againe so light,  
 But that the Knight him at advantage found:  
 And whiles he stroue his combed club to quight,  
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright,  
 He smote off his left arme, which like a block  
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of natie might;  
 Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock  
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from triuic tosk:

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 Cymbria Plaine  
 An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,  
 Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,  
 And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,  
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw  
 The euill sound that danger her estate,  
 Vnto his ayde shee hastily did draw  
 Her dreadfull beast; who swolne with blood of late,  
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,  
 And threamed 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,  
 Enforc't her purple beast with all her might  
 That stop out of the way to ouerthrowe,  
 Scorning the let of so vnquall foe:  
 But nathemore would that courageous swaine  
 To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,  
 But with outrageous stroakes did him restraine,  
 And with his body hard the way awixt them twaine.

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

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,  
 Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,  
 That life nigh crasht out of his panting breath:  
 No power he had to stirre, nor will to rise.  
 That, when the carefull knight gan well awise,  
 Helyghly left the foe with whom he fought,  
 And to the best gaunt turne his enterprise;  
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
 To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought:

And high aduancing his blood-thirste blaie,  
 Strooke one of those deformed heads so fore,  
 That of his puffince proud ensample made;  
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,  
 And that misformed shape misshaped more:  
 A sea of blood gush't from the gaping wound,  
 That her gay garments stam'd with filthy gore,  
 And overflowed all the held around;  
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

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

The force, which went in two to be dispartt,  
 In one alone right hand he now vnites, (crist;  
 Which is through rage more strong then both were  
 With which his hideous club aloft he drites,  
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,  
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrowe:  
 The stroke vpon his stufed fo heauy lifes,  
 That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe.  
 What mortall wight could euer bear fo monstrous blowe!

And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,  
 Did loofe his veile by chance, and open flew:  
 The light whereof, that heauens light did pass,  
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,  
 That eye mote not the same endure to view.  
 Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,  
 He downe let fall his arme, and toft withdrew  
 His weapon huge, that heaued was on bie  
 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 dirty field,  
 And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.  
 Whom when his mistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,  
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,  
 Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,  
 O helpe *Oyagolis*, helpe, or elle we perish all.



21  
 At her so pittious cry was much amou'd  
 Her Champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,  
 Againe his wonted angry weapoo 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 lightning broad does light,  
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

22  
 Whom when the Prince to battell new addrest,  
 And threatening high his dreadfull stroke did see,  
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,  
 And smote off quite his right legge by the knee,  
 That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,  
 High growing on the top of rocky cliff,  
 Whose hart sitings with keene Steele nigh hewen be,  
 The mighty trunke halfe rent, with ragged rift  
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with tearfull drift.

23  
 Or as a Castle reared high and round,  
 By subtle engines and malicious sight  
 Is vndermined from the lowest ground,  
 And her foundation forc't, and teebled quight,  
 At last, downe falls, and with her heaped hight  
 Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,  
 And yeelds it selfe vnto the Victors might;  
 Such was this Giants fall, that seemd to shake  
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feate did quake.

24  
 The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,  
 With mortall Steele him smote againe so fore,  
 That headlesse his vnwely body lay,  
 All wallow'd in his owne foule bloudy gore,  
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store:  
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pass,  
 That huge great body which the Giant bore,  
 Was vanquish't quite, and of that monstrous mass  
 Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25  
 Whose grieuous fall when false *Duessa* spide,  
 Her golden cup shee cast vnto the ground,  
 And crowned Mitre rudely threw aside;  
 Such pearcing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,  
 That shee could not endure that dolefull stound,  
 But leauing all behind her, fled away:  
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,  
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,  
 So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.

26  
 The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,  
 In pensiuo plight, and sad perplexitie,  
 The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,  
 Came running fast to greet his victory,  
 With sober gladnesse, and milde modestie,  
 And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake;  
 Faire branch of nobleste, flowre of cheualrie,  
 That with your worth the world amazed make,  
 How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

27  
 And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,  
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deaths dore,  
 What hath poore Virgin, for such perill past,  
 Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore  
 My simple selfe, and seruice euermore;  
 And he that high does sit, and all things see  
 With equall eyes, their merites to restore,  
 Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,  
 And what I cannot quite, requite with vnrure.

28  
 But sithe the heauens, and your faire handling,  
 Haue made you master of the field this day,  
 Your fortune master eke with gouerning,  
 And well begun, end all so well, I pray,  
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;  
 For, shee it is that did my Lord bethrall,  
 My dearest Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,  
 Where he his better daies hath wasted all.  
 O heare, how pittious he to you for ayde does call.

29  
 Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,  
 That scarlot whore to keepe carefully;  
 Whiles he himselfe with greedy great desire  
 Into the Castle entred forcibly;  
 Where liuing creature none he did espy.  
 Then gan he loudly through the houle to call:  
 But no man car'd to answer to his cry.  
 There raiged a solemne silence oner all,  
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scen in bowre or hall.

30  
 At last, with creeping crooked pafe forth came  
 An old old man, with beard as white as snowe,  
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,  
 And guide his wearie gate both to and fro;  
 For, his eye sight him failed long yge:  
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,  
 The which vnafed, rust did ouergrowe;  
 Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,  
 But hee could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

31  
 But very vnouth sight was to behold  
 How he did fashion his vntoward pafe:  
 For, as he forward mov'd his footing old,  
 So backward still was turnd his wrinkled face;  
 Volike to men, who euer as they trace,  
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
 This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
 And foster-father of the Giant dead;  
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right ahead.

32  
 His reuerend haire and body grauitic  
 The knight much honourd, as belesmed well,  
 And gently askt, where all the people be,  
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.  
 Who answerd him full lost, he could not tell.  
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was laid,  
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puffedance fell  
 Had made his cayue thrall; againe he said,  
 Hee could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then

Then asked he, which way hee in might pass :  
 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 silver hed  
 In vaine to mock, or mockt in vaine to bee :  
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
 With natures pen, in ages graue degree,  
 Arcade in grauer wife, what I demaund of thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But neither darknesse soule, nor filthy bands,  
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,  
 (Entire affection bareth nicer bands)  
 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 gashtly dreare.

His sad dull eyes deep sunke in hollow pits,  
 Could not endure th'vntwonted sunne to view ;  
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,  
 And empie sides deceued of their due,  
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rue ;  
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brauened bowes  
 Were wont to ruse steele plates, & helmets hewes,  
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitill powres  
 Decay'd and all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowres.

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

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

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,  
 The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,  
 Thine to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;  
 Best mustick breeds delight in loathing care :  
 But th'ouely good, that growes of passed feare,  
 Is to be wile, and ware of likeagen.  
 This dayes emp'truple hath this lesson deare  
 Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,  
 That bliis may no abide in state of mortall men.

Hence-forth fir Knight,<sup>45</sup> take to you wonted strength,  
 And maister these mishaps with patient might;  
 Lo, where your toe lyes stretcht in monstrous length:  
 And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,  
 The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,  
 Now in your powre, to let her lue, or die,  
 To doe her die (quoth *Vna*) were despight,  
 And shamet'aver go weake an enemy;  
 But spoile her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly.

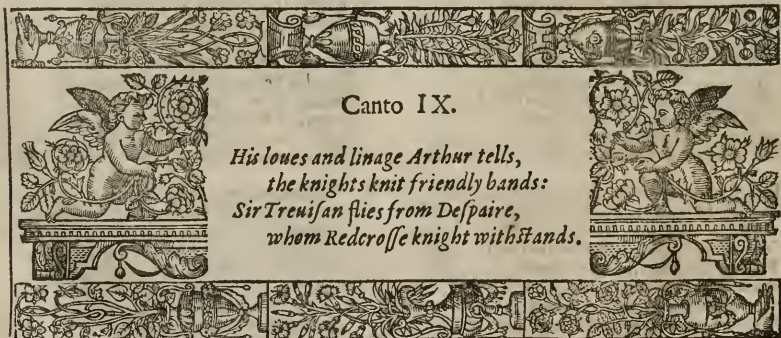
So, as she bade, that Witch they disarraid,  
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,  
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;  
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all,  
 Then when they had despoild her tire and Call,  
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,  
 That her misshaped parts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

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

Her nether parts, the shame of all her kind,  
 My chafter Muse for shame doth blush to write:  
 But at her rompe the growing had behind  
 A Foxes taile, with dung all foully dight;  
 And eke her feet most monstrous were in sight;  
 For one of them was like an Eagles claw,  
 With griping talons armd to greedly fight,  
 The other like a Beares vneuen paw:  
 More vgly shape yet neuer lining creature Law.

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

She flying fast from heauens hated face,  
 And from the world that her discouer'd wide,  
 Flew to the wastfull wildernesse space,  
 From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,  
 And lurkt in rocks and Caves long vnspide,  
 But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire,  
 Did in that Castle afterwards abide,  
 To rest themselves, and wearie powres repair,  
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.



## Canto IX.

*His lones and linage Arthur tells,  
 the knights knit friendly bands:  
 Sir Treuisan flies from Despaire,  
 whom Redcroffe knight with stands.*

**O** Goodly golden chaine, where-with yfere  
 The vertues linkd are in louely wife;  
 And noble minds of yore allied were,  
 In braue pursuit of cheualour emprise,  
 That none did others safety despise,  
 Nor aide envie to him in need that stands,  
 But friendly each did others praise deuise  
 How to aduance with fauourable hands, (bands.  
 As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcroffe* knight from

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

9  
 It was in freshest flouwe of youthfull yeares,  
 When courage first does creepe in manly chest,  
 Then first the coale of kindly heate appeares  
 To kindle loue in eery liuing brest;  
 But me had warn'd old *Timons* wife behest,  
 Thwofe creeping flames by reason to subdue,  
 Before their rage grew to so great vneft,  
 As miserable Louers vse to rue,  
 Which still wex old in woe, while woe still wexeth new.

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

11  
 But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,  
 Ne fleshy breast can armed be to found,  
 But will at last be wonne with battry long,  
 Or vnauares at disadvantage found;  
 Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground:  
 And who most truites in arme of fleshy might,  
 And boasts, in beauties chaine nor to be bound,  
 Doth sooneest fall in diuidentrous fight,  
 And yelds his fatiue necke to victors most despight.

12  
 Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,  
 And of my selfe now mated, as yee see:  
 Whose prouder vaunt, that proud avenging boy  
 Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.  
 For, on a day, pickt forth with illioly  
 Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,  
 Ranging the forest wide on courser fee,  
 The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent  
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mee in intent.

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

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

15  
When I awoke, and found her place devoid,  
And nought but pressed grasse where she had lyen,  
I forrowed all so much, as earth I loy'd,  
And washed all her place with watry eyen.  
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;  
From that day forth I cast in careful mind,  
To seeke her out with labour and long tyme,  
And neuer vow to rest, till her I find,  
Nine moneths I seek in vaine, yet nill that vow vnbind:

16  
Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,  
And change of hew great passion did bewray;  
Yet still he strove to cloake his inward bale,  
And hide the smoake that did his fire display,  
Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan say;  
O happy *Queen* of Faeries, that hast found  
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may  
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:  
True loues are often lowne, but seldom grow on ground.

17  
Thine, & then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,  
Next to that Ladies loue shall be the place,  
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,  
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,  
Was firmest fixt in mine extreamest case.  
And you my Lord, the Patron of my life,  
Of that great *Queen* may well gaine worthy grace:  
For, onely worthy you, through prowess pricke,  
If living man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18  
So, diuersly discoursing of their loues,  
The golden Sunne his glistering head gan shew,  
And sad remembrance now the Prince amoues,  
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:  
Als *Vna* car'd her traualle to renew.  
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bind,  
And loue establish each to other true,  
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull miode,  
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioyn'd.

19  
Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond fure,  
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,  
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
That any wound could heale incontinent:  
Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gaue  
A booke, wherein his Saviours testament  
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;  
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to saue.

20  
Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way  
To seek his Loue, and th'other for to fight  
With *Vnnes* foe, that all her realme did prey.  
But she oow weighing the decayed plight,  
And shrunken sinewes of her choson knight,  
Would not a while her forward course pursue,  
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
Till he recover'd had his former hew:  
For, him to be yet weak and weary, well she knew.

21  
So as they trauald, lo, they gan espy  
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,  
That seem'd from some feared foe to flie,  
Or other grieftly thing, that him agallt.  
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 braff,  
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,  
As he had beene a foale of *Pegasus* his kind.

22  
Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head  
To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haire  
Vpstart stiff, disdain'd with vnouth dread;  
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,  
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,  
In foule reproche of knighthoods faire degree,  
About his necke a hempen rope he wears,  
That with his glistering armes does ill agree;  
But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23  
The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,  
To weet what mister wight was so disdain'd:  
There him he find; all senselesse and agast,  
That of him selfe he seem'd to be afraid;  
Whom hardly he from flying forward staid,  
Till he these words to him deliuer might;  
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,  
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:  
For, neuer knight I saw in such misleeming plight.

24  
He answerd nought at all; but adding new  
Feare to his first amazement, staring wide  
With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,  
Astonisht stood, as one that had elspe  
Infernal Furies, with their channes votide.  
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake  
The gentle knight; who nougl to him replide,  
But trembling euery ioynt did only quake, (shake)  
And soltring tongue at last these words seem'd forth to

25  
For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, doe me not stay;  
For loe, he comes, he comes fast after mee.  
Eft looking back, would faine haue runne away;  
But he him forc't to stay, and tellen free  
The secret cause of his perplexitie:  
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speech,  
Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee;  
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach:  
Yet forc't at last he made through silence suddain breach,

26  
And am I now in safety sure (quoath hee)  
From him that would haue forced me to die?  
And is the poynt of death now turnd from me,  
That I may tell this haplesse history?  
Feare nought (quoath hee) no danger now is nie.  
Then shall I you recount a ruefull case  
(Said hee) the which with this vnluckie eye  
I late beheld, and had not greater grace  
Me rest from it, had beene paraker of the place.

17  
I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)  
With a faue Knight to keep compaigne,  
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduanc't  
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,  
But not so happy as mote happy bee:  
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,  
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:  
For, thic was proud, and of too high intent,  
And ioyd to see her Louer languish and lament.

28  
From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,  
As on the way together we did fare,  
We met that villaine (God from him me blesse)  
That cur'd wight, from whom I escap't whyleare,  
A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*:  
Who first vs greets, and after faire arcedes  
Of rydings strange, and of adventures rare:  
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,  
Inquirth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29  
Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts  
Emboss't with bale, and bitter byting griefs,  
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,  
With wounding words and tearms of soule retriue,  
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,  
That carst vs held in loue of lingring life;  
Then hopelesse, hardlesse, gaue the cunning thiefe  
Perswade vs die, to stint all further strife:  
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30  
With which sad instrument of hastie death,  
That wofull Louer, loathing lenger light,  
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath,  
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,  
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:  
Ne yet allur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,  
Whose like infirmite like chaunce may beare:  
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

31  
How may a man (said he) with idle speach  
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?  
I wote (quoth hee) whom triall late did teach,  
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:  
His subtile tongue, like dropping honny, mealt's  
Into the hart, and searcheth euery vaine,  
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
His powre is rest, and weaknesse doth remaine.  
O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

32  
Certes (said hee) hence shall I neuer rest,  
Till I that trecherous art haue heard and tride;  
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,  
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.  
I that hight *Treuisan*' quoth he) will ride  
(Against my liking) back, to doe you grace:  
But not for gold nor glee will I abide  
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;  
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

33  
Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight  
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Cae,  
Fare vnder death a craggy cliff ypitch,  
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,  
That still for carrion carcases doth craue:  
On top whereof aye dwelt the gaffly Owle,  
Sbricking his balefull note, which euer draue  
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;  
And all about it wandring ghosts did walle and howle.

34  
And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,  
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer leene,  
Did hang vpon the ragged rockie knees;  
On which had many wretches banged beene,  
Whose carcases were scattered on the Greene,  
Whose tharowne about the cliffs. Arrued there,  
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,  
Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare:  
But th'other forc't him stay, and comforted in feare.

35  
That darksome Cae they enter, where they find  
That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his fullen mind;  
His grieuly locks long grown, and vnbound,  
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,  
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;  
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
Were shrunke into bit iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36  
His garment nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched was,  
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;  
And him beside there lay vpon the grafs  
A drearie corse, whose life awy did pass,  
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,  
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;  
In which a rustie knife had fixed stood,  
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37  
Which pittious spectacle, aprroning true  
The wofull tale that *Treuisan* had told,  
When as the gentle *Redicrosse* knight did view,  
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,  
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,  
And to the villaine said, Thou damned wight,  
The author of this fact wee heere behold,  
What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight)  
With thine owne blood to price his blood, heere shed in

38  
What frantick fit (quoth hee) hath thus distraught  
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?  
What iustice euer other iudgement taught,  
But he should die, who merits not to liue?  
None else to death this man despayring driue,  
But his owne guilte mind deferring death.  
Is then vniust to each his due to giue?  
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?  
Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere vneath?

Who



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

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

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

42  
 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 begunne,  
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate  
 Are written sure, and haue their certaine date,  
 Who then can strue with strong necessity,  
 That holds the world in his still changing state,  
 Or shun the death ordaind by destinie? (why)  
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43  
 The 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 bloudshed, and auengement,  
 Now prais'd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:  
 For, life must life, and bloud must bloud repay.  
 Is not enough thy euill life forspent?  
 For hee, that once hath missed the right way,  
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

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

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

46  
 Why then doost thou, O man of sin, desire  
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hure  
 High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,  
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?  
 Is not enough, that to this Lady milde  
 Thou falsed halt thy faith with periury,  
 And fold thy selfe to ferne *Duesse* wilde,  
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47  
 Is not hee iust, that all this doth behold  
 From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?  
 Shall hee thy finnes vp in his knowledge fold,  
 And guilty be of thine impietic?  
 Is not his Law, Let euer sinner die:  
 Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be doone,  
 Is it not better to doe willingly,  
 Then linger, till the glasse be all out-runne?  
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O *Facies* soone.

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

49  
 In which amazement, when the Micreant  
 Perceiued him to wauer weak 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,  
 Hee shew'd him painted in a table plaine,  
 The damned ghosts, that doe in corments wail,  
 And thousand tiends that doe them endlesse paine  
 With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

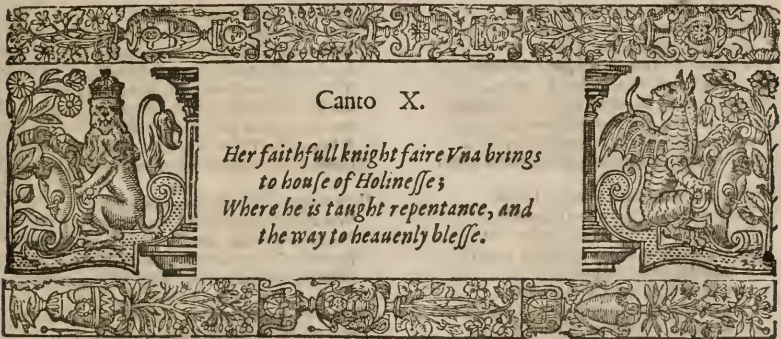
50  
 The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismaid,  
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,  
 And euer burning wrath before him laid,  
 By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:  
 Then gan the villaine him to ouercraw,  
 And brought vnto him Iwords, ropes, poyson, fire,  
 And all that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

But when as none of them he saw him take,  
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
 And gaue it lum in hand: his hand did quake,  
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspia greene,  
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was scene  
 To come and goe; with tydings from the barr,  
 As it a running messenger had bene.  
 At last, resolvd to worke his finall smart,  
 He lifted vp his hand, that back againe did start.

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

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

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



## Canto X.

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

What man is he, that boasts of fleshy might,  
 And vaine assurance of mortalitie,  
 Which all so soone as it doth come to fight  
 Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,  
 Or from the field most cowardly doth flee?  
 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 hapned, *Vna* saw,  
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;  
 And all his sinewes woxen weak and raw,  
 Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,  
 Which he endured in his late restrait,  
 That yet he was vnfit for bloody 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.

There was an ancient house not farre away,  
 Renown'd throughout the world for sacred lore,  
 And pure vnspotted life: so well they say  
 It gouern'd was, and guided euermore  
 Through wisdom of a Matrone graue and bore;  
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs  
 Of wretched soules, and help the helpelesse poore:  
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
 And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought  
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise,  
 The mother of three daughters well vpbrought  
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:  
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,  
*Fidelia* and *Speranza* virgins were,  
 Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;  
 But faire *Charissa* to a louely heere  
 Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

Atriuel

5  
 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;  
 For it was warily watched night and day,  
 For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,  
 The Porter opened vnto them straight way:  
 He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,  
 With looks full lowly cast, and gate full slowe,  
 Went on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
 Hight *Humilita*. They passe in, stouping lowe;  
 For straight and narrow was the way, which he did shoue.

6  
 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:  
 But entred in, a spacious court they see,  
 Both plaine, and pleasant to be walkt in,  
 Where them does meet a Franklin faire and free,  
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee,  
 His name was *Zelus*, that him right well became;  
 For, in his speeches and behaviour hee  
 Did labour liuely to expresse the fame,  
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7  
 There fairely them receiues a gentle Squire,  
 Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,  
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;  
 In word and deed that shew'd great modestie,  
 And knew his good to all of each degree,  
 Hight *Reuerence*. Hee them with speeches meet  
 Does faire intreat; no courting niceties,  
 But simple true, and eke vnfaigned sweet,  
 As might become a Squire person so great to greet.

8  
 And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,  
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:  
 Who all this while was busie at her beades;  
 Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,  
 And toward them full matronely did passe,  
 Where, when the fairest *Vna* she beheld,  
 Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,  
 Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,  
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9  
 And her embracing said, O happy earth,  
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,  
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heauenly birth,  
 That to redeeme thy wofull Parents head,  
 From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,  
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day;  
 Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,  
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?  
 Or doest thy feeble feet vnweeing hither stray?

10  
 Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see  
 Heere in this place, or any other wight,  
 That hither turnes his steps. So fewe there bee  
 That chuse the narrow path, or seeke the right:  
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight  
 With many rather for to goe astray,  
 And be partakers of their euill plight,  
 Then with a fewe to walke the rightest way;  
 O foolish men! why haste ye to your owne decay?

11  
 Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,  
 O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,  
 And this good Knight his way with me adrest,  
 Led with thy praises and broad-blazing fame,  
 That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,  
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,  
 And entertained them both, as best became,  
 With all the court'sies that slice could deuise,  
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bountious or wise.

12  
 Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,  
 Lo, two most goodly virgins came in place,  
 Ylinked arme in arme in louely wife,  
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
 They numbred euen steps, and equall pace:  
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,  
 Like funny beames threw from her Crystal face,  
 That could haue daz'd the rash beholders sight,  
 And round about her head did shine like heuens light.

13  
 Shee was arrayed all in lilly white,  
 And in her tight hand bore a cup of gold,  
 With wine and water filld vp to the hight,  
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,  
 That horror made to all that did behold;  
 But shee no whit did change her constant mood:  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold  
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,  
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

14  
 Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,  
 Was clad in blew, that her beleeemed well;  
 Not all so cheerfull seemed slice of sight,  
 As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,  
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.  
 Vpon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
 Whereon the leane euer, as befell:  
 And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,  
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarued other way.

15  
 They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wead,  
 Who them encounteres with like courtiesie:  
 Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,  
 And greedy ioy each other well to see:  
 Theu to the Knight with shamefult modestie  
 They turoe themselves, at *Vnaes* meeke request,  
 And him salute with well beleeeming glee;  
 Who faire them quites, as him beleeemed best,  
 And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

16  
 Thus *Vna* thus: But shee your sister deare,  
 The deare *Charissa*, where is she become?  
 Or wants she wealth, or busie is elsewhere?  
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:  
 For shee of late is lightned of her wombe,  
 And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,  
 That her to see should be but troublefome,  
 Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble fore:  
 But thank be God, and her encrease so euer more.

Then



Then said the aged *Calia*, Deare Dame,  
 And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,  
 And labours long, through which ye hither came,  
 Ye both forweared be: therefore a while  
 I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.  
 Then called shee a Groom, that forth him led  
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoyle  
 Of pusilliant armes, and laid in easie bed;  
 His name was mecke *Obediance* rightfully ared.

Now when their weary limbes with kindly rest,  
 And bodies were refreshed with due rest,  
 Faire *Vna* gaue *Fidelis* faire request  
 To haue her Knight into her Schoole-house plac't,  
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,  
 And heare the wisdom of her words diuine.  
 Shee granted, and that Knight so much agrac't,  
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,  
 And opened his dull eyes, that light more in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywrit,  
 That none could read, except shee did him teach,  
 Shee vnto him disclosed euery whit,  
 And heavenly documents therout 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 speech:  
 For, she was able with her words to kill,  
 And raise againe to life the hart, that shee did thrill.

And, when shee list poure out her larger spright,  
 Shee would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,  
 Or backward turne his course from heauens height;  
 Some-times great hostes of men shee could dismay:  
 Dry-shod to passe, shee parts the floods in tway;  
 And eke huge Mountaines from their natie seat  
 Shee would commaund, themselues to beare away,  
 And throwe in raging sea with roaring threat:  
 Almighty God her gaue such powre, & puissance great.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,  
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,  
 That wretched world he gan for to abhor,  
 And mortall life gan loath, as thing forelore,  
 Greu'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,  
 And prick't with anguish of his finnes to sore,  
 That he desir'd to end his wretched daies:  
 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 *Fidelis* told.  
 In this distressed doubtfull agonie,  
 When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,  
 Did dauning life, desiring leaue to die,  
 Shee found her selfe assail'd with great perplexitie;

And came to *Calia* to declare her smart:  
 Who, well acquainted with that common plight,  
 Which siofull horror works in wounded hart,  
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,  
 With goodly counsell and aduicement right;  
 And straightway sent with careful diligence  
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight  
 In that disease of grieved conscience,  
 And well could cure the same; His name was *Patience*.

Who, coming to that soule-diseas'd knight,  
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe:  
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,  
 Well searcht, eftsoues he gan apply reliefe  
 Of salues and med'cines, which had paining priefe,  
 And thereto added words of wondrous might:  
 By which, to ease he him recured briefe,  
 And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,  
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and roote of all his ill,  
 Inward corruption, and infected sin,  
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,  
 And festring sore did rankle yet within,  
 Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skid.  
 Which to extirpe, he layd him priuily  
 Downe in a darksome lowely place farre in,  
 Whereas he meane his contraries to apply,  
 And with streit diet tame his stubborne malady.

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

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,  
 Was wont him once to disple euery day:  
 And sharpe *Remorse* his bare did prick and nip,  
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play;  
 And sad *Repentance* vnto embay  
 His body in salt water smarting sore,  
 The filthy blots of sion to wash away.  
 So in short space they did to health restore  
 The man that would not liue, but carst lay at deaths dore.

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

Whom

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

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

A multitude of babes about her hong,  
 Playing their sports that ioyd her to behold,  
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,  
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:  
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,  
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,  
 Whose passing price vneath was to be told,  
 And by her side there sat a gentle paire  
 Of Turtle doves, she sitting in an Iuorie chaire.

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

She was rightiuous of her iust request;  
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,  
 Gan him instruct in euery good behest  
 Of loue and righteousnesse, and well to donne,  
 And wrath and hatred warily to shunne,  
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
 And many soules in dolours bad fordonne:  
 In which, when him she well instructed hath,  
 From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandering steps to gulde,  
 An ancient Matrone she to her does call,  
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well disceride:  
 Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,  
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall:  
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,  
 To lead aright, that he should neuer fall  
 In all his waies through this wide worldes waue,  
 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 breates,  
 Which still before him shee remou'd away,  
 That nothing might his ready passage stay:  
 And euer when his feet encombred were,  
 Or gan to thinke, or from the right to stray,  
 Shee held him fast, and firmly did vpeare,  
 As carefull Nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

Etsoones vnto an holy Hospitall,  
 That was fore by the way, she did him bring,  
 In which seauen Bread-men, that had vowed all  
 Their life to seruice of high heauens King,  
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:  
 Their gates to all were open euermore,  
 That by the weary way were tranailing,  
 And one sat waiting 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 government,  
 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 constrain:  
 Those for Gods sake his dutie was to entertaine.

The second was the Almner of the place:  
 His office was, the hungry for to feed,  
 And thirftie giue to drinke, a worke of grace:  
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,  
 Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breed:  
 The grace of God he laid vp still in store,  
 Which as a stock he left vnto his feed;  
 He had enough, what need him care for more?  
 And had he lesse; yet fome 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 vanity,  
 But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,  
 And naked nature seemely to array,  
 With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,  
 The images of God in earthly clay;  
 And if that no spare clothes to giue he had,  
 His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,  
 Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,  
 And captiues to redeme with price of brals,  
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had staid;  
 And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,  
 That God to vs forgueth euery howre  
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd,  
 And he that harrow'd hell with heauy fowre, (bowre,  
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heauely

The first had charge, sick persons to attend,  
 And comfort those in point of death which lay:  
 For, them most needeth comfort in the end,  
 When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay  
 The feeble soule departing hence away.  
 All is but lost, that liuing we bestowe,  
 If not well ended at our dying day.  
 O man I haue mind of that last bitter throwe;  
 For, as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer lowe.

The sixth had charge of them now beeing dead,  
 In seemely sort their cofes to engrauē,  
 And deck with dainty floures their bridall bed,  
 That to their heauenly Spouse both sweet and braue  
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.  
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,  
 Whose face he made all beasts to feare, and gaue  
 All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.  
 Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

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

There she awhile him staies, himselfe to rest,  
 That to the rest more able he might be:  
 During which time, in euery good behest,  
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee,  
 Shee him instructed with great industrie;  
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
 That from the first unto the last degree,  
 His mortall life he learned had to frame  
 In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward, by that painefull way they pass,  
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hie;  
 On top whereof a sacred Chappell was;  
 And eke a little Hermitage thereby,  
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
 That day and night said his deuotion,  
 Ne other worldly business did apply;  
 His name was heauenly *Contemplation*;  
 Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;  
 For God he often saw from heauens hight,  
 All were his earthly eye both blunt and bad,  
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
 Yet wondrous quick and perçant was his sight,  
 As Eagles eye, that can behold the sunne,  
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might;  
 That his fraile thighes nigh weary and for Joone  
 Gan faile; but by her help the top at last he wonne.

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,  
 With inowy locks adowne his shoulders slied,  
 As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire  
 The mossy branches of an Oake halfe dead.  
 Each bone might through his body well beed,  
 And euery sinew scene through his long fast:  
 For, nought he car'd his carcase long vsed;  
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,  
 And pyn'd his flesh, so keepe his body lowe and chaste.

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

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

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

Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be donne.  
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way  
 That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,  
 That neuer lead: the trauailer astray;  
 But, after labours long, and sad delay,  
 Erings them to ioyous rest and endless bliss.  
 But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,  
 Till from her bands the spirit stoyled 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 blood-red billowes like a walled front  
On either side disparted with his rod,  
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
Dwelt fortie daies vpon; where, writ in stone  
With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull inone  
He did receue, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,  
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all around,  
Is, as it were for endlessse memory  
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,  
For euer with a flowing girload crown'd:  
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay  
Through famous Poets verie each where renown'd,  
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play  
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a loudly lay.

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

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

Faire Knight (quoth he) *Ierusalem* that is,  
The new *Ierusalem*, that God has built,  
For those to dwell-in that are chosen his,  
His chosen people, purg'd from sinfull guilt,  
With pittious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
On cursed tree, of that vnspotted Lam,  
That for the finnes of all the world was killt:  
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 been,  
In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell  
The fairest Citie was, that might be seene;  
And that bright towre all built of crystal cleene,  
*Pansheas*, seem'd the brightest thing that was:  
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;  
For, this great Citie, that does farre surpass,  
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

Most true, then said the holy aged man;  
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,  
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:  
And well becomes all Knights of noble name,  
That couet in th'immortall booke of fame  
To be eternized, that same to haunt,  
And doen their seruice to that foueraigne Dame,  
That glory does to them for gerdon grant:  
For, she is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

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

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

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

O! let me not (quoth he) returne againe  
Back to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;  
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,  
Or straight way on that last long voyage fare,  
That nothing may my present hope compare,  
That may not be (said he) o' mealt thou yit  
Forgoet that royall maides bequeathed care,  
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,  
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

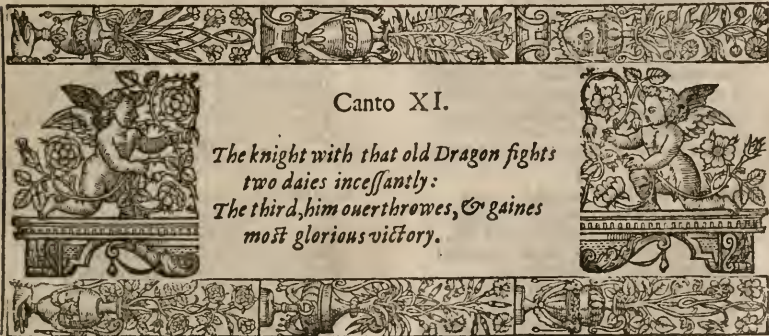
Then shall I soope (quoth he) so God mee grace,  
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,  
And shortly back returne vnto this place,  
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
But now aread, old father, why of late  
Didst thou beight me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Facies sonne doen nominate?  
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,  
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65  
For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race  
Of Saxon Kings, that haue with mighty hand  
And many bloudy batailles fought in place,  
High rear'd their royall throne in Britaine land,  
And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand:  
From thence a Faerie thee vnwecting rest,  
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,  
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.  
Such men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Fancies theft.

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

67  
O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight  
The many fauours I with thee haue found,  
That hast my name and nation red aright,  
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?  
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,  
To haue return'd; but dazed were his eyne  
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound  
His feeble sence, and too exceeding thine.  
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

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



## Canto XI.

*The knight with that old Dragon fights  
two daies incessantly:  
The third, him ouerthrowes, & gaires  
most glorious victory.*

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

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

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

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

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,  
 And to an hill herselfe with-drawe aside,  
 From whence she might behold that battailes proofe,  
 And eke be safe from danger far deride:  
 She him obeyd, and turnd a litle wide,  
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,  
 Faire smpe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,  
 The Nurse of time, and everlasting fame,  
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal name;

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

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,  
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* doe sig,  
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,  
 Twixt that great Fiery Queene and Paynim King,  
 That with their horrou beaues and earth did ring,  
 A worke of labour long, and endless praise:  
 But, now awhile let downe that haughty string,  
 And to my toyes thy second tenor raise,  
 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 baste,  
 That with his largenesse measured much land,  
 And made wide shadowe vnder his huge waste;  
 As mountaine doth the valley ouercast,  
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore  
 His body monstrous, horrible, and vast,  
 Which (to increase his wondrous greatnesse more)  
 Was swolne with wrath, and poyson, & with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brazen scales was arm'd,  
 Like plated coate of Steele, so couched neare,  
 That nought mote pearce, ne might his corse be harm'd  
 With dint of sword, nor pusch of pointed speare;  
 Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appeare,  
 His aery plumes doth rouze, tull rudely dight,  
 So shaked he, that horrou 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 sailes, in which the hollow wind  
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:  
 And eke the pennes that did his pinecons bind,  
 Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas li'd;  
 With which, when as him list the ayre to beat,  
 And there by force vawoned passage find,  
 The cloudes before him fled for terror great,  
 And all the heaueus stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,  
 Does overriped his long brasse-caly back:  
 Whose wreathed boughs when euer he vnolds,  
 And thicke entangled knots adowce does slack;  
 Bespotted all with flouds of red and black,  
 It sweepeth all the Land behind him farre,  
 And of three furlongs does but little lack;  
 And at the poynt two rings in-fixed are,  
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest Steele did farre exceed  
 The sharpestle of his cruell rending clawes;  
 Dead was it sure, as lure as death indeed,  
 What euer thing does touch his rauencous pawes,  
 Or what within his reach he euer draws.  
 But, his most hideous head, my tongue to tell  
 Does tremble: for, his deepe deuouring iawes  
 Wide gaped, like the grieisly mouth of hell,  
 Through which into his darke abyffe all raiuin fell.

And that mote wondrous was, in either iawe  
 Three ranks of iron teeth enraged were,  
 In which, yet trickling bloud and gobkets rawe  
 Of late deuoured bouies did appeare,  
 That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:  
 Which to increase, and ill attonce to kill,  
 A clowde of smothering smoake and sulphur feare  
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed till,  
 That all the ayre about with smoake and fench did fill.

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

So dreadfully he towards him did pais,  
 Forelting vp aloft his speckled brest,  
 And often bounding on the brused grasse,  
 As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.  
 Estloones he gan advance his haughy crest,  
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vp care,  
 And thooke his scales to battell ready drest  
 (That made the *Redcroffe* Knight nigh quake for feare)  
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,  
 And hercely ran at him with rigorous might:  
 The pointed Steele arriuing rudely there,  
 His harder hude would neither pearce nor bight,  
 But glauncing by forth passed forward nigh;  
 Yet sore amouced with so puissant pusch,  
 The wrattull beast about him turned light,  
 And him to rudely passing by, did brush  
 With his long taile, that horse & man to ground did ruff.

Both



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

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

19  
Long he them bore about the sabiest Plaine,  
So farre as Ewghen bowe a shaft may fend,  
Till strugling strong did him at last constraîne,  
To let them downe before his flightes end:  
As bagard Hauke, presuming to contend  
With hardie fowle, about his able might,  
His weay pounces all in vaine doth spend,  
To trusse the prey too heauie for his sight; (sight.)  
Which comming downe to ground, does fire it selfe by

20  
Hee so diseized of his grypping proffe,  
The Knight his thrilant speare againe assaid  
To his brais-plated body to embosse,  
And three mens strength vnto the stroke he laid:  
Where-with the stuffe beame quaked, as affraid,  
And glauncing from his scaly neck, did glide  
Close vnder his left wing, then broad displaid.  
The pearcing steele there wrought a wound full wide,  
That with the vacouth smart the Monster loudly cride.

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

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

23  
His hideous taile then hurled he about,  
And there-with-all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
Of his troth-floome feede, whose courage stout  
Striuing to looke the knot, that fast him tyes,  
Himselfe in straighter bands too rash implies,  
That to the ground he is perforce constraïnd  
To throwe his rider: who can quickly rise  
From off the earth, with durtic blood distaind;  
For, that reprochefull fall right foully hee didaïnd:

24  
And fiercelly tooke his trenchand blade in hand,  
With which he strooke so furious and so fell,  
That nothing seemd the puilliance could withstand:  
Vpon his crest the hardened iron 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, hee did them still forsake.

25  
The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguï'd,  
And smote againe with more outrageous might;  
But back againe the sparking steele recoï'd,  
And left not any marke where it did light:  
As if on Adamaot rock it had beene pight,  
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,  
And of so fierce and forcible despite,  
Thought with his wings to rise about the ground;  
But his late wounded wing vnseruicable found.

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

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

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

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)  
 Behind his back (vnweening) 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 curld Dragon got  
 That happy Land, and all with innocent blood,  
 Desil'd thole sacred waues, it rightly hot  
*The Well of Life*: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For, vnfo life the dead it could restore,  
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;  
 Thole that with sicknesse were infected fore,  
 It could recure, and ages 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 overthrowen) fell.

Now gan the golden *Phobus* for to sleepe  
 His fieric face in billowes of the West,  
 And his faint steeds watred in Ocean deep,  
 Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;  
 When that infernall Monster, hauing kest  
 His weary foe into that liuing Well,  
 Gan high aduance his broad discoloured breast  
 About his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
 And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

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

The morrow next gan early to appeare,  
 That *Titan* rote to runne his daily race;  
 Eur 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 pale:  
 For, thee 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 himselfe with feathers youthly gay,  
 Like *Eyas* hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,  
 His newly budded pincoes to assay,  
 And maruailes at himselfe, still as he flies:  
 So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom, when the damned head 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 ditmaid.

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

The cruell wound enraged him so fore,  
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;  
 As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,  
 Whome at uncons hunger did thereto constraîne:  
 Then gan he tolle aloft his stretched traîne,  
 And there-with scourge the buxome ayre so fore,  
 That to his force to yeelden it was faue;  
 Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,  
 That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces rore.

The same aduancing high about his head,  
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,  
 That to the earth him droue, as striken dead;  
 Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:  
 The mortall sting his angry needle shot  
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder scald,  
 Where fast it stuck, ne would there out begot:  
 The grieft thereof him wondrous oure diseald,  
 Ne might his ranking paine with patience be appeald.

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

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

Muck

41  
 Much was the man encembred with his hold,  
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
 Ne wist yet how his talants to vnfold:  
 Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedy iaw  
 To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw  
 To reauce by strength the griped gage away.  
 Thrice he assaid it from his foot to draw,  
 And thrice in vaine to draw it did assay,  
 It booted nought to thinke, to rob him of his pray.

42  
 Then when he saw no power might preuaile,  
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
 Where-with he fiercely did his foe assaile,  
 And double blowes about him fiercely laid,  
 That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;  
 As sparkles from the anvil vnto fly,  
 When heauy hammers on the wedge are swaid;  
 There-with at last he forc't him to vntie  
 One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

43  
 The other foot fast fixed on his shield,  
 When as no strength nor strokes mote him constrain  
 To loofe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,  
 He smote therewith all his might and maine,  
 That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;  
 Vpon the ioynt the lucky Reele did light,  
 And made such way, that he w'd it quite in twaine;  
 The paw yet misse'd not his minifht might,  
 But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44  
 For griefe thereof, and diuclish despight,  
 From his infernall furnace forth hee threw  
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the beaueus light,  
 Enrold in duskish smoake and brimstone blew;  
 As burning *Atna* from his boyling stew  
 Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,  
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
 Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy smoke,  
 That all the land with stench, & heauen with horror choke.

45  
 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
 So sore him noyd, that forc't him to retire  
 A litle backward for his best defence,  
 To saue his body from the scorching fire,  
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.  
 It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)  
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire  
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,  
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46  
 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,  
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,  
 As they in pure Vermilion had beene dide,  
 Whereof great vertues oner all were red:  
 For, happy life to all which thereon fed,  
 And life eke euerlasting did befall:  
 Great God it planted in that blessed stead  
 With his almighty hand, and did it call  
*The tree of Life*, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47  
 In all the world like was not to be found,  
 Saue in that soile, where all good things did growe,  
 And freely sprong out of the fruitful ground,  
 As incorrupted Nature did them sowe,  
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.  
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,  
 Whereof whofo did eat, cfsuones did knowe  
 Both good and euill: O mournfull memory!  
 That tree through one mans fault done vs all to die.

48  
 From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,  
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soueraine  
 And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,  
 And overflowed all the fertill Plane,  
 As it had deawed been with timely raine:  
 Life and long health that gracious oymntment gaue,  
 And deadly woundes eould heale, and reare againe  
 The senseleste corse appointed for the Graue.  
 Into that fame he fell: which did from death him saue.

49  
 For nigh thereto the euer damned beast  
 Durst not approche, for he was deadly made,  
 And all that life preterued, did detest:  
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.  
 By this, the drouping day-light gan to fade,  
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeding night,  
 Who with her fable mantle gan to shade  
 The face of earth, and waies of liuing wight,  
 And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

50  
 When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall  
 Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,  
 And fiant through losse of bloud, moov'd not at all,  
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
 Befmeard with precious Balme, whose vertuous might  
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heate alay,  
 Againe she striken was with sore affright,  
 And for his safety gan deuoutly pray,  
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

51  
 The ioyous day gan early to appeare,  
 And faire *Aurora* from her dewy bed  
 Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,  
 With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red;  
 Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed  
 About her eares, when *Vna* did her marke  
 Climbe to her charer, all with flowers spred;  
 From heauen high to chase the chearelesse dark,  
 With merry note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

52  
 Then freshly vp arose the doughaty knight,  
 All healed of his burrs and woundes wide,  
 And did himselfe to battell ready dight;  
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside  
 To haue deuour'd, so soone as day he spide,  
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
 As if late fight had nought him damnifide,  
 He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;  
 Nathlesse, with wonted rage he him advanced neare,

And

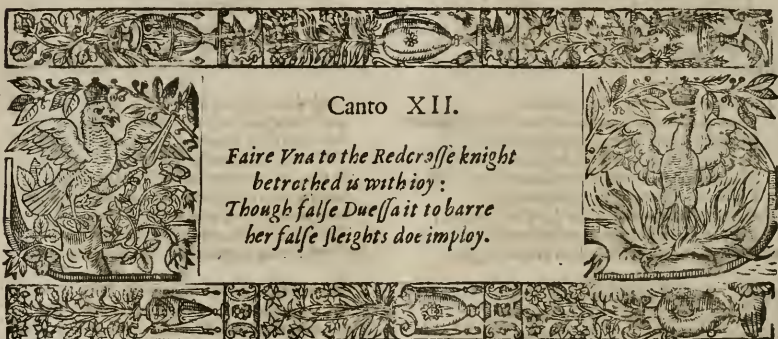


53  
 And in his first encounter, gaping wide,  
 Hee thought at once him to haue swallow'd quight,  
 And rusht vpon him with outrageous pride;  
 Who him i' encountering herce, as hauke in flight,  
 Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,  
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,  
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,  
 That depe empear'd his darksome hollow maw;  
 And, back retr'y'd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

54  
 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
 That vanish into smoake and cloudes went:  
 So downe he fell, that th'e with him vnderneath  
 Did groane, as feeble to great load to lift;

So downe he fell, as an huge rockie chift,  
 Whole tall foundation waues haue wast away,  
 With dreadfull poyle is from the maine land rift,  
 And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;  
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55  
 The Knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,  
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;  
 And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,  
 Durst not approche for dread, which she misdeem'd:  
 But yet at last, when as the dirfull feend  
 She saw not stirre, off thaking vaine affright,  
 Shee sigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:  
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull Knight,  
 That had achieu'd a great a conquest by his might.



## Canto XII.

*Faure Vna to the Redcrosse knight  
 betrothed us with ioy:  
 Though false Duesseit to barre  
 her false sleights doe employ.*

1  
**B**ehold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,  
 To which I meane my weary course to bend;  
 Vere the maine shetes, & 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 weary of her way  
 Mult landed be, now at her tourneyes end:  
 There eke my feeble Barke a while may stay,  
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2  
 Scarcely had *Phabus* in the glooming East  
 Yet harness'd his fire-footed teeme,  
 Ne reard aboute the earth his flaming creast,  
 When the last deadly smoake aloft did steeme,  
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,  
 Vnto the watchman on the Castle wall;  
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,  
 And to his Lord and Lady leud gan call,  
 To tell how he had teene the Dragons fatal fall.

3  
 Vprofe with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,  
 That aged Sure, the Lord of all that land,  
 And looked forth, to weet if true indeed  
 Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand:

Which when as true by tryall he out fand,  
 He bade to open wide his brazen gate,  
 Which long time had been shut, and out of hand  
 Proclaim'd ioy and peace through all his State;  
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrard late.

4  
 Then gan triumphant Trumpets found on hie,  
 That sent to heauen the echoed report  
 Of their new ioy, and happy victory  
 Against him, that had them long oppress with tort,  
 And fast imprision'd in sieged fort.  
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,  
 To him assembled with one full comfort,  
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,  
 From whole eternal bondage now they were releast.

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

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

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

8  
So she beheld those maidens metiment  
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,  
Themelues to ground with gracious humblest bent,  
And her ador'd by honourable name,  
Lifting to heauen her eu'lasting fame:  
Then on her head they set a girland Greene,  
And crowne'd her twixt earnest and twixt game;  
Who, in her selfe-remembrance well becene,  
Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene:

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

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

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

12  
Thus flocked all the folke him round about,  
The whites that hoarie King, with all his traine,  
Being arrued, where that Champion stout  
After his goos defeasance did remaine,  
Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,  
With princely gifts of Ivory and Gold,  
And thousand thanks him yelds for all his paine.  
Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,  
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

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

14  
What needs me tell their feast and goodly guise;  
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?  
What needs of dainty dishes to deuise,  
Of comely seruices, or courtly traine?  
My 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 excee'd and pride did hate;  
Such proude luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

15  
Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind  
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,  
That ancient Lord gan fit occasion find  
Of strange aduentures, and of perils sad,  
Which in his traualle him befallen had,  
For to demand of his renowned lay,  
Who then with vit'rance graue, and count'nance sad,  
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,  
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

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

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

18

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,  
Of ease or rest I may nor yet deuil;  
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,  
I bounde am, straight after this emprise  
(As that your daughter can ye well advise)  
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,  
And her to serue sixe yeeres in warlike wise,  
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:  
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue bene.

19

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

20

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

21

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

22

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

23

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

24

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

25

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

26

To thee, most 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 aduised for the best,  
Ere thou thy daughter nake in holy band  
Of wedlock, to that new vnknown guest:  
For, he already plighted his right hand  
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

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

28

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

29

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

*Fidessa*

What



30  
 What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,  
 Thrown out from womanish impatient mind?  
 What heavens? what altars? what enraged heats  
 Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,  
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?  
 High God be witness, that I guiltlesse am.  
 But, if your selfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,  
 Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,  
 With crime doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

31  
 To whom the Redcrosse knight this answer sent,  
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,  
 Till well ye wote by graue intendment,  
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraide  
 With breach of loue, and loyalitie betrayd.  
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
 I lately trauid, that vnwares I straid  
 Out of my way, through perils strange and hard;  
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32  
 There did I find, or rather I was found  
 Of this tall woman, that *Fidessa* hight,  
*Fidessa* hight the fairest Dame on ground,  
 Most faire *Duessa*, royall richly dight,  
 That ease was to inuegle weaker sight:  
 Who, by her wicked arts, and wily 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.

33  
 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Maid,  
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating lowe,  
 With sober countenance thus to him said:  
 O pardon me, my soueraigne Lord, to shewe  
 The secret treasons, which of late I knowe  
 To haue been wrought by that false Sorceresse.  
 Shee onely shee it is, that erst did throue  
 This gentle knight into to great distresse,  
 That death him did await in darty wretchednesse.

34  
 And now it seemes, that shee suborned hath  
 This crafty messenger with letters vaine,  
 To worke new woe and improuide feath,  
 By breaking off the band betwixt vs twaine;  
 Wherein she vsed hath the practick paine  
 Of this false footman, cloakt with simplenesse:  
 Whom if ye please for to discouer plaine,  
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,  
 The fairest man aliu: who tries shall find no lesse.

35  
 The King was greatly moued at her speech;  
 And all with suddaine indignation fraught,  
 Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.  
 Eft soones the Gard, which on his State did wait,  
 Attach't that factor false, and bound him strait:  
 Who, seeming sorely chaffed at his band,  
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,  
 With idle force did faine them to withstand,  
 And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

36  
 But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,  
 And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines,  
 And with continual watch did warly keepe;  
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtil traines  
 He could escape foule death or deadly paines?  
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacified,  
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,  
 And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,  
 With sacred rites and vowes for euer to abide.

37  
 His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,  
 That none but death for euer can diuide;  
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,  
 The houling fire did kinde and prouide,  
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;  
 At which, a bushy Teade a groomme did light,  
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,  
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
 For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38  
 Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,  
 And made great feast, to solemnize that day;  
 They all perfume with Frankencense diuine,  
 And precious odours fercht from farre away.  
 That all the house did sweat with great array:  
 And all the while sweet Musick did apply  
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,  
 To driue away the dull Melancholy;  
 The whiles one sung a song of loue and iolliey.

39  
 During the which, there was an heauenly noise  
 Heard found through all the Palace pleasantly,  
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,  
 Singing before th' eternal Maiestie,  
 In their vniuersal triplicities on his;  
 Yes with no creature, whence that heauenly sweet  
 Proceeded: yet each one felt secretly  
 Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,  
 And raiusht with rare impression in his sprecte.

40  
 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,  
 And tolemne feast proclaimed throughout the Land,  
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told:  
 Suffice it, here by signes to vnderstand  
 The vsual ioyes at knitting of loues band,  
 Thrice happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,  
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;  
 And euer, when his eye did her behold,  
 Her hart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41  
 Her ioyous presence and sweet company  
 In full content he there did long enjoy,  
 Ne wicked envie, nor vile jealousie  
 His deare delights were able to annoy:  
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,  
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,  
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,  
 Vnto his Faery Queene backe to returne:  
 The which he shortly did, and *Princes* to mourne.

Now

43  
 Now strike your sailes yee iolly Mariners !  
 For we be come vnto a quiet rode,  
 Where we must land some of our passengera,  
 And light this weary vessell of her lode.

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

*The end of the first Booke.*



THE



THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
OF THE FAERIE  
QUEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON.

OR  
*Of Temperance.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**R**ight well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,  
That all this famous antique history,  
Of some, th'aboundance of an idle braine  
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of iust memory;  
Sith none that breatheth liuing airc, does knowe,  
Where is that happy Laod of Faery,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe,  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

<sup>2</sup>  
But let that man with better sense advise,  
That of the world least part to vs is tead:  
And daily how through hardy enterprile,  
Many great Regions are discouered,  
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.  
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Pera*?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The *Amazons* huger riuier now found true?  
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euet view?

<sup>3</sup>  
Yet all these were, when no man did them knowe;  
Yee haue from wifest ages hidden bene:  
And later times things, more vnknowne shall showe.  
Why then should witleffe man so much misuent

That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones faire shining (sphaere,  
What if in euery other starre vaseene  
Of other worlds he happily should heare?  
He wonder would much more: yet luch to some appeare.

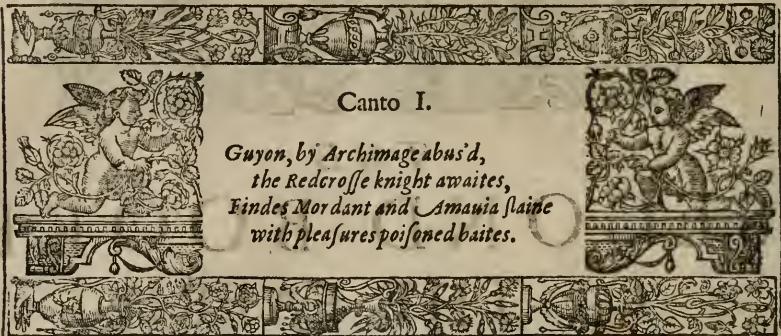
<sup>4</sup>  
Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,  
By certaine signes heere set in sundry place  
He may it find; he let him then admire,  
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,  
That no'te without an hound hie footing trace.  
And thou, ô fairest Princesse vnder sky,  
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,  
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,  
And in this antique Image thy great aunceitry.

<sup>5</sup>  
The which, ô pardon me thus to enfold  
In couert veile, and wrap in shadowes light,  
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which else could not endure those beames bright,  
But would be dazled with exceeding light.  
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care  
The braue aduecture of this Faery Knight,  
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to heare,  
In whom great rule of *Temp'rance* goodly doth appeare.

F

Cant.





**T**hat cunning Archite<sup>1</sup>ct of cankred guile,  
Whom Princes late displeas<sup>1</sup>ure left to bands,  
For falsed Letters and suborned wile,  
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vnderstands,  
To beenc departed out of Eden lands,  
To serue againe his soueraigne Elfin Queene,  
His artes hee moues, and out of caytiue hands  
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vofeene;  
His shackles empicie left, himselfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,  
To woken mischief and avengeing 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 cast restore  
To natue crowne and kingdome late ygoe:  
Where the enioyes lure peccer for euermore;  
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happy shore.

Him therefore now the obie<sup>3</sup>ct of his sight  
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend  
By forged treason, or by open sight  
Hee teekes, of ad his drift the aymed end:  
Thereto his subtle 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 balance hong;  
For, hardly could be hurt, who was already stong.

Sull as he went, he craftie stales did lay,  
With cunning traines him to entrap vnares,  
And prinie spials plac't in all his way,  
To weet what course he takes, and how he fares;  
To ketch him at auantage in his snares,  
But now so swift and warie was the knight,  
By trial of his former harmes and cares,  
That he detride, and shunned full 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 chang'd his mind from one to other ill:  
For, to all good he enemy was full,  
Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet  
(Faire marching vnderneath a shady hill)  
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harness meet,  
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,  
His countenance demure and temperate;  
But yet so sterne and terrible in fight,  
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:  
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,  
And mickle worship in his natue 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 als accompanid vpon the way  
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,  
Of ripest yeeres, and haire all hoarie gray,  
That with a staffe his feeble steps did tire,  
Least his long way bis aged limbes should tire;  
And, if by lookes one may the mind arcad,  
He seem'd to be a sage and sober fire,  
And euer with slow pace the knight did lead,  
Who taught his tramploug steed with equall steps to tread.

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

He

9  
He staid his steed for humble misers sake,  
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint:  
Who, feigning then in every limbe to quake,  
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,  
With pittious mone his peacing speech gan paine;  
Deare Lady, how shall I declare thy case,  
Whom late I left in languorous constraint I  
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,  
To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

10  
Or rather would, ð would it so had chaunc't,  
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,  
When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust aduanc't)  
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,  
To spoyle her daintie corse fo foire and sheene,  
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)  
With liuing eye more faire was neuer leene,  
Of chastitie and honour virginall:  
Witness ye heauens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

11  
How may it be (said then the knight halfe wroth)  
That knight should knight-hood euer so haue spent?  
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,  
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.  
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,  
And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword,  
Against her snowy breast he fiercely beat,  
And threatened death with many a bloody word;  
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhorde.

12  
These with, 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 track?  
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as bound  
The stricken Deare doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

13  
He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,  
And zealous haste, away is quickly gone  
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty Squire  
Suppos'd to be. They doe arriue anone,  
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,  
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,  
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;  
Her swollen eyes were much dishgiured,  
And her faire face, with teares was fouly blubbered.

14  
The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said,  
Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,  
Great pity is to see you thus dismayd,  
And marre the blossome of your beauty bright:  
For thy, appease your grief: and be my plight,  
And tell the cause of your conceued paine,  
For, if he liue that hath you dooe despight;  
He shall you doe due recompenee againe,  
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

15  
Which when shee heard, as in despightfull wise,  
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,  
And offered hope of comfort did despise:  
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,  
And scratcht her face with gasly dreriment;  
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,  
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,  
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,  
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene;

16  
Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my 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 boots it to weepe and to wayment  
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increase,  
And the weakie mind with double woe torment?  
When she the Squire heard spake, she gan appeale  
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret eale.

17  
Eftsoones she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,  
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,  
Or why should euer I henceforth desire  
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,  
Sith that false Traytor did my honour reauē?  
False Traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)  
I read the man, that euer would deceaue  
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:  
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

18  
But now, faire Lady, comfort to you make,  
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight;  
That short reuenge the man may overtake,  
Where-to he be, and loone vpon him light.  
Certes (said she) I wote not how he bight,  
But vnder him a gray steed did he wield,  
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;  
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield  
He bore a bloody Crosse, that quattered all the field.

19  
Now by my head (said Gawron) much I muse  
How that same knight should doe so foule amiss,  
Or euer gentle Dainzell so abuse:  
For, may I boldly say, hee surely is  
A right good knight, and true: o word wys:  
I present was, and can it witnesse well,  
When aimes he swore, and fraight did cotepris  
Th'adventure of the Errant Damozell,  
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

20  
Nathl. se, he shortly shall againe be tryde,  
And surely quire him of th'imputed blame:  
Else be ye sure, he dearely shall abide,  
Or make you good amercement for the same:  
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of shame.  
Now therefore Lady, rise out of your paine,  
And see the saluing of your blotted name,  
Full loath these seemd thereto, but yet did faime;  
For, she was ioly glad her purpose so to gaine.

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

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

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

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

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

26  
Who, seeing him from farre so fierce to prick,  
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,  
And in the rest his ready speare did stuck;  
Tho when as still he saw him towards passe,  
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.  
They beene ymer, both ready to affray,  
When suddainly that warrior gan abate  
His threatend speare, as if some new mishap  
Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap;

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

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

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

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

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

32  
Ioy may you haue, and euerlasting fame,  
Of late most hard archieument by you donne,  
For which entolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly Registers about the Sunne,  
Where you a Saint, with Saints your sea 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 wifed haven bring thy weary barke.

Palmer,



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

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

35  
In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,  
Through many hard assaies, which did betide;  
Of which he honour still away did beare,  
And spred his glory through all Countreys wide.  
At last, as chaunc'd them by a Forest side  
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)  
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearily cried  
With peareing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;  
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

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

37  
But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate  
Hath made sad witness of thy fathers fall,  
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in lining 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 embread in bleeding brest,  
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38  
With that, a deadly shriek she forth did throwe,  
That through the wood reechoed againe:  
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,  
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,  
Or thild with point of thorough-pearing paine;  
As gentle *Hind*, whose sides with cruell steele  
Through launced, 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.

39  
Which when that warrior heard, dismounting straight  
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,  
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict  
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,  
In whose white alabaster breast did sticke  
A cruell knife, that made a grieufully wound,  
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thicke,  
That all her goodly garments staine around,  
And into a deepe languine dide the grasse ground.

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

41  
Besides them both, vpon the soiled grasse  
The dead corle of an armed knight was spred,  
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;  
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosie red  
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded:  
Seem'd to haue been a goodly personage,  
Now in his freshest floure of lustyhed,  
Fit to inflame faire *Lady* with lones rage,  
But that fierce fate did crop the blossom of his age.

42  
Whom, when the good *Sir Guyon* did behold,  
His hart gan wax as starke as Marble stone,  
And his fresh bloud did freeze with fearefull cold,  
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:  
At last, his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,  
As *Lyon* (grudging in his deepe disdain)  
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe moone;  
Till ruth and fraile affe<sup>o</sup>tion did constra<sup>o</sup>ine  
His courage stout to stoope, and shew his inward paine.

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

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

45  
There-with her dim eye-lids she vp gan reare,  
On which the dreary death did sit, as sad  
As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare;  
But when as him (all in bright armour clad)  
Before her standing she cripst had,  
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,  
She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:  
Straight downe againe her selfe in great despight,  
She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46  
The gentle knight, her soone with carefull paine  
Vphisted light, and softly did vphold:  
Thrice he her reard, and thrice she sunke againe,  
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,  
And to her said; Yet if the stony cold  
Hauē not all seized on your frozen hart,  
Let one word fall that may your grieue vnsold,  
And tell the secret of your moriall smart;  
He oft finds present help, who does his grieue impart.

47  
Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe  
She sigh't, from bottoome of her wounded brest;  
And alter, many bitter throbs did throwe,  
With lips full pale, and soltering tongue oppress,  
These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;  
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou be,  
To let a weary wretch from her due rest,  
And trouble dying soules tranquillitee,  
Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

48  
Ah! farre be it (said he) deare Dame from mee,  
To hinder soule from her desired rest,  
Or hold sad life in long captiuitie:  
For, all I seeke, is but to haue redrest  
The bitter pangs, that dorch your hart inrest.  
Tell then (ô Lady) tell what fatal priefe  
Hath with so huge misfortune you oppress?  
That I may cast to compassse your reliefe,  
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieue.

49  
With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,  
As heauen accusing guilty of her death,  
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,  
In these sad words she spent her vtmost breath:  
Heare then (ô man) the sorrowes that vneath  
My tongue can tell, fo farre all sente they pass:  
Lo, this dead corpse, that lyes here vnderneath,  
The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras  
Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

50  
Was (ay the while, that he is not fo now!)  
My Lord, my loue: my deare Lord, my deare loue,  
So long as heaueus iust with equall brow  
Vouchsafed to behold vs from above,  
One day when him high courage did emmoue  
(As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wild)  
He pricked forth, his puissant force to proue,  
Me then he left enwombed of this child,  
This luckles child, whom thus ye see with blond defild.

51  
Him fortunē (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 land, that doth ronne  
And stray in penlous gulfe, her dwelling is;  
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauelle, shonne  
The curled land where maay wend amis,  
And knowe it by the name; it hight the *Howe of blis*.

52  
Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,  
Where-with she makes her Louers drunken mad;  
And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,  
On them she works her will to vies bad:  
My life! Lord she thus beguiled had;  
For, he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailetie breed.)  
Whom, when I heard to been so ill bestad,  
(Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,  
And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dread.

53  
Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tounes  
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,  
And thrice three times had fild her crooked hornes,  
When as my wombe her burdein would forbear,  
And bad me call *Lacina* to me neare.  
*Lucina* came: a man-child forth I brought: (were;  
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowes, my Midwiues  
Hard help at need. So deare the babe I bought;  
Yet nought too dear I deem'd, while to my dear I fought.

54  
Him so I fought, and so at last I found,  
Where him that Witch had thalated to her will,  
To 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 wife handling and faire gouernance,  
I him recured to a better will,  
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:  
Thea means I gan deuse for his deliuerance.

55  
Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiud,  
How that my Lord from her I would reprice,  
With cup thus charm'd, him parting the deceiud;  
*Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,*  
*And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,*  
*So soone as Bacchus with the Nymph does linke:*  
So parted we, and on our iourney driue,  
Till comming to this Well, he stoutly to drinke:  
The charme fullild, dead suddenly he downe did sinke.

56  
Which, when I wretch, Not one word more she said;  
But breaking off the end for want of breath,  
And syding soft, as downe to sleepe her laid,  
And ended all her woe in quiet death.  
That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath  
From teares abstarie; for grieue his hart did grate,  
And from so heauie sight his head did wreath,  
Accusing Fortune, and too cruell fate,  
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then

57  
Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old sire,  
Behold the Image of mortalitie,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tirc,  
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie  
Robs reason of her due regalitie,  
And makes it scruant to her basest part:  
The strong, it weakens with infirmite,  
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;  
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weak  
(through smart.

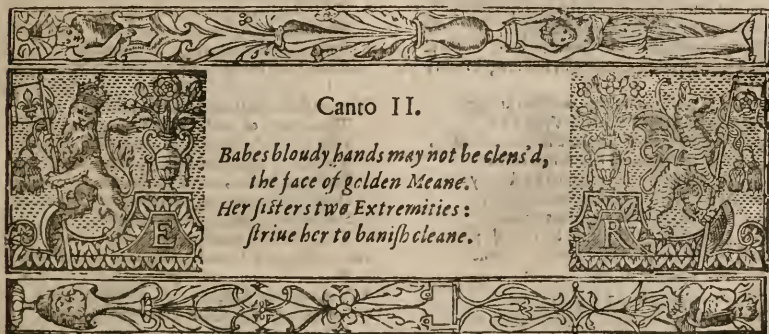
58  
But temperance (said he) with golden squire  
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,  
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,  
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.  
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:  
But, sith this wretched woman overcome  
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath bene,  
Referre her cause to her eternall doome;  
And in the meane, vouchsafe her honourable toombe.

59  
Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall 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 suppliest,  
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,  
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:  
For, all to great shame after death I weene,  
As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

60  
So, both agree their bodies to engrauē;  
The great earths wombe they open to the sky,  
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embraue;  
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,  
They lay therein those corpes tenderly,  
And bid them sleepe in cuerlasting peace.  
But, ere they did their vrmost obsequy,  
Sir Guyon, more affection to increase,  
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye release.

61  
The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew,  
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,  
Which medling with their blood and earth, he threw  
Into the Graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;  
Such and such euill God on Guyon reare,  
And worse and worse young Orphan be thy paine,  
If I, or thou, due vengeance doe forbear,  
Till guilty blood her gerdon doe obtaine:  
So, shedding many teares, they clos'd the earth againe.



## Canto II.

*Babes bloody hands may not be cleans'd,  
the face of golden Meane.  
Her sisters two Extremities:  
strue her to banish cleane.*

1  
**T**Hus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide  
Had with due rites and dolorous lament  
The end of their sad Tragedie vp'ide,  
The little babe vp in his armes he hent;  
Who with sweet pleasure and bold blandish-  
Can smile on them, that rather ought to weep, (meant  
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent  
Of that was done, that ruth empereed deep  
In that Knights bair, & words with bitter teares did sleep.

2  
Ah! lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell star,  
And in dead Parents balefull ashes bred,  
Full little weene'st thou, what sorrowes are  
Left thee for portyon of thy luckhed;

Poore Orphan, in the wide world leaured,  
As budding branch sent from the natius tree,  
And thrown forth, till it be withered:  
Such is the fate of men: thus enter wee  
Into this life with woe, and end with milere.

3  
Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee  
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene  
(So loue does loath dildanefull nicitee)  
His guilty hands from bloody gore to cleene.  
He wasser them oft and oft, yet nought they beene  
(For all his washing) clemer. Still he stroue,  
Yet still the little hands were bloody scene:  
The which hur into great amazement droue,  
And into diuers doubt his waucring wonder cloue.

Hee



4  
 He wist not whether blot of foule offence  
 Might nor be purg'd with water nor with bath ;  
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,  
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,  
 To shewe how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th ;  
 Or that the charme and venom, which they drunk,  
 Their blood with secreet filth infected hath,  
 Being diffused through the senselesse uunk,  
 That through the great contagion dreffull deadly stunk.

5  
 Whem thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord  
 With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake ;  
 Yc been right hard amated, gracious Lord,  
 And of your ignorance great maruell make,  
 Whiles cause not well conceined ye mistake.  
 But knowe, that secreet vertues are infus'd  
 In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,  
 Which who hath skil them rightly to haue chus'd,  
 To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

6  
 Of those, some were so from their fource indewd  
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap  
 Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture dewd ;  
 Which feeds each liuing plant with liquid sap,  
 And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap :  
 But other some, by gift of later grace,  
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,  
 Had vertue pourd into their waters base, (to place.  
 And thence-forth were renou'n'd, and brought from place

7  
 Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,  
 Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,  
 As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did range,  
 The hardesse Hind and Robuck to dismay,  
*Dan Faunus* chaunc't to meet her by the way ;  
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,  
 Inflamed was to follow beaucties chace,  
 And chased her, that fast from him did flee ;  
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemie.

8  
 At last, when failing breath began to faint,  
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,  
 Shee fate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,  
 And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,  
 Her deare besought, to let her die a maid.  
 The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where shee fate,  
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd  
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,  
 Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9  
 Lo, now shee is that stone ; from those two heads  
 (As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,  
 Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads ;  
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to shoue,  
 Shap't like a maid, that such ye may her knowe ;  
 And yet her vertues in her water bide :  
 For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snowe,  
 Ne lets her waues with any filth be dide,  
 But euer (like her selfe) vnstained hath beene tride.

10  
 From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand  
 May not be cleansd with water of this Well :  
 Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,  
 But let them still be bloody, as be fell,  
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,  
 As she bequeath'd in her last testament ;  
 That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell  
 In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,  
 And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse monument.

11  
 He harkned to his reason, and the child  
 Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare ;  
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defild,  
 An heauy load him selfe did lightly reare,  
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare  
 He left his lofty steed with golden fell,  
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there,  
 By other accident that east befell,  
 He is conuaide ; but how, or where, heere fits not tell.

12  
 Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,  
 Yet algates mote he lost him selfe appeare,  
 And fairely fare on foote, how euer loth ;  
 His double burden did him sore diseate.  
 So long they trauiell'd with little ease,  
 Till that at last they to a Castle came,  
 Built on a rock adioyning to the seas ;  
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,  
 And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13  
 Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,  
 The children of one fire by mothers three ;  
 Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort  
 To them by equall shares in equall fee :  
 But stritefull mind, and diuers qualitee  
 DREW them in parts, and each made others foe :  
 Still did they striue, and daily disagree ;  
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,  
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14  
 Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well  
 Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,  
 Of second sister, who did faire excell -  
 The other two ; *Medina* was her name,  
 A lober, lad, and comely courteous Dame ;  
 Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,  
 In goodly garments, that her well became,  
 Faire marching forth in honourable wize,  
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15  
 She led him vp into a goodly bowre,  
 And comely courted with meet modestie ;  
 Ne in her speech, ne in her hauour,  
 Was lightnesse scene, or loofer vanitie,  
 But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,  
 About the reason of her youthly yeares :  
 Her golden locks she roundly did vppie  
 In brayded tramels, that no loofer heares  
 Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Whil'st

36  
Whil'ft ſhee her ſelfe thus buſily did frame,  
Secmely to entertaine her new-come gueſt,  
Newes heereof to her other liſters came,  
Who all this while were at their wanton feſt,  
Accourting each her friend with luſh feaſt:  
They were two knights of peerleſſe puill'ance,  
And famous farre abroad for warlike geſt  
Which to theſe Ladies loue did counteuance,  
And to his Miſtreſſe each himſelfe ſtroue to aduance.

17  
He that made loue vnto the eldeſt Dame,  
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;  
Yet not lo good of deeds, as great of name,  
Which he by many raſh adventures wan,  
Since errant armes to ſew he firſt began;  
More huge in ſtrength, then wife in works he was,  
And reaſon with foolle-hardize ouer-ran;  
Steine melancholy did his courage paſſe,  
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in ſhining braſſe.

18  
But he that lov'd the young'eſt, was *Sans loy*,  
He that faire *Vna* late ſoule outraged,  
The moſt vnruely, and the boldeſt boy  
That euer warlike weapons menaged,  
And to all lawleſſe luſt encouraged,  
Through ſtrong opinioo of his matchleſſe might:  
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged  
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.  
He now this Ladies champion choſe for loue to fight.

19  
Theſe two gay knights, vow'd to ſo diuers loues,  
Each other does eovie with deadly hate,  
And daily warre againſt his foe maſſe moues,  
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,  
And th'others pleaſing ſeruce to abate,  
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,  
How in that place ſtrange knight arriued late,  
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,  
And fiercely vnto battell ſterne themſelues prepar'd.

20  
But ere they could proceed vnto the place  
Where he abode, themſelues at diſcord fell,  
And cruell combat joynd in mid dle ſpace:  
With horrible aſſault, and fury fell,  
They heapt huge ſtroakes, the ſcorned life to quell,  
That all on vprore from her ſetled ſeat,  
The houſe was raid, and all that in did dwell;  
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,  
Did rend the ratling ſkies with flames of fouldring heat.

21  
The noyſe thereof calth forth that ſtranger Knight,  
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in bond;  
Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight  
With deadly rancour he enrauged fond,  
His ſunbr oad ſhield about his wreſt he bond,  
And ſhyning blade vnto heath'd, with which he ran  
Vnto that ſtead, their ſtriſe to vnderſtood;  
And, at his firſt arriual, them began  
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22  
But they him ſpying, both with greedy force  
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beſet  
With ſtroakes of mortall ſteele without remore,  
And on his ſhield like iron ſledges bet;  
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met  
In cruell fight on Lybick Ocean wide,  
Eſpy a trauailer with feet ſurbet,  
Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,  
They ſtint their ſtriſe, and him aſſaile on euery ſide.

23  
But hee, not like a wearie trauailer,  
Their ſharp aſſault right boldly did rebut,  
And ſuffred not their blowes to bite him nere;  
But with redoubled buſſes them back did put:  
Whoe grieved mindes, which choler did englut,  
Againſt themſelues turning their wrathfull ſpight,  
Gan with new rage their ſhields to heaw and cut;  
But ſtill when *Guyon* came to part their fight,  
With heauy load on him they freſhly gan to ſmight.

24  
As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,  
Whom raging winds threatening to make the pray  
Of the rough rocks, do diuerſly diſſeate,  
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,  
That her on either ſide doe fore aſſay;  
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy Grate;  
She, ſcorniſng both their ſpights, does make wide way,  
And with her breſt breaking the fomy waue,  
Does ride on both their backs, & faire herſelfe doth ſaue:

25  
So boldly he him beares, and ruſheth forth  
Betwene them both, by conduct of his blade,  
Wondrouſe great prowefſe and heroick worth  
He ſhew'd that day, and rare enſample made,  
When two ſo mighty warrours he diſmade:  
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and payes,  
Now fore't to yield, now forcing to invade,  
Before, behind, and round about him layes:  
So double was his paines, ſo double be his praife.

26  
Strange ſort of fight, three valiant knights to ſee  
Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraigne  
A triple warre with triple enmittee,  
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,  
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raioe  
In ſtouteſt mindes, and maketh monſtrous warre;  
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,  
And yet his peace is but continuall rarie:  
O miſerable men, that to him ſubieſt are!

27  
While thus they mingled were in furious armes,  
The faire *Medina* with her treſſes torne,  
And naked breſt (in pity of her harmes)  
Emongſt them ran, and falling them before,  
Beſought them by the wombe which them had borne,  
And by the loues, which were to them moſt deare,  
And by the knight hood, which they ſure had ſworne,  
Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbear,  
And to her juſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

28  
 But her two other sisters, standing by,  
 Her loud gainsaid, and both their Champion bad  
 Pursue the end of their strong enemy,  
 As euer of their loues they would be glad.  
 Yet shee, with pittly words and counsell sad,  
 Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke;  
 That, at the last, suppressing turbe mad,  
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,  
 And haiken to the sober speeches which shee spoke.

29  
 Ah! puissant Lords, what cursed cull Spright,  
 Or fell *Erimys*, in your noble harts  
 Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,  
 And stard you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?  
 Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts  
 Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thrust,  
 And not regard due right and iust delarts?  
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,  
 That more to mighty hands, the rightfull cause doth trust.

30  
 And, were there rightfull cause of difference,  
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,  
 Then with bloud-guillaine flie to heape offence,  
 And mortall vengeance toyne to crime abhord?  
 O! fly from wrath: fly, ô my lieft Lord.  
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,  
 And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull swords;  
 Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre,  
 Then soule reuenging rage, and safe contentious iarre.

31  
 But lowly concord, and most sacred peace,  
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;  
 Weake she makes strong, & strong thing does increase,  
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:  
 Braue be her warres, and honourable deedes,  
 By which she triumphs ouer ire and pride,  
 And winnes an Oliue girolnd for her meedes:  
 Be therefore, ô my deare Lords, pacifide,  
 And this misceming discord meekly lay aside.

32  
 Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
 And sunk so deepe into their boyling breasts,  
 That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,  
 And lowly did abase their lusty 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 lawe for euer should endure;  
 Which to obserue, in word of knights they did assure.

33  
 Which to confirme, and fast to bind their leaguer,  
 After their wearie sweat and bloody toile,  
 She them besought, during their quiet reague,  
 Into her lodging to repaire awhile,  
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.  
 They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,  
 Where they are well recci'd, and made to spoile  
 Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare  
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

34  
 And those two froward sisters (their faire loues)  
 Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)  
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoues;  
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,  
 But that their natures bad appear in both:  
 For, both did at their second sister grutch,  
 And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth  
 The inner garment fret, not th'viter touch;  
 One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35  
*Elissa* (so the eldest bright) did deeme  
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,  
 Ne ought would speake, but euer more did deeme  
 As discontent for want of mirth or meat;  
 No solace could her Paramour intreat  
 Her once to shoue, 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 gouernance.

36  
 But young *Perissa* was of other mind,  
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,  
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind;  
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,  
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;  
 In wine and meats she flow'd about the bank,  
 And in excelle exceeded her owne might;  
 In sumptuous tire she ioy'd her selfe to prank;  
 But of her loue too lauish (little haue she thanke.)

37  
 First, by her side did sit the bold *Sansloy*,  
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,  
 Who in her loosensse tooke exceeding ioy;  
 Might not be found a franker fration,  
 Of her lewd parts to make companion;  
 But *Hudibras*, more like a Malecontent,  
 Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;  
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,  
 Yet still he sat, and inly did himselfe torment.

38  
 Betwixt them both, the faire *Medina* sat,  
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage;  
 With equall measure she did moderate  
 The strong extremities of their outrage;  
 That froward paire she euer would assuage,  
 When they would striue due reason to exceed;  
 But that same froward twaine would encourage,  
 And of her plenty adde vnto their need:  
 So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

39  
 Thus fairly shee attemper'd her feast,  
 And pleas'd them all with meet fatierie.  
 At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,  
 She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,  
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,  
 And whither now on new adventure bound.  
 Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity,  
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around,  
 From lusty siege began these words aloud to sound;



40

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

41

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

42

To her, I homage and my letuice owe,  
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,  
 Amongst whom, on me she designed to bestow  
 Order of *Maidenhead*, the most renowned,  
 That may this day in all the world be found:  
 A yearly tolemne feast she wonts to make  
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around;  
 To which all Knights of worth and courage bold  
 Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,  
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine  
 Of grievous mischufes, which a wicked Fay  
 Had wrought, and many whelmed in deadly paine,

Whereof he crav'd redresse, My Soueraigne,  
 Whole glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes  
 Throughout the world: her mercy to maintaine,  
 Effluoes deus'd redresse for such innoyes;  
 Me (all vnfit for so great purpose) she employes.

44

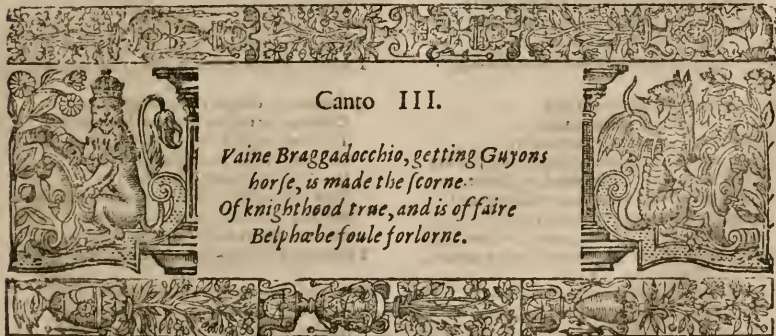
Now hath faire *Phaëbe* with her silver face  
 Thrice seene the shadows of the weather world,  
 Sith last I left that honourable place,  
 In which her royall presence is intold;  
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,  
 Till I that like *Arcadia* haue wonne;  
 Of whole soule deeds (so) hideous to be told  
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,  
 Whose wofull Parents thee hath wickedly forlorne.

45

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

46

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



## Canto III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons  
 horse, is made the score:  
 Of knight hood true, and is of faire  
 Belphaëbe foule forlorne.

**S**oon as the morrowe faire with purple beames  
 Dispersit the shadowes of the mistie night,  
 And *Titan* playing on the Easterne streames,  
 Gan cleare the dewy airc with springing light,

Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,  
 Vpote from drowlie couch, and him addrest  
 Vnto the iourney which he had beight:  
 His puissant armes about his noble brest,  
 And many-tolded 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 nouriture enſu'th:  
 And, that looone as ripier yeares he taught,  
 He might for memory of that daies ruth,  
 Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,  
 T'avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:  
 Eſtloones this liege-man gan to wax more bold,  
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,  
 In his owne kind he gan himſelfe vnfold:  
 For, he was wylie witted, and growne old  
 In cunning ſleights and praſtick knaury.  
 From that day forth he caſt for t'phold  
 His idle humour with fine flattery,  
 And blowe the bellows to his ſwelling vanitie.

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

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

And comming cloſe to *Trompart*, gan inquire  
 Of him, what mighty warrour that mote bee,  
 That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpære,  
 But wanted ſword to wreake his emitee.  
 Hee is a great aduenturer (ſaid hee)  
 That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,  
 And now hath vowd, till heaueged bee  
 Of that deſpight, neuer to wearen none;  
 That ſpære is him enough to doen a thouſand grone.

Th'enchanter greatly ioiced in the vaunt,  
 And weened well ere long his will to win,  
 And both his foe with equall foyle to daunt.  
 Tho, to him louing lowly, did begin  
 To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin  
 By *Guyon*, and by that falſe *Redcroſſe* knight;  
 Which two, through treaſon and deceitfull gin,  
 Had ſlaue Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:  
 That mote him honor win, to wreake fo ſoule deſpight.

There.

14  
There with all suddainly he seem'd enraged,  
And threaten'd death with dreadfull countenance,  
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;  
And with suffice force shaking his mortall lance  
To let him weet his doughty valiaunce,  
Thus said; Old man, great force shall be thy meed,  
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance  
Doe lurke, thou certainly to me aree,  
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15  
Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I see,  
And giue you eke good help to their decay:  
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;  
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay  
Your selfe of sword before that cloudy day:  
For, they be two the powert knights on ground,  
And oft approu'd in many hard assly;  
And eke of surest Steele, that may be found,  
Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

16  
Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe aduise;  
Seems that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,  
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;  
Else neuer should thy iudgement be so fraile;  
To measure manhood by the sword or maile.  
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,  
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail:  
Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:  
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17  
The man was much abashed at his boast;  
Yet well he wist, that whole 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 *Bragadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,  
When with one sword seven knights I brought to end,  
Thence-forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,  
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

18  
Perdie, Sir Knight, bid then th' enchaunter blie,  
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:  
For, now the best and noblest knight alie  
Pince *Arthur* is, that wones in Faerie lond;  
He hath a word that flames like burning brond.  
The same (by my aduise) I vnder take  
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.  
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,  
And wondred in his miad, what mote that monster make.

19  
He said not for more bidding, but away  
Was suddain vanished out of his sight:  
The Northerne wind his wings did broad display,  
At his command, and reared him vp light  
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.  
They lookt about, but no where could espy  
Tract of his foote: then dead through great affright  
They both nigh were, and each bade other stie:  
Both fled at once, ne euer backe returned eye:

20  
Till that they come vnto a Forest greene,  
In which they shrowd themselves from causeless feare;  
Yet feare them folloves still, where so they beene.  
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,  
As gasty bug their haire on end does reare:  
Yet both doe sturme their fearefulnesse to faine,  
At last, they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare  
Throughout the wood, that echoed againe,  
And made the forest ring, as it would rine in twaine.

21  
Eft through the thick they heard one rudely rush;  
With noyse whereof he from his lofty steed  
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.  
But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed  
Of what might hap. Eft soone there stepped forth  
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,  
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,  
And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

22  
Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,  
But heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,  
Cleare as the skie, withouten blane 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,  
Able to heale the sick, and to reuie the ded.

23  
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,  
Kindled about at th' heauenly makers light,  
And darted fire beames out of the same,  
So passing pearcent, and so wondrous bright,  
That quite becaud the rash beholders sight:  
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire  
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;  
For, with drad Maicstie, and awfull ire,  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

24  
Her Iuorie forehead, full of bounty braue,  
Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,  
For Loue his lofty triumphs to engrauce,  
And write the battels of his great goished.  
All good and honour might therein be red:  
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,  
Sweet words, like dropping honny, she did shed,  
And twist the pearles and rubies softly brake  
A silver sound, that heauenly musick seem'd to make.

25  
Vpon her eye-lids many Graces sate,  
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,  
Working beigaids, and amorous retrate,  
And euerie one her with a grace adowes:  
And euerie one with meekenesse to her bowes,  
So glorious mitrou of celestiall grace,  
And soutraic mainiment of mortall vowes,  
How shall frail pen detriue her heauenly face,  
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?



26  
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire  
Shée seem'd, when she pretented was to sight,  
And was yelad (for heat of scorching aire)  
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,  
Purled vpon with many a folded plight,  
Which all about besprinkled was throughout,  
With goldeo ayglets, that glisterd bright,  
Like twinkling itarres, and all the skirt about  
Was hemd with golden fringe

27  
Belowe her ham her weede did some-what traîne,  
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld  
In gilden buskins of costly Corduaine,  
All baird with golden bendes, which were entaild  
With curious anticks, and full faire amaild:  
Before, they fastned were vnder her knee  
In a rich Lewell, and therein entraid  
The end of all their knots, that none might see,  
How they within their foulings close enwrapped bee.

28  
Like two faire Marblepillours they were seene,  
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,  
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,  
And honour in their festiual relort;  
Those tame with stately grace, and princely port  
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:  
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,  
Or when the flying Libbard she did chase,  
She could them manly moue, and after flie apace.

29  
And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,  
And at her backe a bowe and quieter gay,  
Stuff with Steele-headed darts, where-with she queld  
The salvage beasts in her victorious play,  
Knt with a golden baldrick, which torelay  
Att'wart her snowy breast, and did diuide  
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May  
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,  
Through her bbin weed their places onely signified.

30  
Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And when the wind amongst them did inspire,  
They waued like a penon wide dispred,  
And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:  
And whether art it were, or heedlesse chape,  
As through the blowing Forrest rash she fled,  
In her rude haire sweet flowers themselves did lap,  
And flourish with fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31  
Such as *Diana* by the sandy thore  
Of switt *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,  
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnares forlore,  
Wand'reth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,  
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene  
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrhus* did destroy,  
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,  
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,  
To succour the weak state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32  
Such when as hartlesse *Tromper* her did view,  
He was dismayed in his coward mind,  
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,  
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:  
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,  
When she at last him spying, thus bespake;  
Haile Groome; didst thou not see a bleeding Hind,  
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowe strake?  
If thou didst tell me, that I may her overtake.

33  
Where-with reuiu'd, this answer forth he threw;  
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to be)  
For neither doth thy face terrestrial shew,  
Nor voice found mortall; I vow to thee,  
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,  
Sith earst into this Forrest wide I came,  
But mote thy goodlyhed forgieue it mee,  
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,  
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34  
To whom she thus; but ere her words enfewd,  
Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glaunce,  
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewd,  
And saw in stire: she left her piercing launce,  
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduance,  
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad rowre,  
*Tromper* forth slept, to stay the mortall chaunce,  
Out-crying, O what euer heauenly powre,  
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35  
O stay thy hand: for, yonder is no game  
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;  
But lo, my Lord, my hege, whose warlike name  
Is farre renownd through many bold empirie;  
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.  
She staid: with that, he crawld out of his nest,  
Forth creeping on his cariuie hands and thies,  
And standing stoutly vp, his lotie crest  
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36  
As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue,  
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,  
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,  
She her gay painted plumes disorderd,  
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,  
Peepes forth, and soone renewes her natie pride;  
She gins her feathers soule dishured  
Proudly to prance, and set on euery side,  
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst shee did her hide.

37  
So when her goodly visage he beheld,  
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he viewed  
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,  
Soone into other fits he was transmewd,  
Till she to him her gracious speech renewed;  
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,  
As all the like, which honour haue persued  
Through deeds of armes and prowess Marriall;  
All vertue metis prate: but such the most of all.

38  
 To whom he thus; ô fairest vnder skie,  
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
 That warlike feates doost highest glorifie,  
 Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,  
 And many batailles fought, and many fraies  
 Throughout the world, wherefo they might be found,  
 Endeououring my dreaded name to raise  
 About the Moone, that fame may it refound  
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland croud.

39  
 But, what art thou (ô Lady) which doost range  
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
 And doost not it for ioyous Court exchange,  
 Amongst thine equal Peeres, where happy blifs  
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?  
 There thou maist loue, and dearely loued bee,  
 And swim in pleasure, which thou heere doost miss;  
 There maist thou best be fecund, and best maist see:  
 The wood is fit for beasts; and the Court is fit for thee.

40  
 Whofo in pompe of proud estate (quoth shee)  
 Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blifs,  
 Does waste his daies in darke obsecuritee,  
 And in obliuion euer buried is:  
 Where ease abounds, it's eare to doe amiss;  
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind  
 Behaues with cares, cannot so ease miss.  
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind  
 Who seeks with painefull toile, shall honour soonest find.

41  
 In woods, in waues, in warres she wonts to dwell,  
 And will be found with perill and with paine;  
 Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,  
 Vnto her happy mansion attaine:  
 Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,  
 And wakefull Watches euer to abide:  
 But ease is the way, and passage plaine  
 To Pleasures palace; it may soone be spide,  
 And day and night her doores to all stand open wide.

42  
 In Princes Court: There st she would haue said,  
 But that the foolish man (sild with delight  
 Of her sweet words, that all bis sense dismayd,  
 And with her wondrous beauty raunfith quight)

Gan burne in filthy lust; and leaping light,  
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.  
 With that, she swaruing back, her lauelin bright  
 Agains him bent, and fiercely did menace:  
 So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

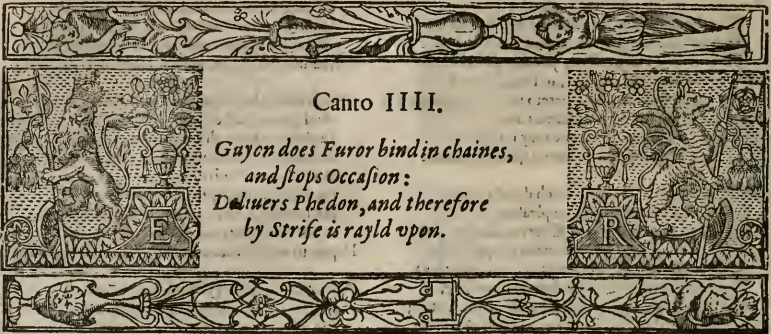
43  
 Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd hee stood,  
 And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not  
 Purfue her steps, through wild vnknown wood;  
 Besides, he feard her wrath, and threatned shot  
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:  
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine;  
 But turning, said to Trompart, What foule blot  
 Is this to knight, that Lady shoud againe  
 Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue to proud disdain?

44  
 Perdie (said Trompart) let her passe at will,  
 Least by her presence danger mote befall.  
 For, who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)  
 But that she is some powre celestial?  
 For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall  
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,  
 That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.  
 And I (said Braggadochie) thought no lesse,  
 When first I heard her horne sound with such gastleesse.

45  
 For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue  
 Me giuen by eternall destinie,  
 That earthly thing may not my courage braue  
 Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flie,  
 But either hellish fiends, or powres on hie:  
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,  
 Weening it had been thunder from the sky,  
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;  
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46  
 But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
 Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree.  
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride  
 As one vnfit therefore, that all might see  
 He had not trained been in cheualree.  
 Which well that valiant courser did discernen;  
 For, he despis'd to tread in dew degree,  
 But chaufft and fom'd, with courage fierce and stern,  
 And to be eas'd of that base burden still did yerne.





## Canto IIII.

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

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

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

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

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,  
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,  
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,  
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;  
Her locks, that loathly were and hoary gray,  
Grew all afore, and loosely hung vnrolld,  
But all behind was bald, and worne away,  
That noot thereof could euer taken hold,  
And eke her face ill fauour'd, full of wrinkles old.

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

The noble *Gayon* moou'd with great remorse,  
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;  
And after, adding more impetuous force,  
His mighty hands did on the mad man lay,  
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire straight way,  
Against him turning all his fell intent,  
With beastly brutish rage gan him aslay,  
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and teracht, 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 frantick fit inflam'd his spright,  
His force was vaine, and strooke more oiten wide,  
Then at the ayred marke, which he had eyde:  
And oft himselte he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,  
Whilst reason bleot through passion, nought descride,  
But as a blindfold Bull at random fares, (nought cares,  
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom he hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling,  
Strange seem'd to the Knight, that aye with foe  
In faire defence and goodly menaging  
Of armes was woot to fight: yet nathemoe  
Was he abashed now not fighting so;  
But, more enierced through his currist play,  
Him sternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,  
To overthrow him strongly did assay,  
But overthrow himselte vnwares, and lower lay.

And



9  
 And heeing downe, the villaine fore did beat,  
 And bruze with clownish fists his manly face:  
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,  
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.  
 With whole reproche and odious menace  
 The Knight emboyling in his laughty hart,  
 Kait all his forces, and gan soone vbrace  
 His grasping hold: so lightly did vspart,  
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10  
 Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,  
 Not so, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so  
 That Monster can be mastred or destroyd:  
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,  
 As Steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.  
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,  
 That vato knighthood works much shame and woe;  
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight  
*Occasion*, the root of all wrath and despight.

11  
 With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,  
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:  
 First her restraine from her reprochefull blame,  
 And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage  
 Her fraotick sonne, and kindles his courage:  
 Then when she is withdrawn, or strong with food,  
 It's eath his idle furie to allwage,  
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood;  
 The banks are overflowen, when stopped is the flood.

12  
 There with Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,  
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent  
 By the hoare loeks, that hung before her eyes,  
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent  
 Her bitter rayling and soule reuilement,  
 But still provok't her sonne to wreake her wrong;  
 But nathelss he did her still torment,  
 And catching hold of her vrogarious tongue,  
 Thereon an iron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13  
 Then when as vsf of spech was from her rest,  
 With her two crooked hands she siges did make,  
 And beckned him, the last help she had left:  
 But he, that last left helpe away did take,  
 And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,  
 That she no'te stirre. Then gan her son to sie  
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;  
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,  
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexie.

14  
 In his strong armes he stiffly him embract,  
 Who, him gaie-striuing, nought at all preuaild:  
 For, all his powre was vtrely defact,  
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:  
 Ofte he r'enforc't, and ofte his forces faild,  
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.  
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely haild,  
 And both his hands fast bound behind his back,  
 And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15  
 With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,  
 And hundred knots that did him fore constraîne:  
 Yet his great iron teeth he fill did grind,  
 And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:  
 His burning cyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,  
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,  
 And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,  
 Shak'this long locks, colourd like copper-wire,  
 And bit his tawny beard to fiew his raging ire.

16  
 Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had capti'd,  
 Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,  
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late depri'd,  
 Lying on ground, all soyl'd with bloud and mire:  
 Whom, when as he perceiued to respire,  
 He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.  
 Being at last recur'd, he gan inquire,  
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,  
 And made that captiues thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

17  
 With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,  
 Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,  
 That hidden lyes enwares him to lurpise?  
 Misfortune waies a vantage to entrap  
 The man most warie, in her whelming lap.  
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,  
 Vnyeeting, and vnware of such mishap,  
 She brought to mischiefe through *Occasion*,  
 Where this faine wiche villaine did me light vpon.

18  
 It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourfe  
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,  
 With whom from tender dug of common nourfe,  
 At once I was vpbrought; and eft when yeares  
 More ripe vs reason lent to chule our Peares,  
 Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:  
 In which we long time without iealous feares,  
 Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;  
 And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

19  
 It was my fortune (common to that age)  
 To loue a Lady faire of great degree,  
 The which was borne of noble parentage,  
 And set in highest feat of dignitee,  
 Yet seem'd no lesse to loue, then lou'd to bee:  
 Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,  
 Ne euer thing could caufe vs disfigure:  
 Loue, that two hearts makes one, makes eke one will:  
 Each stoue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20  
 My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake  
 Of all my loue, and all my priuie,  
 Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,  
 And gracious to that Lady, as to mee:  
 Ne euer wight that mote so welcome bee,  
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,  
 Ne euer thing, that shee could thinke or see,  
 But vnto him she would impart the same:  
 O wretched man! that would abuse to gentle Dame.

21  
At last, such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,  
That I that Lady to my spoude had wonne;  
Accord of friends, consent of parents fought,  
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,  
There wanted nought but few rites to be doonne,  
Which marriage make; that day too farte 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:

22  
But ere that wished day his beame disclosed,  
He, either envying my toward good,  
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,  
Ooe day vnto me came in friendly mood,  
And told (for secret) how he vnderstood,  
That Lady whom I had to me assur'd,  
Had both distaind her honourable blood,  
And eke the faith, which till to me did bind;  
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should find.

23  
The gnawing anguish and sharpe iecalousie,  
Which his sad speech infixd in my brest,  
Ranckled so fore, and festred inwardly,  
That my engricued mind could find no rest,  
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,  
And him besought by that same sacred band  
Betwix vs both, to counsell me the best.  
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand  
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

24  
Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,  
Saying, he now had beuted all the flour,  
And that it was a grooms of base degree,  
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:  
Whofsed in a darksome inner bowre  
Her oft to meett: which better to approue,  
He promised to bring me at that howre,  
When I should see that would me neerer moue,  
And driue me to with-draw my blind abused loue.

25  
This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,  
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,  
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,  
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.  
One day to work her to his will more neare,  
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)  
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,  
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,  
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

26  
But if she had her least help to thee lent,  
T'adorne thy forme according thy desert,  
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,  
And staind their praises with thy least good part;  
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art  
(Though she thy Lady be) approche thee neare:  
For prooffe thereof, this euening as thou art,  
Array thy selfe in her most gorgeous gear,  
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27  
The Maiden, proud through praise, & mad through loue,  
Him harkned to, and soone her selfe arraid,  
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue  
His crafty engin, and as he had said,  
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,  
The sad spectator of my Tragedie;  
Where left, he went, and his owne false part plaid,  
Disguised like that grooms of base degree,  
Whom he had feind' th'abuser of my loue to bee.

28  
Eftsoones he came vnto th'appointed place,  
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,  
In *Claribellas* clothes. Her proper face  
I not discerned in that darksome shade,  
But weend it was my Loue, with whom he plaid.  
Ah God! what horror and tormenting griefe,  
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assaid!  
Me liefer were ten thousand deaths griefe,  
Then wound of iecalous worrne, & shame of such reprice.

29  
I home returning, fraught with foule despight,  
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,  
Soone as my loathed Loue appeared in sight,  
With wrathfull hand I sew her innocent;  
That after soone I dearly did lament:  
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed,  
Demanded, I made plaine and euident,  
Her faulty Handmaid, which that bale did breed,  
Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30  
Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
And hellish fury all enrag'd, I sought  
Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight  
To punish: yet it better first I thought,  
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought,  
To *Philemon*, false fairour *Philemon*,  
I cast to pay that I so dearly bought;  
Ot deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,  
And wash away his guilt with guilty potoon.

31  
Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,  
To losse of loue adioyning losse of friend,  
I meant to purge both, with a third mischief,  
And in my woes beginner it to end:  
That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,  
She last should t'nart: with which cruell intent,  
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,  
She fled away with gastly dremiment,  
And I purfewing my fell purpose, after went.

32  
Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my sight;  
Through Woods and Plaines, so long I did her chace,  
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might  
Hath now fast bound) me met in muddle space;  
As I her, so he me pursfwd apace,  
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,  
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a case,  
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;  
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

Betwixt

33  
Betwix them both, they haue me doen to die,  
Through wounds, & stroaks, & stubborne handling,  
That death were better then such agony,  
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;  
Of which in me yet sticks the mortall sting,  
That during life will neuer be appeald,  
When he thus ended had his torrowing,  
Said *Guyon*, Squire, fore haue ye been diseald;  
But all your hurts may loone through temperance be cald.

34  
Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,  
That to affections does the bridle lend;  
Io their begining they are weake and wan,  
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;  
Whiles they are weake, beemes with them contend:  
For, when they once to perfect strength doe growe,  
Strong warres they make, and cruell battay bred  
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:  
Wrath, ieaously, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35  
Wrath, ieaousie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:  
Wrath is a fire, and ieaousie a weede,  
Griefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;  
The fire of sparks, the weede of little seede,  
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breed:  
But sparks, seede, drops, and filth doe thus delay;  
The sparks soone quench, the springing seede oatweede,  
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:  
So shall wrath, ieaousie, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36  
Vnlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast  
Fallen into mischief through intemperance,  
Henceforth take heed of that thou row hast past,  
And guide thy waies with wary gouernance,  
Least worse betide thee by some later chance.  
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.  
*Phedon* I hight (quoth he) and doe aduance  
Mine unceffy from famous *Coradin*,  
Who first to raise our house to honour did begin.

37  
Thus as he spake, lo, farre away they spide  
A varlet running towards hastily,  
Whose flying feet so fast their way applide,  
That round about a cloud of dust did flie,  
Which mingled all with sweat, did dim his eye.  
He loone approached, panting, breathelesse, hot,  
And all so soyl'd, that none could him descry;  
His countenance was bold, and bashed not  
For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull ey-glance at him shot.

38  
Behind his backe he bore a brazen shield,  
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,  
A flaming fire in midst of blouidie field,  
And round about the wreath this word was writ,  
*Burne I doe burne*. Right well he discerned it,  
To be the shield of some redoulted knight;  
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,  
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight  
In poison and in bloud of malice and despight.

39  
When hee in presence came, to *Guyon* first  
He boldly spake, Sir knight, it knight thou bee,  
Abandon this forefalled place at crit,  
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,  
Or hide the chance at thine owne iocerdie.  
The Knight at his great bolinesse wonderd,  
And though he scord his idle vanitie,  
Yet mildly him to purpose answered:  
For, not to growe of nought he it coniectured.

40  
Varlet, this place most due to me I deeme,  
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (seeme)  
But, whence should come that harme, which thou doost  
To threaten him, that minds his chance t'aby?  
Perdy (said he) heere comes, and s hard by  
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,  
That neuer yet encountered enemy,  
But did him deadly daunt, or soule dismay;  
Ne thou for better hope, it thou his presence stay.

41  
How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?  
*Pyrrhachles* is his name, renowned farr  
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,  
Full oft appro'd in many a cruell warre,  
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arte  
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;  
*Acrates*, sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Larre*:  
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herelus* and *Night*:  
But *Herelus* sonne of *Astermitis* is hight.

42  
So from immortal race he does proceed,  
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,  
Dread for his derring doe, and bloody deed;  
For, all in bloud and spoile is his delight.  
His am *I Atin*, his in wrong and right,  
That matter make for him to worke vpon,  
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.  
Fly therefore, fie this feartull stead anon,  
Least thy toole had dize worke thy fid confusion.

43  
His be that care, whom moit it doth concerne  
(Said he): but whither with such haste flight  
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I discernae  
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.  
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight behight  
To seeke *Occasion*, whereof shee bee:  
For, he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,  
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;  
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his iocerdie.

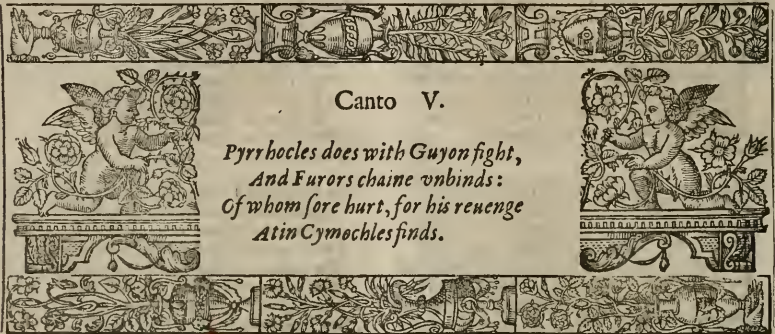
44  
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke  
*Occasion* to wrath, and cause of strife;  
Shee comes vnought: and shunned, follows eke.  
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rise  
Kindles Renenge, and threats his rustie knife;  
Who neuer wants, where euer cause is caught,  
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.  
Then lo, where bound shee sits, whom thou hast sought,  
(Said *Guyon*) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That



45  
That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way  
He wexed wondrous wrath, and laid, Vile knight,  
That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpbroy,  
And flew't th'ensample of thy childish might,  
With silly weake old woman thus to fight;  
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,  
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in fight;  
That shall *Pyrrhocles* well requite, I wot,  
And with thy bloud abolish for reprochfull blot.

46  
With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,  
Headed with ire and vengeable despight,  
The quivering steele his aymed end well knew,  
And to his breast it selfe intended right:  
But he was watie, and ere it empight  
In the meant marke, advauc't his shield atweene;  
On which it seizing, no way enter might,  
But back rebounding, left the fork-head keene;  
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.



## Canto V.

*Pyrrhocles does with Guyon fight,  
And Eurors chaine vnbinds:  
Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge  
Atin Cymochles finds.*

1  
**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 same;  
To which right well the wise doe giue that name,  
For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes  
Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:  
His owne woes authour, whofo bound it findes,  
As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbinds.

2  
After that varlets flight, it was not long,  
Ere on the Plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide  
One in bright armes embattaile full strong,  
That as the sunny beames doe glaunce and glide  
Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,  
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,  
That seem'd him to enflame on euery side:  
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,  
When with the mastring spur he did him roughly stire.

3  
Approching nigh, he neuer ityad to greet,  
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,  
But prickt so fierce, that vnderneath his feet  
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,  
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;  
And fairely couching his steele-headed speare,  
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;  
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare  
To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

4  
But lightly shunned it, and passing by,  
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,  
That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly  
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell  
On his horse neck before the quilted fell,  
And from the head the body lundred quight:  
So him dismounted lowe, he did compell  
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;  
The tunked beast fast bleeding, did him fouly dight.

5  
Sore bruized with the fall, he slowe vprofe,  
And all enraged, thus him loudly slient;  
Dissteall knight, whose coward courage chose  
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,  
And stund the marke, at which it should be ment,  
Therby thine armes seeme strong, but manhood fraile,  
So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;  
But little may such guile thee now auale,  
If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

6  
With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke  
At him so fiercely, that the vpper marke  
Of his feuenfolded shield away it tooke,  
And glauncing on his helmer, 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 buffe to him it lent,  
That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exce-

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,  
 And much ashamed, that stroke of huing arme,  
 Should him dismay, and make him stoupe so lowe,  
 Though otherwile it did him little harme:  
 Tho' hurling high his iron braced arme,  
 He smote so maaly on his shoulder plate,  
 That all his left side it did quite distarme;  
 Yet there the Steele staid not, but inly bate  
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

Deadly dismay, with horror of that dint,  
*Pyrrhobles* was, and grieued eke entire;  
 Yet nathemore did it his furie stint,  
 But added flame vnto his former fire,  
 That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:  
 Ne thence-forth his approued skill, to ward,  
 Or strike, or hurle round in warlike gyre,  
 Rememberd he, ne car'd for his sauegard,  
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigrefar'd.

He bewd, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thundred blowes,  
 And euery way did seeke into his life:  
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,  
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife,  
 But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his strife,  
 Was warie wise, and closely did await  
 Auantage, whilst his foe did rage most rife;  
 Sometimes athwart, sometimes hee strooke him strait,  
 And falled oft his blowes, to illude him with such bait.

Like as a Lion, whose imperiall powre  
 A proud rebellious Unicorne defies,  
 T'auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre  
 Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,  
 And when him running in full course he spies,  
 He slips aside; the whies that furious bealt  
 His precious hoine, sought of his enemies,  
 Strikes in the Rock, ne thence can be releast,  
 But to the mighty Victor, yields a bountious feast:

With such faire sight him *Guyon* often faild,  
 Till at the last, all breathlesse, weary, faint  
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,  
 And kindling new his courage (seeming quaint)  
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint  
 He made him stoupe perforce vnto his knee,  
 And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,  
 That on his shield depainted hee did see;  
 Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoupe, persued fast  
 The present offer of faire victory,  
 And loone his dreadfull blade about he cast,  
 Where-with he smote his haughty crest so hie,  
 That straight on ground made him full lowe to lie;  
 Then on his breast his victour foot he thrust:  
 With that he cride, *Merue*, doe me not die,  
 Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vniust,  
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus lowe me laid in dust.

Estfoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* said,  
 Tempering the passion with aduisefull slowe,  
 And malking might on enemy dismayd:  
 For, the equall dye of warre he well did knowe;  
 Theo' to him said, Live, and allegiance owe  
 To him that gues the life and libertie:  
 And henceforth, by this daies ensample trowe;  
 That hasty wrath, and hee delasse haz ardy,  
 Doe breed repentance late, and lasting infamy.

So, vp he let him rife: who with grim looke  
 And counenaunce sterne vpsstanding, gan to grind  
 His grated teeth for great disdain, and shooke  
 His sandy locks, long hanging downe behind,  
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,  
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;  
 Yet in himselfe some comfort hee did find,  
 That him so noble Knight had mastered,  
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both hee wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking, said, Be nought agrieu'd,  
 Sir Knight, that thus you now subdued arre:  
 Was neuer man, who most conquests atchieu'd  
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,  
 Yet shortly gaind, that losse exceeded farre:  
 Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe;  
 But to be lesse, then himselfe, doth marre  
 Both losers lot, and victors praise also.  
 Vaine others overthrowes; whose selfe doth overthrowe.

Fly, *Pyrrhobles*, fie the dreadfull warre,  
 That in thy selfe thy lesser parts doe moue:  
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,  
 Direfull impatience, and hate-murding loue;  
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours farre remove,  
 Which thee so endless bale captiued lead,  
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy prouie,  
 Of curtesie to me the cause aread,  
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

Dreadlesse, said hee, that shall I soone declare:  
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort  
 Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,  
 And thrall'd her in channes with strong effort,  
 Void of all succour and needfull comfort:  
 That ill befermes 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 soune yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all  
 Said he, that thee so sore displeas'd hath?  
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,  
 Whose free soune shall thee turne to greatest feath,  
 Nath'lesse, now quench thy hot embowling wrath:  
 Loe, thee they be; to thee I yield them free.  
 Thereat hee wondrous glad, ou' of the path  
 Did lightly leape, where hee them bound did see,  
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitie.

Soone

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,  
 Before her sonne could well afoiled bee,  
 Shee to her vsfe returned, and straight deside  
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhochles*: th' one (said she)  
 Because he wonne; the other, because hee  
 Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,  
 To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:  
 But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she fought  
 To kiidle his quencht fire, & thousand causes wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,  
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,  
 And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,  
 Because he had not well maintaine his right,  
 But yielded had to that same stranger knight:  
 Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wax as wood as hee,  
 And him affronted with impatient might:  
 So both together fierce engrailed bee,  
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke  
 Against *Pyrrhochles*, and new matter fram'd  
 Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke  
 Of his late wrongs, in which the oft him blam'd  
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,  
 And him disabled quite. But he was wile,  
 Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;  
 Yet others the more vrgent did deuise:  
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more,  
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,  
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,  
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.  
 His mother eke (more to augment his spright)  
 Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,  
 Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)  
 Had kindled: that she gaue into his bond,  
 That kindl'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstand.

23

Tho gan the villaine wax so fierce and strong,  
 That nothing might sustaine his furious force;  
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along  
 Drew him through durt and mire without remorse,  
 And foully battered his comely corse,  
 That *Guyon* much disdeign'd (so loathly sight,  
 At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,  
 Helpe (ò Sir *Guyon*) helpe most noble knight,  
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,  
 And gan him dight to succour his distress,  
 Till that the *Palmer*, by his graue restraint,  
 Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;  
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,  
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pity vaine:  
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,  
 And his foe fetted would releaue againe,  
 Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25

*Guyon* obaid; So him away he drew  
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight  
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.  
 But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,  
 When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,  
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puiffant stroke to fall,  
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in fight,  
 Fledd fast away, to tell his funeral  
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,  
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,  
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:  
 Full many doughty knights he in his daies  
 Had done to death, subdewd in equall frays;  
 Whole carcases, for terrour of his name,  
 Of fowles and beafts he made the pittious prayes,  
 And hung their conquered armes for more defame  
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,  
 The vile *Acrafius*, that with vaine delights,  
 And idle pleasures in her *Bower of Blisse*,  
 Does charme her Louers, and the feeble sprights  
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:  
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,  
 And horribly mishapses with vgly sights,  
 Capti'd eternally in iron mewes;  
 And darksome dens, where *Tisane* his face neuer shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,  
 To serue his *Lernans* loue: for he, by kind,  
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,  
 When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:  
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind  
 In dainty delices, and lauish ioyes,  
 Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,  
 And floues in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes.  
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

29

And ouer him, Art struing to compare  
 With Nature, did an *Arbour* greene dispredd,  
 Framed of wanton *Irue*, flowing faire,  
 Through which the fragrant *Eglantine* did spred  
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,  
 Which dainty odours round about them threw,  
 And all within with floures was garnished,  
 That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,  
 Did breathe out bountious smells, & painted colours shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe  
 A gentle stream, whose murmuring waue did play  
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowe,  
 To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay:  
 The wearie *Trauciler*, wandring that way,  
 Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,  
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,  
 Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget  
 His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And



31  
 And on the other side a pleaſant Groue  
 Was ſhot vp high, full of the ſtately tree,  
 That dedicated is *Olympick Ioue*,  
 And to his ſonne *Atides*, when aſ hee  
 Gaſt'd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;  
 Therein the merry birds, of euery fort,  
 Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:  
 And made amongſt themſelues a ſweet conſort,  
 That quickned the dull ſpright with muſicall conſort.

32  
 There he him found all careleſly diſplaid,  
 In ſecret ſhadowe from the ſunny ray,  
 On a ſweet bed of Lillies toſtly laid,  
 Amidſt a flock of Damzels freſh and gay,  
 That round about him diſolute did play  
 Their wanton ſollies, and light meriment;  
 Euery of which did looſely diſaray  
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,  
 And ſhewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33  
 And euery of them ſtroue, with moſt delights,  
 Him to aggrate, and greateſt pleaſures ſhew,  
 Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;  
 Others, ſweet words, dropping like honny dew;  
 Some, bathed kiſſes, and did ſoft embrew  
 The ſugred liquor through his melting lips:  
 One boaſts her beauty, and does yeeld to view  
 Her dainty limbes about her tender hips:  
 Another, her out-boaſts, and all for triall ſtrips.

34  
 Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,  
 His wandring thought in deepe deſire does ſleepe,  
 And his fraile eye with ſpoile of beauty feeds;  
 Sometimes, he falſly ſaines himſelſe to ſleepe,  
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,  
 To ſteale a ſnatch of amorous conceit,  
 Whereby clote fire into his hart does creepe:  
 So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,  
 Made dranke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35  
*Atin* arriuing there, when him he ſpide,  
 Thus in ſtill waues of deepe delight to wade,  
 Fiercely approching, to him loudly cride,  
*Cymochles*; oh no, not *Cymochles* ſhade,  
 In which that manly perion late did fade,  
 What is become of great *Acrates* ſonne?  
 Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,  
 That hath ſo many haughty conqueſts wonne?  
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

36  
 Then pricking him with his ſharpe-pointed dart,  
 He ſaid; Vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,  
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,  
 Vnwiſdfull of thy praife and prowceſt might,  
 And weateſſe eke of lately wrought delpight,  
 Whiles ſad *Pyrrhobles* lyes on ſenſeleſſe ground,  
 And grogeth out his vtmoſt grudging ſpright,  
 Through many a ſtroake, & many a ſtreaming wound,  
 Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art drownd.

37  
 Suddainly out of his delightfull dreame  
 The man awoke, and would haue queſtion'd more;  
 But he would not endure that woſull theame  
 For to dilate at large, but vrge fore  
 With piercing words, and pittifull implore,  
 Him haſte to ariſe. As one affright  
 With helliſh fiends, or *Furies* mad vprore,  
 He then vproſe, inflam'd with fell delpight,  
 And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38  
 They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,  
 And lightly mounted, paſſeth on his way:  
 Ne Ladies loues, ne ſweet entreaties might  
 Appeaſe his heate, or haſtie paſſage ſtay;  
 For, he has vow'd to beene aveng'd that day  
 (That day it ſelſe him ſeemed all too long:)  
 On him, that did *Pyrrhobles* deare diſmay:  
 So, proudly pricketh on his courſer ſtrong,  
 And *Atin* aye him pricks with ſpurs of ſhame and wrong.

Canto





## Canto VI.

*Guyon is of inmodest Mirth  
led into loose desire,  
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-  
ther burnes in furious fire.*



**A** Harder lesson, to learne Continnence  
In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine ;  
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker sense  
So strongly, that vneathes it can restraine  
From that, which feeble nature couets faire :  
But grieue and wrath, that be her coemies,  
And foes of life, the better can restraine ;  
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories.  
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traouailing to find,  
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him  
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,  
Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim  
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim  
Along the shore, as swift as glaiunce of eye,  
A little *Gondelay*, bedecked trim  
With boughes and arbouris wouen eueningly,  
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a Lady fresh and faire,  
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone ;  
Sometimes she sang, as loud as *Larke* in aire,  
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone,  
Yet was there not with her else any one,  
That might to her moue cause of merriment :  
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none  
She could deuise, and thousand waies invent  
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farr off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,  
He loudly cald to such as were aboard,  
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,  
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford :  
The merry *Marriner* vnto his word  
Soone harkned, and her painted boat straight way  
Turnd to the shoare, where that same warlike Lord  
She in recei'd ; but *Atin* by no way  
She would admit, as be the knight her much did pray.

Esloones her shallow ship away did slide,  
More swift then *Swallow* sheres the liquid skie,  
Withouten oare or *Pilot* it to guide,  
Or winged canuas with the wind to sie ;  
Onely she turn'd a pin, and by and by  
It cut a way vpon the yielding waue,  
Ne cared shee 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 mirth, her passenger to entertaine :  
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,  
And grealy ioyed mery tales to faime,  
Of which a store-houle did with her remaine :  
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became ;  
For all her words she drowed with laughing vaine,  
And wanting grace in vttering of the same,  
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toys she would deuise,  
As her fantastick wit did most delight :  
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise  
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight  
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight ;  
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay  
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,  
Or to behold the water worke, and play  
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and loose dalliance  
Gauwondrous great contentment to the Knight,  
That of his way he had no fouteauance,  
Nor care of vov'd revenge, and cruell fight,  
But to weake wench did yeld his Martiall might.  
So easie was to quench his flamed mind  
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight :  
So easie is, to appeale the stormy wind  
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

Diuerse

9  
 Diuerſe diſcourſes in their way ſpent,  
 Amongſt which *Cymachiles* other queſtioned,  
 Both what ſhe was, and what that viſage ment,  
 Which in her cot ſhe daily practiſed.  
 Vaine man, ſaid ſhe, that would ſt be reckoned  
 A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant  
 Of *Phadria* (for ſo my name is red)  
 Of *Phadria*, thine owne fellow ſeruant;  
 For, thou to ſerue *Acroſia* thy ſelfe dooſt vauit.

10  
 In this wide Inland ſea, that hight by name  
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ſhip I rowe,  
 That knowes her Port, and thither ſailes by ayme,  
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,  
 Or whether ſwiſt I wend, or whether ſlowe:  
 Both ſlowe and ſwiſt alike doe ſerue my tourne,  
 Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*  
 Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;  
 My little boar can ſafely paſſe this perilous bourne.

11  
 Whiles thus ſhe talked, and whiles thus ſhe toyd,  
 They were farre paſt the paſſage which he ſpoke,  
 And come vnto an Iland waſte and voyd,  
 That ſtoted in the miſt of that great lake:  
 There her ſmall *Gondelay* her Port did make,  
 And that gay paire iſſuing on the ſhore  
 Diſburdoed her. Their way they forward take  
 Into the Land that lay them ſure before,  
 Whole pleaſaunce ſhe him ſhew'd, & plentiful great ſtore.

12  
 It was a choſen plot of ſeruaile land,  
 Amongſt wide waues let like a little neſt,  
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,  
 Been choiſely picked out from all the reſt,  
 And layd forth for enſample of the beſt:  
 No daintie ſlowre or herbe that growes on ground,  
 No arboret with painted bloſſoms dreſt,  
 And ſmelling ſweet, but there it might be found  
 To bud out faire, & her ſweet ſmells throwe all around.

13  
 No tree, whoſe branches did not branely ſpring;  
 No branch, whereon a ſine bird did not ſit:  
 No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;  
 No ſong but did containe a louely ditty:  
 Trees, branches, birds, & ſongs were framed fit  
 For to allure fraile men to careleſſe eaſe.  
 Careleſſe the man ſoone wor, and his weake wit  
 Was overcome of ſiſhing, that did him pleaſe;  
 So pleaſed, did his wraithfull purpoſe faire appeare.

14  
 Thus when ſhe had his eyes and ſenſes fed  
 With falſe delights, and filld with pleaſures vaine,  
 Into a ſhady dale ſhe loſt him led,  
 And laid him downe vpon a graſſie Plaine;  
 And her ſweet ſelfe, without dread or diſdaine  
 She ſet beſide, laying his head aſtraine  
 In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtaine,  
 Where ſoone he ſlumbered, fearing not be harm'd,  
 The whiles with a loud lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd.

15  
 Behold, o man, that toyle ſome paines dooſt take,  
 The flowers, the fields, and all that pleaſant growes,  
 How they themſelues doe thee enſlame make,  
 Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes  
 Out of her fruitful lap; how, no man knowes,  
 They ſpring, they bud; they bloſſome freſh & faire,  
 And deck the world with their rich pompous ſhowes;  
 Yet no man for them raketh paines or care,  
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16  
 The Lilly, Lady of the flowing field,  
 The Flower-delice, her louely Paramoure,  
 Bid thee to them thy fruitleſſe labours yield,  
 And ſoone leaue off this toyleſome weary ſtoure;  
 Lo, lo, how braue the decks her bountious bourne,  
 With ſilken currens and gold courlets,  
 Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous Belamour,  
 Yet neither ſpioner nor cardes, ne cares nor ſicts,  
 But to her mother Nature all her care ſhe lets.

17  
 Why then dooſt thou, o man, that of them all  
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,  
 Wilfully make thy ſelfe a wretched thrall,  
 And waſte thy ioyous houres in needleſſe paine,  
 Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?  
 What bootes it all to haue, and nothing uſe?  
 Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the maine,  
 Will die for thiſt, and water doth reſuſe?  
 Reſuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toyle, and preſent pleaſures chiuſe.

18  
 By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleepe,  
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;  
 Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteepe,  
 That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:  
 So ſhe him leit, and did her ſelfe betake  
 Vnto her boas againe, with which ſhe cleſt  
 The ſlothfull waues of that great grieſly lake;  
 Soone ſhee that Iland ſare behind her leit,  
 And now is come to that ſame place, where firſt ſhe weſt.

19  
 By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought  
 Vnto the other ſide of that wide ſtroad,  
 Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:  
 Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoone to hond  
 Her ferry brought, where him the byding tond,  
 With his ſid guide; himſelfe ſhee tooke aboard,  
 But the *Black Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtand,  
 Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,  
 To ferry that old man ouer that perloous foord.

20  
*Guyon* was loath to leaue his guide behind,  
 Yet beeing entred, might not backe retire;  
 For, the ſit barke, obeying to her mind,  
 Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,  
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire  
 Adieu, but nimble ran her wonned courſe  
 Through the dull billowes thick as troubled mire,  
 Whom neither wind out of their ſeat could force,  
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their ſluggiſh courſe.



21

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,  
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,  
And did of ioy and iollitie deuisse,  
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:  
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear  
Her honest mirth and pleasure to partake;  
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,  
And passe the bounds of modest merimake,  
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile,  
And said and did all that mote him delight,  
Till they arriv'd in that pleasant Ile,  
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.  
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,  
He wist himselfe amiss, and angry said;  
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,  
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obeyd:  
Me little needed from my right way to haue strayd.

23

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 vnsable, and doth neuer stay.  
But heere awhile ye may in safety rest,  
Till season serue new passage to aslay:  
Better safe Port, then be in leas distrest.  
There with she laughd, and did her earnest end in lest.

24

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelless  
Himselfe appeale, and issued forth on shore:  
The ioyes whercof, and happy fruitfullness,  
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,  
And all though pleasant, ye she made much more:  
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,  
The trees did bud, and earely blossoms bore,  
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing.  
And told that gardens pleasures in their caroling.

25

And shee, more sweet then any bird on bough,  
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,  
And strue to passe (as shee could well enough)  
Their native musick by her skilfull art:  
So did the all, that might his constant hart  
With-draw from thought of warlike enterprise,  
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,  
Where noyse of armes, or view of Martiall guise,  
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercise.

26

But he was wick, and wary of her will,  
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:  
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,  
As to despise so courtesie seeming part,  
That gentle Lady did to him impart;  
But fairely temptring, fond desire subdewd,  
And euer her desired to depart.  
She list not heare, but her disports pursfewd,  
And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,  
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,  
And shaking off his drowsie dretiment,  
Gan him awize, how ill did him besecme,  
In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,  
And quench the brood of his conceiued ire,  
Tho vp he started, sturd with shame extreme,  
Ne stayed for his Damsell to inquire,  
But marched to the stound, there passage to require.

28

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,  
Accompanyd with *Phedria* the faire:  
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,  
Crying, Let be that Lady debonair,  
Thou recreant knight, and loone thy selfe prepare  
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:  
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire  
Doe flock, awayting shortly to obtaine  
Thy carcasse for their prey, the gurdon of thy paine.

29

And there withall he fiercely at him flew,  
And with important outrage him allayd;  
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,  
And him with equall value countervayld:  
Their mighty stroakes their herberions dismayld,  
And naked made each others manly spalles;  
The mortall steele dispiteously entayld  
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the iron walles,  
That a large purple streame adown their giamboux falles.

30

*Cymochles*, that had neuer met before  
So puissant foe, with envious despight  
His proud premedd rage increas'd more,  
Disdeiging to be held so long in fight;  
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,  
As those vnknighly raylings, which he spoke,  
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,  
Thereof deuiling shortly to be wroke,  
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31

Both of them high atonce their hands enhaunst,  
And both atonce their huge blowes downe did sway;  
*Cymochles* sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunc't,  
And thereof nigh one quarter slicard away;  
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play  
On th' others helmet, which as *Titan* thone,  
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,  
And bared all his head vnto the bone;  
Where with astonisht, still he stood as senselesse stone.

32

Still as he stood, saie *Phedria*, that beheld  
That deadly danger, soone atwene them ran;  
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,  
Crying with pittious voyce, and count'naunce wan;  
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can  
Your cruell eyes endure so pittious sight,  
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,  
That first did teach the curled steele to bight.  
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

33  
If euer loue of Ladie did empierce  
Your yron breasts, or pittie could finde place,  
With-hold your bloody hands from battell fierce,  
And sithe for me ye fight, to me this grace  
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.  
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:  
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,  
That am the author of this hainous deed, (breed.  
And cause of death betwene two doughtie knights doe

34  
But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,  
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes  
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,  
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:  
Such cruell game my fearmoges disarmes:  
Another warre, and other weapons I  
Doe loue, where loutes doe gine his sweet alarmes,  
Without bloodshed, and where the enimie  
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

35  
Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie  
The famous name of knighthood fouly shend;  
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,  
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,  
The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;  
Of loue they euer greater glory bore,  
Then of their armes: *Mars is Cupidoes friend,*  
And is for *Venus* loutes renowned more  
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

36  
Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent  
To proue extremities of bloody fight,  
Yet at her speech their rages gan relent,  
And calmed the sea of their tempestuous spight;  
Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might  
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart,  
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight  
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,  
And yeeld him ready passage to that other patt.

37  
She no lesse glad, then he desirous was  
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy  
And vaine delight she saw he light did pass,  
A foe of folly and immodest ioy,  
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,  
Delighting all in armes and cruell wane,  
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,  
Troubled with terror and vnoquiet iarre,  
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

38  
Tho, him she brought aboard, and her swift bote  
Forthwith directed to that further strand;  
The which on the dull wanes did lightly flote,  
And soone arriued on the shallow load,  
Where gladsome *Guyon* sailed forth to land,  
And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward.  
Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,  
There by his master left, when late he had  
In *Pbedris* fleet barke ouer that perloous shard.

39  
Well could he him remember, sithe of late  
He with *Pyrrhochles* sharpe debatement made;  
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,  
As shepheards curte, that in darke eueninge shade  
Hath tracked forth some salvage beastes trade;  
Vile miserant (said he) whither doest thou stie  
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 enimie?

40  
With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head dart:  
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rale,  
Though somewhat moued in his mighty hart,  
Yet with strong reason mastered passion fraile,  
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,  
Back to the stord retr'y'd and there still staid,  
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;  
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd  
The hastie heat of his avow'd reuenge delayd.

41  
Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from farre  
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:  
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre  
His forlorn steed from him the victour wan;  
Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,  
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,  
And soyl'd with durtie gore, that no man can  
Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,  
But bent his hasty courte towards the idle flood.

42  
The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,  
How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt;  
And deepe himselfe beducked in the fame,  
That in the lake his lofty crest was steapt,  
Ne of his safety seemed care he kept;  
But with his raging armes he rudely flast  
The wanes about, and all his armour swept,  
That all the blood and sith away was wast,  
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dast.

43  
*Atin* drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;  
For much he wondered at that vnoquiet sight;  
Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there see?  
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhochles*, in sad plight,  
Ready to drowne himselfe for sell delspight.  
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,  
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,  
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?  
*Pyrrhochles*, & *Pyrrhochles*, what is thee betyde?

44  
I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde:  
O how I burne with implescable fire!  
Yet nought can quenchemine inly flaming syde,  
Nor sea of sicour cold, nor lake of mire,  
Nothing but death can doe me to respite.  
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhochles* farre  
After pursewing death once to require,  
Or think, that ought those pusilliant hands may marre:  
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappy starre.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said hee)  
 That am, I weene, moit wretched man aliuē:  
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,  
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:  
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue,  
 The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd so fore,  
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuē,  
 And his awne health remembering now no more,  
 Did follow that entample which he blam'd afore.

46  
 Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,  
 (So loue the dread of danger doth despise)  
 And of him catching hold, him strongly slayd  
 From drowning. But more happy he, then wise,  
 Of that seas nature did him not auiſe.  
 The waues thereof so flowe and sluggish were,  
 Engroft with mud, which did them foule agriefe,  
 That euery weightie thing they did vpbearē,  
 Ne ought mote euer sink downe to the bottome there.

47  
 Whiles thus they struggled in that idle waue,  
 And stroue in vaine, the one himſelfe to drowne,  
 The other both from drowning for to saue;  
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,  
 Whole hoarnc 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, struing with his raging Lord.

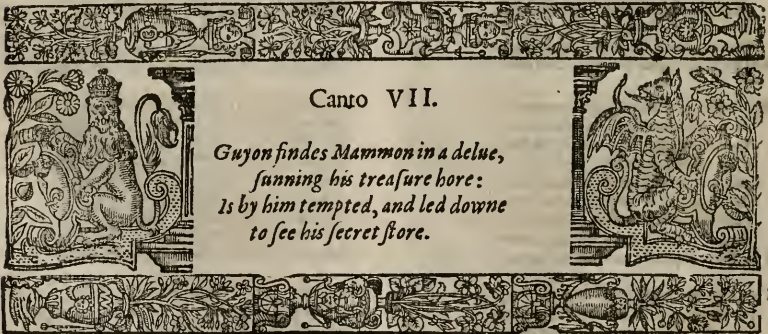
48  
 Him *Atin* spying, knewe right well of yore,  
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, O *Archimago*;  
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;  
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile sage:

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.  
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,  
 To see *Pyrrhocles* there so rudely rage:  
 Yet sitheens helpe, he saw, he needed more  
 Then pittie, he in hate approached to the shore,

49  
 And cald; *Pyrrhocles*, what is this, I see?  
 What hellissh Furie hath at earst thee heat?  
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee,  
 Yet neuer in this strange astonishment,  
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.  
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,  
 In danger rather to be drent, then brent?  
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)  
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50  
 That cursed man, that cruell seed of bell,  
*Furor*, oh *Furor*, hath me thus beight:  
 His deadly wounds within my luer swell,  
 And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,  
 Kindled through his infernall brood of spigit,  
 Sith late with him I battaile vaine would boſte;  
 That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light  
 Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghoſte  
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roſte.

51  
 Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe  
 He knew right well, and him atonce 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 warmd,  
 Which done, he balmes & herbes thereto applyd,  
 And euermore with mightie spels them charmd,  
 That in short space he has them qualifyde,  
 And him restord to health, that would haue algates dyde.



## Canto VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,  
 sunning his treasure hore:  
 Is by him tempted, and led downe  
 to see his secret store.*

A S Pilot well expert in perilous waue,  
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,  
 When foggy mists, or cloudy tempests haue  
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,

And couer'd heauen with hideous drentment,  
 Vpon his card and compass firmes his eye,  
 The masters of his long experiment,  
 And to them does the steady helpe apply,  
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:



So *Guyon* hauing lost his trustie guide,  
 Late left beyond that *Idle Lake*, proceeds  
 Yet on his way, of none accompanie;  
 And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,  
 Of his owne veruues, and praise-worthy deedes.  
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,  
 Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:  
 For, still he trauiild through wide wastefull ground,  
 That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,  
 Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,  
 Where-as he striding found, in secret shade,  
 An vncouth, salvage, and vnciuill wight,  
 Of grieufully hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight;  
 His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes were belear'd,  
 His head and beard with fowre were ill bedight,  
 His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been seard  
 In Smithes fire-petting forge, and nailes like clawes ap-  
 pear'd.

His iron coate all overgrowne with rust,  
 Was vnderneath enuveloped with gold,  
 Whose glistering gloste darkned with filthy dust,  
 Well it appeared to haue been of old  
 A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,  
 Wouen with anticks and wild Imagery:  
 And in his lap a mass of coyne he told,  
 And turned vsidowne, to feed his eye  
 And couzous desire with his huge treasure.

And round about him lay on euery side  
 Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent:  
 Of which, some were rude owre, nor purifide  
 Of *Mulcibers* deuouing element;  
 Some others were new driuen, and distent  
 Into great logots, and to wedges square;  
 Some in round plates withouten mouiment;  
 But most were stamp't, and in their metall bare  
 The antique shapes of Kings & Kefars strange & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright  
 And haste he rose, for to remoue aside  
 Those precious hills from strangers 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, stay'd  
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide;  
 And, though himselfe were at the sight dismay'd,  
 Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtfull said;

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)  
 That heere in desert hast thine habitauce,  
 And these rich heapes of wealth doost hide apart  
 From the worlds eye, and from her right vsuance?  
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed asuance,  
 In great disdain, hee answer'd; Hardy Elfe,  
 That darst view my direfull countenance,  
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,  
 To trouble my still feat, and heapes of precious selfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,  
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god belowe the sky,  
 That of my plenty poure out vnto all,  
 And vnto none my graces doe enuie:  
 Riches, renowne, and principallitie,  
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,  
 For which men swinke and sweat incessantly,  
 Fro me doe flow into an ample flood,  
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and serue,  
 At thy command loe 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 frank and free.  
*Mammon*, said he, thy godheads vauntis vaine,  
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;  
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine,  
 Proffer thy gifts, and hitter seruants enuie taine.

Me ill befits, that in der-dooing armes,  
 And honours suit my vowed dayes doe spend,  
 Vnto thy bouctious baytes, and pleasing charmes,  
 With which weak men thou witchest, to attend;  
 Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend  
 And lowe abase the high heroic spirit,  
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdoms to contend;  
 Faire shields, gay steeds, bright armes be my delight;  
 Those be the riches fit for an aduent'rous koight.

Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, doost not thou weete,  
 That money can thy wants at will supply?  
 Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet  
 It can p'nuay in twinkling of an eye;  
 And crownes and kingdoms to thee multiply.  
 Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne  
 Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly?  
 And him that raignd, into his roome thrust downe,  
 And whom I lust, doe heape with glory and renouae?

All otherwise, said he, I riches reade,  
 And deeme them roote of all disquietesse;  
 First got with guile, and then preler'd with dread,  
 And after spent with pride and laushoesse,  
 Leauing behind them grieffe and heauinesse.  
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise;  
 Strife, ad debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,  
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetise,  
 That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the scepters thine;  
 But realmes and rulers thou doost both confound,  
 And loyall truth to treason doost incline;  
 Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pour'd oft on ground,  
 The crown'd often slaine, the slayer crown'd,  
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,  
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;  
 Cast: as surpriz'd, great Cities sick and breat:  
 So mak't thou kings, & gainest wrongfull government.

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse  
 The priuate state, and make the life vsweet:  
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,  
 And in fraile wood an *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,  
 Doth not (I weene) so many euils meet.  
 Then *Ammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,  
 Are mortall men so foud and vndiscreet,  
 So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,  
 And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vprayd?

15

Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,  
 Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couctice:  
 But would they think, with how small allowance  
 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 branching armes annoyes,  
 And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue acloyes.

16

The antique world, in his first flowing youth,  
 Found no defect in his Creators grace;  
 But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,  
 The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace:  
 Like Angels life was then mens happy case;  
 But later ages pride (like corne-fed seed)  
 Abus'd her plenty, and fat swolne entreace  
 To all licentious lust, and gaue exceed  
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe  
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,  
 And the hid tresurer in her sacred tombe,  
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found  
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,  
 Of which the matter of his huge desire  
 And pompous pride estwoones he did compound:  
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire  
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

18

Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,  
 And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age  
 To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;  
 Thou that doost live in later times, must wage  
 Thy works 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, doe not afterward accuse.

19

Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receive  
 Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:  
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue  
 From rightfull owner by varighteous lot,  
 Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.  
 Perdy, quoth he, yet nener eye did view  
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,  
 But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,  
 From heaucens sight, & powre of all which them pursue.

20

What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold  
 So huge a mass, and hide from heaucens eye?  
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold  
 Thou canst preferre from wrong and robbery?  
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by  
 Through that thick covert he him led, and found  
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,  
 That deepe descended through the hollow ground,  
 And was with dread and horror compassed around.

21

At length they came into a larger space,  
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plaine,  
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,  
 That straight did lead to *Plutoes* griefly rage:  
 By that wayes side, there fate infernall Paine,  
 And fast beside him fate tumultuous strife:  
 The one, in hand an iron whyp did straine;  
 The other brandished a bloudy knife,  
 And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threaten life.

22

On th'other side, in one consort there fate  
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate:  
 But gnawing Icalousie, 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 hee strood him might,  
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,  
 And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23

And over them sad Horror, with grim hew,  
 Did alwaies fore, beating his iron wings;  
 And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,  
 The hatefull messengers of heauy things,  
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;  
 Whiles sad *Celano*, sitting on a clift,  
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
 That hart of flint aunder could haue rift:  
 Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift.

24

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,  
 By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.  
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way  
 Did feede his eyes, and filld his inner thought.  
 At last, him to a little dore he brought,  
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,  
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:  
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,  
 That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25

Before the dore fate selfe-consuming Care,  
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware  
 Breake in, and spoyle the treasure there in gard:  
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward  
 Approche, albe his drowisie den were next;  
 For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:  
 Therefore his house is vnto his annex;  
 Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both betwixt.

26

So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore  
To him did open, and afforded way;  
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,  
Ne darknesse him, ne danger might dismay.  
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way  
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt  
An vgly fiend, more foule then diuinall day,  
The which with monstrous stalke behind him kept,  
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

27

Well hoped he, ere long that hardie guest,  
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,  
Or lips he layd on thing, that lik't him best,  
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntie,  
Should be his prey. And therefore still on him  
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,  
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,  
And rend in peeces with his rauinous pawes;  
If euer he transgress the fatall *Strigian* lawes.

28

That houses forme within was rude and strong,  
Like an huge Caue, hewne out of rocky clift,  
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,  
Einboist with massy gold of glorious gift,  
And with rich mettall loaded euery rift,  
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;  
And ouer them *Arabie* high did list  
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile net,  
Enwrapped in foule smoak & cloudes more black then Iet.

29

Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,  
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darknesse, that none could behold  
The hew thereof: for, view of chearfull day  
Did neuer in that houte it selfe display,  
But a faint shadow of vncertaine light;  
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:  
Or as the Moone clothed with cloudy night,  
Does shew to him, that walks in feare and sad affright.

30

In all that roome was nothing to be seene,  
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,  
All bard with double beeds, that none could wene  
Them to eforce by violence or wrong;  
On euery side they placed were along,  
But all the ground with scules was scattered,  
And dead mens bones, which round about were hong,  
Whose liues (if seemed) whilome there were shed,  
And their vile carcases now left vburied.

31

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,  
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,  
Which to them opened of it owne accord,  
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,  
As eye of man did neuer see before;  
Ne euer could within one place be found,  
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,  
Could gathered be through all the world around,  
And that about were added to that vnder ground.

32

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright  
Commaunded was, who therefore did attend,  
And warily awaited day and night,  
From other couetous fiends it to defend,  
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.  
Then *Mammon*, turning to that wariour, said;  
Loe, heere the worldes blis: loe, heere the end,  
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:  
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee layd.

33

Certes, said he, I n'll thine offred grace,  
Ne to be made so happy doe intend:  
Another blis before mine eyes I place,  
Another happinesse, another end;  
To them, that list, these bafe regards I lend:  
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,  
Doe 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 serule slaue.

34

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;  
For, well he weneed, that so glorious bayt  
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:  
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,  
More light then *Culver* in the *Faulcons* fist,  
(Eternall God thee faue from such decay.)  
But when—as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,  
Him to entrap vnto others way he wist:

35

Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought  
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright  
To him did open, as it had been taught:  
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,  
And hundred furnaces all burning bright;  
By euery furnace many fiends did bide,  
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,  
And euery fiend his busie paines applide,  
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tide.

36

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,  
And with force wind the fuell did inflame;  
Another did the dying bronds repaire  
With iron tonges, and sprinkled oft the same  
With liquid waues, fierce *Fulcans* rage to tame,  
Who masting them, renewd his former heat;  
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;  
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;  
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37

But when as earthly wight they present saw,  
Glistring in armes and battailous array,  
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw  
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,  
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.  
Their staring eyes (parkling with feruent fire,  
And vgly shapes did nigh the man defray,  
That were it not for shame, he would retire,  
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord and sire:  
Behold.



<sup>38</sup>  
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  
Proceded) lo, now is revealed to thee.  
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:  
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,  
Avise thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,  
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

<sup>39</sup>  
Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,  
That all thine idle offers I refuse.  
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee  
To covet more then I haue cause to see?  
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:  
But giue me leaue to follow mine empirie.  
*Mammon* was much displeas'd, yet not to be chuse  
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,  
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

<sup>40</sup>  
He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,  
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:  
The gate was open, but therein did wait  
A sturdy villaine, striding stiffe and bold,  
As if the highest God defie he would;  
In his right hand an iron club he held,  
But he himselfe was all of golde a mold,  
Yet had both life and sense, and well could wield  
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

<sup>41</sup>  
*Disdaine* he called was, and did disdaine  
To be so cald, and who so did him call:  
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomack vaine,  
His portance terrible, and stature tall,  
Farre passing th' height of men terrestrial,  
Like an huge Giant of the *Titan* race;  
That made him scorn all creatures great and small,  
And with his pride all others powre deface:  
More fit amongst black fiends, the men to haue his place:

<sup>42</sup>  
Soone as those glittering armes he did espy,  
That with their brightnes made that darknes light,  
His harmefull club he gan to burle hee,  
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight:  
Who likewise gan him selfe to battaile dight,  
Till *Mammon* did his haste hand with-hold,  
And counsell'd him abstaine from perillous fight:  
For, nothing might abash the villaine bold,  
Ne mortall Steele empearce his miscreated mold.

<sup>43</sup>  
So, hauing him with reason pacifide,  
And the fierce Carle commanding to forbear,  
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,  
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple were:  
Many great golden pillours did vpeare  
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustaine:  
And euery pillour decked was full deare  
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine, (raigne).  
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

<sup>44</sup>  
A rout of people there assembled were,  
Of euery sort and nation vnder sky,  
Which with great vtper preaced to draw neare  
To th' vpper part, where was aduanced hee  
A stately ledge of soueraigne maiestie;  
And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,  
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,  
That neuer earthly Prince in such array  
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

<sup>45</sup>  
Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,  
That her broad beauties beame great brightnes threw  
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:  
Yet was not that same her owne nature hew,  
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,  
Thereby more Louers vnto her to call;  
Nath'lesse, most heavenly faire in deed and view  
She by creation was, till she did fall;  
Thenceforth she fought for helps to cloke her crime with-  
(Call.)

<sup>46</sup>  
There, as in glistering glory she did sit,  
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,  
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,  
And lower part did reach to lowest liell;  
And all that preace did round about her swell,  
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:  
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sit,  
And euery link thereof a step of dignitie.

<sup>47</sup>  
Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,  
By riches and vrighteous reward,  
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;  
Others through friends, others for base regard;  
And all, by wrong wayes, for themselves prepar'd.  
Those that were vp themselves, kept others lowe,  
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,  
Ne suffred them to rise or greater growe,  
But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throwe.

<sup>48</sup>  
Which, when as *Guyon* saw, he gan enquire,  
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,  
And what she was that did so high aspire.  
Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,  
Whom all that folke with such contention  
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;  
Honour and dignitie from her alone,  
Deriued are, and all this worldes blis  
For which ye men doe striue, few get, but many mis.

<sup>49</sup>  
And faire *Philotime* shee rightly hight,  
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder sky,  
But that this darksome neather world her light  
Doth dim with horreur and deformitie,  
Worthy of heauen and high felicitie,  
From whence the gods haue her for enuie thrust:  
But fish thou hast found haucur in mine eye,  
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,  
That she may thee aduance for works and merites iust.

50  
 Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,  
 For so great grace and offred high estate;  
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,  
 Vaworthy match for such immortal mate  
 My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;  
 And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,  
 And loue avowd to other Laly late,  
 That to remoue the same I haue no might:  
 To change loue causelesse, is reproche to warlike knight.

51  
*Mammon* emmoned was with inward wrath;  
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led  
 Through grisly shadowes by a beaten path,  
 Into a garden goodly garnished  
 With herbs & fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:  
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe  
 Throws forth to men, sweet and well faoured,  
 But dreffull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,  
 Fit to adorne the dead, and deck the drety toomb.

52  
 There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,  
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* lad,  
 Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and black *Hellebore*,  
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,  
 Mortall *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,  
 Which-with th'vniust *Atheniens* made to die  
 Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad  
 Poud out his life, and last Philoophy  
 To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamie.

53  
 The Garden of *Proserpina* this high;  
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,  
 With a thicke *Arbour* goodly overdight,  
 In which she often vs'd from open heat  
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.  
 Next therunto did growe a goodly tree,  
 With branches broad dispred, and body great,  
 Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see,  
 And laden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54  
 Their fruit were golden apples gliftring bright,  
 That goodly was their glorie to behold,  
 On earth like neuer grew, ne luing wight  
 Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;  
 For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold  
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,  
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;  
 And those with which th' *Eubean* young man was,  
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55  
 Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,  
 With which *Acontius* got his *Louer* trow,  
 Whom he had long tyme sought with fruitlesse suit:  
 Here eke that famous golden *Apple* grew,  
 The which amongst the gods falle *Aid* threwe;  
 For which th' *Idaan* Ladies disagreed,  
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,  
 And bad (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,  
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56  
 The warlike *Elfe* much wondred at this tree,  
 So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground;  
 And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,  
 Did stretch themselves without the vtmost bound  
 Of this great *Garden*, compass with a mound,  
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe,  
 In a black flood which flow'd about it round;  
 That is the riuier of *Cocytus* deepe,  
 In which full many soules do endles waile and weepe.

57  
 Which to behold, he clomb vp to the bancke,  
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights,  
 In those sad wanes; which dreffull deadly flanke,  
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,  
 That with their pitious cries, and yelling shrighths,  
 They made the further shore resounded wide:  
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull fights,  
 One cursed creature he by chance espide,  
 That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the *Garden* side.

58  
 Deepe was he drenched to the vtmost chin,  
 Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke  
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in;  
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke  
 To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:  
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth  
 Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:  
 The whiles he stru'd with hunger and with drouth:  
 He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59  
 The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
 Askt who he was, and what he meant there by:  
 Who, groning deepe, thus answered him agayne;  
 Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,  
 Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:  
 Of whom high *Ioue* wout whylome feasted bee,  
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:  
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see,  
 Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60  
 Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth hee)  
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate;  
 And vnto all that lue in high degree,  
 Enlample be of mind intemperate,  
 To teach them how to vie their present state.  
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,  
 Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrute,  
 And eke blapheming heauen bitterly,  
 As a plour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

61  
 Hee lookt a litle further, and espide  
 Another wretch, whose carcall deepe was drent  
 Within the riuier, which the same did hyde:  
 But both his hands, most filthie feculent,  
 About the water were on high extert,  
 And tynd to wash themselves incessantly;  
 Yet nothing cleaner were for luch intent,  
 But rather fouler seemed to the eye;  
 So lost his labour vaine and idle industrie.

62  
The knight him calling, asked who he was,  
Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus:  
I *Pilate* am, the tallest Iudge, alas,  
And most vnust, that by vnrighteous  
And wicked doome, to fewes despituous  
Deluered vp the Lord of life to die,  
And did acquite a murder felonous;  
The whiles my hands I washt in puntie,  
The whiles my soule was foild with foule iniquitie.

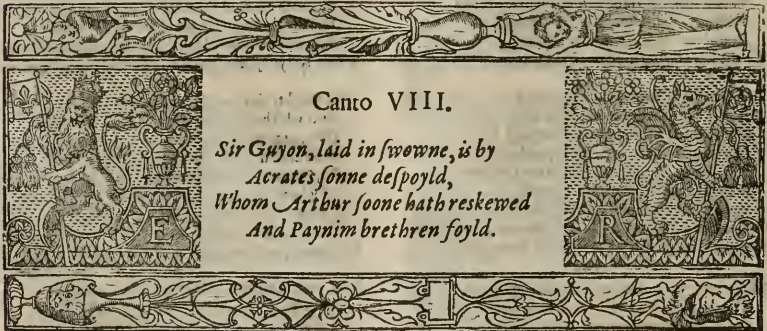
63  
Infinite moe, tormented in like paine  
He there beheld, too long heere to be told:  
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaiue,  
For terrour of the torments manifold,  
In which the damned soules he did behold,  
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,  
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,  
Ne si test downe on that same siluer stoole,  
To rest thy weary person, in the shadow coole?

64  
All which he did, to doe him deadly fall  
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bait;  
To which if he inclined had at all,  
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wait,

Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:  
But he was wary wile in all his way.  
And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,  
Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray;  
So goodly did beguile the Guylar of the pray.

65  
And now he has so long remained there,  
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,  
For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbear,  
Like mighty pillours, this fraile life of man,  
That none without the same endaren cao.  
For, now three daies of men were full outwrought,  
Since he this hardy enterprise began:  
For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,  
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

66  
The God, though loth, yet was constrained t'obay:  
For lenger time, then that, no liuing might,  
Belowe the earth, might suffred be to stay:  
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.  
But all so loone as his enfeebled spright  
Can suck this vitall aire into his brest,  
As overcome with too exceeding might,  
The life did flit away out of her nest,  
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.



## Canto VIII.

*Sir Guyon, laid in swowne, is by  
Acrates sonne despoild,  
Whom Aribur soone hath reskewed  
And Paynim brethren foild.*

1  
**A**Nd is there care in heauen? and is there loue  
In heauenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their euils moue?  
There is: else much more wretched were the  
Of men, then beasts. But *o* th' exceeding grace (case  
Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,  
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2  
How oft doe they, their siluer bowers leaue,  
To come to succour vs, that succour want?  
How oft doe they, with golden pineons, cleaue  
The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuuant,

Against foule feends to aide vs militant?  
They for vs fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,  
And all for loue, and nothing for reward:  
O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3  
During the while that *Guyon* did abide  
In *Mammon*'s house, the Palmer, whom whylere  
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
By further search had passage found else where;  
And being on his way, approached neare,  
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly  
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,  
Come hither, hither, & come hastily;  
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry,



4  
The Palmer lent his care vnto the noyfe,  
To weet who called to importunely:  
Againe, he heard a more efforded voice,  
That bade him come in haste. He by and by  
His feeble feet directed to the cry;  
Which to that shaly delue him brought at last,  
Where *Mammon* cast did summe his treasury:  
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbering fast  
In senselesse dreame; which sight at first him sore agast.

5  
Beside his head there sate a faire young man,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest yeares,  
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,  
And flourish faire about his equall pearces;  
His snowy front curled with golden haire,  
Like *Phoebus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,  
Divinely shone, and two sharp winged sheates,  
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,  
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie waies:

6  
Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,  
When hauing laid his cruell bowe away,  
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill  
The world with murderous spoyles and bloody pray,  
With his faire mother he him digns to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;  
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguill'd to bee,  
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7  
Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
Through feare and wonder; that he nought could say,  
Till him the child bespake, *Loe*g lackt, alas,  
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,  
Whiles deadly fit thy papill doth dismay.  
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,  
But dread of death and dolour doe away;  
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,  
And he that breathlesse seems, shal courage bold respire.

8  
The charge which God doth vnto me arret,  
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;  
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget  
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,  
But euermore him succour, and defend  
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;  
For, euill is at hand him to offend.  
So hauing said, eftsouones he gan display  
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9  
The Palmer seeing his left empty place,  
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,  
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,  
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by flight;  
At last, him turning to his charge behight,  
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;  
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,  
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10  
At last, he spyde where towards him did pase  
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,  
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,  
That breathed strife and troublous enmie;  
Those were the two sonnes of *Archmage* old,  
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* fly,  
Foreby that idle frond, of him were told,  
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11  
Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,  
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find;  
Falle *Archmage* prouokt their courage proud,  
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborn mind  
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.  
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sate,  
Keeping that slumberd corse to him assignd;  
Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

12  
Whom when *Pyrrhobles* saw, inflam'd with rage,  
That sire he soule bespake: Thou dostard vile,  
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age;  
Abandone soone, I read, the castiue spoile  
Of that same outcast carcase, that erewhile  
Made iseife famous through false trechery,  
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly stile;  
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,  
To proue he listid ill, that did thus foully dye.

13  
To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered;  
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,  
Thus sor to blot the honour of the dead,  
And with foule cowardize his carcase shame,  
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.  
Vile is the vengeance on the fles cold,  
And envy base, to barke at sleeping fame:  
Was neuer wight, that treason of him told;  
Your selfe his prowess prou'd & found him fierce & bold.

14  
Then said *Cymochles*; Palmer thou dost dote,  
Ne caust of prowesse, ne of knighthood deceme,  
Sawe as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,  
That of his puissance try all 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 duereproche them yield;  
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15  
Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)  
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde continue?  
Or what doth his bad death now satisfie  
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,  
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?  
Yet sith 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 with armor bright?

Faire

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,  
 For knightoods loue doe not so foule a deed,  
 Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt  
 Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weed  
 Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed ;  
 But leaue these reliques of his liuing might,  
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed,  
 What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,  
 But be entombed in the raucn or the kight ?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,  
 And th'other brother gan his helme volace,  
 Both fiercely bent to haue him disfraid ;  
 Till that they spyde, where towards them did passe  
 An armed knight, of bold and bouatious grace,  
 Whose Squire bore after him an Heben lance,  
 And couerd shield. Well kend him so farre space  
 Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,  
 When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce ;

18

And to those brethren said, Rise, rise by liue,  
 And vnto battaile doe your selues addresse ;  
 For, yonder comes the prouest knight a lue,  
 Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and noblesse ;  
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,  
 And thousand Sar'zins souly donne to dyesse,  
 That word so depected in their harts impresse,  
 That both estoones vpp started furiously,  
 And gan themselves prepare to battell gredily.

19

But fierce *Pyrrhochles*, lacking his owne sword,  
 The want thereof now gredily gan to plaine,  
 And *Archimago* besought, him that afford,  
 Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine,  
 So would I, said th' enchaunter, glad and faine  
 Betecme to you his sword, you to defend,  
 Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,  
 But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,  
 To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20

For, that same knights owne sword this is of yore,  
 Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art  
 For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,  
 There-with to doen his foes eternals smart,  
 The metall first he mixt with *Medewort*,  
 That no enchauntment from his dint might faue ;  
 Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,  
 And seauen times dippel in the bitter waue  
 Of hellish *Styx*, which lidden vertue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither stele nor stone,  
 The stroake thereof from entrance may defend ;  
 Ne euer may be vsed by his sone,  
 Ne for't his rightfull owner to offend,  
 Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend,  
 Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight.  
 In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhochles*, should I lend  
 The same to thee, against his Lord to fight ;  
 For sure it would decceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,  
 That weeneft words or charmes may force with stood ;  
 Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,  
 That I can carue with this enchanted brood  
 His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his hond  
 That vertuous steele he rudely inatcht away,  
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrist he bond ;  
 So, ready dight fierce battaile to assy,  
 And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,  
 And goodly salued them : who nought againe  
 Him ansfwred, as courtesie became ;  
 But with sterce lookes, and stomachous disdain,  
 Gaue signes of grudge and discontentment vaine,  
 Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy,  
 Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull denaie  
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
 In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend fyre,  
 What great misfortune hath betid this knight ?  
 Or did his life her fatall date expire,  
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight ?  
 How-euer, sure I rewe his pittious plight.  
 Nor one, nor other, said the Palmer graue,  
 Hath him besalne, but cloudes of deadly night  
 Awhile his heauy cyldis couer'd haue,  
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse waue.

25

Which, those same foes that doen awaite hereby,  
 Making advantage, to reuenge their spight,  
 Would him disarm, and t'rearen shamefully ;  
 (Vnworthy vface of redonbnt knight.)  
 But you, fayre Sir, whose honourable sight  
 Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,  
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
 And by your powre protecht his feeble case.  
 First praise of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, said he, no knight so rude (I weene)  
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost :  
 Ne was there euer noble courage leene,  
 That in advantage would his puissance boist :  
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.  
 May be, that better reason will allwaie  
 The rash reuengers heat. Words well disposed  
 Haue secret powre, & appeale inflamed rage :  
 If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke ;  
 Ye warlike paire, whose valorous great might,  
 It seemes, iust wrongs to vengeance doe prouoke,  
 To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,  
 Mote ought allay the flame of your despight,  
 And settle patience in so furious heat ;  
 Not to debate the challenge of your right,  
 But for this mercesse pardon I entreat,  
 Whom fortune hath already layd in lowest seat.

28  
To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,  
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong  
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now  
On this vile body for to wreak my wrong,  
And make his carcase as the outcast dong?  
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie  
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,  
His life for due reuenge should deare abide?  
The trespass full doth lue, albe the person die.

29  
Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne  
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leaue;  
But from the grandfire to the Nephewes sonne,  
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,  
Till vengeance vterly the guilt bereaue:  
So straightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,  
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,  
His honour staines with rancour and despight,  
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30  
*Pyrrhochles* gan reply the second time,  
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,  
How that thou art partaker of his crime:  
Therefore by *Termagant* thou shalt be dead.  
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)  
Vplifting high, hee weened with *Mordure*,  
His owne good sword *Mordure*, to cleaue his head:  
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,  
But swaruing from the mark, his Lords life did assure.

31  
Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
That horse and man it made to reele aside:  
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his fell  
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)  
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;  
Falls traytour, miscreant, thou broken hast  
The law of armes, to strike foe vnde side:  
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste  
Right sowe, & feele the law, the which thou hast defact.

32  
With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
Against the Pagans breast, and there-with thought  
His cursed life out of her lodge haire rent:  
But ere the poynt arriued where it ought,  
That seuen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought,  
He cast betweene, to ward the bitter sound:  
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,  
And through his shoulder pearc't; wherewith to ground  
He groweling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33  
Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe  
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
And foully said, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,  
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.  
Then burling vp his harmefull blade on hie,  
Smote him so hugely on his haughty crest,  
That from his saddle forced him to flie:  
Else mote it needs downe to his manly breast  
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispoilest.

34  
Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse,  
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:  
His single speare could doe him small redresse,  
Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
The least of which was match for any knight,  
And now the other, whom he erst did daunt,  
Had reard him selfe againe to cruell fight,  
Three times more furious, and more puiffaunt,  
Vemindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35  
So, both atonce him charge on either side,  
With hideous stroakes, and importable powre,  
That forced him his ground to traueise wide,  
And wisely watch to ward that deadly slowre.  
For, on his shield, as thick as stormy showre  
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quail,  
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,  
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,  
Them on her bulwark bears, & bids them nought auaile:

36  
So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,  
Till that at last, when he advantage spide,  
His poynant speare he thrust with puiffant sway  
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wide,  
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gride:  
He, swaruing with the force, within his flesh  
Did breake the lance, and let the head abide:  
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,  
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plecth.

37  
Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,  
Curfing his gods, and him selfe damning deepe:  
Als when his brother saw the red blood traile  
A downe to fast, and all his armour steepe,  
For very fennesse loud he gan to weepe,  
And said, Caynue, curse on thy cruell hond,  
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe  
From the third brunt of this my fatall brood:  
Lo, where the dreadful Death behind thy back doth stound.

38  
With that he strooke, and th'other strooke withall,  
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:  
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall,  
And glauncing downe, would not his owne bite:  
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smite;  
Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
It made, and on his haecqueton did lye,  
The which diuiding with importune sway,  
It seiz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39  
Wide was the wound, and a large luke-warthe flood,  
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuouly;  
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,  
Gau him great hart, and hope of victory.  
On th'other side, in huge perplexitie,  
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;  
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lye:  
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
*Cymochles* twice, that twice him forc't his foote to croke.

I:

Whom,



40

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 to wisely as it aught.  
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,  
 When as againe he armed felt his hond;  
 Then like a Lion, which hath long time faught  
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond  
 Emongst the Shepheard swains, the wexeth wood & yond:

41

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
 On either side, that neither maile could hold,  
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:  
 Now to *Pyrrhacles* many strokes he told;  
 Eft to *Cymochles* twice fo manifold:  
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,  
 Them both at once compeld with courage bold,  
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;  
 And though they both stood lisse, yet could not both

42

(withstond.)

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,  
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
 Forgets with warie ward them to await,  
 But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,  
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,  
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,  
 That all the Forrest quakes to heare him rore:  
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,  
 That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

43

But euer at *Pyrrhacles* when he smit  
 (Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,  
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writ)  
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,  
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore:  
 Which oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly fflowre.  
 But him hence-forth the same can saue no more;  
 For, now arriued is the fatal howre,  
 That no'te avoyded be by carthly skill or powre.

44

For, when *Cymochles* saw the foule reproche,  
 Which them appeached; priekt with guiltie shame,  
 And inward grieft, he fiercely gan approche,  
 Resolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,  
 Or die with honour and desert of fame;  
 And on the hauberk strooke the Prince so fore,  
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
 And pearced to the skin, but hit no more,  
 Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer mou'd afore.

45

Whereat renfier'd with wrath and sharp regret,  
 He strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,  
 That it emper'd the Pagans barganet,  
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade  
 Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,  
 Quite through his braine. He tumbling downe on  
 Breath'd out his ghost; which to th' infernall shade  
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,  
 For all the finnes, where-with his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german saw, the stony feare  
 Ran to his hart, and all his sense dismayd,  
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare;  
 But as a man whom hellish fiends haue frayd,  
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said;  
 Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may  
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd  
 Against that knight? Harrow and weal-away!  
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou leuger day!

47

With that all desperate, as loathing light,  
 And with revenge desiring soone to die,  
 Assembling all his force and vtmost might,  
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did fly,  
 And strooke, and soynd, and lastly outrageously,  
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew  
 The Prince, with patience and sufferance fly  
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdue:  
 Tho, when hee breathlesse was, that battaile gan renewe.

48

As when a windie tempest bloweth bie,  
 That nothing may withstand his stormy fflowre,  
 The cloudes (as things afraid) before him fly;  
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre  
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to floure,  
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
 Now all at once their malice forth doe poure;  
 So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,  
 And suffred rash *Pyrrhacles* waste his idle might,

49

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,  
 How that strange sword refus'd to serue his need,  
 But when he strooke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,  
 He stong it from him, and devoyd of dread,  
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,  
 Twixt his two mighty armes engralped fast,  
 Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tread;  
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,  
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him down cast.

50

Nought bootted it the Paynim then to strine;  
 For, as a Bitur in the Eagles claw,  
 That may not hope by flight to scape aliue,  
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;  
 So he, now subiect to the Victors law,  
 Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,  
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw  
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,  
 As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die.

51

But fall of Princely bountie and great mind,  
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,  
 But casting wrongs and all revenge behind,  
 More glory thought to giue life, then decay,  
 And said, Paynim, this is thy disnall day;  
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy misdeance,  
 And my true liegeman yield thy selfe for aye,  
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,  
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my souenaunce.

52  
 Foole, said the Pagan, I thy gift desie:  
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,  
 And say, that I not overcome doe die,  
 But in delpight of life, for death doe call.  
 Wroth was the Prince, and fory yet withall  
 That he so wilfully refused grace;  
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,  
 His shining helmet he gan soone valace,  
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

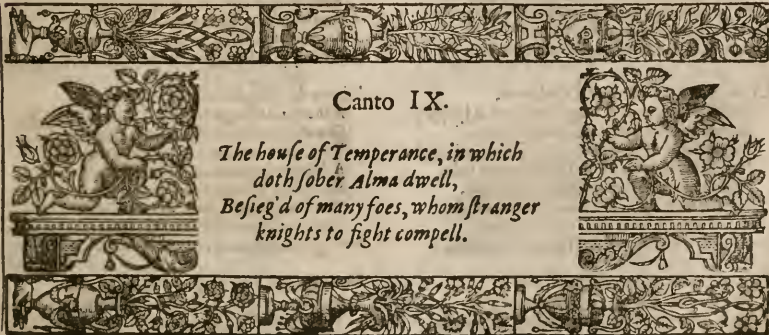
53  
 By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awak't,  
 Life having mastered her senselesse foe;  
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lackt,  
 And sword saw not, he waxed wondrous woe:  
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe  
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,  
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro  
 I long haue lackt, I toy thy face to view;  
 Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer from me drew.

54  
 But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee  
 Of my good sword and shield, The Palmer glad,  
 With so fresh hew vprising him to see,  
 Him answered; Faire soune, be no whit sad

For want of weapons: they shall soone be had,  
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,  
 Which that strange knight for him sustained had;  
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,  
 Whole carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

55  
 Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,  
 His hart with great affection was embayd,  
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence dnt,  
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus said;  
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd  
 I liue this day, and see my foes subdewd,  
 What may iustice, to be for meed repayd  
 Of fo great graces, as ye haue me shewd,  
 But to be euer bound

56  
 To whom the Infant thus; Faire Sir, what need  
 Good turnes be counte as a sterile bond,  
 To bind their doers to receiue their meed?  
 Are not all knights by oath bound, to withstand  
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?  
 Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.  
 So, goodly purpose they together fond,  
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;  
 The whites false *Archimage* and *Asin* fled apace.



## Canto IX.

*The house of Temperance, in which  
 doth sober Alma dwell,  
 Besieg'd of many foes, whom stranger  
 knights to fight compell.*

1  
**O** Fall Gods works, which do this world adorn,  
 There is no one more faire and excellent,  
 Then is mans body both for powre & form,  
 Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment;  
 But none then it more foule and indecent,  
 Distempred through misrule and passions base:  
 It grows a Monster, and incontinent  
 Doth lose his dignitie and natie grace.  
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

2  
 After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
 The *Brisen* Prince recover'ing 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 co:rt did bord;  
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'lie read,  
 To weet why on your shield (so goodly) cord)  
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?  
 Full liuely is the semblance, though the substance dead.

3  
 Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead  
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,  
 What mote yee weene, if the true liuely-head  
 Of that most glorious visage ye did view?  
 But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,  
 That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,  
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,  
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,  
 And infinite desire into your spirit poure!

4

Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,  
 Whose faire reitrait I in my shield doe beare;  
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastitie,  
 Throughout the world renowned farre and neare,  
 My hefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,  
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,  
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;  
 Farre reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
 As well in state of peace, as puiffance in warre.

5

Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,  
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce  
 Haue made a souldier of that Princesse bright,  
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance  
 Doth bleffe her seruants, and them high aduaunce.  
 How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,  
 By faithfull seruaice, and meet amenaunce  
 Vnto such blisse? Sufficient were that hire  
 For losse of thousand lues, to die at her desire.

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed fo great,  
 Or grace of earthly Prince fo foueraigne,  
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
 Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?  
 But were your will, her sold to entertaine,  
 And numbred be mongt knights of *Maydenhead*,  
 Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,  
 And in her fauour high be reckoned,  
 As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now been honoured.

7

Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,  
 That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,  
 My whole desire hath been, and yet is now,  
 To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.  
 Now hath the Sun with his lamp-burning light  
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,  
 Since of that Goddesse I haue fought the fight,  
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse  
 Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8

Fortune (the foe of famous cheuiffaunce)  
 Sildome (said *Guyon*) yeelds to vertue ayde,  
 But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,  
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.  
 But you, faire Sir, be not heere-with dismayd;  
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;  
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid  
 With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,  
 I labour would to guide you through all Faerie land.

9

Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,  
 What strange adventure doe ye nowe pursue?  
 Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meet,  
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.  
 Then gau Sir *Guyon* all the story shew  
 Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,  
 Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew  
 From Faerie court. So talked they, the whiles  
 They wasted had much way, & meafurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phabus* gan decline in haste  
 His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,  
 When-as they spyde a goodly Castle, plac't  
 Foreby a riuer in a pleasant dale;  
 Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,  
 They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,  
 And from their sweaty courfers did auaile,  
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
 And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

11

Which when they saw, they weened foule reproche  
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forfall,  
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;  
 And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,  
 That with the noyse it shooke, as it would fall:  
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire  
 The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,  
 To weet what they so rudely did require:  
 Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

12

Fly, fly, good knights, said hee, fly fast away  
 If that your lues ye loue, as meet you should;  
 Fly fast, and saue your selues from neere decay,  
 Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:  
 We would and would againe, if that we could;  
 But thousand enemies about vs raue,  
 And with long siege vs in this castle hold:  
 Seauen yeares this wise they vs besieged haue, (saue  
 And many goods knights slaine, that haue vs sought to

13

Thus as he spake, loe, with outrageous cry  
 A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd  
 Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,  
 Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,  
 All threatning death, all in strange manner arm'd,  
 Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,  
 Some rustic kniues, some staves in fier warm'd,  
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed Steeres,  
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heeres.

14

Fiercely at first those knights they did assaile,  
 And draue them to recoile: but when againe  
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,  
 Vnable their encounter to sustaine;  
 For, with such puiffance and impetuous maine  
 Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly.  
 Like scatter'd sheepe, when as the Shepheards swaine  
 A Lion and a Tigre doth espy,  
 With greedy pace forth rusling from the forest nie.

15

Awhile they fled, but soone returnd againe  
 With greater furie then before was found;  
 And euermore their cruell Capitaine  
 Sought with his raskall routs to enclose them round,  
 And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.  
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning blades  
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,  
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades; (fades  
 For, though they bodies seem, yet substance from them



16  
As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide  
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
Their murmuring small trumpets founden wide,  
Whiles in the ayre their clustring armies 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 Northern wind with blustering blast  
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

17  
Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,  
Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,  
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.  
Now, when report of that their perilous paine,  
And combons conflict which they did sustaine,  
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,  
She forth issued with a goodly traine  
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,  
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

18  
*Alma* she called was, a virgin bright;  
That had not yet felt *Cypids* wanton rage,  
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,  
And many a Lord of noble parentage,  
That fought with her to linke in marriage:  
For, she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,  
And in the floure now of her freshest age;  
Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,  
That euen heauen reioyced her sweet face to see.

19  
In robe of Lilly white she was arrayd,  
That from her shoulder to her beele downeraught,  
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,  
Branched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,  
And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught  
That seruice well. Her yellow golden haire  
Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,  
Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,  
But crowaed with a garland of sweet Roseere.

20  
Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,  
And brought them vp into her castle hall;  
Where, gentle court and gracious delight  
She to them made, with mildeesse virginall,  
Shewing her selfe both wife and liberall:  
There when they rested had a season dew,  
They her besought of fauour speciall,  
Of that faire Castle to afford them view;  
She granted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

21  
First, she them led vp to the Castle wall,  
That was so high, that foe might not it clime,  
And all so faire, and sensible withall,  
Not built of brick, ne yer of stone and lime,  
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* flime,  
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babel* towre;  
But of great pity, that no lengertime  
So goodly workmanship should not endure:  
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22  
The frame thereof seem'd partly circulare,  
And part triangulare: of worke diuine!  
Those two the first & last proportions are,  
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;  
Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine;  
And twixt them both a quadrat was the base,  
Proportiond equally by seauen and nine;  
Nine was the circle set in heauens place,  
All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapase*.

23  
Therein two gates were placed seemly well:  
The one before, by which all in did passe,  
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;  
For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasse,  
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;  
Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,  
That when it locked, none might thorough passe,  
And when it opened, no man might it close,  
Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24  
Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,  
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,  
Then Jet or Marble farre from Ireland brought;  
Over the which was cast a wanring *Vine*,  
Enchaced with a wanton *Iv'e* twine,  
And over it a faire *Porticullis* hong,  
Which to the gate directly did incline,  
With comly compasse, and compaction strong,  
Neither vaineely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25  
Within the Barbican a Porter sat,  
Day and night duly keeping watch and ward:  
Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,  
But in good order, and with due regard;  
Vtterers of secrets he from thence debar'd,  
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.  
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard  
When cause requir'd, but neuer out of time;  
Early and late it rung, at euening and at prime.

26  
And round about the porch on euery side  
Twice sixteene warders sat, all armed bright  
In glistering steele, and strongly fortitude:  
Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,  
And were enraged ready still for fight.  
By them as *Alma* passed with her guests,  
They did obeyfance, as befemed right,  
And then againe returned to their rests:  
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gests.

27  
Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,  
Wherein were many tables faire dispred,  
And ready dight with drapets feastuall,  
Against the wands should be ministr'd.  
At th' upper end there late, yecl in red  
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,  
That in his hand a white rod menaged:  
He Steward was, hight *Dies*; ripe of age,  
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28  
And through the Hall there walked to and fro  
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the fame,  
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did beltowe  
Both guests and mear, when euer in they came,  
And knew them how to order without blame,  
As him the Steward bade. They both attonce  
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;  
Who passing by, forth led her guests anone  
Into the kitchen roome, ne spar'd for nicenesse none.

29  
It was a vault built for great dispenche,  
With many ranges reard along the wall;  
And one great chinney, whose long tonnell thence,  
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all  
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,  
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,  
More hot, then *Aetn'* or flaming *Mongiball*.  
For, day and night it brent, or ceas'd not,  
So long as any thing in the caudron got.

30  
But to delay the heat, leaft by mischance  
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,  
There added was by goodly ordinance,  
An huge great paire of bellows, which did stire  
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.  
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,  
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;  
The whiles the viands in the vessell boyld  
They did about their businesse sweat, and forely toyld.

31  
The master Cooke was call'd *Concecion*,  
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:  
The kitchen Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,  
Did order all the cates in temely wise,  
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.  
The rest had severall offices assign'd:  
Some to remoue the scum as it did rise;  
Others to beare the same away did mind;  
And others it to vie according to his kind.

32  
But all the liquour, which was foule and waste,  
Nor good nor seruicable else for ought,  
They in another great round vessell plac't,  
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:  
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
By secret waies that none might e spy,  
Was close conveyd, and to the back-gate brought,  
That cleped was *Port Equiline*, whereby  
It was avoyded quite, and throwne out prittily.

33  
Which goodly order, and great workmans skill  
When as those knights beheld, with rare delight  
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;  
For, neuer had they seene so strange a sight.  
Thence back againe faire *Alma* led them right,  
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,  
That was with royall Arras richly dight,  
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,  
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34  
And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,  
A louely beny of faire Ladies fate,  
Courtred of many a iolly Paramoure,  
The which them did in modest wise amate,  
And each one fought his Lady to aggrate:  
And eke amongst them little *Capid* plaide  
His wanton sports, beeing returned late  
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd  
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35  
Diverse delights they found themselves to please;  
Some sung in sweet confort, some laught for ioy,  
Some plaide with strawes, some idle late at ease;  
But other some could not abide to toy,  
All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy:  
This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did blush,  
Another seem'd enuious, or coy,  
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:  
But at these strangers presence eury one did hush.

36  
Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,  
They all attonce out of their seates arose,  
And to her homage made, with humble grace:  
Whom, when the knights beheld, they gan dispose  
Themselves to court, and each a Damself chose:  
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,  
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,  
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,  
As if some peniue thought constraind her gentle spright.

37  
In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;  
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:  
To whom the Prince in courteous manner said;  
Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd;  
And your faire beauty doe with sadnesse spill?  
Lines any, that you hath thus ill apaid?  
Or doen you loue, or doe you lacke your will?  
What-euer be the cause, it sure beleeues you ill.

38  
Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdaine full wise)  
How is it that this word in me ye blame,  
And in your ielfe doe not the same aduise?  
Him ill beleeues, anothers fault to name,  
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:  
Peniue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,  
Through great desire of glory and of fame;  
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind, (find.)  
That haue twelue months thought on, yet no where can her

39  
The Prince was inly moued at her speech,  
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;  
Yet with faire semblant sought to hide the breach,  
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,  
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.  
Tho, turning lost aside, he did inquire,  
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold;  
It answerd was, her name was *Praise-desire*,  
That by well dooing sought to honour to aspire.

40  
The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine  
Another *Damzell* of that gentle crew,  
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,  
But that too oft the chang'd her native lew:  
Straoge was her ture, and all her garment blew,  
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:  
Vpon her fist, the bird which shanneth view,  
And keeps in conerts close from lining wight,  
Did sit, as yet asham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41  
So long as *Guyon* with her communed,  
Vnto the ground he cast her modest eye,  
And euer and anone with rofic red  
The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,  
That her became, as pollicit *Ivory*,  
Which cunning *Craftsmans* hand hath overlaid  
With faire *Vermilion* or pure *laster*.  
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid  
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

42  
*Faire* *Damzell*, seemeth by your troubled cheare,  
That either mee too bold yee weene, thus 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 devise,  
I will (if please you it discurt) assay  
To eate you of that ill, to wisely as I may.

43  
She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,  
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face  
The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,  
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,  
That *Guyon* meruuld at her vacouth case:  
Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee  
*Faire* Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?  
Shee is the fountaine of your modestee;  
You shamefac't are, but *Shamefastesse* it selfe is shee.

44  
Thereat the *Elfe* did blush in pruitee,  
And turnd his face away; but she the same  
Dissembled faire, and faine to ouertee.  
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,  
Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,  
Till that great Lady thence away them sought,  
To view her Castles other wondrous frame.  
Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,  
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

45  
That Turrets frame most admirable wis,  
Like highest heauen compassed around,  
And lifted high aboue this earthly maile,  
Which it suruiew'd, as hills doen lower ground;  
But not on ground mote like to this be found:  
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built  
To *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;  
Nor that proud rowre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,  
From which young *Heclors* bloud by cruell *Greeke* was spilt.

46  
The rooffe hereof was arched over head,  
And deckt with flowers and herbas daintily;  
Two goodly *Beacons*, set in watches stead,  
Therein gaule light, and flamm'd continually:  
For, they of liuing fire most subtilly  
Were made, and set in silver lockets bright,  
Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance fly,  
That readily they shut and open might.  
O, who can tell the prayles of that makers might!

47  
Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell  
This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,  
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,  
And likest is vnto that heavenly towre,  
That *God* hath built for his owne blessed bowre.  
Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,  
Eut three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,  
In which there dwelt three honourable ages,  
The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

48  
Not he, whom *Greece* (the *Nurse* of all good Arts)  
By *Phabus* doome, the wisest thought aliue,  
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:  
Nor that sage *Pylsan* sire, which did suruiue,  
Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,  
By whole aduise old *Priams* citie fell,  
With these in praise of policies mote striue.  
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,  
And counsell'd faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

49  
The first of them could things to come fore-see:  
The next, could of things present best aduise;  
The third, thiogs past could keepe in memorie:  
So that no time, nor reaton could arise,  
But that the same could one of these comprize.  
For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,  
That nought mote hinder his quick preiudize:  
He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,  
That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50  
His chamber was dispaired all with bio,  
With sundry colours, in the which were rit  
Infinite shapcs of things disperd thin;  
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,  
Ne can deuised be of mortall wit;  
Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,  
Such as in idles fantasies doe sit:  
*Infernall Hags*, *Centaures*, fecnds, *Hippodames*,  
*Apes*, *Lions*, *Eagles*, *Owics*, *fooles*, *louers*, *children*,  
(*Dames*.)

51  
And all the chamber filled was with flies,  
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,  
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,  
Like many hwarms of *Bees* assembled round,  
After their hieles with honny doe abound:  
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,  
Deuices, dreames, opinions volound,  
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies;  
And all that fained is, as leacings, tales, and lies.

Emongst



53  
 Emongst them all fate he which wonned there,  
 That hight *Phantasies* by his nature trew;  
 A man of yeeres yet fresh, as mote appeare,  
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabb'd hew,  
 That him full of melancholy did shew;  
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp staring eyes,  
 That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view  
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,  
 When oblique *Saturne* late in th'house of agonies.

53  
 Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,  
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals  
 Were painted tare with memorabile gesses  
 Of famous *Wizards*, and with picturals  
 Of *Magistrates*, of courts, of tribunals,  
 Of common wealthes, of states, of policie,  
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;  
 All Artes, all Science, all Philosophy,  
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54  
 Of those that roome was full: and them among  
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,  
 Who did them meditate all his life long;  
 That through continuall practise and viage,  
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.  
 Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see  
 His goodly reason, and graue personage,  
 That his disciples both desir'd to see;  
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

55  
 That chamber seem'd ruinous and old,  
 And therefore was remou'd farre behind,  
 Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,  
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;  
 And therein late an old old man, halfe blind,  
 And all decrepit in his feeble gorse,  
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,  
 And recompenc't him with a better force:  
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56  
 This man of infinite remembrance was,  
 And things foregone through many ages held,  
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,  
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,

As all things else, the which this world doth weld,  
 But laid them vp in his immortal serine,  
 Where they for euer incorrupt dwell;  
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,  
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

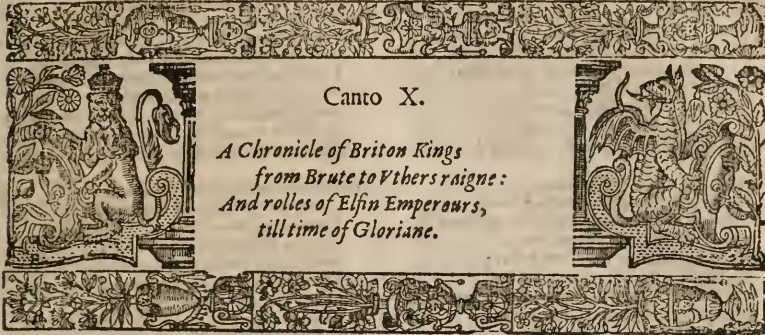
57  
 The yeeres of *Nessus* nothing were to his,  
 Ne yet *Methusalem*, though longest liu'd;  
 For, he remembred both their infancies:  
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd  
 Of natue strength now, that he them surui'd.  
 His chamber all was hang'd about with rolles,  
 And old records from auuncient times deriu'd,  
 Some made in books, some in long parchment fetoles,  
 That were all worrne-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58  
 Amidst them all he in a chaire was fet,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;  
 But for he was vnable them to fet,  
 A little boy did on him still attend  
 To reach, when euer he for ought did send;  
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,  
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lead,  
 Therefore he *Anamneses* cleped is,  
 And that old man *Eumneses*, by their properties.

59  
 The Knights, there entering, did him reuerence dew,  
 And wondred at his endless exercise.  
 Then as they gan his Librarie to view,  
 And antique Registers for to auise,  
 There chaunc'd to the Princes hand to rise  
 An auuncient booke, hight *Briston monuments*,  
 That of this Lands first conquest did deuise,  
 And old diuision into Regiments,  
 Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

60  
 Sir *Gyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,  
 That hight *Antiquity of Faerie lond*.  
 In which when as he greedily did looke;  
 Th'offspring of Elues and Faeries that he fond,  
 As it deliuer'd was from bond to bond:  
 Whereat they burning both with feruent fire  
 Their countries auncestry to vnderstand,  
 Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,  
 To read those books; who gladly graunted their desire.





## Canto X.

*A Chronicle of Briton Kings  
from Brute to Vthers raigne:  
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,  
till time of Gloriane.*

**W**Ho now shall giue vnto me words and sound,  
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprife?  
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from  
My lowely verse may loftly arise, (ground  
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?  
More ample spirit then hitherto was wound,  
Heere needs me, whiles the famous ancestries  
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,  
By which all earthly Princes the doth farre furrmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,  
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,  
Lives ought, that to her lineage may compare,  
Which though from earth it be deriued right,  
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens height,  
And all the world with wonder overspred;  
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:  
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,  
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountified?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,  
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* tote,  
Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,  
And triumphes of *Phlegyeon* Ioue he wrote,  
That all the Gods admir'd his lofty note,  
But if some relish of that heauenly lay  
His learned daughters would to me report,  
To decke my song withall, I would asfay,  
Thy name, ô soueraigne Queen, to blazon farre away.

Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, thy realme and race,  
From this renowned Prince deriued arce,  
Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,  
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended farre  
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,  
Thy Fathers and great Gand-fathers of old,  
Whose noble deeds about the Northern starre  
Immortall fame for euer hath enold;  
As in that old mans booke they were in order told,

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,  
And therein haue their mighty Empire rayfd,  
In antique times was salvage wilderness,  
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnprou'd, vnprayfd;  
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payfd  
Amid the Ocean waues, ne was it fought  
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayfd,  
But was all desolate, and of some thought  
By sea to haue bin from the *Celticke* main-land brought.

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,  
Till that the venturous Marinier that way  
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,  
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,  
Threatning vnheedy wreck and rash decay,  
For safeties sake that lame his sea-marke made,  
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day  
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
Gau more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,  
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,  
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,  
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,  
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,  
All naked without shame, or care of cold,  
By hunting and by spoyling liued then;  
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,  
That loones of men amaz'd their sternesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,  
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene  
That monstrous en or which doth some asstot,  
That *Diolesians* sitte daughters steene  
Into this land by chance haue diuen beene,  
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,  
Through vaine illusion of their lust vnleene,  
They brought forth Giants & such dreadfull wights,  
As farre exceeded men in their immeasur'd might.

They

9

They held this Land, and with their filthinesse  
Polluted this same gentle soile long time :  
That their owne mother loath'd their beastlioesse,  
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,  
All were they borne of her owne native slime:  
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deru'd  
From royall stock of old *Assarats* line,  
Driuen by fatall error, heere arriu'd,  
And them of their vniust possessions depriu'd.

10

But ere he had established his throne,  
Aod spred his Empire to the vtmost shore,  
He fought great battailes with his saluage sone ;  
In which he them defeated euermore,  
And many Giants left on groening flore ;  
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day  
The westerne Hogh, besprinkled with the gore  
Of mighty *Goemot*, whom in stout fray  
*Corineus* conquered, and cruelly did slay.

11

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,  
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell  
*Coulin* to make, beeing eight lugs of ground ;  
Into the which returning back, he fell :  
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,  
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,  
Whose father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,  
Great *Gadmer* threw, in fierce contention,  
At bold *Canutus* ; but of him was slaine anon.

12

In meed of these great conquests by them got,  
*Corineus* had the Prouince vtmost West,  
To him assigned for his worthy lot,  
Which of his name and memorable gest  
He called *Cornewale*, yet so called best :  
And *Debons* thare was, that is *Devonshire*;  
But *Canuto* had his portion from the rest,  
The which he calld *Canutium*, for his hire ;  
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,  
And raigned long in great felicitie,  
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,  
He left three sonnes (his famous progeny)  
Borne of faire *Imogene* of *Italy* ;  
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.  
At last, ripe age had him surrender late  
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14

*Lochrine* was left the soueraigne Lord of all ;  
But *Albanact* had all the Northren part,  
Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call ;  
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,  
Which *Severne* now from *Logris* doth depart :  
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
That once their quiet government annoyd,  
But each his paines to others profit still employd.

15

Vntill a Nation strange, with visage swart,  
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,  
Which through the world then swarmd in eury part,  
And ouerflow'd all countries farre away,  
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,  
This Land inuaded with like violence,  
Aod did themselues through all the North display :  
Vntill that *Lochrine* for his Realmes defeoce,  
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

16

He them encountred (a confused rout)  
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight  
The auucient *Abus*, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victoriously fight,  
And chac't so fiercely after fearful flight,  
That fore't their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake  
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)  
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17

The King returned proud of victorie,  
And isolent vox through vnwooted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the ieopardie,  
Which in his Land he lately did appease,  
And fell to vaine voluptuous dilect :  
He lov'd faire Lady *Elfred*, lewdly lov'd,  
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,  
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remou'd,  
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prou'd.

18

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,  
Would not endure to be so vile disdaind ;  
But gathering force, and courage valorous,  
Encountred him in batteile well ordaind,  
In which his hart vanquisht she to be constraind :  
But she so fast pursu'd, that him shee took,  
Aod threw in bands, where he till death remaind ;  
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,  
She overhent, nought moued with her pittious looke.

19

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare,  
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,  
The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,  
Shee there attached, far from all succour ;  
The one she slew in that impatient stoure :  
But the fad virgio innocent of all,  
Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,  
Which of her name now *Severne* men doe call :  
Such was the end that to disloyall loue did fall.

20

Then for her sonne, which she to *Lochrine* bore  
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of sway)  
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
Till riper yeares he raght, and stronger stay :  
During which time, her powre she did display  
Through all this Realme (the glory of her sex)  
And first taught men a woman to obey :  
But when her sonne to mans estate did wax,  
Shee it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.



21  
 Tho *Madan* raign'd, vnworthy of his race:  
 For, with all *Spanie* that sacred throne he filld:  
 Next, *Mompriſe*, as vnworthy of that place,  
 In which beeing conſorted with *Manild*,  
 Forthirft of ſingle kingdome him he kild.  
 But *Ebranch* ſalued both their infamies  
 With noble deedes, and warreyed on *Brunchild*  
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories  
 Braue monuments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

22  
 An happy man in his firſt dayes he was,  
 And happy father of faire progeny:  
 For, all fo many weeks as the yeere has,  
 So many children he did multiply;  
 Of which were twenty ſonnes, which did apply  
 Theis minds to praiſe, and chealrous deſire:  
 Thoſe germans did ſubdew all Germany,  
 Of whom it high; but in the end their Sire,  
 With foule repulſe, from France was forced to retire.

23  
 Which blot, his ſonne ſucceeding in his ſeat,  
 The ſecond *Brute* (the ſecond both in name  
 And eke in ſemblance of his puſſance great)  
 Right well reur'd, and did away that blame  
 With recompence of euerlaſting fame,  
 Hee with his victour ſword firſt opened  
 The bowels of wide France, a forlorne Dame,  
 And taught her firſt how to be conquered:  
 Since which, with ſundry ſpoiles ſhe hath been ranſacked.

24  
 Let *Scaldus* tell, and let tell *Hania*,  
 And let the marſh of *Eſſham* bruges tell,  
 What colour were their waters that ſame day,  
 And all the moore twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,  
 With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell:  
 How oft that day did ſad *Brunchildus* ſee  
 The greene ſhield dyde in dolorous vermill:  
 That not *Scuth* *guirds* it mote ſeeme to bee;  
 But rather, *Scuth* *gogh*, ſigne of ſad crueltee.

25  
 His ſonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,  
 Enioyd an heritage of laſting peace.  
 And built *Cairteil*, and built *Cairleon* ſtrong.  
 Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not enereate,  
 But taught the land from wearie warres to ceaſe.  
 Whoſe footſteps *Bladud* following, in arts  
 Excelld at *Athens* all the learned peace,  
 From whence he brought them to theſe ſaluage parts,  
 And with ſweet ſcience mollifide their ſtubborne harts.

26  
 Enſample of his wondrous faculty,  
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,  
 Which ſeeth with ſecrete fire eternally,  
 And in their entrails, full of quick Brimſton,  
 Nouriſh the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,  
 That to her people wealth they forth doe well,  
 And health to euery forraine nation:  
 Yet he at laſt, contending to excell  
 The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchiefe fell.

27  
 Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raignd,  
 But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed;  
 But three faire daughters, which were well vpraind,  
 In all that ſeemed fit for kingly ſeed:  
 Mongſt whom his realme he equally decreed  
 To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age  
 Nigh to his vtmoſt date he ſaw proceed,  
 He call'd his daughters; and with ſpeeches ſage  
 Inquir'd, which of them moſt did loue her parentage.

28  
 The eldeſt, *Gonorill*, gan to proteſt,  
 That ſhe much more then her owne life him lou'd:  
 And *Regan* greater loue to him proteſt,  
 Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;  
 But *Cordelid* ſaid, ſhe lou'd him, as behoou'd:  
 Whoſe ſimple aunſwere, wanting colours faire  
 To paine it forth, him to diſpleaſance mou'd,  
 That in his crowne he counted her no here,  
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did ſhaire.

29  
 So, wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,  
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,  
 And twixt them ſhaid his realme by equall lots:  
 But without dowre the wife *Cordelia*  
 Was ſent to *Ayanip* of *Celtusia*.  
 Their aged Syre, thus ealed of his crowne,  
 A private life led in *Albania*,  
 With *Gonorill*, loog had in great renowne, (downe  
 That nought him grieu'd to beene from rule depoſed.

30  
 But true it is, that when the oyle is ſpent,  
 The light goes out, and wike is throwe away;  
 So, when he had reliſh'd his regiment,  
 His daughter gan deſpiſe his drouping day,  
 And wearie wox of his continual ſtay.  
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repair'd,  
 Who him at firſt well viced euery way;  
 But when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,  
 Her bounty the abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31  
 The wretched man gan then aduiſe too late,  
 That loue is not, where moſt it is proteſt:  
 Too truly tryde in his extremeſt ſtate:  
 At laſt, reſol'd likewiſe to proue the reſt,  
 He to *Cordelia* himſelfe adoreſt,  
 Who with entire affection him receau'd,  
 As for her Sire and king her ſeemed beſt;  
 And after all, an army ſtrong ſhe leau'd,  
 To war on thoſe, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

32  
 So to his crowne ſhe him reſtor'd againe,  
 In which he did, made ripe for death by eld,  
 And after will'd it ſhould to her remaine:  
 Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld:  
 And all mens harts in due obedience held:  
 Till that her ſiſters children, woxen ſtrong,  
 Through proud ambition 'gainſt her rebek'd,  
 And overcommen kept in priſon long,  
 Till weary of that wretched life, her liſe ſhe hong.

Then

33  
Then gao the bloody brethren both to raigne :  
But *Cundah* here gan shortly to enrie  
His brother *Morgan*, prick with proud disdain  
To haue a Peere in part of foucraintie;  
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,  
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrow :  
Whence as he to those woody hills did flie,  
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him flew ;  
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34  
His sonne *Rival*'s dead roome did supply,  
In whose sad time blood did from heauen raine :  
Next, great *Gurgustus*, the faire *Cacily*,  
In constant peace their kingdoms did containe;  
After them *Lago*, and *Kimmarke* did raigne,  
And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeres he grew ;  
When his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,  
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;  
Stout *Ferrex* and steepe *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35  
But ô ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
That knowes no kintred, nor regards no right,  
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe ;  
Who, vnto him assembling forraine might,  
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight :  
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse  
(Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight)  
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
And with most cruell hand him murdered pittilesse.

36  
Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,  
Which had seauen hundred yeres this scepter borne,  
With high renouwe, and great felicitie.  
The noble branch from th' antique Rock was tome  
Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne :  
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,  
Whil'st each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,  
That in the end was left no monument  
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37  
Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,  
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,  
Who stird with pity of the strested plight  
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires  
By such, as claimd themselues *Brutes* rightfull heires,  
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,  
To taken counsell of their common cares ;  
Who, with his wisdom won, him straight did choofe  
Their King, and swore him fealty to win or loofe.

38  
Then made he head against his enemies,  
And *Ymner* slew, or *Logrin* misereate ;  
Then *Ryddoe* and proud *Stater*, both allies,  
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,  
And that of *Cambray* king confirmed late,  
He overthrow through his owne valiaunce ;  
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,  
And shortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,  
Now one, which earlt were many made through variaunce.

39  
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say  
Were vnto him reveal'd in vision,  
By which he freed the Traualers high way,  
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,  
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion ;  
The gracious *Noma* of great *Britannia* :  
For, till his daies, the chiefe dominion  
By strength was wielded without policie ;  
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40  
*Donwallo* dide (for, what may liue for ay ?)  
And left two sonnes, of peerlesse prowesse both ;  
That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,  
The recompence of their periure doth,  
And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth ;  
Besides subiected *France*, and *Germany*,  
Which yet their prayes speake, all be they loth,  
And ioly tremble at the memory  
Of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, Kings of *Britanny*.

41  
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,  
In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise ;  
He Easterland subdued, and *Danemarke* woone,  
And of them both did soy and tribute raise,  
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes :  
He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*  
(Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies)  
A seate in *Ireland* safely to remaine,  
Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britaine*.

42  
After him raigned *Guthiline* his heyre  
(The iustest man and truest in his daies)  
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the faire,  
A woman worthy of immortal prayle,  
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,  
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought ;  
Her many deem'd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,  
As was *Ageric*, that *Noma* taught ;  
Those yet of her be *Mertian* laws both nam'd & thought.

43  
Her sonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,  
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius* :  
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine :  
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,  
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous  
And mighty deeds, should matched haue the best ;  
As well in that same field victorious  
Against the forraine *Morands* he exprest ;  
Yet liues his memory, though carcase sleepe in rest.

44  
Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,  
All which successfully by turnes did raigne :  
First, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life ;  
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,  
Deposed was from Princedom soueraine,  
And pittious *Eldure* put in his sted ;  
Who shortly it to him restor'd againe,  
Till by his death he it recovered ;  
But *Peridure* and *Figent* him distroned.

45  
In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
Till they outraigned had their utmost date,  
And then therein rescizd was againe,  
And ruled long with honorable state,  
Till he surrendered realme and life to fate.  
Then all the sonnes of these iue brethren raignd  
By due successe, and all their Nephewes late,  
Euen thrice eleuen descentes the crowne retaynd,  
Till aged *Helv* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46  
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 walls he did reedifie  
Of *Troymanus*, gainst force of enemy,  
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,  
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.  
He left two ionnes, too young to rule aright,  
*Androgeus* and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47  
Whilst they were young, *Casibalane* their Emē  
Was by the people chosen in their sted,  
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,  
And goodly well long time it governed,  
Till the proud *Romans* him disquieted,  
And watlike *Cesar*, tempted with the name  
Of this sweet Iland, neuer conquered,  
And envying the Britons blazed fame,  
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48  
Yet wise they were repulsd backe againe,  
And twice re'nforc't, backe to their ships to fly,  
The whites with blood they all the shore did stainc.  
And the gray Ocean into purple die:  
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,  
Had not *Androgeus*, false to native soyle,  
And envious to *Vndes* souerainc,  
Betrayd his countrey vnto fortune spoyle:  
Nought elle, but treason, from the fist this land did foile.

49  
So by him *Cesar* got the victory,  
Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay,  
In which him selfe was charged heauily  
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,  
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.  
Thenceforth this Land was tributary made  
To ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,  
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;  
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50  
Next him, *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,  
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshy forme  
Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adams* line  
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime:  
O ioyous memory of happy time,  
That heauenly grace to plentifully displaid!  
O too high ditty for my simple rime!  
Soone after this, the *Romans* him warrayd:  
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51  
Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,  
An army brought, and with him battell fought,  
In which the king was by a Treachetour  
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:  
Yet ceas'd not the bloody fight for ought;  
For *Avuorage* his brothers place supplide,  
In armes, and eke in crowae; and by that draught  
Did drue the *Romans* to the weaker side,  
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52  
Was neuer king more highly magnifide,  
Nor drad of *Romans*, then was *Avuorage*;  
For which the Emperour to him allid  
His daughter *Genusis* in marriage:  
Yet shortly he renounc't the vailiage  
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hall'ly ient  
*Yespastan*, that with great poyle and rage  
Forwafted all, till *Genusis* gent  
Perswaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

53  
Hee dyde; and him succeeded *Marinus*,  
Who io'y'd his dayes with great tranquillity:  
Then *Cobyl*, and after him good *Lucius*,  
That first receiued Christianiue,  
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:  
Yet true it is, that long before that day  
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Armatly*,  
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)  
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

54  
This good king shortly without issue dide,  
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,  
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,  
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,  
Whil'st *Romans* daily did the weakē subdew:  
Which seeing, stout *Brunduca* vp arose,  
And taking armes, the *Beisons* to her drew;  
With whom she march'd straight against her foes,  
And them vware besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

55  
There shee with them a cruell battell tride,  
Not with to good successe, as shee cleru'd;  
By reason that the Captaines on her side,  
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her twer'd;  
Yet such as were through former sight prefer'd,  
Gathering againe, her Host shee did renew,  
And with treth courage on the victour seru'd:  
But beeing all defeated saw a few,  
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe shee flew.

56  
O famous monument of womens praise,  
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,  
Whom antique history so high doth raise,  
Or to *Hysphil*, or to *Thomiris*:  
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;  
Who, whiles good fortune faouour'd her might,  
Triumphed oft against her enemies;  
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,  
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despyght.



57  
Her reliques *Fulgens* hauing gathered,  
Fought with *Severus* and him overthrew;  
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled;  
So made them victors, whom he did subdew.  
Then gan *Carausius* tyrannize anew,  
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,  
And him *Melchus* treacherously slew,  
And tooke oo him the robe of Emperour:  
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy houre:

58  
For *Aselepodate* him overcame,  
And left inglorious on the vanquisht Plaine,  
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame:  
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;  
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:  
Who after long debate, since *Lucius* time,  
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraigne:  
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:  
He of his name *Coylesbest* built of stone and lime.

59  
Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent  
*Constantius*, a man of mickle might,  
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,  
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,  
Faire *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight;  
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise  
Did far excell, but was most famous hight  
For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,  
As well in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60  
Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,  
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;  
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,  
*Oskanius* here leapt into his roome,  
And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:  
But he his title iustified by might,  
Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing overcome  
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:  
So setled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61  
But wanting issew male, his daughter deare  
He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,  
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,  
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,  
Till murdered by the friends of *Gratian*:  
Then gan the *Hunnes* and *Picts* invade this land,  
During the raigne of *Maximian*;  
Who dying, left none heire them to withstand,  
But that they overrun all parts with easie hand.

62  
The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth  
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,  
With wretched miseries, and wofull ruth,  
Were to those *Pagans* made an open pray,  
And daily spectacles of sad decay: (years,  
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred  
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;  
Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,  
They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares.

63  
Who hauing oft in battell vanquished  
Those spoilefull *Picts*, and swarming *Easterlings*,  
Long time in peace his Realme established,  
Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings  
Of neighbour *Scots*, and forraine *Scatterlings*,  
With which the world did in those dayes abound:  
Which to outbarre, with painefull poyonings  
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,  
Which from *Alituid* to *Panuels* did that border bound.

64  
Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age:  
By meanes whereof, their vncle *Fortiger*  
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillages;  
Which th' Infants Tutors gathering to feare,  
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:  
For dread of whom, and for those *Picts* annoyes,  
Hesent to *Germany*, strange ayde to reare,  
From whence eftsouones arriued here three hoyes  
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safety employes.

65  
Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight  
*Hengist* and *Horsus*, well approu'd in warre,  
And both of them men of renowned might;  
Who making vantage of their ciuill iarre,  
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,  
Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,  
Then they which fought at first their helping hand,  
And *Fortiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66  
But by the helpe of *Portimere* his sonne,  
He is againe vnto his Realme restor'd,  
And *Hengist* seeming sad for that was done,  
Received is to grace and new accord,  
Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word;  
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he slew  
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;  
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,  
Th'etereall marks of treason may at *Stonhenge* view.

67  
By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,  
*Ambis* and *Vsher* did ripe yeeres attaine,  
And here arriuing, strongly challenged  
The crowne, which *Fortiger* did long detain:  
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,  
And *Hengist* eke loone brought to shamefull death.  
Thencefore *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,  
Till that through poyion stopped was his breath;  
So now entomb'd lies at *Stonhenge* by the heath.

68  
After him *Vsher*, which *Pendragon* hight,  
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,  
Without full point, or other Censure right,  
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
Or th' Authour selfe could not at least attend  
To finish it: that fo vn timely breach  
The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,  
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,  
And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speech.

69  
At last, quite raviſht with delight, to heare  
The royall Offspring of his native land,  
Cride out, Deare country, & how dearely deare  
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band  
Be to thy foſter Childe, that from thy hand  
Did common breath and nouriture receaue !  
How brutiſh is it, not to vnderſtand  
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,  
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue !

70  
But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,  
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great  
And ample volume, that doth farre exceed  
My leaſure, ſo long leaues here to repeat:  
It told how firſt *Prometheus* did create  
A man, of many parts from beaſts deriued,  
And then ſtole fire from heauen, to animate  
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* deprived  
Of life himſelfe, and hart-ſtrings of an *Aegle* riued.

71  
That man ſo made, he called *Elfe*, to weat,  
Quick, the firſt authour of all *Elfin* kind:  
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,  
Did in the gardens of *Adonis* ſieed  
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind  
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,  
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman-kind;  
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,  
Of whom all *Fayeries* ſpring, & fetch their linage right.

72  
Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,  
And puiſant kings, which all the world warrayd,  
And to themſelues all Nations did ſubdew:  
The firſt and eldeſt, which that cepter ſwayd,  
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obeyd,  
And all that now *America* men call:  
Next him was noble *Elſinan*, who layd  
*Cleopolis* foundation firſt of all:  
But *Elſiline* enclas'd it with a golden wall.

73  
His ſonne was *Elſinel*, who ouercame  
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:  
But *Elſant* was of moſt renowned fame,  
Who all of *Cryſtall* did *Panthea* build:

Then *Elſar*, who two brethren gyants kild,  
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:  
Then *Elſuor*, who was in *Magick* ſkild;  
He built by art vpon the glaſſy See  
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heauens thunder ſeem'd

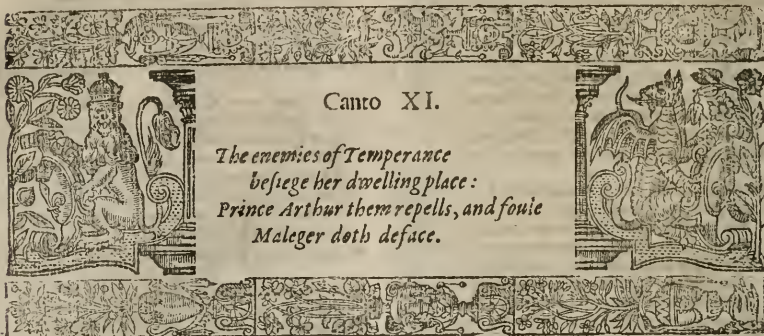
74  
Hee left three ſonnes, the which in order raignd,  
And all their Offspring, in their dew delcants,  
Euen ſeu hundred Princes, which maioſtand  
With mighty deeds their ſundry gouernments;  
That were too long their infinite contents  
Here to record, ne much material:  
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous monuments,  
And braue enſample, both of *Martiall*  
And ciuill rule, to Kings and States imperiall.

75  
After all theſe *Elſicles* did rugne,  
The wiſe *Elſicles* in great Maieſtic,  
Who mightily that cepter did ſuſtaine,  
And with rich ſpoyles and famous victory,  
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:  
He left two ſonnes, of which faire *Elſeron*,  
The eldeſt brother did vntimely die;  
Whoſe empty place the mighty *Oboron*  
Doubly ſupplyde, in ſpouſall and dominion.

76  
Great was his power and glory, ouer all  
Which him before that ſacred ſeate did fill,  
That yet remains his wide memorial:  
He, dying, left the faireſt *Tanaquil*,  
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:  
Fairer and nobler lieth none this howe.  
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned ſkill;  
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious ſlowre.  
Long maiſt thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77  
Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,  
And naturall deſire of countries ſtate,  
So long they read in thoſe antiquities,  
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,  
Till gentle *Alma* ſeeing it ſo late,  
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought  
To thinke, how ſupper did them long await:  
So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,  
And fairely feaſted, as to noble knights ſhe ought.





## Canto XI.

*The enemies of Temperance  
besiege her dwelling place:  
Prince Arthur them repells, and fouie  
Maleger doth deface.*

**W**hat warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,  
As that, which strong affections doe apply  
Against the fort of reason euermore  
To bring the soule into captiuitie!  
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie  
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,  
And exercise most bitter tyranny  
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:  
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld  
His parts to reasons rule obedient,  
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,  
All happy peace and goodly gouernment  
Is settled there in sure establishment;  
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queene most bright,  
Doth flourish in all beauty excellent;  
And to her guests doth bountious banquet dight,  
Attempted goodly well for health and for 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,  
Vprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,  
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd:  
With him the Palmer eke, in habite sad,  
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard:  
So to the riuers side they both together far'd;

Where thers awaited ready at the ford  
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,  
With his well rigged boat: They goc aboard,  
And he estwoones gan launch his bark forthright.  
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
And fast the land behind them fled away.  
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right  
Doe serue their times: here I awhile must stay,  
To see a cruell fight doon by the Prince this day.

For, all so soone as *Guyon* thence was gone  
Vpon his voyage with his trusty 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 infinito their numbers were,  
That all the land they voder them did hide;  
So foule and vgly, that exceeding feare  
Their visages impress, when they approached neare.

Them in twelue troupes their Captaine did dispart,  
And round about in fittest reads did place,  
Where each might best offend his proper part,  
And his contrary obiect most deface,  
As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.  
Seven of the same against the Castle gate,  
In strong encorchments he did close place,  
Which with incessant force and codlesse hate,  
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

The other five, five sundry wayes he set,  
Against the five great Bulwarks of that pile;  
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,  
T'assaile with open force or hidden guile,  
In hope therof to win victorious spoile.  
They all that charge did feruently apply,  
With greedy malice and impurtune toyle,  
And planted there their huge artillery,  
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement  
Of foule misshapen wights, of which some were  
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,  
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,  
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,  
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,  
And euery one did bowe and arrowes beare;  
All those were lawelesse lusts, corrupt enuies,  
And couetous aspectes, all cruell enemies.

Those



9  
Those same against the Bulwarke of the Sight  
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,  
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night:  
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exalt,  
And soone againe as he his light withhaule,  
Their wicked engins they against it bent:  
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault,  
But two then all more huge and violent,  
Beauty, and money; they that Bulwarke forely rent.

10  
The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sense,  
Gainst which the second troupe desfigment makes;  
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,  
Some hauing heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,  
Some like wild Bores late rouz'd out of the brakes;  
Slauderous reproches, and foule infamies,  
Leasings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,  
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,  
All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

11  
Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*,  
Of that third troupe was cruelly assaid:  
Whose hideous shapes were like to seeds of hell,  
Some like to Hounds, some like to Apes ditmayd,  
Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes arrayd:  
All flap't according their conditions,  
For, by those vgly formes weten pourtraid  
Foolish delights and fond abusions,  
Which doe that sense besiege with light illusions.

12  
And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,  
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,  
Was as the rest, a gryse tabblement,  
Some mouth'd like greedy Oystres, some fact  
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste,  
Like swine; for so deformed is luxury,  
Surfeit, misdiet, and vnthrifty waste,  
Vaine feasts, and idle superstitie:  
All those this senses Fort assaile incessantly.

13  
But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,  
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:  
For, some like sayles, some did like spiders shew,  
And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and short:  
They cruelly assailed that fift Fort,  
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,  
With strings of carnall lust, and strong effort  
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night  
Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14  
Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance  
Against that Castle restless siege did lay,  
And euermore their hideous Ordinaunce  
Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,  
That now it gan to threaten neere decay:  
And euermore their wicked Capitaine  
Prouoked them the breaches to assaye,  
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaine,  
Which by the ranlack of that peece they should attaine.

15  
On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward  
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,  
And many bold repulse, and many hard  
Acheuement wrought with perill and with paine,  
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:  
And those two brethren Giants did defend  
The walles so stoutly with their sturdy maue,  
That neuer entrance any durst pretend,  
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

16  
The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,  
Was much dismayed with that dreadfull fight  
(For, neuer was shee in so euill case)  
Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,  
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,  
Offering his seruice, and his dearest life  
For her defence, against that Carle to fight,  
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:  
Shee him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

17  
Eftsoones himselfe in glitter and armes he dight,  
And his well proued weapons to him hent;  
So taking courteous eodge he beight,  
Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.  
Faire mote he thee, the prowett and most gent,  
That cuer brandished bright Steele on hie:  
Whom soone as that voruly rabblement,  
With his gay Squire issuing did espy,  
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18  
And therewith all attonce at him let fly  
Their flattering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snowe,  
And round about him flocke impetuouly,  
Like a great water flood, that tumbling lowe  
From the high mountains, threats to ouerflowe  
With suddaine fury all the fertile Plaine,  
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throwe  
Adowne the streame, and all his voves make vaine,  
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

19  
Vpon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,  
And with his sword disperst the rascal flocks,  
Which sied asunder, and him fell before,  
As withered leaues drop from their dried stocks,  
When the wroth Western wind does reare their locks;  
And vnderneath him his courageous steed,  
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,  
The fierce *Spumador*, borne of heavenly seed:  
Such as *Laomedon* of *Phabus* race did breed.

20  
Which suddaine horrour and confused cry,  
When as their Capitaine heard, in haste he yode  
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;  
Vpon a Tigre swift and fierce he rode,  
That as the wind ran enderneath his lode,  
While his long legs nigh rought vnto the ground;  
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,  
But of such subtle substance and vnfound, (bound,  
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose graue-clothes were vn-  
And

31  
And in his hand a bended bowe was seene,  
And many arrowes vnder his right side,  
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,  
Hea led with flint, and feathers bloody dide,  
Such as the *Indians* in their quoyers bide;  
Those could he well direct and straight as line,  
And bid them strike the marke, which he had cyde;  
Ne was there saluce, ne was there medicine,  
That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did iue.

22  
As pile and wan as ashes was his looke,  
His body leane and meagre as a rake,  
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,  
Thereto as cold and drye as a Snake,  
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:  
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,  
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,  
Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a gasty sight.

23  
*Malger* was his name, and after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,  
With hoarie locks all loofe, and visage grim;  
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;  
And yet the one her other leg had lame,  
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags  
She did dilport, and *Impotence* her name:  
But th' other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24  
Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espide,  
Glistering in armes, and warlike ornament,  
His beaft he felly prickt on either side,  
And his mischieuous boaw full ready bent,  
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:  
Eut he was warie, and it warded well  
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,  
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;  
Then he another and another did expell.

25  
Which to 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 hardy to abide  
That bitter stownd, but turning quick aside  
His light-foot beaft, fled fast away for feare:  
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,  
So fast as his good Counter could him beare,  
But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26  
For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,  
That view of eye could feare him ouertake,  
Ne feare his feet on ground were seene to tread;  
Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,  
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready passage brake,  
And in his sight the villain turn'd his face  
(As wons the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,  
When as the *Russian* him in fight does chase)  
Vnto his Tygres tayle, and shot at him apace.

27  
Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
Sull 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 vnough manner he did vew  
He gan auzie to follow him no more,  
But keepe his standing, and his shafts eschew,  
Vntill he quite had spent his perloous store,  
And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shuff for more.

28  
But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew  
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,  
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:  
Which he espying, cast her to restraine  
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,  
And her attaching, thought her hands to tie;  
But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,  
That other Hag did farre away espy  
Binding her sister, thence to him ran hastily.

29  
And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,  
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd  
With their rude hands and grieufully grapplement,  
Till that the villaine coming to their ayd,  
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;  
Full litle wanted, but he had him flaine,  
And of the battell balefull end had made,  
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,  
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30  
So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground  
May often need the help of weaker hand;  
So feeble is mans state, and life vofound,  
That in assurance it may neuer stand,  
Till it dissolued be from earthly band.  
Prooffe be thou Prince, the prowest man aliuie,  
And noblest borne of all in *Ersten* land;  
Yet thee fierce Fortune did to neerely driue:  
That had not grace thee blest, thou shoulddest not reuiue.

31  
The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes  
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,  
His chiefeest lets and authors of his harmes,  
And them perforce with-held with threaten blade,  
Least that his Lord they should behind invade;  
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull shame,  
As one awak't out of long slumbering shade,  
Reuiuing thought of glory and of fame,  
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32  
Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue  
Hath long been vader-kept, and downe supprest,  
With murmurous disdain doth inly raue,  
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,  
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,  
And strues to mount vnto his native seat;  
All that did earst it hinder and molest,  
It now deuours with flames and scorching heat,  
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great:

So mightily the *Briston* Prince him rous'd  
 Out of his hold, and broke his caruic bands,  
 And as a beare whom angry cures haue touz'd,  
 Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,  
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
 Treads downe and overthrowes. Now had the Carle  
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands  
 Discharged of his bowe and deadly quar'le,  
 To seize vpon his foe that lying on the marle.

Which now him turnd to disadvantage deare;  
 For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,  
 But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,  
 Sith now he is farr from his monstrous swarme,  
 And of his weapons did him selfe disarm.  
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,  
 Fiercely aduauit his valorous right arme,  
 And him so fore smote with his iron mace,  
 That groweling to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

Well weeded he, that field was then his owne,  
 And all his labour brought to happy end,  
 When suddaine vp the villaine overthrowne,  
 Out of his swoune arole, fresh to contend,  
 And gan him selfe to second battell beed,  
 As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay  
 An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,  
 And had not bene remoued many a day,  
 Some land-mark seem'd to be, or signe of sundry 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 throwe to beare,  
 But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:  
 Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire  
 That once hath failed of her soule full oate,  
 Remoumts againe into the open aire,  
 And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepare:

So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,  
 He to the Carle him selfe againe address,  
 And strooke at him so sternly, that he made  
 An open passage through his ruen brest,  
 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 blond appeared shed to bee,  
 All were the wound so wide and wonderous,  
 That through his carcasse 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 might,  
 That made his spright to grone full pitious:  
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright;  
 But freshly as at first, prepar'd him selfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
 And trembling terror did his heart appall:  
 Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,  
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:  
 He doubted, least it were some magicall  
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,  
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,  
 Or aetie spirit vnder falle pretence,  
 Or hellish feend rays'd vp through diuelish science.

His wonder farr exceeded reasons reach,  
 That he began to doubt his dazled sight,  
 And oft of error did him selfe appeach:  
 Flesh without bloud, a person without sight,  
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,  
 That could not die, yet seem'd a morall wight,  
 That was most strong in most firmitee;  
 Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment;  
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
 Giue ouer to effect his best intent,  
 And th'vtmost meanes of victorie assay,  
 Or th'vtmost issew of his owne decay.  
 His owne good sword *Morddure*, that neuer sayld  
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,  
 And his bright shield that bought him now auaile,  
 And with his oaked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him vp he snatcht,  
 And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,  
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,  
 And th'idle breath all vterly exprest:  
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he keft  
 The lumpish corse vnto the senselesse ground:  
 Adowne he keft it with so puissant wrest,  
 That backe againe it did aloft rebound,  
 And gaue against his mother Earth a gronefull sound;

As when *Ioues* harness-bearing Bird from his  
 Stoupes at a flying Heron with proud disdain,  
 The stone-dead quarry fals to forcibly,  
 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 heape 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 shadowe to fight:  
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,  
 That whiles he maruaild still, did still him paine  
 For thy he gan some other waye aduize,  
 How to take life from that dead-living swaine,  
 Whom still he marked freshly to arise  
 From th'earth, & from her wombe new spirits to reprize.  
 He



45  
 Hee then remembered well, that had been said,  
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;  
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,  
 Did life with v'ury 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 beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

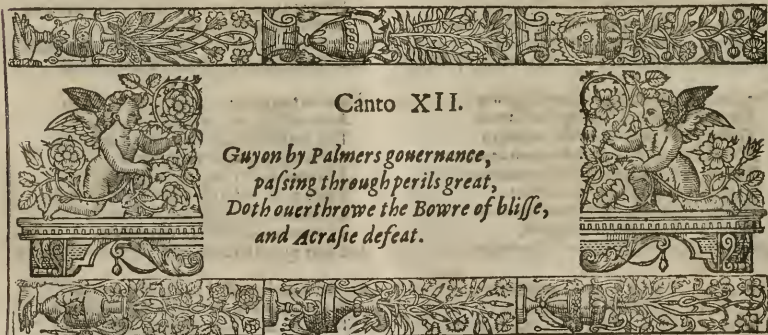
46  
 Tho, vp he caught him twix his puiffant bands,  
 And hauing icruz'd out of his carrion corse  
 The lothfull life, now loold from sinfull bands,  
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce  
 Aboue chree furlongs, taking his full courle,  
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;  
 Him thereto he threw without remorse,  
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake; (make)  
 So, end of that Carles days, and his owne paines did

47  
 Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spy,  
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands:  
 Aud 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 bands,  
 One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,  
 So riu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

48  
 Thus now alone he conquerour remains;  
 Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,  
 Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble raines  
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,  
 Through losf of bloud, which from his wounds did  
 That he began to faint, and life decay:  
 But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,  
 With stedfast hand vpon his horse did stay,  
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way;

49  
 Where many Groomes and Squires readie were,  
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,  
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there  
 With balme and wine and costly spicerie,  
 To comfort him in his infirmite;  
 Etsfoones she caus'd him vp to be conuaid,  
 And of his armes despoyled easly,  
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,  
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.



1  
 Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance  
 Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed  
 To prick of highest praise forth to aduance,  
 Formerly grounded, and fast fetted  
 On firme foundation of true bountihed;  
 And this braue knight, that for this vertue fights,  
 Now comes to poynt of that same perilous sted,  
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
 Mongt thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

2  
 Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
 Ne cuer land beheld, ne liuing wight,  
 Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pass:  
 Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright

Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,  
 An hideous roaring farre away they heard,  
 That all their senses filled with affright,  
 And straight they saw the raging surges reard  
 Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

3  
 Said then the *Boatman*, *Palmer* steere aright,  
 And keepe an euen course; for yonder way  
 We needs must pass (God do vs well acquight):  
 That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,  
 That deepe engorgeth all this worlds pray:  
 Which hauing swallowed vp excessiue,  
 He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,  
 And belcheth forth his superfluite,  
 That all the seas for feare doe leeme away to fly.

4  
On th'other side an hideous Rock is pight,  
Of mighty *Magnes* stone, whose craggy clif  
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,  
Ouer the waues his rugged Armes doth lift,  
And threatneth down to throw his ragged rift  
On who so cometh nigh; yet night drawes  
All passengers, that none from it can shute:  
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,  
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpelesse wawes.

5  
Forward they passe, and strongly be them rowes,  
Vnill they nigh vnto that Guile artine,  
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:  
Then he with all his puillance doth strine  
To strikes his owres, and mightily doth drue  
The bollow vntill through the threatfull wauage;  
Which gaping wide to swallow them ahuce  
In th' huge abyss of his engulffing Graue,  
Doth rote at them in vaine, and with great terror rane.

6  
They passing by, that grisly mouth did see,  
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,  
That seem'd more horrible then hell to see,  
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* strepe,  
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe  
Backe to the world, bad luers to torment:  
But nought that falls into this direfull deepe,  
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,  
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7  
On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,  
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,  
On whole sharpe clifis the ribs of vessels broke,  
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,  
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate  
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent  
In wanton ioyes, and lusts iotemperate,  
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent  
Both of their life, and fame for euer foully bent.

8  
For thy, this sight *The Rocke of vile Reproache*,  
A dangerous and detestable place,  
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,  
But yelling Meawes, with Scagulles hoare and base,  
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauinous race,  
Which still late waiting on that wastfull clif,  
For spoyle of wretches, whose vnhappy case,  
After lost credite and confirmed thirst,  
At last them driuen hath to this despairfull drift.

9  
The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,  
Thus said; Behold th' examples in our sight  
Of lustfull luxury and thristlesse waste:  
What now is left of miserable wights,  
Which spent their loofer daies in lowd delights,  
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,  
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?  
Let all that liue, hereby be couelleid,  
To shun *Rocke of Reproache*, and it as death to dred.

10  
So forth they rowed: and that *Ferryman*  
With his stifte oares did brush the sea so strong,  
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.  
At last, farre off they many llands spy,  
On euery side floting the floods among:  
Then said the knight, Lo, I the land deserie;  
Therefore old Sire, thy course do therento apply.

11  
That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*.  
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:  
For those same llands, seeming now and than,  
Are not firme land, nor any certaine wanne,  
But stragling plots; which to and fro do roone  
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight  
*The wandring llands*. Therefore do them stonoe;  
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight  
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

12  
Yet well they seeme to him, that faire doth vew,  
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispreed  
With grassie Greene of delectable hew,  
And the tall trees with leaues apparelled,  
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,  
That mote the passengers thereto allure;  
But whoso euer ouce hath fastened  
His foot theron, may neuer it recure,  
But wandreth out more vncertaine and vnshure.

13  
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 *Latonas* traueilling that way,  
Flying from *Iunoos* 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 *Appolloes* honour highly berried.

14  
They to him hearken, as belecemeth meet,  
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,  
That one of those same llands which doe meet  
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,  
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:  
Vpon the banke they sitting did espy  
A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,  
By whom a litle skip pet floutog did appeare.

15  
She, them espying, loud to them gan call,  
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore;  
For she had cause to busie them withall;  
And there with loudly laught: But nathe more  
Would they once tunc, but kept on as afore,  
Which when she saw, she left her locks vodight,  
And running to her boat withouten oie,  
From the departing land it launched light,  
And after them did driue with all her power and might.  
Whom

16

Whom onertaking, shee in merry sort  
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 loose and light:  
Which not abiding, but more scornfully  
Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,  
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

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 allurments did forsake,  
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;  
Here now behooeuech vs well to auise,  
And of our safetie good heed to take;  
For here before a perious passage lyes,  
Where many Mermaids haunt, making false melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quickland,  
And a whirlpoole of hidden icopardie:  
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand;  
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.  
Scarfe had he said, when hard at hand they spy  
That quickland nigh, with water couered;  
But by the checked waue they did defery  
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:  
It called was the quickland of *Vntwistlyhed*.

19

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,  
Laden from far with precious merchaodize,  
And brauely furnished, as ship might be,  
Which through great disauenture, or misprize,  
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;  
Whose Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,  
Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,  
And the rich wares to saue from pittious spoyle:  
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th' other side they see that perillous Poole,  
That called was the *Whirlpoole of Decay*,  
In which full many had with haplets doole  
Beene sunke, of whom no memory did stay:  
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
Like to a restless wheele, still running round,  
Did couet, as they passed by that way,  
To drawe the boat within the vtmost bound  
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

21

But th' heedfull Boateman strongly forth did stretch  
His brawne armes, and all his body straine,  
That th' vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,  
Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.  
Suddaine they see, from midst of all the Maine,  
The surging waters like a Mountaine rise,  
And the great sea puft vp with proud disdaine,  
To swell about the measure of his guise,  
As threatening to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22

The waues come rolling, and the billows rore  
Outragously, as they enraged were;  
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them drue before  
His whirling charct, for exceeding feare:  
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,  
That all the three therat woxe much affrayd,  
Vnwetting what such horroure strange did reare,  
Eftsoones they saw an hideous host arrayd  
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing scale dismayd;

23

Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,  
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
Or shame, that cuer should so foule defects  
From her most cunning hand escaped be;  
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:  
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,  
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,  
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with siluer scales,  
Mighty *Momeros*, with immeasured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name  
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull bew,  
The grieclly *Wasserman*, that makes his game  
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,  
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew  
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,  
Huge *Ziffus*, whom Mariners etchew  
No lesse then rocks (as trauellers informe)  
And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme;

25

All these, and thousand thousand many more,  
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,  
With dreadfull noyse, and hollow rombling rore,  
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,  
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:  
Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;  
For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,  
Compared to the Creatures in the seas entrall.

26

Feare nought, then said the Palmer well auiz'd;  
For, these same Monsters are not these in deed,  
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd  
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs deed,  
And drawe from on this iourney to proceed.  
Tho, lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,  
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,  
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye  
Ioto great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept:  
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry  
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,  
That through the sea resounding plains did fly:  
At last they in an Island did espy  
A feemly Maiden, sitting by the shore,  
That with great sorrow, and sad agony,  
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which



28  
Which *Goyan* hearing, straight his Palmer bade  
To stee the boat towards that dolefull Mayd,  
That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad:  
Who him avising better, to him said;  
Faie Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:  
For ill it were to harken to her cry;  
For she is inly nothing ill appayd,  
But onely womanish sine forgery,  
Your stubborne heart t' affect with fraile infirmity.

29  
To which when she your courage hath inclin'd  
Through foolish pity, then her guilefull bait  
She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
And for your ruine at the last await.  
The knight was ruled, and the *Boatman* Rrait  
Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,  
Ne euer shrunke, ne euer fought to bait  
His tired armes for toylefome wearinesse,  
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse:

30  
And now they nigh approached to the sted,  
Where as those *Mermaides* dwelt: it was a still  
And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered  
With the broad shadow of an hoarie hill,  
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,  
That twist them both a pleasant port they made,  
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:  
There those fine sisters had continuall trade,  
And vs'd to bathe themselves in that deceifull shade.

31  
They were faire Ladies till they fondly striv'd  
With th'*Heliconian* maides for mastery:  
Of whom they overcome were depriv'd  
Of their proud beauty, and th'one moiety  
Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry:  
But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,  
And their sweet skill in woored melody;  
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,  
T'allure weake Travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32  
So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,  
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applide;  
O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,  
That art in mighty armes most magnifide  
Above all knights, that ever battell fride,  
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:  
Here may thy storme, bet veslell safely ride:  
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,  
The worlds sweet Ion, from paine & wearifome turmoyle.

33  
With that, the rolling sea relounding soft,  
In his big bace them fitly answered,  
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,  
A solemn Meane into them measured,  
The whites sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whistleled  
His Treble a strange kind of harmonic;  
Which *Goyans* senses softly tuckeled,  
And he the Boatman bad rowe easily,  
And let him heare some part of their rare melodie.

34  
But him that Palmer from that vanitie,  
With temperate advise discourteled,  
That they it pass, and shortly gan descrey  
The land, to which their course they leueled;  
When suddently a grosse fog ouer-spreed  
With his dull vapour all that desert bar,  
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,  
That all things one, and ooe as nothng was,  
And this great *Vniuersiteem'd* one confused mas.

35  
Thereat 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 vncoupede.  
Worse is the danger hidden, then deicide,  
Suddainly an innumerable flight  
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, eride;  
And with their wicked wings them oft did limght;  
And fore andoyed, groping in that grieftly night.

36  
Euen all the nation of vnfortunate  
And fallall birds about them flocked vere,  
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,  
The ill-fact Owle, deaths dreadfull messenger,  
The hoarse Night-rauen, trump of dolefull dreere,  
The lether-winged Bar, dayes enemy,  
The rusefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,  
The Whistler shrill, that whole heares, doth dy;  
The bellish Harpies, Prophets of sad destinie.

37  
All those, and all that else does hotroun breed,  
About them flew, and sild their ayles with feare;  
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other fustly feare;  
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,  
And the faire land it selfe did plainly shoue.  
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare  
The sacred soile, where all our perils growe;  
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38  
He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
The whiles the numble boate o well her sped,  
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,  
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,  
And his sage Palmer, that him gouerned;  
But th'other by his boat behind did stay.  
They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,  
Both firmly arm'd for eury sad assay,  
With constancie and care, gainst danger and dismay.

39  
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 surquedry;  
Yet nought they feard, but pass on hardily,  
Vntill they came in view of those wilde beasts:  
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,  
And rearing fiercely their vpstarting crests,  
Ran towards, to deuoure thole vnexpected guests.

40  
But soone as they approach't, with deadly threat  
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,  
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:  
Etsloones their stubborne courages were queld;  
And high advanced crefts downe meekely feld;  
In stead of fraying, they themselues did feare,  
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:  
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

41  
Of that same wood it fram'd was cuoningly  
Of which *Caduceus* whylome was made;  
*Caduceus* the rod of *Mercury*,  
With which he wons the *Stygian* realmes invade,  
Through gally horrour, and eternal shade;  
Th' infernall fiends with it he can asswage,  
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,  
And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage;  
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42  
Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,  
Whereas the *Bower of blisse* was situate;  
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,  
That Natures worke by art can imitate:  
In which what-cuer in this worldly state  
Is sweet, and pleasing ynto liuing sense,  
Or that may daintie fantastie aggregate,  
Was poured forth with plentiful dispence,  
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

43  
Goodly it was enclosed round about,  
Aswell their entred guests to keepe within,  
As those vnuly 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 temperances might,  
By which the mightiest things effored bin:  
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,  
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44  
It framed was of precious *Ivorie*,  
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;  
And therein all the famous history  
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit;  
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,  
His goodly conquest of the golden seece,  
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly fit,  
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous pecece  
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowre of *Greece*.

45  
Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry  
Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,  
That seem'd the waues were into *Ivorie*,  
Or *Ivory* into the waues were sent;  
And other where the snowy substance sprent,  
With vermeil like the boyes bloud therein shed,  
A pittious spectacle did represent:  
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,  
It seem'd th' enchanted flame, which did *Cretisa* wed.

46  
All this, and more might in that goodly gate  
Be read; that euer open stood to all,  
Which thither came: but in the Porch there fate  
A comely personage of stature tall,  
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,  
That Trauellers to him seem'd to entice;  
His looser garment to the ground did fall,  
And flew about his heeles in wanton wife,  
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

47  
They in that place him *Genius* did call:  
Not that celestial powre, to whom the care  
Of life, and generation of all  
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,  
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foresee,  
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:  
That is our *Selue*, whom though we doe not see,  
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

48  
Therefore a God him sage *Antiquity*  
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:  
But this fame was to that quite contrary,  
The foe of life, that good enuies to all,  
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,  
Through guilefull semblants, which hee makes vs see.  
He of this Garden had the gouernall,  
And Pleasures porter was deuiz'd to bee,  
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49  
With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
And strowed round about, and by his side  
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,  
As if it had to him been sacrifice;  
Where-with all new-come guests hee gratified:  
So did he eke *Sir Guyon* passing by:  
But he his idle curtesie deside,  
And overthrew his bowle disdainefully;  
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants

50  
Thus beeing entred, they behold around  
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side  
Strowed with pleasure, whose faire grassie ground  
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the ornaments of *Floras* pride,  
Wherewith her mother *Art*, as halfe in scorne  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride  
Did deck her, and too lauishly adorne,  
When forth from virgin bowre shee comes in th' early

51  
Thereto the Heauens alwaies Iouiall,  
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,  
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,  
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,  
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate  
T'assict the creatures, which therein did dwell,  
But the milde aire with season moderate  
Gently attemptred, and dispos'd so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & wholesome smell.

More

53  
 More sweet and wholesome, then the pleasant hill  
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bore  
 A giant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;  
 Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore  
 Faire *Daphne*, *Phabus* hart with loud did gore;  
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,  
 When-euer they their heauenly bowtes forlore;  
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;  
 Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

54  
 Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect  
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
 To sinke into his sense, nor mind affe'd,  
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right;  
 Bridling his will, and mastering his might:  
 Till that he came vnto another gate,  
 No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight  
 With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

55  
 So fashioned a Porch with rare deuisé,  
 Archt over head with an embracing Vine,  
 Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice  
 All passers by, to taste their luscious wine,  
 And did themselves into their hands incline,  
 As freely offering to be gathered:  
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacine*,  
 Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,  
 Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

56  
 And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,  
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,  
 Which did themselves amongst the leaues enfold,  
 As lurking from the view of couetous guest,  
 That the weaké boughes, with so rich load oppress'd,  
 Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.  
 Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,  
 Clad in faire weeds, but soule disorder'd,  
 And garments loose, that seem'd vane for womanhed.

57  
 In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,  
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
 Whose sappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,  
 Into her cup she setuz'd, with dainty breach  
 Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,  
 That so faire wine-pressie made the wine more sweet:  
 Thereof the vs'd to giue to drinke to each,  
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:  
 It was her guise, all Strangers goodly so to greet.

58  
 So shee to *Guyon* offered it to taste;  
 Who taking it out of her tender hood,  
 The cup to ground did violently cast,  
 That all in peeces it was broken foud,  
 And with the liquor stained all the load:  
 Whetreat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,  
 Yet no'te the lame amend, ne yet with stand,  
 But suffred him to passe, all were she loth;  
 Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

59  
 There the most dainty Paradise on ground,  
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plentifully abound,  
 And none does others happinesse envie:  
 The painted flowres, the trees vpspringing hie,  
 The dales for sside, the hills for breathing space,  
 The trembling groues, the Cryfall running by;  
 And that, which all faire works doth most agrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

60  
 One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse enfold  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repue;  
 So striuing each th'other to vndermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautifie;  
 So differing both in willer, agreed in fine:  
 So all agreed, through sweet diuersity,  
 This Garden to adorne with all variety.

61  
 And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood  
 Through eury channell running one might see;  
 Most goodly it with pure imageree  
 Was over-wrought, and shapés of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seem'd with liuely iollitice  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whil'st others did themselves embay in liquid ioies.

62  
 And over all, of purest gold was spred  
 A trayle of Iuicé in his outiue hew:  
 For, the rich metall was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well auis'd it view,  
 Would surely deeme it to be Iuicé true:  
 Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,  
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,  
 Their steechie flowres they tenderly did steepe,  
 Which drops of Cryfall seem'd for wantonnesse to weepe.

63  
 Infinite streames continually did well  
 Out of this Fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample Laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a hitle lake it seem'd to bee;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waues one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with Iaspár shining bright,  
 That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did layle vpright.

64  
 And all the margent round about was set,  
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend  
 The sunny beames, which on the willowes bet,  
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.  
 As *Guyon* happed by the same to wend,  
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espide,  
 Which therein bathing, seem'd to contend,  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide  
 Their dainty parts from view of any which them eyde.

L

Some



64  
Sometimes, the one would lift the other quight  
About the waters, and then downe againe  
Her plunge, as over-mastered by night,  
Where both awhile would couered remaine,  
And each the other from to rise restraine;  
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a velle,  
So through the Crystall waues appeared plaine:  
Then suddainly both would themselues vnhle,  
And th'amarous sweet spoyles to greedy eyes reuele.

65  
As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,  
His dewy 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 to their yellow beare  
Crystalline humor dropped downe apace,  
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,  
And some-what gan relect his earnest pase,  
His stubborne breath gan secreet pleasure to embrace.

66  
The wanton Maydens him spying, stood  
Gazing awhile at his vowonted guile;  
Then th'one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,  
Abasht, that her a stranger did auise:  
But th'other, rather higher did arise,  
And her two lilly paps lost duplad,  
And all that might his melting hart entise  
To her delights, the vato him bewrayd:  
The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

67  
With that, the other likewise vp arose,  
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound  
Vp in one knot, she lowe adowne did lose:  
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,  
And th'Ivorie in golden mantle gownd:  
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,  
Yet that which rest it, no lesse faire was found:  
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,  
Nought but her louely face shee for his looking left.

68  
Withall she laughed, and shee blusht withall,  
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:  
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace,  
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
The secreet signes of kindled lust appeare,  
Their wanton merriments they did encrease,  
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,  
And shewd him many sights, that couraige cold could reare.

69  
On which when gazing him the *Palmer* saw,  
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,  
And (counfeld well) him forward thence did draw.  
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of Bliss*  
Of her fond fauourites to nam'd amiss:  
When thus the *Palmer*: Now Sir, well auise;  
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:  
Heere wonnes *Acrasia*, whom we trust surprisē,  
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70  
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a dainty care,  
Such as atonce might not on liuing ground,  
Sauer in this *Paradis*, be heard elswhere:  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musick that mote bee:  
For, all that pleasing is to liuing eare,  
Was there conforsted in one harmonice;  
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71  
The ioyous birds, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
Their notes vato the voyce attempted sweet;  
Th' *Angell* soft trembling voyces made  
To th'instruments diuine repsondence meet:  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the waters fall:  
The waters fall with difference dilreect,  
Now soft, now loud, vato the wind did call:  
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72  
There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,  
Was the faire *Witch*, her selfe now solacing  
With a new *Louer*, whom through forcere  
And witchcraft, shee from far did thither bring:  
There shee had him now layd aslumbering,  
In secreet shade, after long wanton ioyes:  
Whil't round about them pleasantly did sing  
Many faire Ladies, and luscious boyes,  
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73  
And all the while, right ouer him shee hong,  
With her false eyes fast fixt in his sight,  
As seeking medicine, when shee was hong,  
Or greedily depasturing delight:  
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,  
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
And through his bumid eyes did suck his sprights,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;  
Where-with shee sighd soft, as if his case shee rew'd.

74  
The whiles, some one did chaunt this louely lay:  
Ah see, who-so fare thing doost faire to see,  
In springing flowre the image of thy day;  
Ah see the *Virgin Rose*, how sweetly shee  
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,  
That fayer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;  
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free  
Her bared bosome shee doth broad display;  
Lo, see soone after, how shee fader and fallies away.

75  
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 ear't it was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
Of many a Lady, and many a *Paramoure*:  
Gather therefore the *Rose*, whil't yet is prime,  
For, loone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:  
Gather the *Rose* of *loue*, whil't yet is time,  
Whil't louing thou maist loued be with equal crime.

76  
 He craft, and then gan all the quire of birds  
 Their diuise notes t'attune vnto his lay,  
 As in approuance of his pleasing words.  
 The constant paire heard all that he did say,  
 Yet swarred not, but kept their forward way,  
 Through many couert groues, and thickets close,  
 In which they creeping did at last display  
 That warron Lady, with her Louer lose,  
 Whose sleepey head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77  
 Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,  
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,  
 And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,  
 All in a veile of silke and siluer thin,  
 That hid no whit her alabaster skin,  
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:  
 More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,  
 Nor the fine oaw, which oft we wouen see  
 Of scorched decay, doe not in th'aire more lightly see.

78  
 Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoile  
 Of hungry eyes, which note there-with be fild;  
 And yet through languor of her late sweet toyle,  
 Few drops, more cleare then *Nectar*, forth distild,  
 That like pure *Orient* pearles adowne it trild:  
 And her sayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,  
 Moistened their fierie beames, with which she thrild  
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light  
 Which sparkling on the silent wates, does seeme more

79  
 The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to bee  
 Some goodly swaine of honourable place,  
 That certes it great pity 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 proportioned face,  
 And on his tender lips the downy haire  
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80  
 His warlike armes (the idle instruments  
 Of sleeping praiſe) were hong vpon a tree,  
 And his braue shield (full of old monuments)  
 Was fouly ras't, that none the signes might see;  
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,  
 Ne ought that did to his aduancement tend,  
 But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxurce,  
 His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:  
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

81  
 The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew  
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)  
 That tuddaine forth they on them rusht, and threw  
 A subtile net, which onely for the fame  
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.  
 So hild them vnder fast, the whiles the rest  
 Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.  
 The faire Enchauntesse, so vnwares oppressd,  
 Tryde all her arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

The end of the second Booke.

82  
 And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine;  
 For, that same net so cunningly was wound,  
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.  
 They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound  
 In captiue bands, which there they ready found:  
 But her in chaines of Adamant he tyde;  
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;  
 But *Perdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,  
 And couell sage in steed thereof to him applide.

83  
 But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,  
*Guyon* broke downe, with his rigour pittiless;  
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue  
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfullesse,  
 But that their blisse he turnd to balefulnesse:  
 Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,  
 Their Arbers spoild, their Cabinets suppressd,  
 Their Basket-houles burne, their buildings race,  
 And of the fayrest late, now made the foulest place.

84  
 Then led they her away, and eke that knight  
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:  
 The way they came, the same returned they right,  
 Till they arriued where they lately had  
 Cbarm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.  
 Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,  
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;  
 But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie.)  
 Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes which there

85  
 Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,  
 Whom this Enchauntesse hath transformed thus,  
 Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,  
 Now turned into figures hideous,  
 According to their mindes like monstrousous.  
 Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,  
 And mournfull meede of ioyes delicious:  
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggregate,  
 Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86  
 Straight-way he with his yertuous staffe them strooke,  
 And straight of beastes they comely men became;  
 Yet being men, they did vnmanly looke,  
 And stared gassly, some for inward shame,  
 And some for wrath to see their captiue Dame:  
 But one about the rest in speciall,  
 That had an hog been late (hight *Grill* by name)  
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall;  
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87  
 Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,  
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
 Of his creation, when he life began,  
 That now he chooseth with vile difference,  
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.  
 To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind  
 Delights in sith and foule inconuenienc:  
 Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,  
 But let vs hence depart, whil' st weather ferues and wind.

L 2

The







# THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS.

OR

Of Chastitie.

**T** falles me heere to write of Chastitie,  
That fairest vertue, farre aboute the rest;  
For which what needs me fetch from Faery  
Forraine enamples, 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.

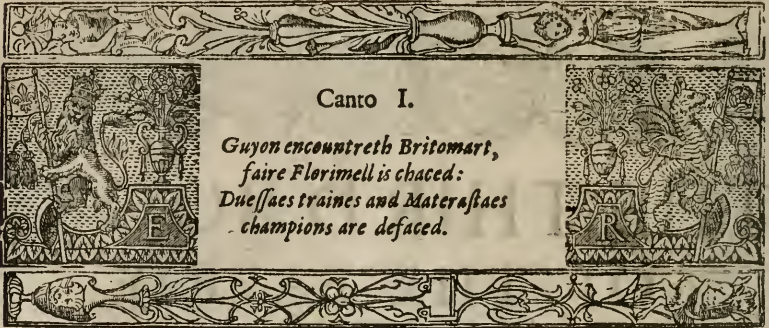
But liuing art may not least part expresse,  
Not life-resembling pencill it can paint,  
All wete it *Zenxis* or *Prasitiles*,  
His daedale hand would fame, and greatly faint,  
And her perfections with his error taint:  
No Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre  
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,  
So hard a workmanship aduocure darre,  
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,  
That whylome in diuineit wits did raigne,  
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constraine

Heere-to perforce. But O, drad Soueraigne,  
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest wit  
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine  
That I in colourd shoves may shadowe it,  
And antique prayes vnto present persons sit.

But if in liuing colours, and right bew,  
Your selfe you couet to see pictured,  
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,  
Then that sweet verse, with *Nestlar* sprinkled,  
In which a gracious seruauant pictured  
His *Cynthia*, his heaucos fairest light?  
That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,  
And with the wonder of her beames bright,  
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

But let that same delicious Poet lend  
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,  
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mead,  
If ought amils her liking may abuse:  
No let his fairest *Cynthia* refuse,  
In mitroues more then ooe her selfe to see;  
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,  
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:  
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.



## Canto I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart,  
faire Florimell is chased:  
Duesfaes traines and Materaſtaes  
champions are defaced.*

**T**He famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,  
After long wayes, & perilous paines endured,  
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight  
Restord, & fory wounds right well recured,  
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured  
To make there longer sojourne 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 *Atarsha* he sent  
Because of trauell long, a nigher way,  
With a strong gard, all resckew to prevent,  
And her to Faery-court safe to conuay,  
That her for witnesse of his hard assay,  
Vnto his Faery Queene he might present:  
But he himselfe betooke another way,  
To make more triall of his hardiment,  
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

Long so they travelled through wastefull wayes,  
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,  
To hunt for glory and renowned praise;  
Full many Countries they did ouer-ruone,  
From the vprising to the setting Sunne,  
And many hard adventures did atchieue;  
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,  
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,  
And to recouer right for such as wrang did grieue.

At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,  
They spyde a knight, that towards pricke d faire,  
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,  
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,  
As if that age bade him that burden spare,  
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:  
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,  
And on his arme address'd his goodly shield,  
That bore a Lyon passant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought  
The Prince of grace, to let him ruone that turne,  
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught  
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne  
His fomy steed, whose fiery feet did burne  
The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;  
Ne did the other backe his foote reuance,  
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,  
And beat his dreadfull speare against the others head,

They been ymet, and both their poynts arriued,  
But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,  
That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riued;  
Nathelesse, 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 himselfe he bare,  
That mischieuous mischance his life & limbes did spare.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall hee tooke;  
For neuer yet since warlike armes he bore,  
And shuering speare in bloody field first shooke,  
He found himselfe dishonoured so sore.  
Ah gentlest knight that euer armour bore,  
Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,  
And brought to ground, that neuer walt before;  
For, not thy fault, but secret power yescene,  
That speare enchanted was, which laid thee on the Green.

But wene'st thou what wight thee overthrew,  
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret  
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldest renew,  
That of a single Damell thou wert met  
On equal Plaine, and there so hard beset;  
For euen the famous *Britomart* it was,  
Whom strange adventure did from *Britaine* set,  
To seeke her Louer (loue farre fought alas)  
Whose image she had seene in *Pem* looking glasse.

9  
Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vp-rofe,  
For to revenge that foule reprochfull shame,  
And snatching his bright sword, began to clofe  
With her on toote, and stoutly forward came;  
Dierather would he then endure that fame.  
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
His toward perill and toward blame,  
Which by that new r' encounter he should reare:  
For, death fate on the point of that enchanted speare.

10  
And hastning 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 puissance mote not withstand:  
Nothing on earth mote alwayes happy beene.  
Great hazard were it, and adventure foud,  
To lose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11  
By such good meanes he him discourfelled,  
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;  
And eke the Prince like treaty handled,  
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,  
And laid the blame, not to his cariage,  
But to his starting steed, what swaru'd aside,  
And to the ill purveyance of his page,  
That had his furnitures not firmly tide:  
So in his angry courage fairly pacified.

12  
Thus, reconcilment was betweene them knit,  
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste;  
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,  
To let not others honour be detact  
Of friend or foe, who cuer it embas't,  
Ne armes to beare against the others side:  
In which accord the Prince was also plac't,  
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.  
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ride.

13  
O goodly v'sage of those antique times!  
In which the sword was seruant vnto right;  
When not for malice and contentious crimes,  
But all for praise, and prooffe of manly might,  
The Martiall brood accustomed to fight:  
Then honour was the meed of victory,  
And yet the vanquished had no despight:  
Let later age that noble vse envie,  
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell surquedry.

14  
Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,  
Through countie waste, and eke well edifyde,  
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
Their puissance, whylome full deryly tryde:  
At length they came into a Forrest wide,  
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound  
Full grieftly seem'd: Therein they long did ride,  
Yet tract of living creature none they found,  
Sauce Beares, Lyons, & Buls, which romed them around.

15  
All suddenly out of the thickest brush,  
Vpon a milk-white Palfrey all alone,  
A goodly Lady did foreby them rushe,  
Whose face did seeme as cleere as Crystall stone,  
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:  
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
And all her steed with tinself trappings stonc,  
Which fled to fast, that nothing mote him hold,  
And feare them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

16  
Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,  
As feareing euill, that pursfwd her fast;  
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
Loofely disperst with puffe of euey blast:  
All as a blazing starc doth farre out-cast  
His hairie beanes, and flaming locks diffred,  
At sight whereof the people stand agast:  
But the sage Wilard telles (as he has read)  
That it importunes death, and dolefull dretthead.

17  
So, as they gazed after her awhile,  
Lo, where a grieftly Foster foorth did rush,  
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:  
His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did push,  
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,  
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
That from his goric sides the blood did gush:  
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

18  
Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,  
Full of great envie, and fell iea loude,  
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,  
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,  
To reskew her from shamefull villany.  
The Prince and Guyon equally by lue  
Her selfe pursfwd, in hope to win thereby  
Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame aliu:  
But after the foule Foster *Timias* did stiuie.

19  
The whiles faire *Britomars*, whose constant mind,  
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,  
Ne reekt of Ladies loue, did stay behind,  
And them awaited there a certaine space,  
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:  
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,  
As lay her journey, through that perulous Pace,  
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;  
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

20  
At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,  
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,  
To which her steps direly she did frame,  
That Cattle was most goodly edifyde,  
And plac't for pleasure nigh that Forrest side:  
But faire before the gate a spacious Plaine,  
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wide,  
On which she saw five knights, that did darraine  
Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine.  
Mainely



21

Mainly they all attonce vpon him layd,  
 And fore beset on euery side around,  
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,  
 Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground,  
 All had he lost much blood through many a wound,  
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way  
 To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,  
 Made them recoyle, and flye from drad decay,  
 That none of all the fixe, before him durst assay:

22

Like dastard cures, that hauing at a bay  
 The Salvage beast embost in weary chace,  
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
 Ne byte before, but some from place to place,  
 To get a snatch, when turned is his face.  
 In such distresse and doubtfull icopatdy,  
 When *Bristomart* him saw, shee ran apace  
 Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,  
 Bade thoe that fixe forebare that single enemy.

23

But to her cry they list not lenden care,  
 Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surcease,  
 But gathering him round about more neare,  
 Their diufull rancour rather did increase;  
 Till that the rushing through the thickest preace,  
 Perforce disputed their compacted gyre,  
 And soone compeld to harken vnto peace:  
 Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire  
 The cause of their disension and outrageous ire.

24

Where-to that single knight did answere frame;  
 These fixe would me enforce by oddes of might,  
 To change my life, and loue another Dame,  
 That death me liester were then such despight,  
 So vnto wrong to yield my wrestled right:  
 For, I loue one, the truest one on ground,  
 Ne list me change; she th' *Errant Damsell* hight,  
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound  
 I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloudy wound.

25

Certes, said she, then been ye fixe to blame,  
 To weene your wrong by force to iustifie:  
 For, knight to leaue his Lady, were great shame,  
 That faithfull is, and better were to die.  
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy  
 Then losse of loue, to him that loues but one;  
 Ne may loue be compeld by maistery;  
 For, soone as maistery comes, sweet loue alone  
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26

Then spake one of those fixe, There dwelleth heere  
 Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,  
 Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing peere;  
 There-to so bountious and so debonaire,  
 That neuer any mote with her compare,  
 Shee hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,  
 That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,  
 In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,  
 Shall doe vnto her seruice, neuer to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,  
 Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,  
 Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,  
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,  
 As did this knight, before ye hither came.  
 Perdie, said *Bristomart*, the choicis 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.

28

Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a Loue,  
 Loue haue I sure, quoth shee, but Lady none;  
 Yet will I not fro mine owne Loue remoue,  
 Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,  
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,  
 And proue his cause. With that, her mortallipeare  
 She mightly auentred towards one,  
 And downe him smote ere well aware he were,  
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

29

Ne did she stay till three on ground the layd,  
 That none of them him selfe could reare againe;  
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,  
 All were he wearie of his former paine,  
 That now there doe but two of fixe remaine;  
 Which two did yield before shee did them smight.  
 Ah, said she then, Now may ye all see plaine,  
 That truth is strong, and true loue most of might,  
 That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight.

30

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 due reward:  
 Shee granted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,  
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,  
 (For, so that Castle hight by common name)  
 Where they were entertaind with courteous  
 And comely glee of many gracious  
 Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,  
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,  
 Esloones them brought vnto their Ladies fight,  
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delisht*.

32

But, for to tell the sumptuous array  
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:  
 For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot display  
 The royall riches and exceeding cost  
 Of euery pillour, and of euery post;  
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,  
 And with great pearles and precious stones embost,  
 That the bright glister of their beames cleare  
 Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These

33  
These strange knights through passing, forth were led  
Into an inner room, whole royallce  
And rich purveyance might vncath be read;  
More Princes place befeme so deekt 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 guife  
Might be maintaine, and each gan diuersly deuife.

34  
The wals were round about apparelled  
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Tours*;  
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
The loue of *Venus* and her *Paramour*  
The faire *Adonn*, turned to a flowre,  
A worke of rare deuife, and wondrous wit,  
First did it shew the bitter baletull flowre,  
Which her aslyd with many a feruent fit,  
When first her tender hart was with his beauty smit.

35  
Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
Entic't the Boy (as well that art she knew)  
And wooed him her *Paramour* to be;  
Now making gielonds of each flowre that grew,  
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;  
Now leading him into a secret shade  
From his *Beaupees*, and from bright heauens view,  
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

36  
And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spread  
Her mantle, colour'd like the sturcy skyes,  
And her soft armelay vnderneath his head,  
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;  
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,  
Shee secretly would searh each dainty lim,  
And throwe into the Well sweet *Rosemaries*,  
And fragrant violets, and *Panec* trim,  
And euer with sweet *Nectar* she did sprinkle him.

37  
So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,  
And ioy'd his loue in secret vnespide,  
But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,  
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,  
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine  
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutist pride  
Mote breed him feare the *vnywares*: but all in vaine;  
For, who can shun the chance that destiny doth ordaine?

38  
Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,  
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,  
And by his side the *Goddesse* groueling  
Makes for him endlesse moone, and euermore  
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 transfere,  
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39  
So was that chamber clad in goodly wise,  
And round about it many beds were dight,  
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,  
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,  
As pleased them to vie, that vs it might:  
And all was full of *Danzels*, and of *Squirers*,  
Dauncing and recuelling both day and night,  
And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,  
And *Cupid* still amongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40  
And all the while, sweet *Musick* did diuide  
Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;  
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide  
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,  
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,  
That wonder was to heare their trim consort,  
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye,  
They deigned such lasciuious disport,  
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

41  
Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,  
Whom they found sitting on a lumptuous bed,  
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,  
As the proud *Persian* *Queenes* accustomed:  
She seem'd a woman of great bountibed,  
And of rare beutie, sauing that afaunc  
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,  
Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,  
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42  
Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize  
Their goodly entertaînement and great glee:  
She caused them be led in courteous wise  
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,  
And cheard well with wine and spicerree:  
The *Redersse* knight was soone disarmed there;  
But the braue *Mayd* would not disarmed be,  
But onely vented vp her *vmbriere*,  
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

43  
As when faire *Cynthia*, in darksome night,  
Is in a noyous clowd enveloped,  
Where she may find the substance thin and light,  
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright head  
Discouers to the world discormist;  
Of the poore traveller that went astray,  
With thousand blessings she is beried;  
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,  
With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

44  
And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,  
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present  
Vnto her view, and company vsought;  
For they all seemed courteous and gent,  
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
Which had them traynd in all iustitie,  
And goodly taught to tilt and tournament;  
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,  
And her *Knights-seruice* ought, to hold of her in Fee.

45  
The first of them by name *Gradante* bight,  
A iolly person, and of comely view;  
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,  
And next to him *Ioacant* did encrewe;  
*Basfante* did him selfe most curious shew;  
But fierce *Bacchante*, seem'd too fell and keene;  
And yet in armes *Noisante* greater grew:  
All were faire knights, and goodly well besene;  
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46  
For she was full of amiable grace,  
And manly terour mixed there-withall,  
That as the one stir'd vp affection's bale,  
So th'other did mens rash desires appall,  
And hold them backe, that would in error fall;  
As he that hath espyde a vermillion Rose,  
To which thare thornes and briers the way forstall,  
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;  
But wishing it farre off, his idle wish doth lose.

47  
Whom when the Lady saw fo faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contrary sex  
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)  
She greatly gan enamoured to vex,  
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:  
Her sickle hart conceiv'd hastic fire,  
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,  
That shortly brent into extreame desire,  
And ranfackt all her veines with passion entite.

48  
Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,  
And into tearmes of open outrage burst,  
That plaine discover'd her incontinence,  
Nereckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;  
For, she was given all to fleshly lust,  
And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regard of shame she had discist,  
And meet respect of honour put to flight:  
So, shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

49  
Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued are,  
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweet affection's marre,  
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,  
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:  
Eamongst the Roles growe some wicked weedes;  
For, this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;  
For, loue does alwaies bring forth bountious deedes,  
And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds.

50  
Nought so of loue this loofer Dame did skill,  
But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,  
Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,  
And treading vnder foote her honest name:  
Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame,  
Still did she roue at her with crasty glance  
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,  
And told her meaning in her countenance;  
But *Britomart* discombled it with ignorance.

51  
Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,  
Where they were seated with all sumptuous fare,  
Whiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lycas* fat  
Pou'd out their plenty, without spight or spare:  
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;  
And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,  
And aye betwene the cups, shee did prepare  
Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe;  
But *Britomart* would not such guilefull mellage knowe.

52  
So when they slaked had the feruent heat  
Of appetite with meates of euery sort,  
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat  
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport  
To loofe her warlike limbs and strong effort:  
But when the mote not there-vnto be wonne,  
(For, she her sex vnder that strange purport  
Did vse to hide, and plaine apparauance shunne)  
In plainer wise to tell her grieuance shee begunne;

53  
And all atonce discovered her desire  
With sighes, and sobs, & plaints, and pittious griefe,  
The outward sparks of her in-burning fire;  
Which spent in vaine, at last shee told her griefe,  
That but if shee did lead her short reliefe,  
And doe her comfort, the mote algates die.  
But the chaste *Danzell*, that had neuer priese  
Of such malengine and sine forgerie,  
Did easily belieue her strong extremitie.

54  
Full easie was for her to haue beliefe,  
Who, by selfe-feeling of her feeble sex,  
And by long triall of the inward griefe,  
Where-with imperious loue her hart did vex,  
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.  
Who meanes no guile, be 'guiled soonest shall,  
And to faire semblance doth tight faith annex;  
The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,  
Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

55  
For-thy, she would not in discourteous wile,  
Scorne the faire offer of good will profess;  
For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,  
Or rudely (deigne) a gentle harts request,  
But with faire countenance, as besecmed best,  
Her enteraind, nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd  
Her loue too light, to woe a wandering guest:  
Which shee misconstruing, therob they steem'd  
That frō like inward fire that outward smooke had steem'd.

56  
There-with awhile shee her fit fancie fed,  
Till the mote winne fit time for her desire:  
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,  
And through her bones the false instilled fire  
Did spread it selfe, and venom close inspire.  
Tho, were the tables taken all away,  
And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire  
Gan choofe his Dame with *Basilio mans* gay,  
With whom he meant to make his sport & courtly play.



57  
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,  
Some to make loue, some to make meriment,  
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;  
And all the while faire *Malcassa* bent  
Her crafty engins to her close intent.  
By this th' eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*  
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,  
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* trowe  
Into the Ocean deepe to driue their weary drowe.

58  
High time it seemed then for euery wight  
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;  
Etsfoones long waxen torches weren light,  
Vnto their bowtes to guiden euery guest:  
Tho, when the Britonelle saw all the rest  
Avoided quite, shee gan her selfe delpoile,  
And safe commit to her soft feathered nest;  
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,  
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite alloyle.

59  
Now, when as all the world in silence deepe  
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight  
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,  
Faire *Malcassa*, whose enghriued spright  
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,  
And vnder the black veile of guilty Night,  
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,  
That was with gold and Ermines faire enveloped.

60  
Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioyot,  
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre she moued;  
Where she for secret purpose did appoint  
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwisely loued,  
And to her bed approaching, first she proued,  
Whether she slept or wak't, with her soft hand  
She softly felt, if any member moued,  
And lent her warie care to vnderstand,  
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fand.

61  
Which, when as none she fond, with easie shift,  
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,  
Th'embroidred quilt she lighty vp did lift,  
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,  
Of euery finest fingers touch astrayd;  
Ne any noyse she made, ne word she spake,  
But inly sigh't. At last, the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,  
And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

62  
Where, feeling one close couched by her side,  
Shee lightly leapt out of her filed bed,  
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride  
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead

Through suddaine feare and gastly drieried,  
Did shriek aloud, that through the house it rong,  
And the whole family there-with adred,  
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,  
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

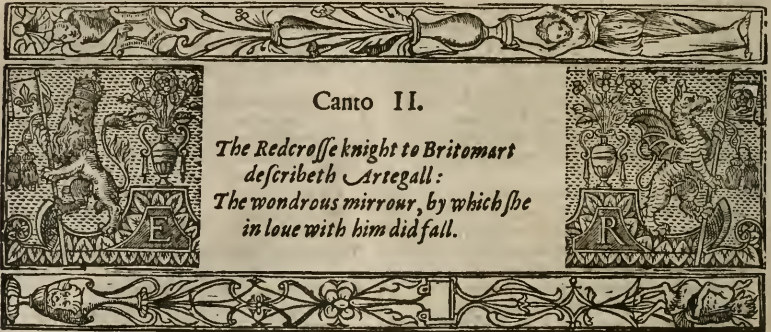
63  
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,  
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the found,  
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with their atons:  
Where when confutedly they came, they found  
Their Lady lying on the senselesse ground;  
On th' other side, they saw the warlike Mayd  
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,  
Threatning the poynt of her auenging blade,  
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

64  
About their Lady first they flockt around:  
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,  
Shortly they reard out of her frozen fownd;  
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche  
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contest broche:  
But by example of the last dayes losse,  
None of them rashly durst to her approche,  
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselves embolde;  
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

65  
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,  
Drew out a deadly bowe and arrow keene,  
Which forth he sent with felonous depigat,  
And fell intent against the *Virgin* sheene:  
The mortall Steele staid not, till it was seene  
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,  
But lightly raled her soft silken skin,  
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,  
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

66  
Where-with enrag'd, she fiercely at them flew,  
And with her flaming sword about her layd,  
That none of them coule mitchiefe could eschew,  
But with her dreadfull stroakes were all dismayd:  
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd  
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abide;  
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gau her good ayde,  
A yoyning foot to foot, and side to side,  
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

67  
Tho, when as all were put to shamefull flight,  
The noble *Eritomartus* her arrayd,  
And her bris, betwixt armes about her body dight:  
For nothing would shee leger there be staid,  
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade  
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:  
So earely, ere the grosse Earths grysie stude,  
Was all dispers'd out of her firmament,  
They tooke their steeds, & toth vpon their journey went.



**H**ere haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,  
That in their proper praise too partiall be,  
And not indifferent to woman-kind,  
To whom, no share in armes & cheualrie  
They doe impart, ne maken remorie  
Of their braue gifts and prowesse Martiall;  
Scarce doe they spare to one, or two, or three,  
Roome in their writs; yet the same writing small  
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

But by record of antique times I find,  
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,  
And to all great exploits themselues inclin'd:  
Of which they still the girdon bore away,  
Till envious Men (feearing their rules decay)  
Gan coyne straight lawes to curbe their liberty;  
Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away,  
They haue exceld in artes and policie,  
That now we foolish men that praise gin eket'cnuy.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages spent,  
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose praise I write;  
But of all wise dome be thou precedend,  
O soueraigne Queene, whose praise I would endite,  
Endite I would as duete doth excite;  
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,  
When in so high an object they doe lighte,  
And struing fit to make, I feare doe marre:  
Thy selfe thy praises tell, & make them knowen farr.

Shee, travelling with *Guyon* by the way,  
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,  
T'abridge their iourney long, and lingring day;  
Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mied,  
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind  
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest  
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:  
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady dress;  
But fairest knight aliu, when armed was her brest.

Thereat shee sighing softly, had no power  
To speake awhile, ne ready answer make,  
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,  
As if she had a Feuer fit, did quake,  
And euery daiotic limbe with horrour shake;  
And euery and anone the rosy red  
Flasht through her face, as it had been a flake  
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmin'd;  
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre  
I taken was from Nurfes tender pap,  
I haue been trained vp in warlike flowre,  
To toffen speare and shield, and to affrap  
The warlike rider to his most mishap;  
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,  
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap:  
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,  
Meleuer were with poynt of foe-mans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is set,  
To hunt our perils and adventures hard,  
By sea, by land, where-so they may be met,  
Onely for honour and for high regard,  
Without respect of riches or reward.  
For such intent into these parts I came,  
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,  
Farr from my native soyle, that is by name  
The greater *Britaine*, heere to seeke for praise and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that heere in Faery lond  
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,  
And many strange adventures to be fonde,  
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;  
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.  
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,  
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne  
Late soule dishonour and reprochefull spight,  
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Artegall* he hight.

The

9  
The word gone out, she back againe would call,  
As her repenting lo to haue mislayd,  
But that he it vp-taking ere the tall,  
Her shortly answered; Faire Martall Maid  
Certes ye misauised been, t'vpbraid  
A gentle knight wish so vnknighly blame:  
For, weete ye well, of all that euer plaid  
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,  
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

10  
For thy great wonder were it, if such name  
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,  
Or euer doe 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,  
Lest that too farre ye haue your sorrow sought:  
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,  
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

11  
The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,  
To heare her loue to highly magnifide,  
And ioyd that euer she alined had  
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifide,  
How euer finely shee it faine to bide:  
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,  
In the deare closer of her paine full lide,  
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
Doth not so much reioyce, as the reioyced there.

12  
But to occasion him to further talke,  
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,  
Her list in briefe full rearmes with him to balke,  
And thus replie: How euer, Sir, ye file  
Your courtous tongue his praises to compile,  
It liketh euen a knight of gentle fort,  
Such as yee haue him boasted, to beguile  
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,  
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

13  
Let be therefore my vengeance to disswade,  
And read where I that sayton fallc may find.  
Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,  
To shake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,  
Sayd be perhaps ye should it better find:  
For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,  
That man to hard condition to bind,  
Or euer hope to match in equal fight;  
Who powrefull paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

14  
Ne footlich 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 dooing 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 toueraine honour rais'd to heauens bight.

15  
His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased,  
And softly sunke into her molten hart;  
Hart, that is inly lntt, 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 flomber lay:  
Such secret ease felt gentle *Britomart*,  
Yet list the same efforce with faine gainesay;  
(So, discord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.)

16  
And said, Sir knight, these idle tearms forbear,  
And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,  
Till me some markes, by which he may appeare,  
If chaunce I him encounter parauant;  
For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (sted,  
What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what  
And what lo else his person most may vaunt?  
All which the *Redersse* knight to point ared,  
And him in eery part before her fashioned.

17  
Yet him in eery part before she knew,  
How euer litt her now her knowledge faine,  
Sith him whilome in *Britaine* she did view,  
To her reuealed in a mirrour plane;  
Whereof did growe her first engraffed paine;  
Whole root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,  
That but the frute more sweetnes did containe,  
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,  
And yield the pray of loue to loathsome death at last.

18  
By strange occasion she did him behold,  
And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,  
As it in bookes hath written been of old.  
In *Deheubarth* that now South-wales is hight,  
What time king *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right.  
The great Magician *Merlin* had deuiz'd,  
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,  
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,  
Whose vertues through the wide world soone were solemniz'd.

19  
It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,  
What euer thing was in the world contain'd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,  
So that it to the looker appertayn'd;  
What euer foe had wrought, or friend had sayn'd,  
Therein discouered was, ne ought mote plus,  
Ne ought in secret from the fame remayn'd;  
For thy it round and hollow shapd was,  
Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glafs.

20  
Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke?  
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,  
Wherein th' Egyptian *Phaö* long did lurke  
From all mens view, and none might her discourse,  
Yet she might all men view out of her bowre?  
Great *Ptolemeæ* it for his lemans sake  
Ybuidled all of glafs, by Magick powre,  
And also it impregnable did make;  
Yet when his lone was false, he with a peaze it brake.

M

Such



21

Such was the glasse: globe that *Merlin* made,  
 And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his guard,  
 That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,  
 But he it knew at home before he had  
 Tidings thereof, and so them fill debarde.  
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,  
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,  
 That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince:  
 Happy this Realme, had it remained euer since.

22

One day it fortun'd, faire *Britomars*  
 Into her fathers closet to repaire;  
 For, nothing he from her refer'd apart,  
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:  
 Where when she had espide that mirrour faire,  
 Herselfe awhile therein the viewd in vaine;  
 Tho, her auizing of the vertues rare,  
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe  
 Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts  
 Imperious Loue hath highcst set his throne,  
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smart  
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:  
 So thought this Maid (as maidens vse to done)  
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot,  
 Not that she lusted after any one;  
 For, she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,  
 Yet wist her life at last must liake in that same knot.

24

Estfoones there was presented to her eye,  
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,  
 Through whose bright ventayle list'd vp on his  
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize,  
 And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize:  
 Lookt forth, as *Phoebus* face out of the East  
 Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arise;  
 Portly his person was, and much increast  
 Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

25

His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,  
 And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,  
 But wondrous massie and assured sound,  
 And round about yfretted all with gold,  
 In which there written was with cyphers old,  
*Achilles armes, which Arthegall did winne.*  
 And on his shield enuolped scuenfold  
 He bore a crowned little Ermilin,  
 That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26

The Damzell well did view his personage,  
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,  
 But went bet way; ne her vnguiltie age  
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vluckie lot  
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;  
 Of hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;  
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot  
 So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,  
 Did smile full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull stound.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her losly crest,  
 Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auail,  
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,  
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quail:  
 Sad, solempne, fowre, and full of fancies fraile  
 She woz; yet wist she neither how, nor why,  
 She wist not, sily maid, what she did aile;  
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,  
 Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

28

So soone as night had with her pallid hew  
 Defac't the beauty of the shining sky,  
 And rest from men the worlds desired view,  
 She with her Nurse adowne to slepe did lie;  
 But slepe full farr away from her did flie:  
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
 Kept watch and ward about her warily;  
 That nought she did but waile, and often steepe  
 Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weepe.

29

And if that any drop of slombing rest  
 Did chauce to still into her weary spright,  
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest;  
 Streight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight  
 Of dreadfull thiags the same was put to flight,  
 That oft out of her bed she did arise,  
 As one with view of ghastly feedes affright:  
 Tho, gan she to renew her former smart,  
 And thinke of that faire visage written in her heart.

30

One night, when she was toft with such vnrest,  
 Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glaucé* high,  
 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 vnouth fit, said she, what euill p'ghbe  
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head  
 Changed thy lively cheare, and lying made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought these suddaine ghastly feares  
 All night afflict thy naturall repose;  
 And all the day, when as thine equall Peares  
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
 Thou in dull corners dost thy selfe inclose,  
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doost pred  
 Abroad thy fresh youthe fairest flouere, but lofe  
 Both leafe and fruit, both too vnaimely shed,  
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their wearie cares  
 Do lay away, and all wilde beasts do rest,  
 And euery riuier eke his course forbeares,  
 Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,  
 And riuie with thousand throbs thy thrilled breast;  
 Like an huge *Aetn'* of deepe engulfed griefe,  
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,  
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rise,  
 As smoake and sulphure mingled with confused strife.

33  
Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;  
But if that loue it be, as sure I read  
By known signes and passions, which I see,  
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,  
Then I avow by this most sacred head  
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe,  
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;  
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe  
Shall me debate: tell me therefore my liefest liefe.

34  
So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine  
She straightly strayn'd, and colled tenderly,  
And euer trembling ioynt, and euer vaice  
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
To doe the frozen colde away to flie;  
And her faire dewy eyes with kisses deare  
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;  
And euer her importun'd, not to feare  
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35  
The Damzell pau's'd, and then thus fearefully;  
Ah Nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?  
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,  
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?  
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.  
O daughter deare, said she, despaire no whit;  
For, Neuer fore, but might a salue obtaine:  
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,  
Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

36  
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 sore, yet loue can higher flie  
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.  
But neither god of loue, nor god of sky  
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.  
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

37  
These idle words, said she, doe nought asswage  
My stubborne smart, but more annoyanc breed.  
For, no, no vtuall fire, no vtuall rage  
It is, O Nurse, which on my life doth feed,  
And suckes the blood, which from my hart doth bleed.  
But sith thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide  
My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.  
Nor Prince, nor peere it is, whose loue hath gryde  
My feeble breast of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38  
Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:  
For then some hope I might vnto me drawe;  
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,  
Whose shape or person yet I neuer sawe,  
Hath me subiected to loues cruell lawe:  
The same one day, as me misfortune led,  
I in my fathers wondrous mirrour sawe,  
And pleased with that seeming goodly-bed,  
Vowares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

39  
Sithens, it hath infix'd faster hold  
Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore  
Now ranketh in this same fraile fleshy mould,  
That all mine entrails flowe with poyinous gore,  
And th'ulcer groweth daily more and more;  
Ne can my running sore find remedie,  
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,  
And languish as the leafe falle from the tree,  
Till death make one end of my daies and miserie.

40  
Daughter, said she, what neede ye be dismayd,  
Or why make ye such moaster of your mind?  
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;  
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kind:  
But this affection nothing strange I find;  
For, who with reason can you aye reprove,  
To loue the semblant pleasing most your minde,  
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?  
No guilt in you, but in the tyrannic loue.

41  
Not so th'Arabian Myrrh' did set her mind;  
Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining heart,  
But lov'd their native flesh against all kind;  
And to their purpose vld wicked art:  
Yet playd *Pasphyas* a more monstrous 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 modesty?  
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42  
But thise my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)  
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is  
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;  
And certes seemes bestow'd not amiss:  
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.  
With that vp-leaning on her elbowes weake,  
Her alabaster breast the soft did kis,  
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,  
As it an Earth-quake were; at last the thus bespake:

43  
Beldame, your words doe worke me little ease;  
For, though my loue be not so lewdly bent,  
As those ye blame, yet may it not appease  
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,  
But rather doth my helpless griefe augment.  
For they, how-euer shamefull and vnkind,  
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:  
Short end of sorrows they thereby did find; (mind.)  
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44  
But wicked fortune mine, though though mind be good,  
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,  
But feed on shadows, whiles I die for food,  
And like a shadow weze, whiles with entire  
Affection I doe languish and expire.  
I fonder, then *Cephus* foolish child,  
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine there  
His face, was with the loue thereof beguill'd;  
I fonder loue a shade, the body farre cruill'd.

Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy  
 Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;  
 Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,  
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.  
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,  
 Which lov't the shadow of a warlike knight;  
 No shadow, but a body hath in powre:  
 That body, wherelocuer that it light,  
 May learned be by cyphers, or by Magick might.

But if thou may with reason yett repress  
 The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,  
 And thee abandond wholly doe possesse,  
 Against it strongly striue, and yield thee not,  
 Till thou in open field adowne be smot.  
 But if the passion master thy fraile might,  
 So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,  
 Then I avow to thee by wrong or right  
 To compasse thy desire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearfull words much chear'd the feeble spright  
 Of the sick 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 litle creeping sleepe  
 Surpris'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,  
 The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did sleepe,  
 And set her by to watch, and set 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 ready 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 heart to other thoughts did steale;  
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,  
 Out of her daughters heart 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 an earthen pot did poure,  
 And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,  
 And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

Then taking thrice three haire from off her head,  
 Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,  
 And round at out the pots mouth, bound the thread,  
 And after hauing whispered a space  
 Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,  
 She to the virgin said, thrice said she it;  
 Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,  
 Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me spit;  
 Th'vnquen number for this butinesse is most fit.

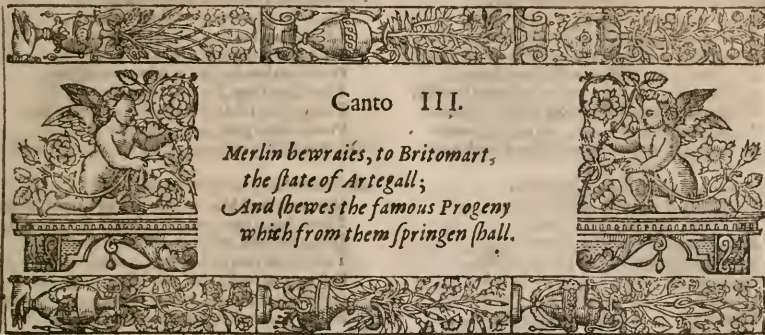
That said, her round about the from her turnd,  
 She turned her contrary to the Sunne:  
 Thrice she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,  
 All contrary; for she the right did shunne,  
 And euer what she did, was straight vndonne.  
 So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:  
 But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
 No idle charmes so lightly may remoue;  
 That well can witness, who by triall it does proue.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auail,  
 Ne flake the furie of her cruell flame,  
 But that she still did waste, and still did wail,  
 That through long languor, and hart-burning brame  
 She shortly like a pynded ghost became,  
 Which long hath waited by the Strygian stond.  
 That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame  
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond  
 She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstand.

Canto







## Canto III.

*Merlin bewraies, to Britomart,  
the state of Artegall;  
And shewes the famous Progeny  
which from them springen shall.*

**O**H sacred fire, that burnest mightily  
To living breasts, ykindled first aboue,  
Emongst th'eternall spheres & lamping sky,  
And these poure into men, which me cal loue;  
Not that same, which doth base affections  
In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame; (moue)  
But that sweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,  
And chooseth 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 so great might,  
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright;  
The fatall purpose of diuine foresight  
Thou doost effect in destined descent,  
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,  
And stirredst vp th' Herodes high intents,  
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy drad darts in noone doe triumph more,  
Ne brauer prooue in any, of thy poure  
Shewdst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,  
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,  
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:  
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did raise  
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,  
Which through the earth haue spread their liuing praise,  
That same in trampe 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 Eternity:  
Begin, O *Clio*, and recount from hence  
My glorious Soueraignes goodly ancestry,  
Till that by dew degrets and long pretence,  
Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full many waies within her troubled mynd,  
Old *Glaucé* cast, to cure this Ladies griefe:  
Full many waies she fought, but none could find,  
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe  
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:  
For-thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,  
Lest that it should her turne to soule reprice,  
And fore reprocbe, when so her father deare  
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last, she her aduis'd, that hee, which made  
That mirrour, wherein the sicke *Damofell*  
So strangely viewed her strange louers shade,  
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,  
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,  
And by what means his loue might best be wrought:  
For, though beyond the *Affrick Ismael*,  
Or th' *Indian Peru* he were, she thought  
Him forth through insoite indeuour to haue sought.

Forthwith themselues disguising both in strange  
And base atyre, that none might them bewray,  
To *Mavidanum*, that is now by change  
Of name *Cayr-Merlin* cald, they tooke their way:  
There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont, they say,  
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,  
In a deepe delue, farre from the view of day,  
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,  
When so he counseild with his sprights encompass 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 lies a litle space  
From the swift *Barry*, tomling downe apace,  
Emongst the woody hills of *Dyncowre*:  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,  
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,  
For feare the cruel Feends should thee vnauare deuowre.

8

But standing high aloft, lowe lay thine eare,  
 And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,  
 And brazen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,  
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
 Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,  
 And oftentimes great groanes, and gricuous vndoes,  
 When too huge toyle and labour them coustraines:  
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds  
 From vnder that deepe Rock most horribly rebounds.

9

The cause some say is this: A little while  
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,  
 A brazen wall in compas to compile  
 About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend  
 Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.  
 During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,  
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,  
 Who thereby forc't his workmen to forsake,  
 Them bound till his returne, their labour not to slake.

10

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine,  
 He was surpris'd, and buried vnder bere,  
 Ne euer to his work return'd againe:  
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,  
 So greatly his commendement they feare,  
 But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,  
 Vntill that brazen wall they vp doe reare:  
 For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,  
 Then euer him before or after liuing sight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the sky  
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:  
 The land to sea, and sea to maine-land dry,  
 And darksome night he eke could turne to day:  
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,  
 And hostes of men of meancst things could frame,  
 When-so him list his enemies to fray:  
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,  
 The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

12

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
 Of mortall Sire, or other liuing wight;  
 But wondrously begotten, and begunne  
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,  
 On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight  
*Mabilda*, daughter to *Pubidus*,  
 Who was the Lord of *Marthranall* by right,  
 And coosen vnto king *Ambrosius*:  
 Whence he indued was with skill so maruclous.

13

They here arriuing, stayd awhile without,  
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,  
 But of their first intent gan make new doubt  
 For dread of danger, which it might portend:  
 Vntill the hardy Maid (with loue to friend)  
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found  
 Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,  
 And writing strange characters in the ground,  
 With which the stubborne feends he to his seruce bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:  
 For, of their coming well he wist afore;  
 Yet list them bid their businesse vnfold,  
 As if fought in this world in secret store  
 Were from him hidden, or vknowne of yore.  
 Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,  
 That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore,  
 Vnwares haue prest: for, either fall end,  
 Or other mighty cause, vs two did luther send.

15

He bade tell on: And then she thus began;  
 Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,  
 Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,  
 Since 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 if but remedee,  
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16

Therewith th'Enchanter softly gan to smile  
 At her smooth speeces, weeting inly well,  
 That she to him dissembled womanish guile,  
 And to her sayd, Beldame, by that ye tell,  
 More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,  
 Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elie-where,  
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell.  
 Th'old woman wox halfe blanke, those words to heare;  
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

17

And to him said, If any leaches skill,  
 Or other learned meanes could haue redrest  
 This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,  
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest:  
 But this sad euill, which doth her inuest,  
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
 And housed is within her hollow brest,  
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,  
 Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18

The wisard could no longer bear her bord,  
 But braffing forth in laughter, to her said;  
*Glauce*, what needs this colourable word,  
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?  
 Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,  
 More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;  
 Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,  
 Hath hither brought, for succour to appeale:  
 The which the pow'ers to thee are pleased to reuale.

19

The doubtfull Maid, seeing her selfe deseryde,  
 Was all abasht, and her pure Iuory  
 Into a cleare Carnation fuddaine dyde;  
 As faire *Aurora*, rising hastily,  
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did ly  
 All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,  
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.  
 But her old Nurse was nought dishartened,  
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had arced.

20  
And laid, Sith then thou knowest all our grieſe,  
(For what doſt not thou know?) of grace I pray,  
Pity our plaint, and yeeld vs meeer reliefe,  
With that, the Propher fullawhile did ſay,  
And then his ſpirit thus gin forth diſplay:  
Moſt noble Virgine, that by ſatall lore  
Haſt learn'd to loue, let no whit thee diſmay  
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore:  
Ad with ſharpe ſis thy tender heart oppreſſe fore.

21  
For, ſo muſt all things excellent begin,  
And eke enrooted deepe muſt be that Tree,  
Whole big embodied branches ſhall not lin,  
Till they to heauens hight forth ſtretched be.  
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie  
Shall ſpring, out of the ancient Troiane blood,  
Which ſhall reuine the ſleeping memory  
Of thoſe ſame antique Peeres, the heauens brood,  
Which Greece and Aſian riuers ſtained with their blood.

22  
Renowned Kings, and ſacred Emperours,  
Thy fruitfull Offspring, ſhall from thee deſcend;  
Braue Captaines, and moſt mighty Warriours,  
That ſhall their conqueſts through all lands extend,  
And their decayed kingdomes all amend:  
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
They ſhall vpreare, and mightily defend  
Agiuſt their forſaiken foe, that comes from ſart,  
Till vniuerſall peace compound all euill iarre.

23  
It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye,  
Glaucing vawares in charmed looking glaſſe,  
But the ſtraight courſe of heauenly deſtiny,  
Led with Eternall providence, that has  
Guided thy glance, to bring his will to paſſe:  
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
To loue the proudeſt knight, that euer was,  
Therefore ſubmit thy waies vnto his will,  
And do by all dew meanes thy deſtiny fulfill.

24  
But read, ſaid Glaucé, thou Migiſician  
What meanes ſhall the out-ſeeke, or what waies take?  
How ſhall ſhe knowe, how ſhall ſhe find the man?  
Or what needs her to toyle, ſith fates can make  
Way for themſelues, their purpoſe to partake?  
Then Merlin thus; Indeed the Fates are firme,  
And may not ſhrink, though all the world doe ſhake:  
Yet ought mens good eaduours them confirme,  
And guide the heauenly cauſes to their conſtant terme.

25  
The man, whom heauens haue ordayn'd to bee  
The ſpouſe of Britomart, is Arthegall:  
He wonneſt in the land of Fayree,  
Yet is no Fayr borne, ne ſib at all  
To Elſes, but ſproog of ſeede terreſtriall,  
And whylome by falſe Faeries ſtolne away,  
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did erall;  
Ne other to himſelfe is knowne this day,  
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

26  
But ſooth he is the ſonne of Gorbau,  
And brother vnto Cador Goroſh king,  
And for his warlike teates renowned is,  
From where the Day out of the ſea dorch ſpring,  
Vntill the cloure of the Euening,  
From thence him firmly bound with faithfull band,  
To this his native foyle thou backe ſhalt bring,  
Strongly to ayde his country, to withſtand  
The powre of forreyn Payoims, which invade thy land.

27  
Great ayde thereto his mightie puiſſance,  
And dreaded oame, ſhall giue in that ſad day:  
Where alſo prooſe of thy grow valance  
Thou then ſhalt make, & increaſe thy Louers pray:  
Long time ye both in armes ſhall beare great way,  
Till thy wombes burden thee from them doe call,  
And his laſt fate him from thee take away,  
Too rathe cut off by practice criminal  
Of ſecret foes, that him ſhall make in miſchiefe fall.

28  
Where thee yet ſhal he leaue, for memorie  
Of his late puiſſance, his Image dead,  
That liuing him in all actiuite  
To thee ſhall repreſent. He from the head  
Of his couſin Conſtantius without dread  
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,  
And therewith crowne himſelfe in th'others ſtead:  
Then ſhall he ſlew forth with dreadfull might,  
Agiuſt his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

29  
Like as a Lyon, that in drowfie caue  
Hath long time ſlept, himſelfe ſo ſhall he ſhake;  
And comming forth, ſhall ſped his banner braue  
Ouer the troubled South, that it ſhall make  
The warlike Merſians for feare to quake:  
Thrice ſhall he fight with them, and twice ſhall win,  
But the third time ſhall faire accordance make:  
And if he then with victorie can lin,  
He ſhall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

30  
His ſonne, hight Fortipore, ſhall him ſucceede  
In kingdom, but not in felicitie:  
Yet ſhall he long time warre with happy ſpeed,  
And with great honour many battels try:  
But at the laſt, to th'impotunity  
Of froward fortune ſhall be forc't to yeeld,  
But his ſonne Malgo ſhall fill mightily  
Aucege his fathers loſſe, with ſpeare and ſhield,  
And his proud foes diſcomſe in victorior ſield.

31  
Behold the man, and tell me Britomart,  
If ay more goodly creature thou didſt ſee;  
How like a Giant in each manly part  
Beares he himſelfe with portly maieſtee,  
That one of th'old Heroes ſeemes to bee:  
He the ſix Ilands comprouinciall  
In ancient times vnto great Brittaince,  
Shall to the ſame reduce, and to him call  
Their ſundry kings to doe their homage ſeuerall.



32  
 All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile  
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* pow'r suppress,  
 Vntill a stranger king from vnknowne soyle  
 Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;  
 Great *Germound*, hauing with huge mightinesse  
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,  
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,  
 Shall ouer swim the Sea with many one  
 Of his Norueyces, to assit the Britons sone.

33  
 He in his fury all shall ouer-vunne,  
 And holy Church with faithlesse bands deface,  
 That thy sad people vterly fordonne,  
 Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:  
 Was neuer so great waste in any place,  
 Nor so foule outrage done by liuing men;  
 For all thy Cities they shall sack and rafe,  
 And the green grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,  
 That euen the wild beast shall die in starued den.

34  
 Whiles thus the Britons doe in languor pine,  
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,  
 Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*;  
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,  
 Shall backt repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twise,  
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;  
 But the third time shall reu his foolhardise:  
 For, *Cadwan*, pittying his peoples ill,  
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

35  
 But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily  
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;  
 Ne shall auail the wicked forcerie  
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,  
 But him shall slea, and on a gallowes bleake  
 Shall giue th'enchauter his vnhappy hire:  
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
 From their long vassalage gin to respire,  
 And on their Paynim foes avenge their rankled ire.

36  
 Ne shall he yet his wrath to mitigate,  
 Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,  
*Offrick* and *Offrick*, 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 swear fealty.

37  
 Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,  
 To 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 lie,  
 Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbred:  
 Of which, that field for endlesse memory,  
 Shall *Newenfeld* be cald to all posterity.

38  
 Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth islew,  
 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 doe him foully die,  
 But shall with gits his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39  
 Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the taigene  
 Of Britons eke with him atooce shall die;  
 Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,  
 Or powre, be able it to remedy,  
 When the full time prefix by destiny,  
 Shall be expir'd of Britons regiment.  
 For, heauen it selfe shall their successe ennie,  
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
 Consume, till all their warlike puiffance be spent.

40  
 Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills  
 Of dying people, during eight yeeres space,  
*Cadwallader* not yeelding to his ills,  
 From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched case  
 He liu'd, returning to his natiue place,  
 Shall be by vision stayd from his intent:  
 For, the heauens haue decreed to displace  
 The Britons, for their sinnes dew punishment,  
 And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their government.

41  
 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 reproche, the cruell victors scoorne,  
 Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:  
 O, who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne  
 The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood!  
 Whose Empire longer here then euer any stood.

42  
 The Damzell was full deepe empassioned,  
 Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,  
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,  
 And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;  
 Ah! but will heauens fury neuer slake,  
 Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?  
 Will not long misery late mercy make,  
 But shall their name for euer be defact?  
 And quite from th'earth their memory be ract?

43  
 Nay but the tearme (said he) is limited,  
 That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,  
 And the iust reuolution measured,  
 That they as Strangers shall be notified.  
 For twise foure hundred shall be full supplid,  
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shall be,  
 And their importune Fates all satisfied:  
 Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.)  
 Their beames shall off breake forth, that men them faire  
 For

44  
For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shall be Great,  
Shall of himselfe a braue ensample shew,  
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;  
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew  
The slauge minds with skill of iust and trew;  
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare  
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew  
Of native courage, that his foes shall feare;  
Least back againe the kingdome he from them should

45  
Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably  
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne  
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:  
For, ere two hundred yeeres be full outrunne,  
There shall a Raven faire from rising Sunne,  
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,  
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerrunne  
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,  
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

46  
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;  
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood  
Of *Nesvria* come raring, 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'vurped crowne, as if that he were wood,  
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered  
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountybed.

47  
Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,  
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while  
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,  
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile  
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;  
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,  
And reach into the house that beares the stile  
Of royall Maiestie and soueraigne name;  
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame:

48  
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 armies to exercise no more:  
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall  
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,  
And the great Castle smight so lore withall,  
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49  
But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,  
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,  
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:  
Which suddain fire, and halfe extaticke stoure  
When the two fearful women saw, they grew  
Greatly confus'd in behauiour;  
At last, the fury past, to former hew  
She turned againe, & chearfull looks as earst did strew.

50  
Then, when themselves they well instructed had  
Of all, that neede them to be inquir'd,  
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,  
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,  
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd  
How to effect to hard an enterprize,  
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:  
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,  
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

51  
At last, the Nurse in her foolhardy wit  
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;  
Daughter, I deeme that counsell ay most fit,  
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;  
Yee see that good king *Pether* now doth make  
Strong ware vpon the Paynim brethren, hight  
*Otha* and *Oz*, whom he lately brake  
Beside *Cayr Perelame*, in victorious fight,  
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

52  
That therefore nought our passage may impeach,  
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach  
And our weak hands, whom need new strength shall  
The dreadfull speare and shueld to exercise:  
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wife,  
I weene, would you misseme; for ye been tall,  
And large of limbe, & atchieue an hard emprise,  
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small  
Will bring, and shortly make you amayd Martiall.

53  
And sooth, it ought your courage more inflame,  
To heare so often, in that royall house,  
From whence to none inferior ye came,  
Bards tell of many women valorous  
Which haue full many feats aduenturous  
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:  
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious  
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Gwendolen*,  
Renowned *Martia*, and redoubt *Emmelen*.

54  
And that, which more then all the rest may sway,  
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,  
In the last field before *Mennia*  
Which *Pether* with those foregin Pagans held,  
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which selfe  
Great *P'isn* thrice vpon the bloody Plaine,  
And had not *Carados* her hand with-held  
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,  
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

55  
Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?  
Faice *Angela*, quoth these, men doe her call,  
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in sight:  
Shee hath the leading of a Martiall  
And mighty people, dreaded more then all  
The other Saxons, which do for her sake  
And loue, themselves of her name *Angles* call,  
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make  
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

Her hearty words so deepe into the mind  
 Of the young Damzell sunk, that great desire  
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,  
 And generous stout courage did inspire;  
 That the relolv'd, vnweeting to her Sire,  
 Advent'rous knightshood on herselfe to don,  
 And counsell'd with her Nurse her mayds attyre  
 To turne into a mussie habergeon,  
 And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

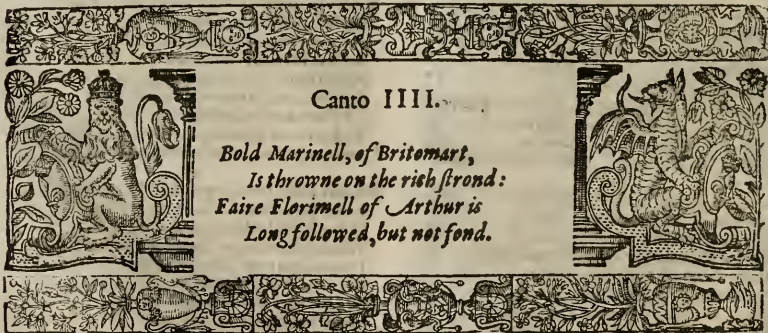
Th' old woman nought, that needed, did omit;  
 But all things did conveniently puruay:  
 It fortun'd (so tyme their turne did fit)  
 A band of Britons riding on forray  
 Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
 Of Saxon goods, amongst the which was seene  
 A goodly Armour, and full rich array,  
 Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,  
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly well bescene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,  
 King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd hie  
 In his chiefe Church, for endless monuments  
 Of his successe and gladfull victory:  
 Of which her selfe ausing readily,  
 In th' evening late old *Glauce* thither led  
 Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory  
 Downe taking, her therein apparelled,  
 Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,  
 Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,  
 And vs'd the same in battaile aye to beare;  
 Since which it had bene here preserv'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, & shield, which bong by it;  
 Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,  
 Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,  
 About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd  
 She might in e quall armes accompany,  
 And as her Squire attend her carefully:  
 Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,  
 And through back waies, that none might them espy,  
 Couered with secret cloud of silent night,  
 Themelues they forth com'd, & pass'd forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond  
 They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:  
 Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond  
 Of diuerse things discoures to dilate,  
 But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.  
 At last their waies lo fell, that they mote part:  
 Then each to other well affectionate,  
 Friendship profess'd with vnfaigned heart,  
 The *Redcrosse* knight diuert; but forth rode *Britomart*.



Where is the antique glory now become,  
 That whilome wont in women to appeare?  
 Where be the braue atchieuemēt's don by wom?  
 And all the conquests, where the shield and speare,  
 That matter made for famous Poets verse,  
 And boastfull men lo oft abasht to heare?  
 Been they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?  
 Or doea they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:  
 But if they sleepe, & let them soone awake:  
 For all too long I burne with envy sore,  
 To heare the warlike feat's, which *Homer* spake  
 Of bold *Pantheslee*, which made a lake  
 Of *Greekish* blood lo oft in *Troian* Plaine;  
 But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake  
 Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine  
 The huge *Orflostebus*, I well with great disdain.



Yet these, and all that else had puissance,  
 Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,  
 As well for glory of great valiance,  
 As for pure chastitie and vertue rare;  
 That all her goodly deeds do well declare,  
 Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,  
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,  
 As thee, O *Queene*, the matter of my song,  
 Whose lignage from this *Lady I* deriue along.

Who when through speeches with the *Redersse* knight,  
 She learned had the storie of *Arthegall*,  
 And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,  
 A friendly league of loue perpetuall  
 Shee with him bound, and *Perce* tooke withall.  
 Then he forth on his iourney did proceed,  
 To seeke adueniures, which mote him befall,  
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,  
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest need.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,  
 Ne euer doft her armes, but all the way  
 Grew penfue through that amorous discourse,  
 By which the *Redersse* knight did easte display  
 Her loue's shape, and cheualrons array;  
 A thousand thoughts shee fashion'd in her mind,  
 And in her feining fancy did purtray  
 Him such, as fittest for her loue could finde,  
 Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kinde.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound shee fed,  
 And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;  
 But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,  
 And the deep wound more deep engord her hart,  
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart,  
 So forth shee rode without repose or rest,  
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,  
 Following the guidance of her blinded guest,  
 Till that to the sea-coast at length shee had address't.

There shee alighted from her light-foot Beast,  
 And sitting downe vpon the rockie shore,  
 Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creast;  
 Tho, hauing view'd awhile the furies hore,  
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,  
 And in their raging surquedry did day'd  
 That the fast earth affronted them so fore,  
 And their deuouing coueizee refrayn'd,  
 Thereat shee sigh'd deepe, and after, thus complayn'd;

Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous griefe,  
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,  
 Farre from the hoped Haven of reliefe,  
 Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,  
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,  
 Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?  
 O doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
 At length ally, and sbinthy stormy strife,  
 Which in these troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

For, else my feeble vessell craz'd, and crackt  
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,  
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt  
 On the rough 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 Boat-swaine no assurance knowes,  
 But saile withouten staries, gainst tide and wind:  
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,  
 That reignest also in the Continent,  
 At last blowe vp some gentle gale of ease;  
 The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,  
 Vnto the gladsome port of her intent:  
 Then when I shall my selfe in life see,  
 A table for eternall monument  
 Of thy great grace, and my great reopardee,  
 Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly sore, and only sleepe,  
 Shee shut vp all her plaint in priue griefe;  
 For, her great courage would not let her weepe,  
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe reprice  
 Her to restraîne, and giue her good reliefe,  
 Through hope of those, which *Martin* 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 carol'd.

Thus as shee her recomforted, shee spyde,  
 Where farre away one all in armour bright,  
 With hastie gallop towards her did ride;  
 Her dolour soone shee cast, and on her dight  
 Her helmet, to her Courser mounting light:  
 Her former sorrowe into suddaine wrath,  
 Both coolen passions of distroubled spright,  
 Conuerting, forth shee beates the dusty path;  
 Loue and despight at once her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast  
 The face of heauen, and the cleare aire engrost,  
 The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last  
 The watry South-winde from the sea-board cost  
 Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lost,  
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showr;  
 So the faire *Britomart* hauing disco'it  
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,  
 The mist of griefe dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Estsoones her goodly shield address'd faire  
 That mortall speare shee 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 enample take,  
 I read thee soone retire, whiles thou hast might,  
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

15  
Y thrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,  
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:  
Words feare babes. I meane not thee intreat  
To passe; but maugre thee will pass or die.  
Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,  
But with sharp speare the rest made dearely knowne.  
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily  
Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe  
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

16  
But she againe him in the shield did smite  
With so fierce furie and great puissance,  
That through his threeleque scuchin pearcing quite,  
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce  
The wicked Steele through his leit side did glaunce;  
Him so transfixed she before her bore  
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,  
Till sadly lousing on the sandy shore,  
He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17  
Like as the sacred Oxe, that careless stands,  
With golden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,  
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,  
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,  
All suddely with mortall stroke astown'd,  
Doth grouching fall, and with his streaming gore  
Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,  
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;  
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

18  
The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
Along the strand: which as she over-went,  
She lawe bestowed all with rich array  
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,  
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;  
Whereat she wonderd much, but would not stay  
For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howte,  
But them despised all; for, all was in her powre.

19  
Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
Tydings heereof came to his mothers eare;  
His mother was the black-browd *Cymoent*,  
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare  
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,  
The famous *Dumaria*: who on a day  
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,  
As he by chance did wander that same way,  
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

20  
There he this knight of her begot; whom borne  
She of his father *Marinell* did name,  
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,  
Long time she fostred vp, till he became  
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame  
Did get through great adventures by him donne;  
For, neuer man he suffred by that same  
*Rich strand* to trauell, whereas he did wonne,  
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

21  
An hundred knights of honourable name  
He had iudgew'd, and them his vassals made,  
That through all Faery land his noble fame  
Now blazed was; and feare did all invade;  
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:  
And to aduance his name and glory more,  
Her Sea-god fyre she dearely did priuade,  
T'endow her soane, with threasure and rich store,  
Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthy wombes ybore.

22  
The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,  
To doon his Nephew in all riches flowe;  
Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,  
Out of their hollowe bosome forth to throwe  
All the huge treasure, which the sea belowe  
Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,  
And him enriched through the ouerthrowe  
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe  
And often waite their wealth, which he fro them did keepe.

23  
Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was  
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,  
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pass  
The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;  
Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,  
And all that else was pretious and deare,  
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,  
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,  
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewhere.

24  
Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,  
Tryde oft to the iustice of many deare,  
That none in equall armes him matchen might:  
The which his mother leeing, gan to feare  
Lest his too haughty hardinels might reare  
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:  
For-ty she oft him counsell'd to forbear  
The bloody battell, and to stirre vp strife,  
But after all his warre, to rest his weary knife.

25  
And for his more assurance, she enquir'd  
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell  
(For *Proteus* was with prophetic inspir'd)  
Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,  
And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.  
Who, through foresight of his eternall skil,  
Bade her from woman-kind to keepe him well:  
For, of a woman he should haue much ill,  
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

26  
For-ty shee gaue him warning euery day,  
The loue of women not to entertaine;  
A lesson too too hard for liuing clay,  
From loue to course of nature to refraine:  
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine;  
And euer from faire Ladies loue did flee;  
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,  
That they for loue of him would algates die:  
Die, whofo list for him, he was loues enemy.

27  
But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,  
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?  
That when he sleeps in moit security,  
And safest seemes, him sooneft doth amare,  
And findeth dew effect or loone or late.  
So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.  
His mother bade him womens loue to hate;  
For, she of womans force did leare no harme;  
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

28  
This was that woman, this that deadly wound.  
That *Proteus* propheted should him dumay;  
The which his mother vainely did expound,  
To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay  
To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.  
So tickle be the tearmes of mortall fate,  
And full of lubtile sophismes, which doe play  
With double senses, and with false debate.  
T'approve the vnknowne purpose of eternall fate.

29  
Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,  
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Stroud  
Inglorious now lies in senselesse frownd,  
Through heauy stroke of *Briomars* bond,  
Which when his mother deare did vnderstand,  
And heauy tydings heard, where-as she playd  
Amongst her watry sisters by a Pond,  
Gathering sweet *Daffadillies*, to haue made  
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads faire to shade;

30  
Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds fare away  
Shee flog, and her faire deawie locks yrent,  
To sorrow huge shee turnd her former play,  
And gamefome mirth to grieuous vdriment:  
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,  
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swoone,  
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,  
With yelling out-crics, and with shrieking fowne;  
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31  
Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fit  
Arose, shee bade her charer to be brought,  
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,  
Bade eke attonce their charers to be sought;  
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensiue thought,  
Sher to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,  
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught.  
The waues, obedient to their behest,  
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surcast.

32  
Great *Nephtane* stood amazed at their sight,  
Whiles on his broad round back they softly slid,  
And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,  
Yet wist not what their wayling meant, yet did  
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid  
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:  
Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
And all the grisly Monsters of the See  
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

33  
A teme of *Dolphins*, ranged in array,  
Drew the smooth charer of *Iad Cymbant*;  
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey  
To the long traines, at her commandment:  
As swift as Swallowes on the waues they went,  
That their broad fliggy finnes no fowme did reare,  
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;  
The rest, of other fishes drawn were,  
Which with their sinny oars the swelling sea did reare.

34  
Soone as they beene arri'd vpon the brim  
Of the *Rich strand*, their charers they forlore,  
And let their temed fishes softly swim  
Along the margin of the fomy shore,  
Left they their finnes should bruze, and surbatefoure  
Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:  
And comming to the place, where all in fowre  
And cruddy bloud enwallowd they found  
The luckelie *Marinell*, lying in deadly frownd;

35  
His mother swoune thrice, and the third time  
Could learee recouered be out of her paine;  
Had shee not been deuoid of mortall firme,  
Shee should not then haue been reli'd againe:  
But soone as life recouered had the raine,  
Shee made to pittuous moane and deare wayment,  
That the hard rocks could scarce from teares refraine,  
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent  
Supplide her lobbng breaches with sad complement.

36  
Deare image of my selfe, shee said, that is,  
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,  
Is this thine high aduancement? & is this  
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vborne  
Thy *Granfire Neptuns* promitt to adorne?  
Now yest thou of life and honour rest;  
Now yest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,  
Ne of thy late life memory is left,  
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be wett.

37  
Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecis,  
And they more fond that credit to thee giue,  
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.  
That so deepe wound through these deare members  
I feared loue: but they that loue doe lue;  
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.  
Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgieue,  
And to my selfe, and to accus'd fate  
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too late.

38  
O what auales it of immortall feed  
To been ybred and neuer borne to die!  
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,  
Then waste in woe and wailfull miserie;  
Who dyes, the vtmost dolour doth abie;  
But who that liues, is left to wale his losse:  
So life is losse, and death felicitie.  
Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse  
To leeffriends Graue, then dead the Graue selfe to engross.  
N But



But if the heavens did his dayes envie,  
 And my short blisse maligne, yet mote they well  
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die  
 That the dim eyes of my dear *Marinell*  
 I mote haue closed, and him bid farewell,  
 Sith other offices for mother meet  
 They would not graunt,  
 Yet maulgre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;  
 Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,  
 They softly gan to leach his grievly wound:  
 And that they might him handle more at will,  
 They him disarm'd, and spredding on the ground  
 Their watchet mantles fring'd with silver round,  
 They softly wip't away the icilly'd blood  
 From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,  
 They pour'd in soueraigne balme, and Ne<sup>o</sup>star 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 *Apolloes* lore,  
 Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,  
 He loud, and at last her wombe did fill  
 With heavenly seed, wherof wife *Peon* sprong)  
 Did feele his pulse, she knew there staid still  
 Some little life his feeble sprites emong;  
 Which to his mother told, despaire the from her song.

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,  
 They easily vnto her charet beare:  
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:  
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,  
 And through the brackish waues their passage sheare;  
 Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,  
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre  
 Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,  
 Like to thick clowdes, that threat a stormy showre,  
 And vaulted all within, like to the sky,  
 In which the Gods doe dwell eternally:  
 There they him layd in easie couch well dight;  
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply  
 Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:  
 For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the soueraigne leach is hight.

The whiles, the Nymphes sit all about him round,  
 Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight;  
 And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,  
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight  
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight,  
 But none of all those curses oertooke  
 The warlike Mayd, th'enfample of that might,  
 But fairly well she thriu'd, and well did brooke  
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursue,  
 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 late in chace of beautie excellent  
 She left, pursewing that same foster strong;  
 Of whole soule 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 champions did artonce pursue (plains,  
 The fearefull *Danzell*, with incessant paines:  
 Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view  
 Of hunters swift, and sent of houndes'trew.  
 At last, they came vnto a double way,  
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,  
 Themselues they did dispart, each to aslay,  
 Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Times*, the Princes gentle Squire,  
 That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,  
 And with proud envy and indignaunt ire,  
 After that wicked foster fiercely went.  
 So been they three three fundry waies ybeat,  
 But fairest fortune to the Prince befall,  
 Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent  
 To take that way, in which that *Damozell*  
 Was fled awate, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

At last, of her farre of he gained view:  
 Then gan he freshly prick his fomy steed,  
 And euer as he nigher to her drew,  
 So euer more he did increase his speed,  
 And of each turning still kept watie heed:  
 Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,  
 To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:  
 Full milde to her he spake, and oft let fall  
 Many meecke words, to stay and comfort her wishall.

But nothing might relent her hastie flight;  
 So deepe the deadly feare of that soule swaine  
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:  
 Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine  
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
 Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,  
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,  
 Doubleth her haste for feare to be fore-hent,  
 And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dread,  
 That fearefull Lady fled from him, that meant  
 To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;  
 Yet former feare of being fouly thent,  
 Carried her forward with her first intent:  
 And though, oft looking backward, well she view'd,  
 Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,  
 And that it was a knight, which now her sewd,  
 Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

51  
His vocouth shield and strange armes her disfinayd,  
Whose like in Faery lond were sildome seene,  
That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd  
Then of wilde beafts if shee had chased beene:  
Yet he her follow'd fill with courage keene,  
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*  
Was mounte high in top of heauen sheene,  
And ward his other brethren ioyeous,  
To light their blessed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52  
All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,  
And grisly shadowes covered heauen bright,  
That now with thousand staires was decked faire;  
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull sight)  
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
He mote surceate his suit, and lose the hope  
Of his long labour, hee gan foully wite  
His wicked fortune, that had turnd adlope,  
And curied night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

53  
Tho, when her waies he could no more defery,  
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;  
Like as a ship, whose Load-star suddainly  
Covered with cloudes, her Pilot hath dismayd;  
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,  
And from his loslie sled dismounting lowe,  
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd  
Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throwe;  
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his pillowe.

54  
But gentle Sleepe envide him any rest;  
In steed thereof had sorrow, and disdain  
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breast,  
And thousand faucies bet his idle braine  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:  
Ofst did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee  
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:  
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee:  
And euerlastie Night he blamed bitterly.

55  
Night, thou foule mother of annoyauce fit,  
Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,  
Which wast begot in Heauen, but for thy bad  
And brutish shape, thrust downe to Hell belowe,  
Where, by the grim foud of *Cocytus* slowe  
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous  
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe  
Of all the Gods) where thou vngacious,  
Halfe of thy daies doost lead in horrour hideous.

56  
What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,  
The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
Thar doost all things deface, ne lettest see  
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe,

The slothfull body, that doth loue to sleepe  
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his biter mind,  
Deth praie thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe  
Calls thee, his goddesse in his errour blind,  
And great dame Natures hand-maid, clearing euery kind.

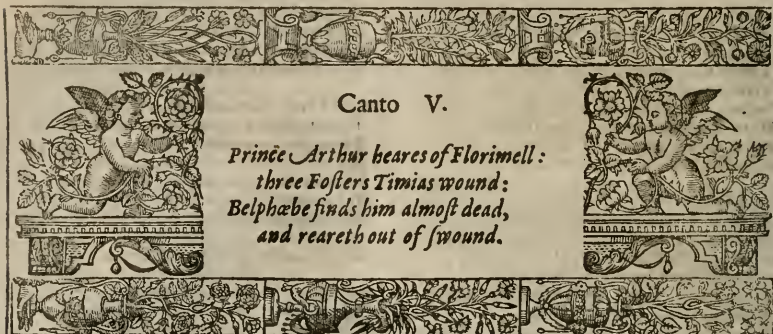
57  
But well I wote, that to an heauy hart  
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,  
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart:  
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,  
In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares;  
And dreadfull visions, in the which alme  
The drearie image of sad death appears:  
So front the wearie spirit thou doost drue  
Desired rest, and men of happynesse deprue.

58  
Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,  
Light-blunning thefts, and trayterous intent,  
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,  
Shamefull deceit, and danger imminent;  
Foule horror, and eke hellish driment:  
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,  
And light doe shuane, for feare of being shent:  
For, light like is loth'd of them and thee,  
And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

59  
For, day discouers all dishonest wayes,  
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:  
The prayes of high God he faire displayes,  
And his large bounty rightly doth ared.  
Daves dearest children be the blessed feed,  
Which darknes shall subdew, and heauen win:  
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,  
Most sacred virgine, without spot of sin,  
Our life is day: but death with darknesse doth begia.

60  
O when will day then turne to mee againe,  
And bring with him his long expected light?  
O *Titan*, haste to reare thy ioyous waie:  
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,  
And chase away this too long lingering night;  
Chafe her away, from whence she came, to hell,  
She, shee it is, that hath me done despight:  
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
And yield her roome to Day, that can it gouerne well.

61  
Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-weate,  
In restlesse anguish and vniquiet paine:  
And carely, ere the morrow did vpeare  
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,  
He vp arose, as halfe in great dislike,  
And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,  
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine  
In him bewrayd great grudge and malitance:  
His steed eke seem'd to apply his steps to his intent.



**W**onder 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 sloth to waste his carelesse day :  
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenessse,  
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest :  
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlesse,  
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 breath at all,  
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call :

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,  
To find some issue thence, nil at the last  
He met a Dwarf, that seemed terrifide  
With some late perill, which he hardly past,  
Or other accident, which him agast ;  
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
And whither now he trauelled so fast.  
For, sore he swar, and ruoning through that same  
Thick forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
The Dwarf him answered, Sir, ill mote I stay  
To tell the same. I lately did depart  
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day  
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,  
And high account through-out all Elfin land,  
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way :  
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand  
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight, said he, and how arrayd ?  
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,  
As meekest may beseme a noble mayd ;  
Her faire locks in rich circlet be enfold,  
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,  
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,  
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold :  
The surest signe whereby ye may her knowe,  
Is, that she is the fairest wight aloue, I rowe.

Now certes swaine, said he, such one I weene,  
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,  
A soule ill faouored foster, I haue seene ;  
Her selfe (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,  
But could not stay ; so fast she did fore-goe,  
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.  
Ah dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,  
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.  
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where ?

Perdy, me leuer were to weeten that  
Said he, then rancome of the richest knight,  
Or all the good that euer yet I gat :  
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night  
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,  
And fro me rest both life and light attone.  
But Dwarf arcad, what is that Lady bright,  
That through this forest wandreth thus alone ?  
For, of her entour strange I haue great ruth and monce.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so shee bee,  
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,  
That euer liuing eye I weene did see ;  
Lies none this day, that may with her compare  
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright ;  
And is ycleped *Florimell* the faire,  
- Faire *Florimell*, belou'd of many a knight ;  
Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.



9  
A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,  
Of my deare *Daire* is loued dearly well;  
In other none, but him, she sets delight:  
All her delight is set on *Marinell*;  
But he sets nought at all by *Flormell*:  
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe  
Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell.  
But fame now flies, that of a forraine foe  
Hee is y slain, which is the ground of all our woe.

10  
Fiuē dayes there be, since he (they say) was slaine,  
And foure since *Flormell* the Court for-went,  
And vowed neuer to returne againe,  
Till him aliue or dead shee did invent.  
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knight hood gent,  
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may  
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,  
Or succour her, or me direct the way;  
Doe one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

11  
So may you gaine to you full great renomme,  
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,  
And haply in her hart find highest roome  
Of whom yee seeke to be most magnifide:  
At least, eternall meede shall you abide.  
To whom the Prince; *Dwarfie*, comfort to thee take,  
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,  
I heere avow thee neuer to forsake.  
Ill weanes he armes, that will them vse for Ladies sake.

12  
So with the *Dwarfie* he back return'd againe,  
To seeke his Lady, where he more her find;  
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine  
The want of his good Squire late left behind,  
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,  
For doubt of danger which most him betide;  
For, him he loued about all man-kind,  
Having him true and faithfull euer tride,  
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

13  
Who, all this while, full hardly was assayd  
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;  
For, whiles his Lord purfwd that noble Mayd,  
After that Foster foule he fiercely rid,  
To beene avenged of the shame he did  
To that faire *Damzell*: Him he chased long  
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue hid  
His shamefull head from his auengement strong:  
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14  
Nath'lesse, the villaine sped himselfe so well,  
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast,  
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,  
That shortly he from danger was releast,  
And out of sight escaped at the least;  
Yet not escaped from the due reward  
Of his bad deeds, which daily he increast,  
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard  
The heauy plague, that for such leachours is prepar'd.

15  
For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast't avenge him of that foule despight,  
Which he had borne of his bold enemie.  
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three  
Vngratious children of one gracelesse Sire,  
And vnto them complaind, how that hee  
Had vsed been' of that foole-hardy Squire;  
So them with bitter words he furd to bloody ire.

16  
Forth-with, themselves 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 driue  
Their brother to reproche and shamefull sight:  
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliuē  
Out of that forest should escape their might;  
Vile rancour their rude hearts had filld with such despight.

17  
Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
Fore-by a narrow foord (to them well knowne)  
Through which it was vnweath for wight to wade;  
And now by fortune it was overlowne:  
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnknowne  
Mote al gates passe; for-ty themselves they set  
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,  
And all the while their malice they did whet  
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

18  
It fortun'd, as they deuised had,  
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,  
Vnweeing of their wile and treason bad,  
And through the ford to passen did assay;  
But that fierce Foster, which late fled away,  
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,  
Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,  
Till he had made amends, and full restore  
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19  
With that, at him a quiering dart he threw,  
With foell force and villonous despight,  
That through his haberie on the forehead flew,  
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,  
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bure:  
That stroake the hardy Squire did sore displease,  
But more, that him he could not come to smite;  
For, by no means the high banke he could seale,  
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine discale.

20  
And still the Foster with his long bore-speare  
Him kept from landing at his wised will;  
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,  
And feathered 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 emight;  
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21

At last (through wrath and vengeance making way)  
 Hee on the banke arriu'd with mickle paine,  
 Where the third brother him did fore assay,  
 And stroue at him with all his might and maine  
 A Forrest-bill, which both his hands did straine;  
 But warily he did avoyd the blowe,  
 And with his speare requited him againe,  
 That both his sides were thrilled with the throwe,  
 And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flowe,

22

Hee, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite  
 The bitter earth, and bade to let him in  
 Into the balefull house of endless night,  
 Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.  
 Tho, gan the battell freshly to begin;  
 For, nathemore for that spectacle bad,  
 Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,  
 But both attonce on both sides him bestad,  
 And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23

Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late  
 Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,  
 Full of fierce fury, and indignat hate,  
 To him he turnd; 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 carcasse groueling fell;  
 His sinfull soule, with desperate disdain,  
 Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

24

That seeing now the onely last of three,  
 Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,  
 Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-see  
 The fearefull end of his vengeance sad,  
 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,  
 His bootlesse bowe in feeble hand vcaught,  
 And there with shot an arrow at the lad;  
 Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,  
 And gauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naughts.

25

With that, he would haue fled into the wood;  
 But *Timias* him lightly overhent,  
 Right as he entering was into the flood,  
 And strooke at him with force so violent,  
 That headlesse him into the ford he sent:  
 The carcasse with the streame was carried downe,  
 But th'head fell backward on the Continent.  
 So mischief fell vpon the meaners crowne: (nowne:  
 They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

26

Hee liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;  
 For, of that cruell wound he bled so fore,  
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swoone;  
 Yet still the bloud forth gush't in so great store,  
 That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.  
 Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest Squire aliu:  
 Else shall thy louing Lord the see no more;  
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,  
 And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchieue.

27

Prouidence heavenly 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 hunteresse did wonne,  
 Shee, that bale *Braggadachio* did affray,  
 And made him fast out of the forest runne;  
*Belphebe* was her name, as faire as *Phœbus* sunne.

28

Shee, on a day, as shee purfwd the chace  
 Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene  
 She wounded had, the same along did trace  
 By tract of bloud, which she had freshly scene  
 To haue bespikled all the grassie Greene;  
 By the great perfume which she there perceau'd,  
 Well hoped she the beast engor'd had bene,  
 And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:  
 But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29

Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire  
 With bloud deformed lay in deadly swoone:  
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
 The crysfall humour ston'd congealed round;  
 His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,  
 Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,  
 And his sweet lips, on which before that ston'd  
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,  
 Spoyld of their rosiere, were woxen pale and wan,

30

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,  
 That could haue made a rock of stone to rewe,  
 Or riue in twaine; which when that Lady bright  
 (Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,  
 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 poyn't of pity pearced through her tender hart

31

Meckely she bowed downe, to weete if life  
 Yet in his frozen members did remaine;  
 And feeling by his pulses beating rife,  
 That the weak soule her seat did yet retainne,  
 She cast to comfort him with busie paine:  
 His double-folded neck shee rear'd vpright,  
 And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;  
 His mayled haberjeon shee did vndight,  
 And from his head his heauy burgenet did light.

32

Into the woods thence, forth in haste she went,  
 To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;  
 For, she of hearbes had great intendment,  
 Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy  
 Her nurfed had in true Nobility:  
 There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,  
 Or *Panachaa*, or *Polygony*,  
 Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,  
 Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

33  
The fouraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine  
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,  
And then awenee her lilly handes twaine,  
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did cruze,  
And round about (as shee could well it vze)  
The flesh there-with shee suppled and did steepe,  
T'abare all spaine, and soke the swelling bruze;  
And after, hauing searcht the intusle deepe,  
She with her scarfe did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

34  
By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;  
And groning iuly deepe, at last his eyes,  
His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy raine,  
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,  
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:  
There-with he sigh't, and turning him aside,  
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,  
And gifts of heavenly grace) he by him spide,  
Her boaw and golden quier lying him beside.

35  
Mercy deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,  
That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,  
To send thine Angell from her bowe of blis,  
To comfort me in my distressed plight?  
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?  
What seruice may I doe vnto thee meet,  
That hast from darknes mee return'd to light,  
And with thy heavenly faues and med'cines sweet,  
Hast dress't my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36  
Therewith the blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,  
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,  
And daughter of a woody Nymph, desire  
No seruice, but thy safety and ayde;  
Which if thou gaine, I shall be well ayd.  
Wee morall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee  
To common accidents still open layd,  
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,  
To succour wretched wights; whom wee captiued see.

37  
By this, her Damfels, which the former chace  
Had vnderaken, after her arriu'd,  
As did *Belphabe*, in the bloody place,  
And thereby deem'd the beast had beene depru'd  
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riu'd:  
For thy, the bloody tract they follow fast,  
And euery one to runne the swiftest striv'd:  
But two of them the rest far ouerpass,  
And where their Lady was, arriv'd at the last.

38  
Where, when they saw that goodly boy, with blood  
D. souled, and their Lady dress'd his wound,  
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,  
How him in deadly case their Lady found,  
And reskew'd out of the heauen'sound.  
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd  
Farre to the woods, whiles that he lay to wound,  
Shee made those Damfels search: which beeing stayd,  
They did him let thercoo, and forth with them couayd.

39  
Into that forest farre they thence him led,  
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,  
With mountains round about environed,  
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,  
And like a stately Theatre it made,  
Spreading it telle into a spaciouse Plaine.  
And in the midst a little riuier plaid  
Emongst the pumy stoncs, which seem'd to plaine  
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

40  
Beside the same, a dainty place there lay,  
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,  
In which the birds sung many a louelic lay  
Of Gods high praise, and of their loues sweet teene,  
As it an earthly Paradise had bene:  
In whose enclosed shadow therewas pight  
A faire Paulion, secretly to be seene,  
The which was all within most richly dight,  
That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

41  
Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd  
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.  
Hee rested him a while, and then the Mayd  
His ready wound with better fa'ues new dress't;  
Dailly she dress'd him, and did the best  
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,  
That shortly the his dolour hath redrest,  
And his soule fore reduced to faire plight:  
It he reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42  
O foolish Physicke, and vnfruitfull paine,  
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:  
Shee his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,  
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,  
Through an vnuaiue dart, which did rebound  
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.  
What boores it him from death to be vnbound,  
To bee captiued in endless durance  
Of sorrow and despaire without allegeance?

43  
Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,  
So still his hart woxe fore, and health decayd:  
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.  
Still when-as he beheld the heauenly Mayd,  
Whiles dailly plaisters to his wound shee layd,  
So still his maladie the more increast,  
The whiles her matchlesse beauty him dismayd.  
Ah God! what other could hee doe at least,  
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

44  
Long while he strove in his courageous brest,  
With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
And loue fort to dislodge out of his nest:  
Still when her excellencies hee did view,  
Her fourcraigne bounry, and celestiall hew,  
The same to loue he strongly was constraind:  
But when his meane estate hee did renew,  
Hee from such hardie boldoesse was restraind,  
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plaind;



45  
 Vnthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,  
 With which her soueraine mercy thou doost quight?  
 Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,  
 But thou doost weene with villainous despight  
 To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.  
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally  
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:  
 Faire death it is, to shunne more shame, to die:  
 Die rather, die, then euer loue disloyally.

46  
 But if to loue disloyalitie it bee,  
 Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore  
 Me brought? ah! far be such reproche fro mee.  
 What can I lesse doe, then her loue therefore,  
 Sith I her due reward cannot restore?  
 Dye rather, die, and dying doe her serue,  
 Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;  
 Thy life shee gaue, thy life shee doth deserue:  
 Dye rather, die, then euer from her seruice swerue.

47  
 But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice base  
 To her, to whom the heauens doe serue and sew?  
 Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,  
 Shee heauenly borne, and of celestiall hew.  
 How then? of all, loue taketh equall view:  
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take  
 The loue and seruice of the basest crew?  
 If shee will not, dye meekly for her sake;  
 Dye rather, die, then euer so faire loue forsake.

48  
 Thus warreid hee long time against his will,  
 Till that (through weaknes) he was forc't at last  
 To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:  
 Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranfack fast  
 His inward parts, and all his entrailles waste,  
 That neither blood in face, nor life in hart  
 It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blast;  
 As pearcing levin, which the inner part  
 Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49  
 Which seeing, faire *Belphebe* gan to feare,  
 Lest that his wounds wereinly well nor healed,  
 Or that the wicked steele empoyned were:  
 Little shee weend, that loue hee close concealed;  
 Yet still hee wasted, as the snowe congealed,  
 When the bright sun his beames thereon doth beat;  
 Yet neuer hee his hart to her revealed,  
 But rather chose to die for sover great,  
 Then with dishonourable tearmes her to intreat.

50  
 Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did spare  
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedie:  
 Many restoratives, of vertues rare,  
 And costly Cordialles shee did apply,

To mitigate his stubborne malady:  
 But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore  
 A loue-sick hart, shee did to him enuy;  
 To him and all th' unworthy world forlore  
 Shee did enuy that soueraine salue, in secret store.

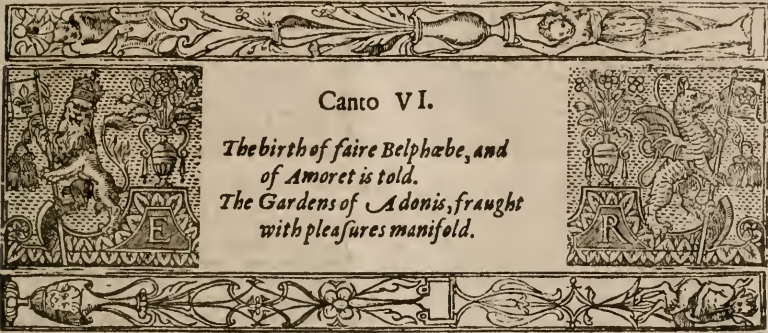
51  
 That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,  
 More deare then life shee tendered, whose flowre  
 The girlond of her honour did adorne:  
 Ne suffred shee the Middayes scorching powre,  
 Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,  
 But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,  
 When-fo the froward sky began to lowre:  
 But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,  
 Shee did it faire dispred, and let it flourish faire.

52  
 Eternal God, in his almighty powre,  
 To make ensample of his heauenly grace,  
 In Paradise whylome did plant this flowre;  
 Whence hee it fetcht out of her natue place,  
 And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,  
 That mortall men her glory should admire:  
 In gentle Ladies brest, and bountious race  
 Of woman-kind it fairest flowre doth spire,  
 And beareth fruite of honour and all chaste desire.

53  
 Faire impes of beauty, whose bright shining beames  
 Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,  
 And to your willes both royalties and Realmes  
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,  
 With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,  
 Of chastitie and vertue virginall,  
 That shall embellish more your beauty bright,  
 And crowne your beads with heauenly coronall,  
 Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

54  
 To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,  
 Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphebe* faire;  
 To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame  
 Of chastitie, none liuing may compaire:  
 Ne poysonous Envy iustly can empire  
 The prayle of her fresh flowing Maidenhead;  
 For-ty shee standeth on the highest staire  
 Of th' honourable stage of woman-head,  
 That Ladies all may followe her ensample dead.

55  
 In so great praise of stedfast chastitie,  
 Nath'lesse, shee was so courteous and kind,  
 Tempred with grace, and goodly modestie,  
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to find  
 The higher place in her Heroick mind:  
 So striving each did other more augment,  
 And both encreast the praise of woman-kind,  
 And both encreast her beauty excellent;  
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.



## Canto VI.

*The birth of faire Belphabe, and  
of Amoret is told.  
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught  
with pleasures manifold.*

W<sup>2</sup>ell may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while  
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell  
So great perfections did in her compile;  
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,  
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,  
The great Schoolemistresse of all curtesie:  
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell  
All ciuill vsage and gentility,  
And gentle sprite defaime with rude rusticity.

But to this faire *Belphabe* in her berth  
The heauens so fauourable were and free,  
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,  
In th' *Horoscope* of her natiuitie,  
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee  
On her they poured forth of plentious horne;  
*Ioue* laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,  
And *Phabus* with faire beames did her adorne,  
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,  
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,  
And all her whole creation did her shewe  
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,  
That is ingenerate in fleshy slime.  
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred,  
So was she trained vp from time to time,  
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed,  
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chryfogonee*,  
The daughter of *Amphisia*, who by race  
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;  
She bore *Belphabe*, the bore in like case  
Faerie *Amoretta* in the second place:  
These two were twinnes, & twixt them two did share  
The heritage of all celestially 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 strange accident faire *Chryfogonee*  
Conceiu'd these Infants, and how them she bare,  
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,  
After she had nine moneths tulfild and gone:  
For, not as other wemens common brood:  
They were enwombed in the sacred throne  
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,  
As other wemens babes, they suckt vitall blood;

But wondrously they were begot, and bred  
Through influence of th' heauens fruitfull ray,  
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.  
It was vpon a Sommers shiuy day  
(When *Titan* sayre his hote beames did display)  
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens view,  
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat'allay;  
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,  
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

Till faint through irkesome wearinesse, adown  
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd  
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slumbring swoun  
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd,  
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,  
Beeing through former bathing mollified,  
And pearc't into her wombe, where they embayd  
With soft sweet sence and secret power vnspide,  
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades  
So strange ensample of conception;  
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull leades  
Of all things; liuing, through impressiion  
Of the sun-beames in moist complexion,  
Doe life conceiue, and quicked are by kind:  
So, after *Nilus* inundation,  
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,  
Informed in the mud, on which the Sonne bath stin'd.

9

Great father hee of generation  
Is rightly calld, th' author of life and light ;  
And his faire sister for creation  
Mimifreth matter fit, which tempered right  
With heat and humour, breeds the living wight,  
So sprong these twinnes in wombe of *Chryfogone*,  
Yet wist she nought thereof, but fore affright,  
Wondred to see her belly so vp-blone,  
Which still increast, till she her terme had full ont-gone.

10

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,  
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,  
She fled into the wildernesse a pace,  
Till that vnweedly burden she had reard,  
And shund dishonour, which as death she feard :  
Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest  
Her selfe she set, and comfortably heard ;  
There a sad clowd of sleepe her ouerkest,  
And seized euery sence with sorrow fore opprest.

11

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing lost  
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,  
Who for some light displeasure, which him cost,  
Was from her fled, as fit as ayery Doue,  
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,  
(So from her often he had fled away,  
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,  
And wandred in the world in strange array, (wray.)  
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

12

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous  
(The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,  
Whence all the world deriues the glorious  
Features of beauties, and all shapcs select,  
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)  
And searched euery way, through which his wings  
Had borne him, or his tract the mote detect :  
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things  
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

13

First, shee him sought in Court, where most he vcd  
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not ;  
But many there she found, which fore accused  
His falsehood, and with foule intamous blot  
His cruell deeds and wicked wiles did pot :  
Ladies and Lords shee euery where mote heare  
Complaining, how with his empoynd shot  
Their wofull harts he wounded had whileare,  
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

14

Shee then the Cities sought, from gate to gate,  
And euery one did aske, did he him see ;  
And euery one her answerd, that too late  
He had him leene, and felt the crueltie  
Of his sharp darts, and hot 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.

15

Then, in the Countrey she abroad him sought,  
And in the rurall cottages enquired ;  
Where also, many plaints to her were brought,  
How he their heedelesse harts with loue had fired,  
And his false venim through their veins inspired ;  
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sat  
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were bired,  
Shee sweetly heard com-plain, both how and what  
Her sonne had to them doen ; yet shee did smile thereat.

16

But when in none of all these shee him got,  
Shee gan auite where else he mote him hide :  
At last, she her be-thought, that she had not  
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wide,  
In which full many loucly Nymphes abide,  
Mongst whom might be, that he did clotely lye,  
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde :  
For-thy she thither cast her course t' apply,  
To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

17

Shortly, vnto the wastefull woods shee came,  
Where-as shee found the Goddesse with her crew,  
After late chace of their embrewed game,  
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rewe,  
Some of them washing with the liquid dewe  
From off their dantie limbes the dustie sweat,  
And soyle, which did deforme their luely hewe ;  
Other lay shaded from the scorching heat ;  
The rest, vpon her person, gaue attendance great.

18

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high  
Her bowe and painted quier, had vnlat' t  
Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,  
And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breast vnbract'  
After her heat the breathing cold to taste ;  
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright  
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,  
Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,  
And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

19

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her back,  
Shee was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd ;  
And woxe halfe wroth against her damels slack,  
That had not her there of before auis'd,  
But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd  
Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose  
Vpgath'ring, in her bosome shee compris'd,  
Well as shee might, and to the Goddesse rose,  
Whilst all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

20

Goodly shee gan fayre *Cytherea* greet,  
And shortly asked her what cause her brought  
Into that wildernesse (for her vnmeet)  
From her sweet bowes, & beds with pleasures fraught :  
That suddaine change shee strange adventure thought,  
To whom (halte weeping) shee thus answerd,  
That she her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,  
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled ;  
That she repented fore, to haue him angred.

Thecat



21  
 Thereat *Diana* gan to smile in scorn  
 Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;  
 Great pittie sure, that yee be so forlorne  
 Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd  
 To your disports: ill mote yee been apayd.  
 But shee was more enuicied, and replide;  
 Faire sister, ill befeemes it to vpbraid  
 A dolefull hart with so disdainfull pride;  
 The likethat mine, may be your paine another tide.

22  
 As you in woods and wanton wildernesse  
 Your glory set, to chase the salvage beasts;  
 So my delight is all in ioyfullnesse,  
 In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:  
 And ill becomes you with your lositie 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 reproche my paine to cecke;

23  
 And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,  
 To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secret wize;  
 Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,  
 Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,  
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize:  
 So may he long himselfe full easie bide:  
 For, he is faire and fresh in face and guise,  
 As any Nymph (let not it be enuide.)  
 So saying, every Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

24  
 But *Phaëbe* there-with fore was angered,  
 And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seek your boy,  
 Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;  
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,  
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:  
 But if I catch him in this company,  
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
 The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby:  
 He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

25  
 Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,  
 She imly fory was, and gan relent  
 What shee had said: to her shee soone appeas'd,  
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
 Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,  
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space  
 Shee was well 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.

26  
 To search the God of Loue, her Nymphes she sent  
 Throughout the wandering forest euery where:  
 And after them her selfe eke with her went  
 To seeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere.  
 So long they fought, till they arriued were  
 In that lame shade covert, where-as lay  
 Faire *Chrysoëne* in slumbring trauce whylere:  
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to lay)  
 Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27  
 Vnwares shee them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:  
 She bore withouten paine, that shee conceiu'd  
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore  
*Iucinaes* ayde: which when they both perceiu'd,  
 They were through wonder nigh of sente bereau'd,  
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake:  
 At last, they both agreed, her (seeming griued)  
 Out of her heauy swoune not to awake,  
 But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

28  
 Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,  
 And with them carried, to be fostered.  
 Dame *Phaëbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,  
 To be brought vp in perfect Maydenhed;  
 And of her selfe, her name *Belphaëbe* red:  
 But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,  
 To be brought vp in goodly womanhed,  
 And in her little Loues stead, which was strayd,  
 Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her difmayd.

29  
 Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwel.  
 Where most the wonnes, when shee on earth doth  
 So faire a place, as Nature can deuise:  
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,  
 Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;  
 But well I wote by triall, that this same  
 All other pleasant places doth excell,  
 And called is by her lost Louers name,  
 The Garden of *Adonis*, farre renown'd by fame.

30  
 In that same Garden, all the goodly flowres  
 Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifie,  
 And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,  
 Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie  
 Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,  
 According to their kinds. Long worke it were,  
 Here to account the endlesse progenie  
 Of all the weedes, that bud and blossom there;  
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

31  
 It sired was in fruitfull soyle of old,  
 And girt-in with two walles on either side;  
 The one of iron, the other of bright gold,  
 That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:  
 And double gates it had, which opened wide,  
 By which both in and out men moten pass;  
 Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:  
 Old *Genius* the Porter of them was;  
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32  
 He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,  
 All that to come into the world desire:  
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
 About him day and night, which doe require,  
 That hee with fleshy weeds would them attire:  
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate  
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
 And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,  
 Till they againe returne back by the hinder gate.

33  
After that they againe returned beene,  
They in that Garden planted be againe;  
And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene  
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.  
Some thousand yeares fo doen they there remaine;  
And then of him are clad with other hew,  
Or sent into the changefull world againe,  
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:  
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

34  
Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,  
To plants, or prune: for, of their owne accord,  
All things as they created were, doe growe,  
And yet remember well the mighty word,  
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
That bade them to increase and multiply:  
Ne doe they need with water of the fount,  
Or of the cloudes, to moisten their rootes dry;  
For, in themselves, eternall moisture they imply.

35  
Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
And vacouth formes, which none yet euer knew,  
And euery sort is in a sundry bed  
Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely rew:  
Some fit for reasonable soules t' indew,  
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,  
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew  
In endlesse ranks along stranged were,  
That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

36  
Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent  
Into the world, it to replenish more;  
Yet is the stock not lessened, nor spent,  
But still remaines in euerlasting store,  
As it at first created was of yore.  
For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes  
In hatefull darknesse, and in deepe horetore,  
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies  
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

37  
All things from thence doe their first beeing fetch,  
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;  
Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,  
Becomes a body, and doth then invade  
The state of life, out of the grieifly 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 changed is, and often altered to and fro.

38  
The substance is not changed, nor altered,  
But th' onely forme and outward fashion;  
For, euery substance is conditioned  
To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,  
Meet for her temper and complexion;  
For, formes are variable, and decay  
By course of kinde, and by occasion;  
And that faire flowre of beauty fades away,  
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39  
Great enemy to it, and all the rest  
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,  
Is wicked Time; who, with his scythe adrest,  
Does mowe the flowering herbes and goodly things,  
And all their glory to the ground downe sings,  
Where they doe wither, and are foully mard:  
Hee flies about, and with his flaggy wings,  
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,  
Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

40  
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 peac't with pittie at the sight,  
When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,  
Yet no't she find redresse for such despight,  
For, all that liues is subiect to that law:  
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

41  
But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
All that in this delightful Garden growes,  
Should happy be, and haue immortal blis:  
For, heere all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,  
And sweet loue gentle fits amongst them throwes,  
Without fell rancour, or fondicalouie;  
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,  
Each bird his mate, de any does enuie  
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42  
There is continual spring, and harvest there  
Continuall, both meeting at one time:  
For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,  
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,  
And eke attonce the heauy trees they clime,  
Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:  
The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime  
Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,  
And their true loues without suspition tell abroad.

43  
Right in the midst of that Paradise,  
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top  
A gloomy proue of myrtle-trees did rise,  
Whose shady 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.

44  
And, in the thickest covert of that shade,  
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,  
But of the trees owne inclination made,  
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,  
With wanton Ivie-twine entrayld atwart,  
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,  
Fashiond aboue within their inmost part,  
That neither Phaebus beams could through the throng,  
Nor Aclius sharpe blast could worke them any wrong.

And

And all about grew euery sort of flowre,  
 To which lad louers were transform'd of yore;  
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramoure  
 And dearest loue,  
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watry shore,  
 Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,  
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore  
 Me seemes I see *Aminas* wretched fate,  
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy  
 Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,  
 And reape sweet pleasure of the waton boy;  
 There yet some say in secret he does ly,  
 Lapped in flowres and precious spycerie,  
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
 Of *Stygian* gods, which do her loue envie;  
 But she 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 diuersly:  
 For, him the Father of all formes they call;  
 Therefore needs mote he lue, that liuing giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blifs,  
 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 wild Bore, the which him once annoyd,  
 She firmly hath emprisoned for aye  
 (That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd)  
 In a strong rockie Cave, which is they say,  
 Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him loosen

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,  
 With many of the gods in company,  
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy  
 Sporting himselfe in safe felicitie:  
 Who, when he hath with spoyles and crueltie  
 Ranfackt the world, and in the wofull hearts  
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hic,  
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts  
 Aside, with faire *Adonis* plays his waton parts.

And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,  
 Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconcyld,  
 After long troubles and vnrmeet vbrayer,  
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,  
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl'd:  
 But now in stedfast loue and happy state  
 She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,  
*Pleasure*, that doth both gods and men aggrate;  
*Pleasure*, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,  
 The younger daughter of *Chrysegonie*,  
 And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care  
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,  
 And trained vp in true feminitee:  
 Who nolesse carefully hertendered,  
 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 beauty noble Paragone,  
 She brought her forth into the worldes view,  
 To be thensample of true loue alone,  
 And Load-starre of all chaste affectione,  
 To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.  
 To Faery court she came, where many one  
 Admir'd her goodly haucour, and found  
 His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,  
 Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,  
 To whom her louing heart she linked fast  
 In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,  
 And for his dearest sake endured sore,  
 Soretrouble of an hainous enemy;  
 Who her would forced haue to haue forlore  
 Her former loue and stedfast loyaltie,  
 As ye may elsewhere read that rarefull history.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,  
 What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,  
 Which fled so fast from that same foster feare,  
 Whom with his brethren *Timeas* slew, befell:  
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;  
 Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,  
 Her lover deare, her dearest *Marinell*,  
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.





## Canto VII.

*The Witches sonne loues Florimell:  
She flies, he faines to die.  
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames  
from Giants tyrannie.*



**L**ike as an Hyod forth singled from the beard,  
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,  
Yet flies away of her owne feet affeard,  
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least  
Murmure of wiod, her terror hath increast;  
So fled faire Florimell from her vaine feare,  
Long after the from perill was releast:  
Each shade the sawe, and each noise she did heare,  
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't 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 haste, but fled  
Euer alike, as if her former deard  
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:  
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered  
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,  
Perforce her carried, where-ouer he thought best.

So long as breath, and able puiffaunce  
Did native courage vnto him supply,  
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,  
And carried her beyond all iopardy:  
But nought that wanteth rest, can loog aby.  
He, hauing through incellant trauell spent  
His force, at last perforce adoune did ly,  
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent  
Thereat was suddain strooke with great astonishment;

And fore't t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,  
A traoueller vowonted to such way:  
Need teacheth her this lesion hard and rare,  
That fortune all in equall lance doth sway,  
And mortall miseries doth make her play.  
So long she traueled, till at length she came  
To an billes side, which did to her bewray  
A little valley, subiect to the fame,  
All couerd with thicke woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry  
A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light,  
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:  
Which cheerefull signe did send vnto her sight,  
That in the same did woane some liuing wight,  
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applide,  
And came at last in weary wretched plight  
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,  
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary side;

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found  
A litle cottage, built of sticke and reedes  
In homely wize, and wall'd with fods around;  
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,  
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;  
So choosing solitary to abide,  
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deeds  
And hellish arts from people she might hide.  
And hurt far off vnknowe, whom-ouer she euide,

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;  
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,  
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;  
Who, soone as she beheld that suddain found,  
Lightly vparted from the Justie ground,  
And with fell looke, and hollow deadly gaze  
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze;  
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

At last, turning her feare to foolish writh,  
She askt, what diuell 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 aduerture brought  
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerbloweth.

With

8  
 With that, adowne out of her Cryſtall eyne,  
 Few trickling teares ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,  
 That like two orient pearles, did purely ſhine  
 Vpon her ſnowy cheek; and therewithall  
 She ſighed loſt, that none ſo beſtiall,  
 Nor ſavage heart, but ruth of her ſad plight  
 Would make to melt, or pitiouſly appall;  
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight  
 In miſchiefe, was much moued at ſo pitious ſight.

9  
 And gan recomfort her in her rude wiſe,  
 With womanly compaſſion of her plaint,  
 Wiping the teares from her ſuffred eyes,  
 And bidding her ſit downe, to reſt her ſaie  
 And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint  
 Nor 'ſdeignfull of ſo homely faſhion,  
 Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard conſtraint,  
 Sat downe vpon the duſty ground anon,  
 As glad of that ſmall reſt, as bird of tempeſt goon.

10  
 Tho, gan ſhe gather vp her garments rent,  
 And her looke locks to dight in order dew,  
 With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;  
 Whom ſuch when-as the wicked Hag did view,  
 She was aſtoniſht at her heavenly hew,  
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,  
 But of ſome goddeſſe, or of *Dianes* crew,  
 And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;  
 To adore thing ſo diuine as beauty, were but right.

11  
 This wicked woman had a wicked ſonne,  
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
 A laſſie lord, for nothing good to donce,  
 But ſtretched forth in idleneſſe alwaies,  
 Ne euer caſt his mind to couet praife,  
 Or ply himſelfe to any honeſt trade;  
 But all the day before the ſunny rayes  
 He vs'd to ſlug, or ſleepe in ſtothfull ſhade:  
 Such leſſeneſſe both lewd and poore attoone him made.

12  
 He, comming 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 aſtow,  
 And his baſe thought with terror and with awe  
 So inly ſmote, that as one which had gazed  
 On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth ſoone withdrawe  
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightneſſe dazed;  
 So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amazed.

13  
 Softly at laſt he gan his mother aſke,  
 What miſter wight that was, and whence deriued,  
 That in ſo ſtrange diſguizement there did maſke,  
 And by what accident ſhe there arriued:  
 But ſhe, as one nigh of her wits deſpriued,  
 With nought but ghawſty lookes him answered,  
 Like to a gholt, that lately is reuiued  
 From *Stygian* ſhores, where late it wandered;  
 So both at her, and each at other wonderd.

14  
 But the faire Virgin was ſo meeke and milde,  
 That ſhe to them vouchſafed to embaſe  
 Her goodly port, and to their ſenſes wild  
 Her gentle ſpeech applie, that in ſhort ſpace  
 She grew familiar in that deſert place.  
 During which time, the Chorle through her ſo kiode  
 And curteſie vſe concei'd affection baile,  
 And caſt to loue her in his brutiſh mind;  
 No loue, but brutiſh luſt, that was ſo beaſtly tin'd.

15  
 Cloſely the wicked flame his bowels brent,  
 And ſhortly grew into outrageous fire;  
 Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,  
 As vnto her to viter his deſire;  
 His caritie thought durſt not ſo high aſpire:  
 But with loſt ſighes, and lowely ſemblances,  
 Hee ween'd that his affection entire  
 She ſhould aread; many reſemblances  
 To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16  
 Oſt from the forreſt wildings he did bring,  
 Whoſe ſides emperpled were with ſmiling red,  
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to ſing  
 His miſtreſſe prayes ſweetly caroled:  
 Girlands of flowres ſometimes for her faire head  
 He ſine 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 took with couenance meeke & mild.

17  
 But paſt awhile, when ſhe ſit ſeaſon ſaw  
 To leaue that deſert manſion, ſhe caſt  
 In ſecret wiſe herſelfe thence to withdrawe,  
 For feare of miſchiefe, which, the did forecaſt  
 Might be, the witch or that her ſonne compaſt:  
 Her weary Paſſey, cloſely as ſhe might,  
 Now well recovered after long repaſt,  
 In his proud furnitures the freſhly dight,  
 His late miſwandred waies now to remeaſure right.

18  
 And early ere the dawning day appeard,  
 She forth iſſewed, and on her journey went;  
 She went in perill, of each noiſe aſſard,  
 And of each ſhade, that did it ſelfe preſent;  
 For, ſtill ſhe feared to be ouer-hent  
 Of that vile Hag, or that vnquiue ſonne:  
 Who, when too late awaking well they kent  
 That their faire gueſt was gone, they both begonne  
 To make exceeding moone, as they had beene vdonne.

19  
 But that lewd louer did the moſt lament  
 For her depart, that euer man did hear;  
 He knockt his breaſt with deſperate intent,  
 And ſcratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare  
 His rugged fleſh, and rent his ragged heart:  
 That his ſad mother ſeeing his ſore plight,  
 Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare  
 Leſt his fraile ſenſes were empenſit quight,  
 And loue to frenzy turnd, ſith loue is franucke bright.

20

All wayes she fought, him to restore to plight,  
 With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:  
 But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might  
 Allwage the fury, which his entrailes teares:  
 So strong is passion, that no reason heares.  
 Tho, when all other helps she saw to faile,  
 She turn'd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,  
 And by her diuclish arts thought to preuaile  
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21

Effsoones out of her hidden caue she cald  
 An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,  
 That could the stoutest courage haue appald;  
 Monstrous mishap't, and all his back was spect  
 With thousand spots of colours quaint elect,  
 Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:  
 Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;  
 But liket it to an *Hyena* was,  
 That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grasse.

22

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,  
 Through thicke and thin her to purfue apace,  
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breathe at large,  
 Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,  
 Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornfull grace.  
 The Monster, swift as word that from her went,  
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace  
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,  
 And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,  
 No need to bid her fast away to flic;  
 That vgly shape so forc her terrifide,  
 That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die:  
 And her sliu Palfrey did so well apply  
 His nimble feet to her conceiu'd feare,  
 That whil't his breath did strength to him supply,  
 From perill free he her away did beare:  
 But when his force gan faile, his pafe gan wax areare.

24

Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd  
 At that same last extremitie full sore,  
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid;  
 And now she gan approche to the sea shore,  
 As it befell, that she could flie no more,  
 But yield her selfe to spoyle of greedinesse.  
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,  
 From her dull horse, in desperate distress,  
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickenesse.

25

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled  
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:  
 Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,  
 Flew fearefull *Daphne* on th' *Aegean* frond,  
 As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,  
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were caught:  
 For, in the sea to drowne her selfe the fond,  
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught;  
 Thereto feare gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)  
 As she arriv'd on the roving 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 stiring strand:  
 So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

27

The Monster, ready on the prey to fease,  
 Was of his forward hope deceiu'd quight;  
 Ne durst assay to wade the perilous seas,  
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,  
 At last in vaine was forc't to turne his flight,  
 And tell the idle tydings to his Dame:  
 Yet to avenge his diuclish despight,  
 He fet vpon her Palfrey tired lame,  
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,  
 To fill his bellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight  
 To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;  
 It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,  
 As euer man that bloody field did fight;  
 But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,  
 And courtly seruices tooke no delight,  
 But rather ioyd to see, then seemen flic:  
 For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weete, the good Sir *Satyranes*,  
 That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,  
 As was his wont in forrest, and in Plaine;  
 He was all arm'd in rugged steele vnfiled,  
 As in the smoky forge it was compild,  
 And in his scutchin bore a Satyres hed:  
 He comming present, where the monster viler  
 Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkass fed,  
 Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

30

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,  
 Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,  
 That of that feend was rent without remofte:  
 Much feared he, least ought did ill betide  
 To that faire Mayd, the floure of womens pride;  
 For, her he dearly 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 appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,  
 Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend;  
 And with huge strokes, and cruell battery  
 Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend  
 Him selfe from deadly danger to defend:  
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
 He did engrauce, and much ill bloud did spend,  
 Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh  
 And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.



<sup>32</sup>  
 Hewist not how him to deposite of life,  
 Ne how to win the withed victory,  
 Sith him he saw still stronger growe through strife,  
 And him selfe weaker through infirmity,  
 Greatly he grew corag'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.

<sup>33</sup>  
 As he that strues to stop a suddaine flood,  
 And in strong bankes his violence enclose,  
 Forceth it swell about his wonted mood,  
 And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,  
 That all the country seemes to be a Maine,  
 And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne;  
 The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,  
 To see his whole yeeres labour lost so soone,  
 For which to God he made for many an idle boone:

<sup>34</sup>  
 So him he held, and did through might amate,  
 So long he held him, and him bet so long,  
 That at the last his fierceneffe gan abate,  
 And meekely stoupe vnto the victour strong:  
 Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,  
 Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,  
 Sought by all means his dolour to prolong,  
 Sith dmt of Steele his carcals could not quell;  
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

<sup>35</sup>  
 The golden ribband, which that virgin wore  
 About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,  
 And with it bound the beast that loud did rore  
 For great despight of that vowed band,  
 Yet dared not his victour to withstand,  
 But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,  
 And all the way him follow'd on the strand,  
 As he had long been learned to obey;  
 Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

<sup>36</sup>  
 Thus as he led the Beast along the way,  
 He spyde far off a mighty Giantesse,  
 Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,  
 From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse  
 Her hard pursued, and sought for to suppress:  
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,  
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
 Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,  
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

<sup>37</sup>  
 Which when as *Satyrene* beheld, in haste  
 He left his captiue Beast at libertie,  
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast  
 Her to encounter, ere she passed by:  
 But she the way shund nathemore for-thy,  
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spide,  
 His mighty speare he cooched warily,  
 And at her ranne: she, hauing him descride,  
 Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

<sup>38</sup>  
 Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare  
 A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on highe  
 An Ægle, that with plummy wings doth sheare  
 The subtile 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 Giantesse vnto the fight;  
 Her fry eyes with furious sparkes did stare,  
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in pecces tare.

<sup>39</sup>  
 She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,  
 Wherewith she many had of life deprived:  
 But ere the stroke could feize his aymed place,  
 His speare amidst her sun-broad shield arriued;  
 Yet nathemore the Steele asunder riued,  
 All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,  
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driued,  
 But glancing on the tempered metall, brast  
 In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

<sup>40</sup>  
 Her steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;  
 But she no more was moued with that might,  
 Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;  
 Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight  
 Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* high,  
 For the braue youthly Champions to assay,  
 With burning chariet wheeles it nigh to smite:  
 But who that smites it, marres his ioyous play,  
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

<sup>41</sup>  
 Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard  
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,  
 Which on his helmet martelled so hard,  
 That made him lowe incline his lofty crest,  
 And bow'd his battred visour to his brest:  
 Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ride,  
 But reeled to and fro from East to West:  
 Which when his cruell enemy espide,  
 She lightly vnto him adioyned side to side:

<sup>42</sup>  
 And on his collar laying puissant hand,  
 Out of his wavering leat him pluckt perforce,  
 Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,  
 Or helpe him selfe; 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  
 Hee neere was touched in his noble spright,  
 And gan increase his speed, as she increast her sight.

<sup>43</sup>  
 Whom when as nigh approaching she espide,  
 She threw away her burden angrily;  
 For, she list not the battell to abide,  
 But made her selfe more light away to flye:  
 Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nic,  
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake:  
 But still when him at hand she did espy,  
 She turn'd, and semblance of faire fight did make;  
 But when he staid, to flight againe she did her take.

By this, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake  
 Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;  
 And seeing none in place, he gan to make  
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chance,  
 Which reit him from so faire a cheuisance:  
 At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,  
 Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce  
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,  
 Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stirre.

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue  
 In that foule plight a comely personage,  
 And lovely face (made fit for to deceiue  
 Fraile Ladies heart with lous consuming rage)  
 Now in the blossom of his freshest age:  
 He reard him vp, and loos'd his iron bands,  
 And after gan enquire his parentage,  
 And how he fell into that Giants hands,  
 And who that was, which chased her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;  
 That Gentlelle *Argante* is behight,  
 A daughter of the *Titans* which did make  
 Watre against heauen, and beaped hills on hight,  
 To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his sight:  
 Her sire *Typhæus* was, who (mad through mirth,  
 And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)  
 Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth  
 Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth,

For, at that birth another babe she bore,  
 To weete, the mighty *Olyphant*, that wrought  
 Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,  
 And many hath to foule confusion brought.  
 These twi ones, men say (a thing far passing thought)  
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclos'd they were,  
 Ere they into the light some world were brought,  
 In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere,  
 And in that monstrous wife did to the world appeare.

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,  
 Gainst Natures law, and good behaviour:  
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,  
 Who not content so foully to deuoure  
 Her nature fleshy, and straine her brothers bowre;  
 Did wallow in all other fleshy mire,  
 And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:  
 So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;  
 Yet all that might not slake her sensfull desire.

But ouer all the country she did range,  
 To seek young men, to quench her flaming thirst,  
 And feed her fancy with delightfull change:  
 Whom-so shee fittest finds to serue her lust,  
 Through her maine strength, in which shee most doth  
 She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,  
 Where in eternall bondage die hee must,  
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
 And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her desile:

Me feely wretch shee fo at vantage caught,  
 After shee long to waite for me did lie,  
 And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,  
 Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie;  
 That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,  
 Then breake the vowe, that to faure *Columbell*  
 I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:  
 As for my name, it misleth not to tell;  
 Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me beleeueth well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saue  
 That *Giantelle*, is not such, as shee seemed,  
 But a faire virgin, that in *Martualle* laue,  
 And deedes of armes about all *Dames* is deemed,  
 And about many knights is eke esteemed,  
 For her great worth; Shee *Palladine* is hight:  
 Shee you from death, you me from dread redeemed:  
 Ne any may that *Monster* match in fight,  
 But shee, or such as shee, that is to chaste a wight.

Her well befeemes that *Quest*, quoth *Satyrane*:  
 But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vowe is this,  
 Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?  
 That shall I you recount (quoth hee) ywis,  
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.  
 That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,  
 After long sute and weary seruicis,  
 Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,  
 And how shee might be sure, that I would neuer serue;

I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
 Bade her commaund my life to laue, or spill:  
 Eftsoones shee bade me, with incessant paine  
 To wander through the world abroad at will,  
 And eury where, whete with my power or skill  
 I might do seruice vnto gentle *Dames*,  
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (named  
 And at the twelue months end should bring their  
 And pledges; as the spoyles of my victoriously games.

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,  
 And found such fauour in their louing harts,  
 That ere the yeere his course had compassed,  
 Three hundred pledges for my good deserts,  
 And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts  
 I with me brought, and did to her present:  
 Which when shee sawe, more bent to eke my smarts;  
 Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
 Shee gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

To weete, 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,  
 And did abide for euer chaste and found.  
 Ah gentle *Squire*, quoth hee, tell at a word,  
 How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

56

Indeed Sir knight, said he, one word may tell  
All, that I euer found so wily staid;  
For, onely three they were dispos'd to well:  
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue straid,  
To find them out. More I (then laughing said  
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,  
The which thy proffred curtesie deny'd?  
Or ill they seemed fure auz'd to bee,  
Or brutishly brought vp, that nee't did fashions see,

57

The first which then refused me, said hee,  
Certes was but a common Couisine,  
Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,  
Because I could not giue her many a Iane.  
(Thereat full hartily laugh'd *Satyran*)  
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,  
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,  
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose  
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58

The third a Damzell was of flowe degree,  
Whom I in country cottage found by chance;  
Full little weened I, that chasteitee  
Had lodging in to meane a maintenance:

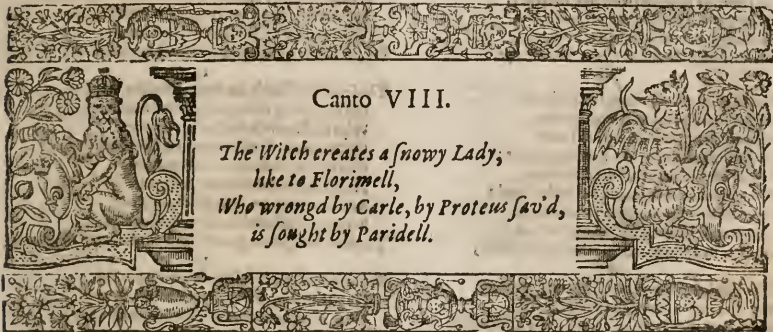
Yet was she faire, and in her countenance  
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.  
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,  
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;  
But was as farr as last, as when I first begonne.

59

Safe her, I neuer any woman found;  
That chasteitee did for it selte embrace,  
But were for other causes firme and found;  
Either for want of handsome time and place,  
Or else for feare of shame and foule disgrace.  
Thus am I hopelesse eier to attaine  
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,  
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traioe.  
Seeking to match the chaste with th' vnchaste Ladies

60

Perdy, said *Satyran*, thou *Squire of Dames*,  
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,  
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,  
That may among *Acides* labours stand.  
Thence back returning to the former land,  
Where late he left the Beast he ouercame,  
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,  
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,  
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.



## Canto VIII.

*The Witch creates a Snowy Lady,  
like to Florimell,  
Who wrongd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,  
is sought by Paridell.*

**S**O oft 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 aggravate her grieffe;  
For misery craues rather mercy, then retriue.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,  
Had so enrankled her malicious hart,  
That she desir'd 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 spide,  
Tyde with her broken girdle; it, a part  
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had cast destroy'd,  
She weend; and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

And with it running hastly to her sonne,  
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieued;  
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,  
His former grieffe with iune fresh reuiued  
Much more then eart, and would haue algates riued  
The hart out of his brest: for, sith her dead  
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought deprived  
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed  
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

With



4  
 With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,  
 And in his rage his mother would haue flaine,  
 Had she not fled into a secret mew,  
 Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine  
 The masters of her art: there was she faine  
 To call them all in order to her ayde,  
 And them coniuere vpon eternall paine,  
 To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.  
 How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

5  
 By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,  
 She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
 Whose like on earth was neuer framed yet,  
 That euen Nature selfe couide the same,  
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should frame  
 The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke  
 To make another like the former Dame,  
 Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke  
 So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

6  
 The substance, whereof she the body made,  
 Was purest snowe in masse mould congeal'd,  
 Which he had gathered in a shady glade  
 Of the *Riphaean* hills, to her reueald  
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:  
 The same she tempered with fine Mercury,  
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,  
 And mingled them with perfect vermilie,  
 That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7  
 In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she set  
 In siluer sockets, shining like the skies,  
 And a quick moouing Spirit did arret  
 To stir and roll them, like a womans eyes:  
 In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,  
 With goldeo wire to weaue her curled head;  
 Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice  
 As *Florimells* faire haire; and in the stead  
 Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcasse dead;

8  
 A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,  
 And faire resemblance about all the rest,  
 Which with the Prince of darknes fell sometime,  
 From heauens blis and euerslasting rest;  
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best  
 Him selfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,  
 Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gift:  
 For, he in counterfeitsance did excell;  
 And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

9  
 Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
 Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,  
 That who so then her sawe, would surely say,  
 It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,  
 Or fairer then he selfe, if ought asgate  
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought  
 Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;  
 Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought  
 She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

10  
 Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,  
 Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,  
 And soone forgot his former sickly paine;  
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,  
 Cooly rebutted his embracement light;  
 Yet still with gentle countenance retained,  
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:  
 Him long she so with shadowes entertained,  
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained.

11  
 Till, on a day, as hee disposed was  
 To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,  
 Her to disport, and idle time to pass,  
 In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,  
 A knight that way there chanced to repaire;  
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,  
 That deeds of armes had euert in despaire,  
 Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine  
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12  
 He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,  
 Decked with many a costly ornament,  
 Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,  
 And thought that match a foule disparagement:  
 His bloody speare estoones he boldly bent  
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,  
 Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.  
 Villaine, said he, this Lady is my deare;  
 Dy, if thou it gaincstay: I will away her beare.

13  
 The fearefull Chorle durst not gaincstay, nor doo,  
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;  
 Who finding little leasure her to woo,  
 On *Tramparts* steed her mounted without stay,  
 And without reskew led her quite away.  
 Proud man him selfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,  
 And next to none, after that happy day,  
 Becing possessed of that spoyle, which seemed  
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14  
 But when he sawe him selfe free from pursute,  
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,  
 With tearmes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;  
 For, he could well his glozing speeches frame  
 To such vaine vies, that him best became:  
 But she thereto would lend but light regard;  
 As seeming forie that she euer came  
 Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,  
 To reue her honour, which she more then life prefard.

15  
 Thus as they two of kindeesse treated long,  
 There them by chance 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 sayo'd to cheare his Lady in dismay;  
 Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,  
 And her to saue from outrage, meeckly prayed him.

Fiercely

16

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh  
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,  
Bade that same boaster, as he mote, oo high  
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,  
Or bid him battell without further treat.  
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
And sild his senses with abashment great;  
Yet seeing nigh him iopardy extream,  
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme;

17

Saying, Thou foolish knights, that ween't with words  
To steale away that I with blowes haue wonne,  
And brought through points of many perillous swords:  
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,  
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 wax exceeding wroth, and him a red  
To turne his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

18

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt  
Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puissance;  
Turne we our steeds, that both in equall tilt  
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.  
This said, they both a furlongs moutenance  
Reyrd their steedes, to ronne in euen race:  
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloody lance  
Once hauing turnd, no more returned his face,  
But left his loue to los, and fled himselfe apace.

19

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard  
Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode;  
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,  
Vpon his courser set the louely lode,  
And with her fled away without abode:  
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*  
It was, with whom in company he yodé,  
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;  
So made him thinke himselfe in heauen, that was in hell:

20

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 change  
The land for sea, at randon there to range:  
Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,  
Not satisfide so farre her to estrange  
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

21

For, beeing fled into the Fishers boat,  
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,  
Loog so she on the mighty Maine did flote,  
And with the tide draue forward carelesly;  
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the sky,  
And all his wiodes *Dan Acolus* did keepe  
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,  
As pitying to see her waile and weepe;  
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleepe.

22

At last, when drunk with drowinesse, he woke,  
And law his drouer driue along the streame,  
He was dismayd, and thirce his brest he stroke,  
For maruell of that accident extream;  
But when he saw that blazing beauties came,  
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,  
He marueld more, and thought he yet did dreame  
Not well awak't, or that some extasie  
Affotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23

But when her well anizing, 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 stir his frozen spright:  
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.  
Ah, said she, father, I n'oteread aright,  
What hard misfortune brought me to the same;  
Yet am I glad that here I now in safetie am.

24

But thou good man, sith rarer in sea we be,  
And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
That now no more we can the maine-land see;  
Haue care, I pray, to guide the rock-boat well,  
Least worse on sea then vs on land befall.  
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,  
And said, his boat at the way could wisely tell:  
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin  
To looke on her faire face, and marke her soowy skin:

25

The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,  
Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,  
That the dry withered stock it gan refresh,  
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:  
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.  
Rudely to her hee leapt, and his rough hand  
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust:  
But she with angry scorne him did withstand,  
And shamefully reproued for his rudenesse fond.

26

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,  
Her sharp rebuke full little did esteeme;  
Hard is to teach an olde horse amble trew.  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extream,  
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,  
Forcing to doe that did him soule misseme:  
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill:

27

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,  
All that she might, and him in vaine reuil'd;  
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,  
To saue her honor from that villaine yild,  
And cride to heauen, from humane helpe exil'd,  
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,  
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defil'd,  
Of filthy wretch I well may the you reprove  
Of falshood, or of sloth, when most it may bechoue.

But

28  
But if that thou, *Sir Satyrane*, didst weete,  
Or thou, *Sir Peridure*, her fory state,  
How soone would ye assemble many a flecte  
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?  
Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,  
In your auengement and dispituous rage,  
Ne ought your buroing fury mote abate;  
But if *Sir Calidore* could it preface,  
No liuing creature could his crueltie asswage.

29  
But sith that none of all her knights is nie,  
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,  
And soueraigne fauour towards chastity,  
Do succour send to her distressed case:  
So much high God doth innocencie embrace,  
It fortun'd, whilest thus she fishy stroue,  
And the wide sea importuod long space  
With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,  
Along the fomy waues driving his sinny droue,

30  
*Proteus* is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,  
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;  
An aged sire with head all frory hore,  
And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:  
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard  
Through all the seas so rucfully resound,  
His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;  
Which, with a teeme of fealy *Phocas* bound,  
Was drawe vpon the waues, that somed him around.

31  
And comming to that Fishers wandring bore,  
That went at will withouten carde or sayle,  
He therein sawe that yrke some sight, which smote  
Deepe in indignation and compassion fraile  
Into his heart attonce: freight did he haile  
The greedy villein from his hoped prey,  
Of which he now did very little faile,  
And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,  
Him bet so fore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32  
The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rise,  
Ruffled and fowly rayd 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 shee 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 shrighit.

33  
Her selfe not saued yet from danger dred  
She thought, but chang'd from oneto other feare:  
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled  
From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,  
And fells to ground, to seeke for succour there,  
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,  
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare;  
In such distresse and sad perplexity  
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* shee did seee thereby.

34  
But he endeoured with speechés milde,  
Her to recomfort, and accourage hold,  
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 preuald;  
For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold  
Beumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,  
And all her senses with abashment quite were quaild.

35  
Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
And with his frory lips full softly kist,  
Whiles the cold yficles from his rough beard  
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory breast:  
Yet he himselfe so busily addressd,  
That her out of astonishment he wrought,  
And out of that same sisters filthy nest  
Remouing her, into his charet brought,  
And there with many gentle tearms her faire besought.

36  
But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
That beautie durst presume to violate,  
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;  
Then tooke he him yet trembling since of late,  
And tyde behind his charet, to aggregate  
The virgin, whom he had abus'd to fore:  
So dragd him through the waues in scornfull state,  
And after cast him vp vpon the shore;  
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37  
His bowre is in the bottoome of the Maine,  
Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which doe raue  
The roing billowes in their proud disdaine;  
That with the angry working of the waue,  
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,  
That seems rough *Mafons* hand with engines keene  
Had long while laboured it to engraue:  
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,  
Sae one old Nymph, hight *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38  
Thither he brought the fory *Florimell*,  
And entertained her the best he might;  
And *Panopé* her entertaind eke well,  
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
To winne her liking vnto his delight;  
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,  
And offered faire gifts'allure her sight:  
But shee both offers and the offer  
Despisd, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39  
Daily he tempted her with this or that,  
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:  
But euermore shee him refused flat,  
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;  
So firmlye he had sealed vp her breast,  
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:  
But shee a mortall creature loued best:  
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;  
But then shee said shee lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then



Then like a Faery knight himselfe he drest;  
 For, eury shape on him he could endew:  
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,  
 And offred kingdomes vnto her in view,  
 To be his Leman and his Lady trew:  
 But when all this he nothing sawe preuaile,  
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,  
 And with sharpe threats her often did assaile,  
 So thinking for to make her stubborn courage quail.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,  
 Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,  
 Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,  
 Raging within the waues: thereby he wend  
 Her will to win vnto his wished end.  
 But when with feare, oor fauour, nor with all  
 Hee else could doe, he sawe himselfe esteem'd,  
 Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,  
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefce,  
 Then losse of chastitee, or change of loue:  
 Die had she rather in tormenting griefce,  
 Then any shoulde of fallensse her reprove,  
 Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remoue.  
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,  
 And crowne of heauenly praile with Saints above,  
 Where most sweet hymnes of this thy famous deed  
 Are still emongst them sung, that far my rimes exceed.

Fit song, of Angels caroled to bee;  
 But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,  
 Shall be to advance thy goodly chastitee,  
 And to enroll thy memorable name,  
 In th'heart of eury honorable Dame,  
 That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,  
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.  
 It yrks me leaue thee in this wofull state,  
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

Who having ended with that *Squire of Dames*,  
 A long discourse of hir adventures vaine,  
 The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,  
 And finding not th'*Hyems* to be siue,  
 With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe  
 To his first way. And as they forward went,  
 They spide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,  
 As if hee were on some adventure bent,  
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

*Sir Satyrane* him towards did addresse,  
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:  
 And comming nigh, effsoones he gan to ghesse  
 Both by the burning heart, which in his brest  
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
 That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,  
 And him saluting, as befecemed best,  
 Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad;  
 And afterwards, on what adventure now he rode:

Who thereto answering, said; The tydings bad,  
 Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,  
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,  
 Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,  
 And suddain pature of faire *Florimell*,  
 To find him forth: and after her are gone  
 All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,  
 To sauegard her, ywandered all alone;  
 Emongst the rest, my lot (vworthy) 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 bee;  
 That all the noble knights of *Maidenhead*,  
 Which her ador'd, may fore repent with me,  
 And all faire Ladies may for euer forye be.

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew  
 Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismaid to bee;  
 Then said, Faire Sir, how may I wene it trow  
 That yee doe tell in such vncertaintee?  
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see  
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so fore?  
 For, perdy else how mote it euer bee  
 That euer hand should dare for to engore  
 Her noble blood? the heauens such cruelty abhorre:

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew  
 Th'haue seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast  
 The *Palfrey*, whereon she did trauell, slew;  
 And of his bowels made a bloody feast:  
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least;  
 Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:  
 Besides, her golden suspicion encrease,  
 I found her girdle cast astray,  
 Distayn'd with durt and bloud, as relique of the prey.

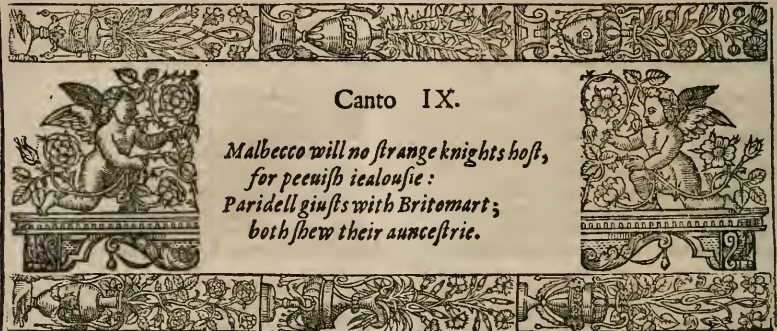
Aye me, said *Paridell*, the signes be sad,  
 And but God turne the same to good soothsay,  
 That Ladies safety is sore to be drad:  
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,  
 Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.  
 Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,  
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,  
 But to the rest, which in this *Quest* proceed  
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights, said then the *Squire of Dames*,  
 Well may ye speed in so praise-worthy paine:  
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to flake his beames,  
 In dewy vapours of the Westerne Maine,  
 And lose the teme out of his weary waine,  
 Mote not mislike you also to abate  
 Your zealous haste, till morrow next againe  
 Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:  
 Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turoe your gate.

Thar

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere  
 Forth marched to a Castle them before;  
 Where soone arriuing, they restrained were  
 Of ready entrance, which ought euermore

To errant knights be common: wondrous fore  
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire  
 Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore  
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:  
 The which to let you weet, will further time require,



## Canto IX.

*Malbecco will no strange knights host,  
 for peeuish ieaousie:  
 Paridell giusts with Britomart;  
 both sbeu their auncestrie.*

**R** Edoubted knights, and honorable Dames,  
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,  
 Right fore I feare, leaft with vnworthy blames  
 This odious argument my rimes should shend,  
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,  
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend  
 The shining glory of your foueraigne light,  
 And knight hood foule defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad  
 Offend the good: for, good by paragone  
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,  
 As white seemes fairer, matcht with black attone;  
 Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one:  
 For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodnes is,  
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione  
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blifs;  
 What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet  
 The cause, why *Satyrene* and *Paridell*  
 Mote not be entertain'd, as seemed meet,  
 Into that Castle (as the Squire does tell.)  
 Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,  
 That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,  
 Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well;  
 For, all his daies he drownes in priuity,  
 Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,  
 To hood vp beapes of euill gotten masse,  
 For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himselfe;  
 Yet is he linked to a louely Lasse,

Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpasse,  
 The which to him both far vnequall yeeres,  
 And also faire vnlike conditions has;  
 For, she does ioy to play amongst her peares,  
 And to be free from hard restraint & ieaous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,  
 Vost faire Ladies seruice to supply;  
 The priuy guitt whereof makes him alway  
 Suspect in truth, and keepe continuall spy  
 Vpon her with his other blinked eye;  
 Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight  
 Approche to her, ne keepe her company,  
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,  
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

*Malbecco* he, and *Helenore* the hight,  
 Vnfitly yok't together in one teeme:  
 That is the cause, why neuer any knight  
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
 Such, as no doubt of him he need 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 dispos'd to go astray.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:  
 For, who wotes not, that womans subtilties  
 Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?  
 It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,  
 Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,  
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;  
 But fast good will with gentle courtesies,  
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet  
 May her perhaps containe, that elle would algates fleet.

Then

8  
Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,  
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,  
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?  
For, sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.  
But why doe we deuise of others ill,  
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old  
To keepe vs out, in scorn of his owne will,  
And rather doe not ranck all, and himselfe kill?

9  
Nay, let vs first, said *Satyrane*, intreat  
The man by gentle meane, to let vs in,  
And afterwards assay with cruell threat,  
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:  
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,  
And eke reward the wretch for his misprise,  
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.  
That counsell plead: Then *Paridell* did rise,  
And to the Castle gate approach't in quiet wise.

10  
Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.  
The good-man selfe (which then the Porter plaid)  
Him answered, that all were now retir'd  
Vnto their rest; and all the keyes conuaid  
Vnto their maister, who in bed was layd,  
That none him durst awake out of his dreame;  
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.  
Then *Paridell* began to change his theame,  
And threatoed him with force, and punishment extreme.

11  
But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent.  
And now so long before the wicket fast  
They waited, that the night was forward spent;  
And the faire welkin, foully ouer-cast,  
Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,  
With showre and haile so horrible and dred,  
That this faire many were compeld at last  
To fly for succour to a little shed,  
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

12  
It 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 beought:  
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;  
For, flutly he of entrance was refus'd.  
Soroly thereat he was displeas'd, and thought  
How to avenge himselfe so fore abus'd,  
And cutermore the Carle of curtesie accus'd.

13  
But, to avoyd th'intolerable stowre,  
Hee was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,  
And to that shed (to throw him from the showre)  
Hee came, which full of guests he found whylcare,  
So as he was not let to enter there;  
Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth,  
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,  
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;  
And them desied each, and so desied them both.

14  
Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,  
And both full loth in darknesse to debate;  
Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue leut,  
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 kennell rate,  
That durst not barked; and rather had he dy,  
Then when he was deside, in coward corner ly.

15  
Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,  
Hee forth issew'd; like as a boistrous wind,  
Which in th'earth's hollow caues hath long bin hid,  
And shut vp fast within her prisons bliad,  
Makes the huge element against her kind  
To moue, and tremble as it were agast,  
Vntill that it an issue forth may find;  
Then forth it beakes, and with his furious blast  
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth over-cast.

16  
Their Steele-head speares they strongly coucht, & met  
Together with impetuous rage and force;  
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,  
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,  
That each (awhile) lay like a senselesse corse:  
But *Paridell*, fore bruised with the blowe,  
Could not arise, the counterchange to sorce,  
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;  
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throwe.

17  
But *Satyrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,  
And with faire treatie pacified their ire;  
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,  
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,  
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire,  
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe  
To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,  
And that vn courteous Carle (their common foe)  
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

18  
*Malbecco*, seeing them resolvd indeed  
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
For fire in earnest, ranne with fearefull speed;  
And to them calling from the Castle wall,  
Besought them humbly, him to beare withall,  
As ignorant of seruants bad abuse,  
And slack attendance vnto strangers call.  
The knights were willing all things to excuse,  
Though nought belieu'd, & entrance late did not refuse.

19  
They been ybrought into a comely bowre,  
And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;  
Yet secretly their host did on them lowre,  
And welcomd more for feare then charitee;  
But they dissembled what they did not see,  
And welcomed themselves. Each gan vndight  
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,  
To dry themselves by *Vulcans* flaming light,  
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.



20  
 And eke that stranger knight, amongst the rest,  
 Was for like need enforced to diffray:  
 Tho, when as veiled was her lofty crest,  
 Her golden locks, that were in tangles gay  
 Up-bounded, did themselves adowne display,  
 And raught vnto her heeles; like sunny beames,  
 That in a clowd their light did long time stay,  
 Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,  
 And through the present ayre shoot forth their azure

(streames.

21  
 She also doft her heauy haberjeon,  
 Which the faire feature of her limbes did hide;  
 And her well plighted frock, which she did won  
 To tuck about her stert when she did ride,  
 Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank side  
 Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestie.  
 Then of them all she plainly was epide  
 To be a woman-wight (vnwist to bee)  
 The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

22  
 Like as *Minerua*, beeing late returned  
 From slaughter of the Giants conquered;  
 Where proud *Enclade*, whose wide nofethrils burnd  
 With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,  
 Transfix'd with the speare, downe tumbled ded  
 From top of *Hemus*, by him leaped hie;  
 Hath loofd her helmet from her lofty hed,  
 And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntie  
 From her left arme, to rest in glorious victory.

23  
 Which when as they beheld, they smitten were  
 With great amazement of yo wondrous sight;  
 And eueh on other, and they all on her  
 Stood gazing, as if suddaine great affright  
 Had them surpris'd. At last, avising 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 view.

24  
 Yet nore their hungry view be satisfis'd;  
 But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,  
 And euer firmly fixed did abide  
 In contemplation of diuinitie:  
 But most they meruaill'd at her cheualree  
 And noble prowesse, which they had approued,  
 That much they faind to knowe who the mote bee;  
 Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,  
 Yet euey one her lik't, and euey one her loued.

25  
 And *Paridell*, though partly discontent  
 With his late fall, and soule indignity,  
 Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,  
 Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
 And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,  
 Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;  
 Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curtesie,  
 That of his Lady they might haue the sight,  
 And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26  
 But hee, to shift their curious request,  
 Gan cassen why she could not come in place;  
 Her cras'd health, her late recourse to rest,  
 And humid euening, ill for sick folkes case;  
 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 shew'd her selfe to all a gentle courteous Dame.

27  
 They fate to meat, and *Satyrene* his chance  
 Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;  
 But he himselfe fate looking still acaunce,  
 Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde  
 Sir *Satyrene*, that glances might not glyde:  
 But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,  
 All his demeanure from his sight did hide:  
 On her faire face so did hee feed his fill,  
 And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

28  
 And euer and anon, when none was ware,  
 With speaking looks, that close embassage bore,  
 Hee rovd' at her, and told his secret care:  
 For, all that art he learned had of yore.  
 Ne was shee ignorant of that lewd lore,  
 But in his eye his meaning wisely read,  
 And with the lik' him answerd euer more:  
 She sent at him one fire dart, whose hed  
 Emppoynd was with priuy lust, and iaculous dreed.

29  
 Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,  
 But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;  
 The wicked engine through false influence  
 Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde  
 Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.  
 But nothing new to him was that laune paine,  
 Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde  
 The power thereof, and lovd' so oft in vaine,  
 That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

30  
 Thence-forth to her hee sought to intimate  
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;  
 Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate  
 He on the table dash't, as ouerthrowne,  
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,  
 And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,  
 Or therein write to let his loue be showne;  
 Which well hee red out of the learned hie;  
 (A sacrament profane in mystrie of wine.)

31  
 And when-so of his hand the pledge she raught,  
 The guilty cup she faind to mistake,  
 And in her lap did shed her iule draught,  
 Shewing desire her inward flame to flake:  
 By which 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

32  
Now when of meates and drinks they had their fill,  
Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,  
Vnto those knights adventurous, to tell  
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,  
And every one his kindred, and his name.  
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride  
Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame  
Abounded) beeing glad of so fit tide  
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde :

33  
*Troy*, that at now nought but an idle name,  
And in thine ashes buried lowe doost lye,  
Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,  
Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky  
Vpon thee beaot a direfull destinie;  
What boos it boast thy glorious descent,  
And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,  
Sith all thy worthy praytes beeing blent,  
Their of-spring hath embas't, and later glory shent :

34  
Most famous Worthy of the world, by whom  
That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,  
And stately towres of *Ilium* whilome  
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name  
*Sir Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame;  
Who, through great prowelle and bold hardinesse,  
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the fairest Dame  
That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,  
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse;

35  
Faire *Helens*, flowre of beauty excellent,  
And girdled of the mighty Conquerours,  
That madest many Ladies deare lament  
The heauy losse of their braue Paramours,  
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres;  
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne  
With carcasses of noble warriors,  
Whose fruitlesse liues were vader furrow sowne,  
And *Xanibus* sandy banks with bloud all overflowe.

36  
From him, my linsage I deriue aright,  
Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,  
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard light,  
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy:  
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,  
She of his Father, *Paris* did name;  
Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,  
Gath' red the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,  
And with them sayng thence, to th' Ile of *Paros* came.

37  
That was by him call'd *Paris*, which before  
Hight *Nausus*: there be many yeares did raigne,  
And built *Nausicle* by the *Ponticke* shore;  
The which he dying, left next to remaine  
To *Paridas* his sonne.  
From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;  
But for faire Ladies loue, and glorious gaine,  
My native soyle haue left, my dayes to spend  
In fewing deeds of armes, my lifes and labours end.

38  
When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell  
Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt  
(The rescuefull story of *Sir Paridell*)  
She was empusshion'd at that pittious act,  
With zealous euy of *Greekes* cruell fact,  
Against that Nation, from whole race of old  
She heard that she was lineally extract:  
For, noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,  
And *Troynowant* was built of old *Troies* allies cold.

39  
Then sighing soft awhile, at last, she thus:  
O lamentable fall of famous towce!  
Which reign'd so many yeers victorious,  
And of all *Asia* bore the louetaigne crowne,  
In one sad night consum'd, and thrown downe;  
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,  
Is not emperc't with deepe compassionne,  
And makes enfample of mans wretched state,  
That flowres so fresh at morn, and fades at euening late :

40  
Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint  
Hath found another partner of your paine:  
For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,  
As Countries cause, and common eyes dilataioe.  
But, if it should not grieue you backe againe  
To turne your course, I would to heare desire  
What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne  
Hee was not in the Cities wofull fire  
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

41  
*Anchyses* sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,  
Said hee, out of the flame, for safe-gard fled;  
And with a remnant did to sea prepare,  
Where he through fatall error long was led  
Full many yeeres, and weetelesse wandred  
From shore to shore, amongst the *Zybricke* sands,  
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffer'd,  
And many perils past in forraine lands,  
To saue his people sad from *Victors* reuengefull hands.

42  
At last, in *Latium* hee did arrive,  
Where hee with cruell warre was entertain'd  
Of th' island folke, which sought him backe to driue,  
Till he with old *Latinus* was constrain'd  
To contract wedlocke: (so the Fates ordain'd.)  
Wedlocke contra' in blood, and eke in blood  
Accomplish'd, that many deare complain'd:  
The riuallaine, the *Victor* (through the flood  
Escaped hardly) hardly pray'd his wedlocke good.

43  
Yet after all, hee *Victor* did suruiue,  
And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part,  
But after, when both nations gan to strive,  
Ioto their names the title to conuert,  
His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,  
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* blood,  
And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,  
Where faire cit flourish'd, and long time stoud,  
Till *Remulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44

There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd  
The glory of the later world to spring,  
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was rear'd,  
To sit in second seate of Soueraigne king  
Of all the world vnder her gouerning,  
But a third kingdome yet is to arise,  
Out of the *Troians* scatter'd of spring,  
That in all glory and great enterprise,  
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalise.

45

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues  
Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,  
Vpon whose stubborne neck (where-at he raues  
With roring rage, and fore himselfe does throng,  
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)  
She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hie,  
That it a wonder of the world is song  
In forraigne Lands; and all which passen by,  
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threatens the sky.

46

The *Troiane Brute* did first that Citie found,  
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by West,  
And *Ouer-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 kingdoms 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.

47

Ah! fayrest Lady-knight, said *Paridell*,  
Pardon (I pray) my heedlesse over-sight,  
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell  
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits been light.  
Indeed, he said, if I remember right,  
That of the antique *Troiane* stock, there grew  
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,  
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,  
Into the vtmost angle of the world he knew.

48

For, that same *Brute* (whom much he did aduance  
In all his speech) was *Syluim* his sonne,  
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrows glaunce,  
Hee fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
Or else for shame, so soule reproche to shonne;  
And with him led to sea a youthly traine,  
Where wearie wandring they long time did woonne,  
And many fortunes prov'd in th' *Ocean* maine,  
And great adventures found, that now were long to saine.

49

At last, by fatal course they driuen were  
Into an Iland spacious and brode,  
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:  
And (after rest they seeking farre abroad)  
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode:  
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,  
But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,  
Sauce an huge nation of the Giants brood,  
That fed on liuing flesh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50

Whom he, through weary warres and labours long,  
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:  
In which, the great *Goemagot* of strong  
*Corineus*, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old  
Were overthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,  
Which quaked vnder their fo' hideous mafs:  
A famous history to be enrolld  
In euerlasting monuments of bras,  
That all the antique Worthies merits far did pass.

51

His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke  
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowned far away,  
That who from East to West will end-long seeke,  
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,  
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say  
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well  
Your country kin, and you entirely pray  
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
Betwix vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

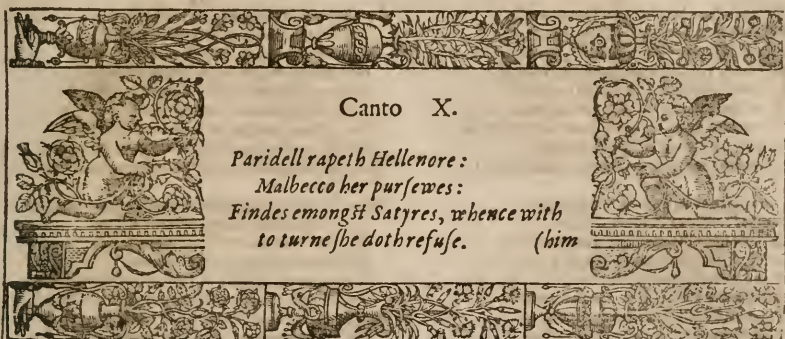
52

But all the while that he these speeches spent,  
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,  
With vigilant regard, and due attent,  
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore  
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:  
The whiles, vnowares away her wondring eye  
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:  
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily  
In speaking, many false belgards at her let fly.

53

So long these knights discoursed diuersly,  
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,  
Which they had past with mickle icopardy,  
That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
And heauenly lampes were halfe deale ybrent:  
Which th'old man seeing well (who too long thought  
Euery discourse, and euery argument,  
Which by the houres he measured) befought  
Them go to rest. So all vato their bowres were brought.





## Canto X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:  
 Malbecco her pursues:  
 Fines amongst Satyres, whence with  
 to turne she doth refuse. (him)

**T**He morrow next, so soone as *Phœbus* Lamp  
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
 And sieth *Aurora* had the shady daimp  
 Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,  
 Faire *Britomart* and that same Faerie knight  
 Vprose, forth on their tourney for to wend:  
 But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight  
 With *Britomart*, so fore did him offend,  
 That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them staid,  
 Man'gre his host, who grudged grieuouly  
 To house a puffed, that would be needs obayd,  
 And of his owne him left not liberty:  
 (Might, wanting measure, moueeth surquedry.)  
 Two things he feared, but the third was death;  
 That fierce young mans voruly mastery;  
 His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath;  
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce: he must abide  
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay:  
 Foud is the feare that findes no remedy;  
 Yet warily he watcheth euery way,  
 By which he feareth euill happen may:  
 So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;  
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,  
 Out of his sight her selfe once to ablent,  
 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 doe men say, thou canst not see,  
 And in their foolish fancie feine thee blind,  
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doost bind,  
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
 And leest euery secret of the mind;  
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;  
 All that is by the working of thy Deitce.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,  
 That he *Malbeccoes* halfen eye did wile:  
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,  
 And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile.  
 Both eyes and hart at once, during the while  
 That he theresoioineth his wounds to heale;  
 That *Cupid* lesse it feeling, close did smile,  
 To weet how he her loue away did steale,  
 And bade, that none their ioyous treaton should reueale.

The learned Louer lost no time nor tide,  
 That least advantage mote to him afford,  
 Yet bore so faire a sale, that none espide  
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.  
 When-so in open place, and common bord,  
 He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech  
 He courted her, yet bayted euery word,  
 That his vngentic holt n'ote him appeach  
 Of vile vngentenesse, or hospitages breach.

But, when apart (if euer her apart)  
 He found, then his false engins fast he plide,  
 And all the sleights vnbofomd in his bart;  
 He sigh't, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dide,  
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast beside:  
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,  
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments belide,  
 Saying, but if shee Mercie would him giue,  
 That he mote algates die, yet did his death forgieue.

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,  
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,  
 Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,  
 Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,  
 Branles, Ballads, virelages, and verses vaine;  
 Oft purposes, oft riddles he devis'd,  
 And thousands like, which flow'd in his braine,  
 With which he fed her fancy, and enuis'd  
 To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despis'd.

9  
 And every where he might, and every while  
 He did her seruice dutifull, and fewed  
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing gnoile,  
 So closely yet, that none but shee it viewed,  
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.  
 Thus finely did he his false nets disspred,  
 With which he many weake harts had subdewed  
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:  
 What wonder then, if shee were likewise carried?

10  
 No fort so sensible, no walles so strong,  
 But that continuall battery will riuie,  
 Or daily siege through dispurauyance long,  
 And lack of reskewes will to parley driue;  
 And Peccè, that vato parley care will giue,  
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made  
 The vassall of the Victors will byliue:  
 That stratageme had oftentimes assaid  
 This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine displaid,

11  
 For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
 That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold  
 To him, without regard of gaine, or feath,  
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.  
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
 Deuized hath, and to her Louer told.  
 It pleased well. So well they both agree;  
 So ready ripe to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

12  
 Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,  
 When chaunc't *Malbecco* busie be else-where,  
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
 Lay hid: there of she countlesse summes did reate,  
 The which she meant away with her to beare;  
 The rest, shee fir'd for sport, or for despight;  
 As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare  
 The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens height,  
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

13  
 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 straight embraced, shee to him did cry,  
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;  
 For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,  
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to die.

14  
 The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,  
 And ready seeing him with her to flye,  
 In his disliquit mind was much dismayde:  
 But, when againe he backward cast his eye,  
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
 Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,  
 Hee was there-with distressed diuerly,  
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;  
 Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

15  
 Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turn'd,  
 And left the fire; loue, money overcame:  
 But, when he marked how his money burn'd,  
 He left his wife; money did loue declame:  
 Both was he loth to lose his loued *Danie*,  
 And loth to leaue his lieifest selfe behind,  
 Yet fith he n'ote saue both, he saw'd that fame  
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,  
 The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

16  
 Thus, whilst all things in troublous spore were,  
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
 The louing couple need no reskew feare,  
 But leasure had, and libertie to frame  
 Their purposst flight, free from all mens reclame;  
 And Night (the patronesse of loue-wealth faire)  
 Gauè them safe conduct, till to end they came:  
 So been they gone yfeare (a wanton paire  
 Of Louers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

17  
 Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
*Malbecco*, seeing how his losse did lye,  
 Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere  
 Into huge waues of grieffe and lealouise  
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nic,  
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;  
 Hee rar'd, he wept, he stamp, he loud did cry,  
 And all the passions that in man may light,  
 Did him anonce oppresse, and vex his cautiue spright.

18  
 Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieffe,  
 And did consume his gall with anguish fore:  
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
 And seem'd more grieuous then it was before:  
 At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,  
 Ne grieffe might not his loue to him restore,  
 He gan deuise, how her he rekew mought,  
 Ten thousand waies he cast in his consulted thought.

19  
 At last, resolving like a pilgrim poore  
 To search her forth, where so she might be fond,  
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
 The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond  
 To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.  
 Long he her sought, he fought her farr and nere,  
 And euery where that he mote vnderfond,  
 Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,  
 And of each one he met, he tydings did inquire.

20  
 But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,  
 Euer to come into his clouch againe,  
 And he too simple euer to surprisè  
 The iolly *Davidell*, for all his paine.  
 One day, as he forepassed by the Plaine  
 With weary pace, he farrè away espide  
 A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)  
 Which houed close vnder a forest side.  
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide.

21

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee :  
 And as he better did their shape ariue,  
 Him seemed more their manner did agree ;  
 For, th' one was armed all in warlike wize,  
 Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize ;  
 And th' other, all yclad in garments light,  
 Discolour'd like to womansh disguise,  
 He did resemble to his Lady bright ;  
 And euer his faint hart much yearned at the sight.

22

And euer faine hee towards them would goe,  
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
 But stood aloofe, vowingett what to doe ;  
 Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,  
 That is the father of foule Icaloufie,  
 He closely neerer crept, the truth to weete ;  
 But, as he nigher drew, he easly  
 Might 'terne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
 Ne yet her *Belamour*, the partner of his sheet.

23

But it was scornfull *Braggadochie*,  
 That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,  
 Since late he fled from his too earnest foe ;  
 Whom such when as *Malbecco* spyed clerke,  
 He turned backe, and would haue fled arere ;  
 Till *Trompart* running hastly, him did slay,  
 And bade before his foueraine Lord appere :  
 That was him loath, yet durst he not gaine-say,  
 And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24

The Boaster, at him sternely bent his brow,  
 As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,  
 That to the ground him meekelely made to bow,  
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
 That euery member of his body quooke.  
 Said he, thou man of ought, what doost thou here,  
 Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
 Where I expected one with shield and spere,  
 To proue some deeds of armes vpon an equal pere.

25

The wretched man, at his imperious speach,  
 Was all abasht, and lowe 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 driuent to distresse,  
 That seeke a Lady. There he suddaine staid,  
 And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppress,  
 While teares stood in his eyes (few drops of bitternesse.)

26

What Lady, man? said *Trompart*, take good hart,  
 And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye ;  
 Was neuer better time to stiew thy smart  
 Then now, that noble succour is thee by,  
 That is the whole worlds common remedy.  
 That cheerefull word his weakc hart much did cheare,  
 And with vaine hope his spirits faiot supply,  
 That bold he said ; O most redoubted Pere,  
 Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

27

Then sighing sore, If is not long, said hee,  
 Since I enioyde the gentlest Dame alue ;  
 Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,  
 But shame of all that doe for honour strue,  
 By treacherous deceit did me depriue ;  
 Through open out-rage hee her bore away,  
 And with foule force vnto his will did driue,  
 Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,  
 Are bound for to reuenge, and punish if they may.

28

And you (most noble Lord) that can and dare  
 Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
 Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
 In better quarrell, then defence of right,  
 And for a Lady, gainst a faithlesse knight ;  
 So shall your glory be aduanced much,  
 And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,  
 And eke my selfe (albe I simple such)  
 Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

29

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew  
 Great store of treasure, there-with him to tempt ;  
 But he on it lookt scornfully askew,  
 As much disdainning to be so midtempt,  
 Or a war-monger to be basely nempt ;  
 And said ; Thy offers base I greatly loth,  
 And eke thy words vnacourteous and volempt ;  
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both,  
 That, were it not for shame ; So turned from him wroth.

30

But *Trompart*, that his masters humour knew,  
 In lofly lookes to hide an humble mind,  
 Was inly tickled with that golden view,  
 And in his eare him rounded close behind ;  
 Yet stout hee not, but lay still in the wind,  
 Waiting advantage on the prey to seafe ;  
 Till *Trompart* lowely to the ground inclin'd,  
 Befonght him his great courage to appeafe,  
 And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

31

Bigge looking, like a doughty Douzepere,  
 At last, he thus ; Thou clod of vntest clay,  
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare ;  
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,  
 And all that esse the vaine world vaunten may,  
 I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward ;  
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.  
 But minds of mortall men are muchell mar'd,  
 And mou'd amisse with massic mucks vnmeet regard.

32

And more, I graot to thy great miserie  
 Gracious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent ;  
 And that vile knight, who euer that he be,  
 Which hath thy Lady reft, and knight hood slent,  
 By *Sanzlamort* my sword, whose deadly dent  
 The bloud bath of so many thousands shed,  
 I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent ;  
 Ne he twixt heauen and earth shall hide his head,  
 But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be dead.



33  
The foolish man therat woxe wondrous blith,  
As if the word to spoken, were halfe donne,  
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,  
That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
Tho, forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne  
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
As if he heauen and hell would ouer-ronne,  
And all the world confound with cruelty,  
That much *Malbecco* toyed in his iollitic.

34  
Thus, long they three together trauielled,  
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,  
To seeke his wife, that was faire wandered,  
But those two fought nought but the present pray,  
To weete, the treasure, which he did bewray,  
On which their eyes and harts were wholly set,  
With purpose how they might it best betray;  
For, sith the houre that first he did them let (whet.  
The same behold, there-with their keene desires were

35  
It fortun'd as they together far'd,  
They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast  
Vpon the Plaine, the which him selfe prepar'd  
To giust with that braue stranger knight a cast,  
As on adventure by the way he past;  
Alone he rode without his Paragone;  
For, hauing filcht her bells, her vp he cast  
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,  
He o'uld be clogd. So had he serued many one.

36  
The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde adventure, life a forlorne west,  
Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;  
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,  
With them as houlewife euer to abide,  
To milke their goates, and make them cheefe & bred,  
And eury one as common good her handeled;

37  
That shortly shee *Malbecco* has forgot,  
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;  
Who from her went to seeke another lot,  
And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,  
Where those two gunters with *Malbecco* were:  
Soone as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,  
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
Ne word he had to speake, his griefe to tell,  
But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

38  
And after, asked him for *Hellenore*.  
I take no keepe of her, said *Paridell*:  
She wonneth in the forest there before.  
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;  
The whites, the Boaster from his lofty fell  
Faynd to alight, some-thing amisse to mend;  
But the fresh Swaine would not his leasure dwell,  
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,  
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

39  
*Perdy* nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:  
But let him passe as lightly as he came:  
For, little good of him is to be got,  
And mickle perill to be put to shame.  
But, let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,  
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:  
For, of her safety in great doubt I am,  
Least salvage beasts her person haue despoild:  
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

40  
They all agree, and forward them address:  
Ah! but said crafty *Trompart*, weete ye well,  
That yonder in that wastefull wilder nesse  
Huge Monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,  
And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend  
All traucellers; therefore awise ye well,  
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:  
One may his journey bring too soone to euill end.

41  
*Malbecco* stopt in great astonishment,  
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
Their counsell crav'd, in danger imminent,  
Said *Trompart*, You that are the most opprest  
With burden of great treasure, I thinke best  
Heere for to stay in safety behind;  
My Lord and I will search the wild forest.  
That counsell pleased not *Malbeccos* mind;  
For, he was much affraid, him selfe alone to find.

42  
Then is it best, said he, that ye doe leaue  
Your treasure here in some securitic,  
Either fast closed in some hollow graue,  
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,  
Till we returne againe in safetie:  
As for vs two, lest doubt of vs yee haue,  
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,  
Ne priue be vnto your treasures Graue.  
It pleased: so he did, Then they march forward braue.

43  
Now, when amid the thickest woods they were,  
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,  
Which all the forest did with horror fill:  
That dreadfull sound the boasters harte 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 stie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

44  
Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,  
Hee in a bush did hide his fearefull hed:  
The iolly *Satyres*, full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led  
Faïre *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 lonely fellowship full glade,  
Daunc't liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

<sup>45</sup>  
The silly man that in the thicket lay,  
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieued fore,  
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th'vkindnes of his *Hellenore*,  
All day they daunced with great iustified,  
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,  
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,  
Till drouping *Phaëbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

<sup>46</sup>  
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to trusse,  
And all their goodly heards did gather round;  
But euery *Satyre* first did giue a bulle  
To *Hellenore*: so bulles did abound.  
Now gan the humid vapour stie the ground  
With pearly dew, and the Earths gloomy shade  
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,  
That euery bird and beaſt awarced made  
To shrowd theſelues, whiles ſleep their ſenſes did invade.

<sup>47</sup>  
Which when *Malbecco* ſaw, out of the buſh  
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,  
And like a Goate emongſt the Goates did ruſh,  
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,  
And miſtie dampe of miſconceiuing night,  
And eke through likenesſe of his goatliſh beard,  
He did the better counterſeite aright:  
So home he marcht emongſt the horned beards,  
That none of all the *Satyres* him elyde or heard.

<sup>48</sup>  
At night, when all they went to ſleepe, he viewd,  
Where-as his lovely wife emongſt them lay,  
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,  
Who all the night did miſd his ioyous play:  
Nine times he heard him come aloſt ere day,  
That all his hart with iealouſie did ſwell;  
But yet that nights enſample did bewray,  
That not for nought his wife them lou'd ſo well,  
When one ſo oft a night did ring his natins bell.

<sup>49</sup>  
So cloſely as he could, he to them crept,  
When weary of their ſport to ſleepe they fell;  
And to his wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,  
He whiſper'd in her eare, and did her tell,  
That it was hee, which by her ſide did dwell,  
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.  
As one out of a dreame not waked well,  
She turn'd her, and returned back againe:  
Yet her for to awake he did the more conſtraine.

<sup>50</sup>  
At laſt, with irkſome trouble ſhee abraid;  
And then perceiuing that it was indeed  
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,  
With looſeneſſe of her loue, and loathly deed,  
Shee was aſtoniſht with exceeding dread,  
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her ſide;  
But hee her prayd for mercy, or for meed,  
To ſaue his life, ſe let him be deſcried,  
But barken to his lore, and all his counſell hide.

<sup>51</sup>  
Tho, gan he her perſwade, to leaue that lewd  
And loathſome life, of God and man abhord,  
And home retourne, where all ſhould be renewd  
With perfect peace, and bands of freſh accord,  
And ſhee receiv'd againe to bed and bord,  
As if no treſpaſſe euer had been donne:  
But ſhee it all reſuſed at one word,  
And by no means would to his will be wonne,  
But choſe emongſt the iolly *Satyres* ſtill to wonne.

<sup>52</sup>  
Hee wooed her, till day ſpring he eſpide;  
But all in vaine: and then turn'd to the heard,  
Who butted him with hornes on euery ſide,  
And trode downe in the dirt, where his hore beard  
Was foully dight, and he of death affraid,  
Early before the heauens faireſt light  
Out of the ruddy Eaſt was fully reard,  
The heards out of their folds were looſed quight,  
And he emongſt the reſt crept forth in ſory plight.

<sup>53</sup>  
So ſoone as he the Priſon doore did paſs,  
Hee ranne aſaſt as both his feet could beare,  
And neuer looked who behind him was,  
Ne ſearcely who before: like as a Beare  
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hies to reare  
An hony-combe, the waketill dogs eſpy,  
And him aſſayling, ſore his carcaſſe teare,  
That hardly he away with life does flie,  
Ne ſtays, till ſafe himſelfe hee ſee from icopardy.

<sup>54</sup>  
Ne ſtaid he, till hee came vnto the place  
Where late his treaſure he entomb'd had;  
Where when he found it not (for, *Zympart* baſe  
Had it purloyned for his maſter bad:)  
With extreame fury he became quite mad,  
And ranne away, ran with himſelfe away:  
That who lo ſtrangely had him ſeene beſtaid,  
With vpſt artaire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,  
From *Zimbo* lake him late eſcap'd ſure would ſay.

<sup>55</sup>  
High over hilles and over dales he fled,  
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,  
Ne banke nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped  
His numble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:  
Griefe, and deſpight, and iealouſie, and ſcorne  
Did all the way him follow hard behind:  
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd to forlorne,  
So ſhamefully forlorne of woman-kind;  
That, as a Soake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

<sup>56</sup>  
Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,  
Ne ſtaid his ſight, nor ſcarefull agony,  
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,  
ouer the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,  
That liuing creature it would terrifie  
To looke adowne, or vpwart to the hight:  
From thence he threw himſelfe deſpiteouſly,  
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpight,  
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in liuing ſight.

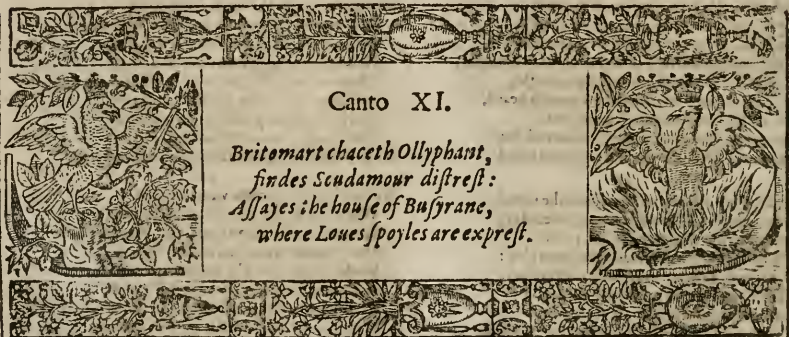


57  
But through long anguish, and self-murdering thought,  
He was so wasted and fore-pined quight,  
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
And nothing left, but like an aerie Spright,  
That on the rocks he fell so fit and light,  
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,  
But chaunced on a craggy cliffe to light;  
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,  
That at the last he found a Caw with entrance small.

58  
Into the same hee creeps, and thence-forth there  
Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,  
In dreary darknesse, and continuall feare  
Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon  
Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,  
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye  
Still ope he keeps for that occasion;  
Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,  
Th' roring billowes beat his bowre so boistrouly.

59  
Ne euer is hee wont on ought to feed,  
But toades and frogs (his pasture poysonous)  
Which in his cold complexion doe breed  
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,  
That doth with curclelike care consume the hart,  
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitions,  
Cros-cuts the liuer with internall smart,  
And doth transfixe the soule with deaths eternal dart.

60  
Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
That death and life atonce vnto him giues,  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
There dwells he euer, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;  
Where he through priuy griefe, and horrow vaine,  
Is woxen so detorm'd that he has quight  
Forgot hee was a man, and *Jealousie* is hight.



## Canto XI.

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,  
findes Scudamour distressed:  
Assayes the house of Busyrane,  
where Loues spoyles are express.*

1  
**O** Hatefull hellish Snake, what fury first  
Brought thee frō baleful house of *Proserpine*,  
Where in her bosom she thee long had nurs't,  
And fostred vp with bitter milke of mine,  
Foule Jealousie, that turnest loue diuine  
To joylesse dead, and mak't the longing hart  
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
And feed it selfe with felic-consuming smart?  
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

2  
**O**! let him farre be banished away,  
And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell;  
Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wioꝝ sembay  
To blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures Well,  
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.  
And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make  
In th' harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,  
T'employ faire *Britomart* ensample take,  
That was as true in loue, as *Turtle* to her make.

3  
Who with Sir *Satyran* (as eurst yee red)  
Forth riding from *Malbecco*s hostlesse hous,  
Fare off espide a young man, the which fled  
From an huge Giant, that with hideous  
And hatefull out-rage long him chased thus;  
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare  
Of that *Argenté* vile and vitions,  
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;  
This all as bad as shee, and worse, if worse ought were,

4  
For, as the sister did in feminine  
And filthy lust exceed 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 pursew,  
Shee 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 faire behind,  
 But with like fiercenesse did enswie the chace:  
 Whom, when the Giant saw, he soone resign'd  
 His former suit, and from them fled apace;  
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,  
 And each did striue the other to our-goe:  
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space;  
 For, he was long, and swiftest any Roe,  
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,  
 But *Britomart*, the floure of chastity;  
 For, he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
 But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:  
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
 That he was gotten to a forreist deare,  
 Where hee is throwed in security:  
 The wood they enter, and search euery where,  
 They searched diuersly; so both diuided were.

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 habergeon, 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 lye,  
 As if he had been slumbering in the shade,  
 That the braue Maid would not for courttesie,  
 Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,  
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:  
 Still as shee stood, she heard with precious throb  
 Him grone, as if his hart were preece made,  
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
 That pity did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,  
 He said: O soueraigne Lord that first on hie,  
 And raignt in blis emongst thy blessed Saints,  
 How sufficest 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 righteousnes no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,  
 Why then is *Amoret* in captiue band,  
 Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd  
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?  
 Or if that heauenly iustice may withstand  
 The wrongfull out-rage of vnrightrous men,  
 Why then is *Bufrane* with wicked hand  
 Suffred, these seauen moneths day, in secret den  
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend  
 In dolefull darknes from the view of day,  
 Whil'ft deadly torments do her chaste breast rend,  
 And the sharp fleete doth rive her hart in tway,  
 All for thee *Scudamore* will not deay.  
 Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,  
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe distunay;  
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,  
 For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a wound.

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse  
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach  
 His stroking tongue with pangs of drierinesse,  
 Choking the remnant of his plainnesse speech,  
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach,  
 Which when he heard, and saw the gastly fit,  
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
 Both with great ruth and terour she was smit,  
 Fearing least from her cage the weary foule would flit.

Tho, stooping downe, shee him amoued light;  
 Who there-with some-what startings, vp gin looke,  
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
 Where-as no liuing creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignance he that sight forsooke,  
 And downe againe himselfe disdainefully  
 Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forehead strooke:  
 Which the bold *Virgin* seeing, gan apply  
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus curtesly:

Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued grieffe  
 Well seemes t' exceed the powre of patience,  
 Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe  
 You send, submit you to high prouidence;  
 And euer in your noble hart prepeare,  
 That all the sorrow in the world, is lesse  
 Than vertues might, and values confidence:  
 For, who will bide the burden of distresse,  
 Must not heere thinke to liue; for, life is wretchednesse.

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,  
 And freely read, what wicked felon so  
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make,  
 Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,  
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,  
 At least, if faire endeour will apply.  
 Those feeling words so neere the quicke did goe,  
 That vp his head he reared easily:  
 And leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,  
 And lowe vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care,  
 Sith powre of hand, nor skil 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 black Magicke leare,  
 Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,  
 And many dreadfull fiends hath pointed to her gard.

There

17

There he tormenteth her molt terribly,  
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
 Because to yield him loue she doth deny,  
 Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:  
 But yet by torture he would her constraîne  
 Loue to conceite in her disdainfull brest;  
 Till so she doe, shee must in doole remaine,  
 Ne may by liuing meanes he thence releif:  
 What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18

With this sad herfall of his beavy streffe,  
 The warlike Damzell was compassiond fore,  
 And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse  
 Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;  
 For, nothing so much pity doth implore,  
 As gentle Ladies be lesse misery.  
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,  
 I will (with prooffe of last extremitie)  
 Deliu'er her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19

Ah! gentlest Knight aliu'e, said *Scudamore*;  
 What huge heroick magnanimitie  
 Dwells in thy bountious breast? what could't thou  
 If she were thine, and thou as now am I? (more)  
 O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply  
 To better boot, but let me die that ought;  
 More is more losse: one is enough to die.  
 Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought  
 Endlesse renowne, that more then death is to be fought.

20

Thus, she at length perswaded him to rise,  
 And with her wend, to see what new successe  
 More him befall vpon new enterprife.  
 His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,  
 She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,  
 And his forwardred steed vnto him got:  
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,  
 And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,  
 Till they artiu'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

21

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,  
 And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;  
 Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,  
 Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late;  
 But in the Porch (that did them sore amate)  
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smould'ry smoke,  
 And stinking Sulphure, that with grievly hate  
 And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,  
 Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22

Greatly therat was *Britomart* dismayd,  
 Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare;  
 For, danger vaine it were, to haue assaid  
 That cruell element, which all things feare,  
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:  
 And turning backe to *Scudamore*, thus said;  
 What monstrous enmitie prouoke we here,  
 Foole-hardy, as th'Earths children, the which made  
 Battell against the Gods? so we a God invade.

23

Danger without discretion to attempt,  
 Inglorious, beast-like is: therefore, Sir knight,  
 Aread what course of you is latest dempt,  
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.  
 This is, quoth he, the dolorous despiht,  
 Which earst to you I plained: for, neither may  
 This fire be quencht by any wit or might,  
 Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,  
 So mighty be th'echauntments, which the same do slay.

24

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
 And leaue me to my former languishing?  
 Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,  
 And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing.  
 Perdy not so, said shee; for, shamefull thing  
 It were't abandon noble cheuifance,  
 For shew of perill, without venturing:  
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,  
 Then enterprised praife for dread to disauance.

25

There-with, resol'd to proue her vtmost might,  
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
 And (her swords point directing forward right)  
 Assaid the flame, the which estoones gaue place,  
 And did it selfe diuide with equall space,  
 That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt  
 Pearceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
 The foring clouds into sad showres ymolte;  
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26

Whom, when as *Scudamore* saw past the fire,  
 Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,  
 With greedie will, and enuious desire,  
 And bad the stubborn flames to yield him way:  
 But cruell *Mulcher* would not obey  
 His threatfull pride; but did the more augment  
 His mightie rage, and his imperious sway  
 Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,  
 And back retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

27

With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
 More for great sorrow that he could not pass,  
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,  
 That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,  
 And wilfully him throwing on the grass,  
 Did beat and bounce his head and breast full sore:  
 The whiles, the Championesse now entred has  
 The vtmost roome, and past the formost dore,  
 The vtmost roome abounding with all precious store.

28

For, round about, the wals yclothed were  
 With goodly Arras of great maiesty,  
 Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,  
 That the rich metall lurked priuily,  
 As faining to be hid from enuious eye;  
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares  
 It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;  
 Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares (clares,  
 Through the green grass, his long bright burnisht back de-

And

29  
 And in those Tapets wren fashioned  
 Many faire pouterraits, and many a faire feate:  
 And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,  
 As seemed by their semblant, did extreat;  
 And eke all *Cupids* wares they did reate,  
 And cruell battels, which he whylome fought  
 Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;  
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought  
 On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thraldome brought.

30  
 Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*  
 Had felt the point of his heart-pearing dart,  
 And leauing heuens kingdome, here did roue  
 In strange disguise, to flake his sealding smart;  
 Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruat;  
 Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdrawe:  
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart  
 Did liuely seeme to tremble, when the sawe  
 The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

31  
 Soone after that into a golden shouere  
 Himselfe he chang'd faire *Danae* co' rewe,  
 And through the rooffe of her strong brazen towre  
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew,  
 The whiles her foolish garde, that litte knew  
 Of such deceit, kept th' yon dore fast bard,  
 And watcht, that none should enter nor issewe;  
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
 When as the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

32  
 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 Daffidillies sleeping made,  
 From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:  
 Whiles the proud Bird ruffling his feathers wide,  
 And brushing his faire breast, did her invade;  
 She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,  
 How towards her he ruist, and smyled at his pride.

33  
 Then shew'd it, how the *Thebane Semeles*,  
 Deceiu'd of iecalous *Iuno* did require  
 To see him in his toueraigne maiestee,  
 Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,  
 Whence dearely he with death bought her desire.  
 But faire *Alemena* better match did make,  
 Loyal his loue in likeness more entire;  
 Three nights in one, they lay, that for her sake  
 He then did put, his pleasures lenger to partake.

34  
 Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,  
 And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre:  
 Once when he with *Asterie* did scape;  
 Again, when as the *Troiane* boy to faire  
 He smatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:  
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,  
 How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,  
 Trembling through feare least down be fallen should,  
 And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35  
 In Satyres shape, *Antiope* he inatcht:  
 And like a fire, when he *Atys*' allsayd:  
 A sheheard, when *Mnemofyne* he catcht:  
 And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd,  
 Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageants playd,  
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,  
 And scoffing thus vnto his mother said,  
 Lo, now the heuens obey to me alone,  
 And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

36  
 And thou, faire *Phæbus*, in thy colours bright  
 Wast there enuouen, and the sad distrell  
 In which that boy thee plonged, for despight  
 That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnelte,  
 When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulnesse:  
 For-ty he thrid thee with a leaden dart,  
 To loue faire *Daphné*, which thee loued lesse:  
 Lesse the thee lov'd, then was thy iust delart;  
 Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

37  
 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 breake;  
 For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seeke  
 The god himselfe rending his golden heare,  
 And breaking quite his girlond euer greene,  
 With other signes of sorrow, and impatient teene.

38  
 Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
 The tonne of *Clymené* he did repente,  
 Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,  
 Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
 And all the world with flashing fire brent,  
 So like, that all the waldes did seeme to flame.  
 Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,  
 Fore't him estoones to follow other game,  
 And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

39  
 He loued *Iffe* for his dearest Dame,  
 And for her sake her cattell fed awhile,  
 And for her sake a cow-headed vile became,  
 The seruant of *Admetus* cow-headed vile,  
 Whiles that from heauen he suffred exile.  
 Long were to tell each other louely fit,  
 Now like a Lion, hunting after poyle,  
 Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon flit:  
 All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

40  
 Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,  
 In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:  
 His face was rugged, and his hoary head  
 Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt Pyke  
 He stearely shooke, and therewith fierce did strike  
 The raging billowes, that on euery side  
 They trembling stood, & made a long broad dyke,  
 That his swift charret might haue passage wide,  
 Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wiselye tide.



His sea-horses did seeme to snort amaine,  
 And from their nostrils blowe the briny streame,  
 That made the sparkling waues to smoake againe,  
 And flame with gold: but the white foamy creame  
 Did shine with silver, and shoo forth his beame.  
 The god himselfe did pensie seem and sad,  
 And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:  
 For, priuy loue his breast empearced had;  
 Ne ought, but deare *Bifalnis*, ay could make him glad.

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,  
 And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* high;  
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,  
 And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.  
 Also to win *Dencalions* daughter bright,  
 Hee turnd him selfe into a Dolphin faire;  
 And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,  
 To snaky-lockt *Medusa* to repaire.  
 On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that fluteth in the ayre.

Next, *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,  
 That sullen *Saturne* euer wend to loue?  
 Yet louc is sullen, and *Saturne*-like scene,  
 As he did for *Erigone* it proue.)  
 That to a *Centaur* did himselfe transmoue.  
 So prov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,  
 When for to compasse *Philiurais* hard loue,  
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,  
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,  
 And gentle pangs, with which he maketh meeke  
 The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:  
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eeke  
 For many other Nymphes he fore did threake;  
 With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,  
 Priuily moistning his horrid cheek.  
 There was he painted full of burning darts,  
 And many widewounds lanced through his inward parts.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elf)  
 His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so!)  
 Ne did he spare sometime prick himselfe,  
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,  
 Which he had wrought, to many others moe.  
 But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,  
 And spoyle, wherewith he all the ground did strowe,  
 More eath to number with how many eyes  
 High heauen beholds sad Louers nightly theeterys.

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Damzels  
 Were heapt together with the vulgar sort, (gent,  
 And mingled with the raffall rabblement,  
 Without respect of person or of port,  
 To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:  
 And round about, a border was entrayd  
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuercd short,  
 And a long bloody riuier through them rayld,  
 So liuely and so like, that liuing sense it sayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,  
 There was an Altar built of precious stone,  
 Of passing valew, and of great renowne,  
 On which there stood an Image all alone,  
 Of massie gold, which with his owne light shone;  
 And wings it had with sundry colours dight,  
 More sundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*,  
 Bearer in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright,  
 When her ditcolour bowe she preds through heauen

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist  
 A mortall bowe and arrowes keene did hold,  
 With which he shot at random, when him list,  
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;  
 (Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold.)  
 A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,  
 Whose hideous taile his left foot did enfold,  
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
 That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

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 foule Idolatree.  
 That wondrous sight saue *Britomart* amazed,  
 Ne seeing could her wonder latisie,  
 But euer more 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,  
 Ouer the dore thus written she did spy,  
*Be bold:* shee oft and oft it ouer-read,  
 Yet could not finde what sense it figured:  
 But what-so were therein writ or ment,  
 Shee 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 richer by many parts arrayd:  
 For, not with arias made in painfull loome,  
 But with pure gold it all was ouer-laid,  
 Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies plaid,  
 In the rich metall, as they liuing were:  
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,  
 Such as false loue doth oft vpon him wear.  
 For, loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the glistring walles were hong  
 With warlike spoyle, and with victorious prayes  
 Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines strong,  
 Which were whylome captiued in their daies  
 To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:  
 Their swords & spears were broke, & hauberkes rent;  
 And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes  
 Troden in dust with tury insolent,  
 To shew the Victors might and mercilesse intent.

Tho

53  
 The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
 The goodly ordinance of this rich place,  
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie  
 Her greedy eyes with gazing, a long space:  
 But more the meruaild, that no footings trace,  
 Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,  
 And solemne silence ouer all that place:  
 Strange thing it seem'd that noone was to possesse  
 So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

54  
 And as shee lookt about, shee did behold,  
 How ouer that same dore was likewise writ  
*Be bold, Be bold,* and euery where *Be bold*;  
 That much the muzz'd, yet could not construe it

By any riddling skill, or common wit.  
 At last she spide, at that roomes vpper end,  
 Another iron dore, on which was writ  
*Be not too Bold*; where to though she did bend  
 Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

55  
 Thus there shee waited vntill euentide,  
 Yet luing creature none the sawe appeare:  
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hide,  
 From mortall view, and wrap in darknelle deare;  
 Yet n'ould shee d'off her weary armes, for feare  
 Of secret danger, ne let sleepe oppresse  
 Her heauy eyes with Natures burden deare,  
 But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,  
 And her well-pointed weapons did about her dresse.



## Canto XII.

*The Mask of Cupid, and th'enchanted  
 Chamber are displaid;  
 Whence Britomart redeemes faire  
 Amoret, through charmes decayd.*



1  
**T**Ho, when as cheareless Night ycouered had  
 Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,  
 That euery wight, dismayd with darknes sad,  
 In silence & in sleepe themselves did shroud,  
 Shee heard a shrilling Trompet found aloud,  
 Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;  
 Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,  
 But rather furd to cruell comity,  
 Expecting euer, when some foe she might desery.

2  
 With that, an hideous storme of wind arose,  
 With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
 And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose  
 The world's foundations from his centre fixt;  
 A direfull fench of smoke and sulphure mixt  
 Ensewd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,  
 From the fourth house of night vottill the sixt;  
 Yet the bold *Britanesse* was nought ydred,  
 Though much emmov'd, but steadfast still perscuered.

3  
 All suddenly a stormy whirlewind blew  
 Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore:  
 With which, that iron wicket open flew,  
 As it with mighty leuens had benee tore:

And forth isswe'd, as on the ready flore  
 Of some Theatre, a graue peronage,  
 That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,  
 With comely haucour and count'naunce sage,  
 Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4  
 Proceeding to the midst, hee still did stand,  
 As if in mind hee somewhat had to say;  
 And to the vulgar beckoing with his hand,  
 In signe of silence, as to heare a Play,  
 By luely actions hee gan bewray  
 Some argument of matter passioned;  
 Which doen, hee backe retyred soft away:  
 And passing by, his name discovered,  
*Euse*, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5  
 The noble mayd, still standing, all this viewd,  
 And meruaild at his strange inrementment.  
 With that, a ioyous fellowship isswe'd  
 Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,  
 With wanton Bards, and Rymers impudent;  
 All which together sung full chearefully  
 A lay of loues delight, with sweet conceit:  
 After whom, marcht a iolly company,  
 In manner of a maske, couraged orderly.

Q. 2.

The

6  
The whiles a most delicious harmony,  
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
That the rare sweetness of the melody  
The feeble senses wholly did confound,  
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround :  
And when it ceast thrill trompets loud did bray,  
That their report did farre away rebound,  
And when they ceast, it gan again to play,  
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

7  
The first was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy,  
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare ;  
Matchable cyther to that impe of *Troy*,  
Whom *Joue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,  
Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare  
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dide,  
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,  
And eury wood and eury valley wide  
He filld with *Hylas* name ; the *Nymphes* eke *Hylas* cride.

8  
His garment neither was of silke nor say,  
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,  
Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array  
Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight :  
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vaine and light,  
That by his gate might easily appeare ;  
For, still he far'd as dancing in delight,  
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,  
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

9  
And him beside marcht amorous *Desire*,  
Who seem'd of riper yeares, then th' other *Swaine* ;  
Yet was that other (waine this elders fyre,  
And gaue him being, common to them twaine :  
His garment was disguised very vaine,  
And his embrodered Bonet fat awry ;  
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did straine,  
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,  
That soone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10  
Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad  
In a discolour'd cote, of strange disguise,  
That at his backe a broad *Capuccio* had,  
And sleeues dependant *Albanese*-wise :  
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
Or that the flore to shrinke he did auise,  
And on a broken reed he still did stay  
His feeble steps, which shrunk, when hard thereon he lay.

11  
With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,  
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made :  
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need  
Strange horror, to deforme his grieffly shade ;  
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
In th' other was ; this *Mischiefe*, that *Mishap* ;  
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap ;  
For, whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap :

12  
Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough therby,  
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 aefter pale of hew, and wingy-heel'd ;  
And euen more on danger fixt his eye,  
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,  
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

13  
With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handsome Mayd,  
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;  
In silken samite she was light arrayd,  
And her faire locks were woven vp in gold ;  
She alway tmyl'd, and in her hand did hold  
A holy water Sprinkle, dipt in dewe,  
With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,  
On whom the list, and did great liking shewe ;  
Great liking rato many, but true loue to fewe.

14  
And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*  
Marcht in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire :  
For, she was gentle, and of milde aspect,  
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,  
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire :  
Yet was that all but painted, and purloyd, (haire ;  
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed  
Her deede were forged, and her words false coynd,  
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she tyynd.

15  
But he was foule, ill-faoured, and grim,  
Vnder his eye-brow's looking still afeance ;  
And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,  
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glance ;  
Shewing his nature in his countenance ;  
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,  
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischance,  
Holding a lattice still before his face,  
Through which he still did peep, as forward he did passe.

16  
Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere ;  
*Griefe*, all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,  
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad :  
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,  
With which he pinched people to the hart,  
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,  
In wilfull languour and consuming smart,  
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17  
But *Fury* was full ill apparell'd  
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
With ghastfull lookes and dreadfull drenched ;  
For, from her backe her garments she did teare,  
And from her head oft rent her (sould hear :  
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse  
About her head, still roming here and there ;  
As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,  
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost,

After



18

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance* ;  
 He looking lompish and full fullen sad,  
 And hanging downe his beavy countenance ;  
 She chearfull fresh and full of ioyance glad,  
 As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad ;  
 That euill matched paire they seem'd to bee :  
 An angry Walpe th'one in a viall had ;  
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee ;  
 Thus marched these fixe couples forth in faire degree.

19

After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,  
 Led of two gryfic vilaines, th'one *Despight*,  
 The other cleped *Cruelty* by name :  
 Shee dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,  
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
 Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,  
 Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight ;  
 Yet in that horror shew'd a seemly grace,  
 And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20

Her breast all naked, as net luory,  
 Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,  
 Wherewith the Craftes-man wounts it beautifie,  
 Of her dew honour was depoyled quight,  
 And a wide wound therein (ô rusefull sight !)  
 Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,  
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright  
 (The werke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleane.

21

At that wide orifice, her trembling hart  
 Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,  
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd :  
 And those two vilains, which her steps vptayd,  
 When her weake fetce could scarcely her sustaine,  
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,  
 Her forward still with torture did constraîne,  
 And euermore encreas'd her consuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himselfe  
 Came riding on a Lion rauencous,  
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,  
 That man and beast with powre imperious  
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous :  
 His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,  
 That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous  
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind ;  
 Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hie,  
 He looked round about with sterne disdain ;  
 And did suruay his goodly company :  
 And marshalling the euill ordered traine,  
 With that the darts which his right hand did straine,  
 Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,  
 And clapt on hie his coloured winges twaine,  
 That all his many it affraide did make :  
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24

Behinde him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame* ;  
*Reproach* the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind ;  
*Repentance* feeble, sorrowfull and lame :  
*Reproach* despitefull, carelesse, and vnkind ;  
*Shame* most ill fauour'd, betiuall, and blind :  
*Shame* lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproach* did scould ;  
*Reproach* sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entw'o'd,  
*Shame* burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :  
 All thre to each valke, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confus'd rout  
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :  
 Emongt them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,  
 Vnquiet *Care*, and foud *Enchristised*,  
 Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,  
 Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,  
 Consuming *Riotsie*, and guilty *Dread*  
 Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,  
 Vile *Pouertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were fill many moe like maladies,  
 Whole names and natures I n'ote readen well ;  
 So many moe, as there be fantasies  
 In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,  
 Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell ;  
 All which dignified marcht in masking wise,  
 About the chamber with that Damozell,  
 And then returned (hauing march'd thirce)  
 Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

27

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way  
 Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,  
 Which first it opened ; and bore all away.  
 Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,  
 In secret shade, and sawe both first and last,  
 Issued forth, and went vnto the dore ;  
 To enter in, but found it locked fast :  
 In vaine she thought with rigorous vprore  
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28

Where force might not auaille, there sleights and art  
 Shee cast to vie, both fit for hard emprise ;  
 For-thy, from that same roome not to depart  
 Till morrow next, shee did herselfe auize,  
 When that same Maske againe should forth arise.  
 The morrowe next appear'd with ioyous cheare,  
 Calling men to their daily exercise ;  
 Then she, as mortowe fresh, her selfe did reare  
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29

All that day shee out-wore in wondering,  
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,  
 Till that againe the second euening  
 Her couered with her sable vestiment,  
 Wherewith the worlds faire beauty shee hath blent ;  
 Then when the second watch was almost past,  
 That brazen dore flew open, and in went  
 Bold *Britomart*, as shee had late forecast,  
 Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

Q3

So

30  
So soone as she was entred, round about  
She cast her eyes, to see what was become  
Of all those persons, which she saw without:  
But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,  
Ne liuing wight she saw in all that room,  
Save that same wofull Lady; both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,  
And her small waste girt round with iron bands,  
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

31  
And her before, the vile Enchaunted fate,  
Figuring strange characters of his art:  
With liuing bloud he those characters wrote,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,  
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;  
And all perforce to make her him to loue.  
Ah! who can loue the worker of her smart?  
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue;  
Yet thousand charms could not her steadfast hart remove.

32  
Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,  
His wicked bookes in haste he ouerthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface;  
And fiercely running to the Lady drew  
A mardrous knife out of his pocket drew;  
The which he thought, for vileinious detpight,  
In her tormented body to embrew:  
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,  
His cursed hand with-held, and mastered his might.

33  
From her, to whom his fury first he ment,  
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest;  
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,  
Vnwares it strooke into her snowy chest,  
That little drops empurpled her faire breast.  
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,  
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,  
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

34  
So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,  
Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,  
Dernely vnto her called to abstaine,  
From doing him to dye. For, else her paine  
Should be remediless, sith none but hee,  
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.  
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee;  
For, like the him enuide, and longd reuenge to see:

35  
And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed  
For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany,  
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,  
Be sure, that nought may faue thee from to dye,  
But if that thou this Dame doe presently  
Restore vnto her health, and former state;  
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.  
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

36  
And rising vp, gan straight to overlooke  
Those curled leaues, his charmes back to reuerse;  
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke  
He read, and meaur'd many a sad verse,  
That horror gaue the virgins heart to perfe,  
And her faire locks vp stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse;  
And all the while he read, she did extend  
Her sword high ouer him, if ought be did offend.

37  
Anon she gan perceiue the houle to quake,  
And all the dores to rattle round about;  
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,  
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangers dout:  
But still with steadfast eye and courage stout  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.  
At last, that mighty chaine, which round about  
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

38  
The cruell steele which thrid her dying hart,  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:  
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart  
Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,  
Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;  
And euery part to safety full found,  
As she were neuer hurt, was loone restor'd,  
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,  
And perfect whole, prostrate the fell vnto the ground:

39  
Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,  
Saying; Ah noble knight, what worthy meed  
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,  
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
Euen immortall praise, and glory wide,  
Which I your vassall, by your promise freed,  
Shall through the world make to be notifie,  
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

40  
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 bene:  
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,  
And put away remembrance of late teene;  
In stead thereof knowe, that your louing Make  
Hath no lesse grieffe endured for your gentle sake.

41  
She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.  
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hand  
Vpon th'enchauter, which had her distrest  
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:  
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo  
He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,  
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,  
And captiue with her led to wretchednes and woe.

42

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst  
 She saw so rich and royally arrayd,  
 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 perious Porch,  
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,  
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,  
 That erst all enters wont so cruelly to torch.

43

More easie it flew now, then entrance late  
 Shee found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,  
 Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,  
 And passage barred to all, that thither came,  
 Was vanish quite, as it were not the same,  
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.  
 Th'Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,  
 To haue efford't the loue of that faire las,  
 Seeing his work now wasted, deepe engrieued was.

44

But when the Victoreffe arriv'd there,  
 Where late she left the penline *Scudamore*  
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,  
 Neither of them shee found where she them lore:  
 Thereat her noble hart was itonil'd tore;  
 But most, faire *Amoret*, whole gentle; pright  
 Now gan to feed on hope, which she betoie  
 Conceiv'd had, to see her owne deare knight,  
 Being thereof beguyld was fill'd with new affright.

45

But he sad man, when he had long in deed  
 Awaited there for *Britomarts* returne,  
 Yet sawe her not nor signe of her good speed,  
 His expectation to despair did turne,  
 Misdemeing sure that her those flames did burne;  
 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:  
 Whete let them wend at will, whil't here I doe respire.

*The end of the third Booke.*

A





## A Vision vpon this conceipt of the Faerie

QUEENE.

ME thought I sawe the Graue, where *Laura* lay,  
 Within that Temple, where the vestall flame  
 Was wont to burne : and passing by that way,  
 To see that buried dust of liuing fame,  
 Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,  
 All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene :  
 At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,  
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene.  
 For, they this Queene attended, in whose steed  
 Obluion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse :  
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
 And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse ;  
 Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieffe,  
 And curst th'accessie of that celestiall thiefe.

*Another of the same.*

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,  
 As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings,  
 If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein :  
 Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin,  
 If thou hast Beauty prayd, let her sole lookes diuine  
 Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne,  
 If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,  
 Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew,  
 Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues fore  
 About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore :  
 And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will :  
 Whose vertue cannot be express, 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 deuite,  
W. R.

### To the learned Shepheard.

**C**olin, I see by thy new taken taske,  
 Some sacred fury hath enrich thy braines,  
 That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,  
 and loath the layes that longs to lowely swaines,  
 That lists thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,  
 So like the liuely Larke that mounting sings.

Thy louely *Rosalinde* seemes now forlorne,  
 and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight.  
 Thy changed heart now holds thy pypes in scorne,  
 those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight ;  
 Those misty mates, that loued thee so well,  
 Whom thou gau'st mirth : as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou cast with thy sweet roundelayes,  
 didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers :  
 So mought'st thou now in these refined layes,  
 delight the dainty eares of higher powers.  
 And so mought they in their deepe scanning skill  
 Allow and grace our *Colins* flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,  
 in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits :  
 Enfusing, by those beauties fiere diuine,  
 such high conceits into thy humble wits,  
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,  
 From rustie tuncs, to chaunt heroicke deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse* knight with happy hand  
 victorious be in that faire llands tight,  
 Which thou doest vale in type of Faery land,  
*Egypts* blest d field, that *Albion* hight :  
 That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,  
 Yet still with people, peace, and plenty floues.

But (jolly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,  
 thou least the humour of the courtly traine :  
 Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,  
 ne daunted be through enuy or disdain.  
 Sublect thy doome to her Empyring spright,  
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

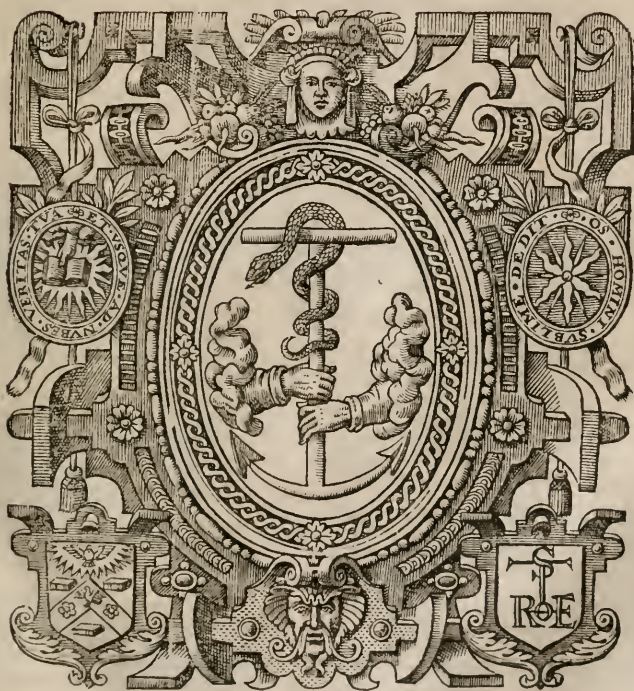
*Hobynoll.*

THE  
SECOND  
PART OF THE  
FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING

The { FOURTH,  
FIFT, and  
SIXT BOOKE.

By *Edm. Spenser.*



Imprinted at London for *Mathew Lownes.*  
Anno Dom. 1613.

THE  
SECOND  
PART OF THE

NEW DRESS

FOR

WOMEN

THE  
LATEST FASHION

By J. J. Spence.



Printed in London for J. J. Spence.  
1817.





THE FOVRTH BOOKE  
OF THE FAERIE  
QUEENE:

CONTAINING  
The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,  
OR  
Of Friendship.

**T**<sup>1</sup> He rugged forehead, that with graue foresight  
Wields kingdoms causes, & affaires of State,  
My looser rimes; I wote, doth sharply wite,  
For praysing loue as I haue done of late,  
And magnifying louers deare debate;  
By which, fraile youth is oft to folly led,  
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,  
That better were in verueus disciplesd,  
Then with vaine poëms weeds to haue their fancies fed.

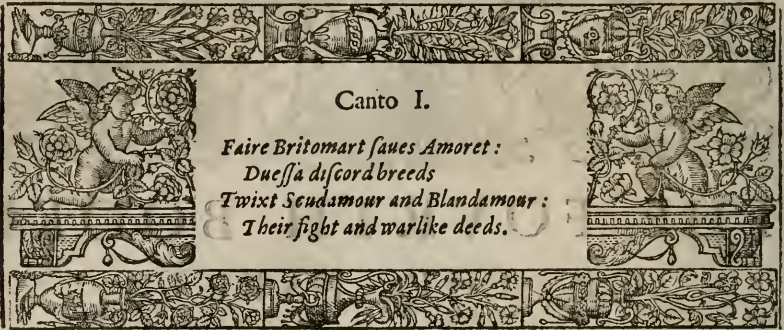
**S**<sup>2</sup>uch one's ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,  
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:  
For-thy they ought not thing vnknowne reprove,  
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,  
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.  
For, it of honour and all vertue is  
The root, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,  
That crowne true Lovers with immortal blis,  
The meed of them that loue, and dooot lue amis,

**W**<sup>3</sup>hich whose list look back to former ages,  
And call to count the things that then were donne,  
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise lages,  
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,

In loue were either ended or begunne:  
Witness the father of Philosophie,  
Whiche to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,  
Of loue full many lesions did apply,  
The which these Stoick Censours cannot well deny.

**T**<sup>4</sup>o such therefore I doe not sing at all;  
But to that sacred Saint my Soueraigne Queene,  
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,  
And treasures of true loue unlocked beene,  
Boue all her sex that euer yet was seene;  
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,  
And best is lov'd of all aloue I weene:  
To her, this song most fitly is adrest,  
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

**W**<sup>5</sup>hich that she may the better deigne to heare,  
Do thou drad infant, Venus dearsing dowe,  
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,  
And vse of awefull Maieftie remoue:  
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,  
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten  
From thy sweet (smiling mother from above,  
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,  
That she may harke to loue, and read this lesson often.



## Canto I.

*Faire Britomart saues Amoret :  
 Duesſa diſcord breeds  
 Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :  
 Their fight and warlike deeds.*

**O**F Louers ſad calamities of old,  
 Full many pitious ſtorieſ do remaine;  
 But none more pitious euer was ytold,  
 Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,  
 And this of *Florisels* voworthy vaine:  
 The deere compaſſion of whole bitter ſit  
 My ſoftened heart fo ſorely doth conſtraine,  
 That I with teares full oft doe pitie it,  
 And oftentimes doe wiſh it neuer had been writ.

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought<sup>2</sup>  
 In perilous fight, ſhe neuer ioyed day,  
 A perilous fight when he with force her brought  
 From twenty knights that did him all aſſay:  
 Yet fairely well he did them all diſmay:  
 And with great glory both the ſhield of loue,  
 And eke the Lady ſelfe he brought away;  
 Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,  
 A new vnknown miſchiefe did from him remoue.

For, that ſime vile Enchanter *Bufyan*,<sup>3</sup>  
 The very ſelfe ſime day that ſhe was wedded,  
 Amidſt the bridal feaſt, whit't every man  
 Surchar'd with wine, were heedleſſe and ill headed,  
 All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,  
 Brought in that Maſke of loue which late was ſhowne:  
 And there the Lady ill of friends beſtedded,  
 By way of ſport, as oft in Maſkes is knowne,  
 Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowne.

Seauen monthſ he ſo her kept in bitter ſmart,  
 Becauſe his ſinfull luſt ſhe would not ſerue,  
 Vntill ſuch time as noble *Britomart*  
 Releas'd her, that elſe was like to ſerue,  
 Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.  
 And now ſhee 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 diſhonour of ſo faire a pray.

Yet ſhould it be a pleaſant tale to tell<sup>5</sup>  
 The diuerſe vſage and demeanure daint,  
 That each to other made, as oft beſell.  
 For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,  
 Leſt ſhe with blame her honour ſhould attain,  
 That every word did tremble as ſhe ſpake,  
 And every looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,  
 And every limbe that touched her did quake:  
 Yet could ſhe not but courteous countenance to her make.

For, well ſhe wiſt, as true it was indeed,<sup>6</sup>  
 That her luyes Lord, and Patrone of her health,  
 Right well deſerued as his duefull meed,  
 Her loue, her ſeruiſe, and her vtmoſt wealth.  
 All is his iuſtly, that all freely death:  
 Natheleſſe her honour, dearer then her life,  
 She fought to ſaue, as thing reſeru'd from ſtealth;  
 Die had ſhe leuet with Enchanters knife,  
 Then to be falſe in loue, profeſt a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made ſo much the greater<sup>7</sup>  
 Through ſine abuſion of that Briton mayd:  
 Who, for to hide her ſained ſex the better,  
 And maſke her wounded minde, both did and ſaid  
 Full many things ſo doubtfull to be wayd,  
 That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to gheſte:  
 For, otherwhiles to her ſhe purpoſe made  
 Of loue, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſſe,  
 That much ſhe fear'd his mind wold grow to ſorm exceſſe.

His will ſhe fear'd; for him ſhe ſurely thought<sup>8</sup>  
 To be a man; ſuch as indeed he ſeemed;  
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,  
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,  
 For which no ſeruiſe ſhe too much eſteemed:  
 Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of ſoule diſhonour,  
 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 evening, that they came  
 Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,  
 Where many a Knight, and many a loucly Dame  
 Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:  
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,  
 That many of them mov'd to eye her 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 beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd  
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,  
 And offered that to iustifie alowd.  
 The war-like Virgine, seeing his so proud  
 And boastfull challenge, waxed inly wroth,  
 But for the present did her anger throwd;  
 And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth.  
 But either he should neither of them have, or both.
- So forth they went, and both together iusted;  
 But that same younker loone was over-thrown,  
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted  
 For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:  
 Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,  
 She that no lesse was courteous and stout,  
 Cast how to saue, that both the custome shewne  
 Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;  
 That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in doubt.
- The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:  
 Whome she requir'd, that first faire *Amoret*  
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,  
 That did her win, and free from challenge set:  
 Which straight to her was yecled without let.  
 Then sith that strange Knights Loue from him was  
 She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,  
 He as a Knight might iustly be admired:  
 So none should be out-flout, sith all of Loues were fitted.
- With that, her glistering helmet she vnled;  
 Which doth, her golden locks, that were vp-bound  
 Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,  
 And like a silken veile in compasse round  
 About her back and all her body wound:  
 Like as the shining sky in Summers night,  
 What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,  
 Is crested all with lines of firelight,  
 That it prodigious seems in common peoples sight.
- Such when those Knights and Ladies all about  
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,  
 And every one gan growne in secret doubt  
 Of this and that, according to each wit.  
 Some thought, that some enchantment fained it:  
 Some, that *Bellona* in that waike wife  
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit:  
 Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:  
 So diuersly each one did sundry doubts deuise.
- But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed  
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,  
 Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,  
 And doubly overcome, her ador'd:  
 So did they all their former strife accord:  
 And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,  
 More franke affection did to her affor'd,  
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,  
 Now freely drew, and found tight safe assurance there.
- VWhere, all that night they of their Loues did treat,  
 And hard adventures twix themselves alone,  
 That each the other gan with passion great,  
 And grieffe-full pittie priuately be-mone.  
 The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* shone,  
 They both vp-rose, and to their waies then dight:  
 Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one  
 That to their willes could them direct aright,  
 Or to them tydings tell, that mote their hearts delight.
- Lo, thus they rode, till at the last they spide  
 Two armed Knights, that toward them did passe,  
 And each of them had riding by his side  
 A Lady, seeming in so farre a space:  
 But Ladies none they were, albee in face  
 And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;  
 For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,  
 Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were,  
 That mote to none but to the wary wise appeare.
- The one of them, the false *Duessa* hight,  
 That eow had chang'd her former wonted hew:  
 For, she could d'on so many shapes in fight,  
 As euer could Chameleon colours new;  
 So could she forge all colours, save the trew.  
 The other, no whit better was then shee,  
 But that such as she was, she plaine did shew:  
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,  
 And daily more offense vnto each degree.
- Her name was *Arcé*, mother of debate,  
 And all dissension, which doth daily growne  
 Amongst fragile men, that many a publique state  
 And many a priuate oft doth over-throwne.  
 Her, false *Duessa*, who full well did knowe  
 To be most fit to trouble noble knights:  
 VVhich hunt for honour, raised from belowe  
 Out of the dwellings of the damned frights,  
 Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.
- Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,  
 There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,  
 VVhich punish wicked men, that walke amis:  
 It is a darksome delue faire vnder ground,  
 VVith thornes and barren brakes enuirod round,  
 That none the same may easily out-wit;  
 Yet many waies to enter may be found,  
 But none to issue forth when one is in:  
 For, discord harder is to end then to begin.



21  
 And all within, the riuen walles were hung,  
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past;  
 All which, the sad effects of discord sung:  
 There were entombes, and broken scepters plac't,  
 Altars desild, and holy things defact,  
 Disheueted speares, and flueds ytorne in twaine,  
 Great Cities raiack, and strong Castles ras't;  
 Nations captiued, and huge armies slaine:  
 Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22  
 There was the signe of antique Babylon;  
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,  
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Lion,  
 For memory of which, on high there hong  
 The golden Apple (cause of all their wrong)  
 For which the three faire Goddesses did strue:  
 There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,  
 Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fue,  
 Which shad to them the poyles that he had got aliue.

23  
 And there the reliques of the drunken fray,  
 The which amongst the *Lapithes* befell,  
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away  
 So many *Centaurs* drunken soules to hell,  
 That vnder great *Aleides* furious fell:  
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue  
 The noble *Argonauts* to our rage fell,  
 That each of life sought others to deprive,  
 All mindeles of the Golden-seece, which made the strue.

24  
 And eke of priuate persons many moe,  
 That were too long a yoke to count them all;  
 Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;  
 Some of borne brethren, prou'd vnatural;  
 Some of deare Louers, tovs perpetual;  
 Witnes there broken bands there to be seep,  
 Their gilons rent, their bowes despoyled all;  
 The monuments whereof there byding beene  
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

25  
 Such was her house within; but all without,  
 The barreround was full of wicked weeds,  
 Which shee herselfe had sownen all about,  
 Now grown great, at first of little seedes,  
 The feedes of euill words, and factious deedes;  
 VVhich when to ripensse due they growen warre,  
 Bring forth an infinite sociate, that breeds  
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iare;  
 The which most often end in bloud-shed and in warre.

26  
 And those same cursed seedes doe also serue  
 To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food;  
 For, like as is to her, when others steue  
 Through mischieuous debate, and deadly feud,  
 That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,  
 VVith which shee from her childbood hath been fed.  
 For, shee at first was borne of hellish brood,  
 And by infernall Furies nourished,  
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

27  
 Her face most foule and filthy was to see,  
 With squinted eyes contrary waies intended,  
 And loathly mouth, vumecta a mouth to be,  
 That nought but gall and venom comprehended,  
 And wicked words, that God and man offended:  
 Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,  
 And both the parts did speake, and both contended;  
 And as her tongue, so was her hart divided,  
 That neuer thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

28  
 Als as shee double spake, so heard shee double,  
 With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,  
 Fild with false rumors and defiditious 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 unlike; th'one long, the other short,  
 And both misplac't: that when th'one forward yode,  
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29  
 Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine:  
 That one did reach, the other pusht away;  
 That one did make, the other mard againe,  
 And sought to bring all things vnto decay;  
 VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,  
 Shee in short space did often bring to nought,  
 And their possessors often did dismay.  
 For, all her studies, and all her thought,  
 How shee might overthrowe the things that Concord

30  
 So much her malice did her might surpass,  
 That euen th' Almighty lesse shee did maligne,  
 Because to man so mercifull he was,  
 And vnto all his creatures so benign,  
 Sith shee herselfe was of his grace indigne:  
 For, all this worlds faire workmanship shee tride,  
 Vnto his last confusion to bring,  
 And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,  
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31  
 Such was that hag, which with *Düessa* rode;  
 And tearing her in her malicious vse,  
 To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,  
 To sell her borrowed beauty to abuse,  
 For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,  
 Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,  
 As fresh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce,  
 Shee was become, by change of her estate,  
 And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32  
 Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,  
 That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie;  
 And was indeed a man of mickle might;  
 His name was *Blandamour*, that did defrye  
 His sickle mind full of inconstancie,  
 And now himselfe hee sited had right well,  
 VVith two companions of like qualitie,  
 Fairlike's *Düessa*, and false *Paridell*,  
 That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,  
 From farre espide the famous *Bristomart*,  
 Like knight adventurous in outward view,  
 With his faire Paragon (his conquers part)  
 Approching nigh, eith' soones his wanton hart  
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting said;  
 Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your desert,  
 Good luck presents you with yond louely mayd,  
 For pity that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that, the louely paire <sup>34</sup> drew nigh to hond:  
 Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine beheld;  
 Albe in hart he like affection fond,  
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,  
 That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,  
 He had small lust to buy his Loue so deare:  
 But answerd, Sir, him wise I neuer held,  
 That hauing once escaped perill nere,  
 VVould afterwaies afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might  
 I did assay, that meright dearly cost;  
 Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,  
 Ne for light Ladies loue, that too neis lost.  
 The hot-spurre youth so scornig to be cost,  
 Take then to you this Dame of niuce, quoth hee,  
 And I without your perill or your cost,  
 Will challenge yond same other for my fee:  
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike *Brittonesse* her loone addressd,  
 And with such wncouth welcome did receaue  
 Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,  
 That becig for't his faddele sonne to leaue,  
 Himselfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:  
 And made himselfe th'enfample of his folly,  
 Which done, she passed forth not taking leaue,  
 And left him now as fad, as whilome iolly,  
 VVell warn'd to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

VVhich when his other company beheld,  
 They to his succour ran with ready ayd:  
 And finding him vnble once to weld,  
 They reared him on horse-back, and vp-stayd,  
 Till on his way they had him forth conveyd:  
 And all the way with wondrous grieffe of mind  
 And shame, he strew'd himselfe to be dismayd;  
 More for the Loue which he had left behind,  
 Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

Nath'lesse, he forth did march well as he might,  
 And made good semblance to his company,  
 Dissembling his disease and euill plight;  
 Till that ere long they chanced to cpy  
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply  
 With speedy course, as bent to charge them new.  
 Whom, when as *Blandamour*, approaching nee,  
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in view,  
 He was full wo, and gan his former grieffe reuew.

For, th'one of them he perfectly descride  
 To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore  
 That God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;  
 VVhom mortally he hated euen more,  
 Both for his worth (that all men did adore)  
 And eke because his Loue he wonne by right:  
 VVhich when he thought, is grieued him full fore,  
 That through the brutes of his farmer fight,  
 He now vnble was to wreake his old despight.

For-ty, he thus to *Paridell* bespake,  
 Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pay,  
 That as I late adventured for your sake,  
 The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,  
 Ye will me now with like good turne repay,  
 And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight.  
 Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, doe not dismay  
 Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,  
 As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

With that, he put his spures vnto his steed,  
 VVith speare in rest, and toward him did fare,  
 Like that out of a bow preuenting speed,  
 But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware  
 Of his approche, and gan him selfe prepare  
 Him to receiue with entertainment meet.  
 So furiously they met, that either bare  
 The other downe vnder their horses feete,  
 That what of them became, the mencies did scarcely weet.

As when two billowes in the Irish soundes,  
 Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,  
 Doe meet together, each aback rehowndes  
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,  
 That filleth all the Sea with foime, divides  
 The doubtfull current into duers strides:  
 So fell those two in spite of both their prides;  
 But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vp-raise,  
 And mounting light, his foe for lying long vbraies.

VVho, rolled on an heape, lay still in wound,  
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter raille;  
 Till that the rest him seeing lye on ground,  
 Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.  
 Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,  
 VVith busie care they stroue him to awake,  
 And doft his helmer, and vndid his maile:  
 So much they did, that at the last they brake  
 His slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he said,  
 Falsc faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by sight  
 And soule advantage this good knight dismayd,  
 A knight much better then thy selfe behight;  
 VVell fallies it thee that I am not in plight,  
 This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne:  
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight  
 Is weakened, then thou doost him over-ronne;  
 So hast thou to thy selfe falsc honour often wonne.



45  
 Hee little answer'd, but in manly hart  
 His mighty indignation did forbear;  
 VVhich was not yet to secret, but some part  
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:  
 Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth beare  
 An hideous storme, is by the Northern blast  
 Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe fo cleare,  
 But that it all the sky doth over-cast  
 With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to wast.

46  
 Ah! gentle knight, then false *Duessa* said,  
 Why doe ye striue for Ladies loue so fore,  
 Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd  
 Amongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?  
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,  
 That she your Loue list loue another knight,  
 Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;  
 For, loue is free, and led with selfe delight,  
 Ne will enforced be with maiestdome or might.

47  
 So false *Duessa*: but vile *Ate* thus;  
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,  
 That striue and storme with stirre out-rageour,  
 For her that each of you alike doth loath,  
 And loue another, with whom now she go'th  
 In louely wise, and sleepe, and sports, and playes;  
 Whil't both you heere with many a cursed oth,  
 Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloody frayes,  
 To win a Willow-bough, whil't other weares the Bayes.

48  
 Vile hag, said *Scudamore*, why doost thou lye?  
 And falsly seek'st a vertuous wight to shame?  
 Fond Knight, said shee, the thing that with this eye  
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?  
 Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,  
 Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who-so it heares.  
 I saw, quoth shee, a stranger Knight, whose name  
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares  
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

49  
 I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,  
 I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,  
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his hilt,  
 All many nights, and many by in place,  
 That present were to testifie the case.  
 VVhich when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart  
 VVas thrild with inward grife, as when in chace  
 The Parthian strikes a Stag with shiuering dart,  
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smart.

50  
 So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;  
 Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,  
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard  
 Of out-rage for the words which she heard say,  
 Albe vertue she wist them by assay.  
 But *Blandamour*, when-as he did espy  
 His change of cheere, that anguish did bewray,  
 He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,  
 And gan therat to triumph without victorie.

51  
 Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end  
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,  
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost spend,  
 And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:  
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten,  
 Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Duessa* cryde,  
 VVorthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;  
 Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,  
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights despide.

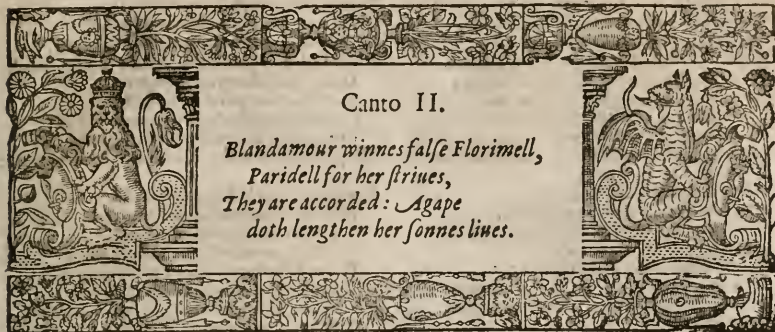
52  
 But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)  
 Staid not to answer, scarcely did retrain,  
 But that in all those knights and Ladies sight,  
 Hefor reuenge had guiltlesse *Glauce* slaine:  
 But beeing past, he thus began amaine;  
 False traytour Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,  
 Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,  
 Whose Lord hath done my Loue this foule despight?  
 Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

53  
 Discourteous, disloyall *Erisomart*,  
 Vntrue to God, and vnto man yoiust,  
 VVhat vengeance due eao equall thy desert,  
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust  
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?  
 Let vgly shame, and endlesse infamy  
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.  
 Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,  
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

54  
 The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,  
 Was dead with feare; nath'lesse as need required,  
 His flaming furie sought to haue awaged  
 VVith lober words, that sufferance desired,  
 Till time the tryall of her truth expired:  
 And euetmore sought *Erisomart* to cleare.  
 But he, the more with furious rage was fired,  
 And thrice his hand to kill her did vpeare,  
 And thrice he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.







## Canto II.

*Blandamour winnes false Florimell,  
Paridell for her sirives,  
They are accorded: Agape  
doth lengthen her sonnes lines.*

**I**rebrand of Hell, first tind in *Phlegeton*,  
By thousand Furies, & frō thence out-throwne  
Into this world, to worke confusion,  
And set it all on fire (by force vnknown)  
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks, once blowne,  
None but a God, or god-like man can slake;  
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown  
Amongst those famous impes of *Greece*, did take  
His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,  
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,  
With heavenly notes that did all other pass,  
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.  
Such musick is wise words with time conected,  
To moderate stiffe mindes, dispos'd to strive:  
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,  
Wt at time his people into parts did riuē,  
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vs'd wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of soule delpight,  
And *Paridell* her scorad, and set at nought,  
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.  
Both they vniwife, and warelesse of the euill,  
That by themselues, vnto themselues is wrought,  
Through that false VVitch and that foule aged dreuill,  
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,  
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,  
That had a goodly Lady by his side,  
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.  
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,  
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome rest  
The snowy *Florimell*, whose beauty bright  
Made him seeme happy for so glorious theft;  
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring west.

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose fancie light  
Was alwaies flitting, as the wauering winde,  
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)  
Beheld, elsfoones 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 dumppish thus behind,  
Sith so good fortune doth to you present  
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall  
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,  
List not to harken, but made this faire deniall;  
Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine:  
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.  
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in teorne,  
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain  
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;  
By means wherof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

Who, with the suddaine stroke astonisht sore;  
Vpon the ground awhile in slumber lay;  
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,  
And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpbay;  
Lo, sluggish Knight, the Victors happy pray:  
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*  
Seeing so faire indeed (as he did say)  
His hart with secret enuy gan to swell,  
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

Nath'lesse, proud man himselfe the other deemed,  
Hauing so peerelesse paragon ygot:  
For, sure the fairest *Florimell* him seemed,  
To him was fallen for his happy lot,  
VVhose like aliue on earth he weened not:  
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,  
With humb'lest suit that he imagine mo,  
And all things did deuise, and all things doo,  
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

9  
 Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't  
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,  
 And such fauours sparingly dispenc't:  
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,  
 And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;  
 Some-times estranging him in sterner wile,  
 That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,  
 Hee seem'd brought to bed in Paradise, (wife)  
 And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most

10  
 So great a millresse of her art shee was,  
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,  
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pass,  
 And by his false allurements wylie draft,  
 Had thousand women of their loue becraft,  
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for, that false spright,  
 Which that same Witch had in his forme engraft,  
 Was so expert in euery subtle flight,  
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

11  
 Yet hee to her did daily seruice more,  
 And daily more deceiu'd was thereby;  
 Yet *Paridell* him enuid therefore,  
 As seeming plac'd in sole felicity:  
 So blind is lust, false colours to desery.  
 But *Ate* soone discovering his desire,  
 And finding now fit opportunity  
 To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,  
 Did primly put coales vnto his secret fire.

12  
 By sundry meanes there-to shee 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,  
 Shee it reuiues, and new occasion reaches:  
 That on a time, as they together way'd,  
 He made him open challenge, and thus boldly said:

13  
 Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare  
 The open wrongs thou doost mee day by day;  
 Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,  
 The couenant was, that euery spoyle or pray  
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs two:  
 Where is my part then of this Lady bright,  
 VVhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?  
 Render therefore therein to me ny right,  
 Or answer for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

14  
 Exceeding wroth therat was *Blandamour*,  
 And gan this bitter answer to him make;  
 Too foolish *Paridell*, that fayrest flowre  
 Would'st gather fame, and yet no paines would'st take:  
 But nor 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 been euer others friend.

15  
 Their fiery steeds, with so vntamed force,  
 Did beare them both to fell avenges end,  
 That both their speares with pittifesse remorse,  
 Through shield and maile, and habergeon did wend,  
 And in their flesh a grisly passage rend,  
 That with the fury of their owne after,  
 Each other hostile and man to ground did send;  
 VVhere lying still awhile, both did forget  
 The perillous present sound, in which their liues were set:

16  
 As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,  
 VVith murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,  
 Doe meet together on the warry lea,  
 They stemme each other with to fell despight,  
 That with the shock of their owne heedleis might,  
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh afunder;  
 They which from shore behold the dreadful sight  
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thunder,  
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

17  
 At length, they both vpstart in amaze;  
 As men awak'd rashly out of dreame,  
 And round about them elues awhile did gaze,  
 Till seeing her that *Fiorimell* did seeme,  
 In doubt to whom the victory should deeme,  
 There-with their dulled sprights they edg'd ancw,  
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,  
 Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew, (hew)  
 And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did

18  
 So furiously each other did assaile,  
 As if their soules they would at once haue rent  
 Out of their breasts, that streames of blood did raine  
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;  
 That all the ground with purple blond was spent,  
 And all their armours stain'd with bloody gore:  
 Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;  
 So mortall was their malice and so sore,  
 Become of fained friendship which they vow'd afore:

19  
 And that which is for Ladies most besfitting,  
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,  
 VVas from those Dames so far and so vnfitting,  
 As that in stead of praying them surcease,  
 They did much more their cruelty encrease;  
 Bidding them fight for honor of their loue,  
 And rather die then Ladies cause release.  
 With which vaine terms so much they did them moue,  
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to proue.

20  
 There they (I weene) would fight vntill this day,  
 Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)  
 By great adventure trauelled that way;  
 VVho seeing both bent to so bloody games,  
 And both of old well knowing by their names,  
 Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:  
 And first, layd oo those Ladies thousand blames,  
 That did not seeke't appease their deadly hate,  
 But gazed on their harmes, not pitying their estate.

And

21  
And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech  
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:  
Who looked a little vp at that his speech,  
Yet would not let their battell to be broken,  
Both greedy sicece on other to be wroken.  
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,  
And them conu'rd by some well known token,  
That they at last, their wrathfull hands let fall,  
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

22  
First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see:  
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*.  
Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that bee?  
And the so faire a tray, as none can tell.  
Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,  
Seeft not the Lady there before thy face?  
Hee looked backe, and her auising well,  
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,  
That fairest *Florimell* was present there in place.

23  
Glad man was he to see that ioyous fight  
(For none aloue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)  
And lowly to her louting, thus behights;  
Fairest of faire, that fairenesse doost excell,  
This happy day I haue to greet you well,  
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late  
Mis'doubted lost through mischiefes that befell;  
Long may you liue in health and happy state,  
Shee little answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

24  
Then turning to those Knights, he gan anew;  
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,  
That for this Lady present in your view,  
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,  
Certes (mee seemes) beene not advised well:  
But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell  
That seeke perforce her from you both to take;  
And of your gotten spoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25  
There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'naunce sterne,  
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;  
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,  
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take,  
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake  
Heerein, as thus: It lately so befell,  
That *Satyrane* a girdle did vp-take,  
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*;  
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeemed well.

26  
But, when as shee herselfe was lost and gone,  
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,  
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone  
That lost fayre Ladies ornament should weare,  
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:  
Which he to shun, and stop vile Enies sting,  
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where  
A solemne feast, with publike turneyng,  
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

27  
And of them all, she that is fairest found;  
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward;  
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,  
Shall to that fairest Lady be prefard.  
Sith therefore she herselfe is now your ward,  
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,  
Against all those that challenge it to gard,  
And saue her honour with your venturous paines;  
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

28  
When they the reason of his words had hard,  
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,  
And with their honours and their Loues regard;  
The furious flames of malice to asswage.  
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,  
Like faithfull friends thence-forth to ioyne in one  
With all their force, and battell strong to wage  
Gainst all those knights, as their protested lone,  
That challeng'd ought in *Florimell*, saue they alone.

29  
So well accorded, forth they rode together  
In friendly sort, that laste'd but awhile;  
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:  
Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyle,  
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.  
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,  
How-euer gay and goodly be the stile,  
That doth ill cause or euill end enure:  
For, vertuous is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

30  
Thus, as they marched all in close disguise;  
Of fained loue, they chaunc't to over-take  
Two knights, that linked rode in louely wise;  
As if they secret counsels did partake;  
And each not farte behind him had his Make,  
To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hew,  
That twixt them scilces did gentle purpose make,  
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,  
The which with speedy pace did after them pursue.

31  
Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,  
Deceming them doughty as they did appeare,  
They lent that Squire afore, to vnderstand  
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare  
Returned ready newes, that those same were  
Two of the prouest Knights in Faery lond,  
And those two Ladies their two Loues deare,  
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,  
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in louely bond.

32  
Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,  
Those two were foes, the fellonest on ground,  
And battell made, the draddest dangerous  
That euer shrilling trumpet did refound;  
Though now their acts be no where to be found,  
As that renowned Poet them compiled,  
With warlike numbers, and Heroick found,  
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of English vadehed)  
On Fames eternall bead-roll worthy to be filed,

But



33  
But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waste,  
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,  
That famous monument hath quite defact,  
And robd the world of therafore endlesse deare,  
The which mote haue entiched all vs here.  
O curled Eld! the canker-worme of wrights;  
How may these rimes (so rude as doth appeare)  
Hope to endure, sith workes of heauenly wits  
Are quite deuour'd, & brought to nought by littlabits?

34  
Then pardon, ô most sacred happy spirit,  
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,  
And steale from thee the meed of thy due merit,  
That none durst euer whil't thou wast aliué,  
And beeing dead, in vaine yet many striue:  
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet  
Of thine owne spirit (which doth in me suruiue)  
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,  
That with thy meaning fo I may the rather meet.

35  
*Cambelloes* sister was faire *Canacee*,  
That was the learndst Lady in her dayes,  
Well seene in eury Science that mote bee,  
And eury secret worke of Natures wayes,  
In witty riddles, and in wise soothsayes;  
In power of herbes, and tunes of beafts and burds;  
And (that augmented all her other praise)  
Shee modest was in all her deeds and words,  
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights & lords.

36  
Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,  
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,  
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,  
For dread of blame, and honours blemishment:  
And eke vnto her looks a law she made,  
That none of them once out of order went;  
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,  
Still watche on eury side, of secret foes affraid.

37  
So much the more as she refus'd to loue,  
So much the more she loved was and fought,  
That oftentimes vnoquiet strife did moue  
Amongst her Lovers, and great quarrels wrought:  
That oft for her in bloody armes they fought.  
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was stout and wife)  
Perceiv'd would breed great mischief, he bethought  
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,  
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38  
One day, when all that troupe of war-like woovers  
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee;  
All mighty men, and dreadfull derring doovers  
(The harder it to make them well agreee)  
Amongst them all this end he did decree;  
That of them all which loue to her did make,  
They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,  
That with himselfe should combat for hir sake,  
And of them all, the Victor should his sister take.

39  
Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And courage full of haughty hardiment,  
Approvd oft in perils manifold,  
Which hee atcheiud to his great ornament:  
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent  
Mott confidence and hope of happy speed,  
Conceiued by a ring, which shee him sent;  
That amongst the many vertues (which wee reed)  
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40  
Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all;  
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,  
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,  
That none of them durst vnder take the fight;  
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,  
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;  
And yet vncertaine by such outward sight  
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)  
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41  
Amongst those Knights, there were three brethren bold  
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)  
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,  
Borne at one burden in one happy morne;  
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morne,  
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:  
Her name was *Agape*, whose children werne  
All three as one: the first hight *Priamond*,  
The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

42  
Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike;  
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight;  
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:  
On horse-back vs'd *Triamond* to fight,  
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,  
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:  
With curtax vs'd *Diamond* to smite,  
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,  
But speare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43  
These three did loue each other dearly well,  
And with so firme affection were allide,  
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,  
Which did her powre into three parts diuide;  
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,  
That from one root deriv'd their vitall sap:  
And like that root that doth her life diuide,  
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,  
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44  
Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill  
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,  
Which since by art could vse vnto her will,  
And to her service bind each living creature,  
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature:  
There-to she was right faire, when-so her face  
Shee list discouer, and of goodly stature;  
But shee (as Fays are wont) in priuy place  
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wilde to space.

There

45  
 There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,  
 Seeking adventures in the silvage wood,  
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,  
 As shee late carelesse by a cryfall flood,  
 Combing her golden locks, as seem'd her good:  
 And vnawares vpon her laying hold,  
 That strout in vaine him long to haue withstood,  
 Oppressed her, and there (as hath been told) (bold-  
 Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46  
 VVhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,  
 Till that to ripeesse of mans state they grew:  
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,  
 They loued armes, and knight-hood did ensue,  
 Seeking adventures where they any knew.  
 VVhich when their mother saw, she gan to doubt  
 Their safetie: least by searching dangers new,  
 And rash prouoking perils all about, (stout-  
 Their daies mote be abridged through their course

47  
 Therefore, desirous th'end of all their dayes  
 To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long extent,  
 By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,  
 To the thre fatal Sisters houle she went.  
 Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,  
 Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyss*,  
 Where *Demogoron* in dull darknesse pent,  
 Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,  
 The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48  
 There shee them found, all sitting round about  
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid;  
 And with vnwearing fingers drawing out  
 The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.  
 Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
 By grisly *Lachests* was spun with paine,  
 That cruell *Atropos* estoones vndid,  
 VVith cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:  
 Most wretched me, whose daies depend on thrids so vain!

49  
 Shee them saluting, there by them late still,  
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span:  
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,  
 Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,  
 Her cause of comming shee to tell began,  
 To whom, fierce *Atropos*; Bold *Fay*, that durst  
 Come see the secret of the life of Man,  
 VVell worthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,  
 And eke thy childrens thrids to be afunder burst.

50  
 Where-at 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 law, ic did her much amare,  
 To see their thrids so thin, as spyders frame,  
 And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came;

51  
 She then began them humbly to intreat  
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,  
 That so their liues might be prolonged late.  
 But *Lachests* thereat gan to repine,  
 And said, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine  
 As of humane, that they may alread bee,  
 And chang'd at pleasure for those Impes of thine.  
 Not so; for, what the Fates doe once decree,  
 Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himselfe can free.

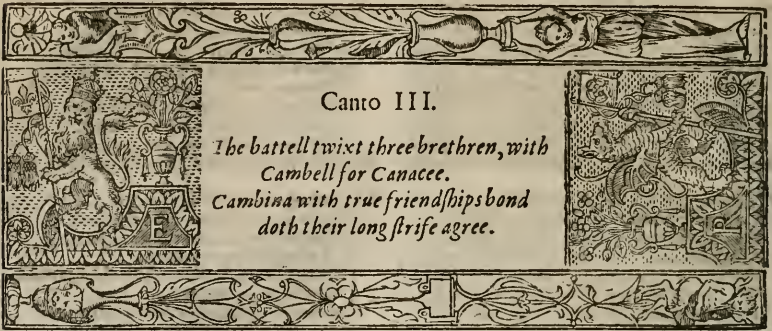
52  
 Then sith, quoth she, the tearme of each mans life  
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,  
 Grant this, that when ye shred with fatal knife  
 His line, which is the eldest of the thre,  
 VVhich is of them the shortest, as I see,  
 Estoones his life may passe into the next:  
 And when the next shall likewise ended bee,  
 That both their liues may likewise be annex  
 Vnto the third, that his may fo be trebly wext.

53  
 They granted it; and then that careful *Fay*  
 Departed thence with full contented mind;  
 And comming home, in warlike fresh array  
 Them found all thre according to their kind:  
 But vnto them what destiny was assign'd,  
 Or how their liues were eekt, shee did not tell;  
 But euermore, when she fit time could find,  
 Shee warn'd them to tead their safeties well,  
 And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54  
 So did they surely during all their dayes,  
 And neuer discord did amongst them fall;  
 Which much augmented all their other praise.  
 And now, t'increase affection naturall,  
 In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:  
 Vpon which ground this same great battell grew  
 (Great matter growing of beginning small;)   
 The which for length I will not bere pursue,  
 But rather will referre it for a Canto new.

S.

Cant<sup>o</sup>



## Canto III.

*The battell twist three brethren, with  
Cambell for Canacee.  
Cambina with true friendships bond  
doth their long strife agree.*

**Q** 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 misery of their estate,  
And thou'nd perils which them stil awate,  
Tossing them like a boate amid the Maine,  
That euer howre they knocke at Deaths gate?  
And hee that happy leetes, and leas't in paine,  
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

Therefore this Fay I hold I not fond and vaine,  
The which in seeking for her children three  
Long life, theret y did more prolong their paine:  
Yet whilst they liued, none did euer see  
More happy creatures then they seem'd to bee,  
Nor more ennobled for their cuttise:  
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;  
Ne more renowned for their chenuerie:  
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

These three that hardy challenge tooke in hand,  
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:  
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,  
And pledges pawd the faire to keepe a right.  
That day (the dreddest day that liuing might  
Did euer see vpon this world to thine)  
So soone as beauer's window shew'd light,  
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,  
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,  
To barre the preac of people farre away;  
And at th'one side six iudges were dispos'd,  
To view and decerne the deeds of armes that day:  
And on the other side, in fitt array,  
Faie Canacee vpon a stately stage  
VVas set, to see the fortune of that fray,  
And to be teere, as his most worthy wage,  
That could her purchase with his liues adventur'd gage.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,  
VVith stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,  
As if the conquest his he surely wist.  
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,  
In braue array, and goodly amenance,  
With leutchins gilt, and banners broad displayd:  
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,  
Thrice louted lowely to the noble Mayd,  
The whiles shrill trumpets & loud claiions sweetly playd.

VVhich doen, the doughty Challenger came forth,  
All arm'd to poynt, his challenge to abet;  
Gainst whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,  
And equal armes himselfe did forward set.  
A trumpet blew; they both together met,  
VVith dreadfull force, and furious iotent,  
Carelesse of perill in their fierce affret,  
As if that li'e to losse they had forelent,  
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,  
And throughly skill in vse of shield and speare;  
Ne lesse apprcud was *Cambello's* might,  
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,  
That hard it was to weene which harder were.  
Full many mighty strokes on either side  
VVere sent, that seem'd death in them to beare:  
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,  
That they avoyded were, and vainly by did slide.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent  
By *Priamond*, that with vnlucky glance,  
Through *Cambell's* shoulder it vnrwarely went,  
That forced him his shield to disaduance:  
Much was he grieued with that gracelesse chaunce;  
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,  
But wondrous paine, that did the more enbaunce  
His haughty courage to auengement fell: (swell,  
Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to  
VVith



9<sup>2</sup>  
 With that, his poynant speare he fierce aduentured,  
 VVith double force close vnderneath his shield,  
 That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,  
 And there arresting ready way did yield,  
 For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;  
 That he for paine himselfe n'ot right vp-reare,  
 But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,  
 Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is scarce,  
 At pufte of every storme doth stagger here and there.

10  
 Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,  
 Againe he drone at him with double might,  
 That nought mote slay the steele, till in his side  
 The mortall poynt most cruelly empight:  
 Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by slight  
 It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder take,  
 And left the head behind; with which despight  
 He all enrag'd, his shuering speare did shake,  
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

11  
 Lo faitour, there thy meed vnto thee take,  
 The meed 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 asferr,  
 Peare't through his beuer quite into his brow,  
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12  
 There with a sunder in the midst it brast,  
 And in his hand nought but the trooch on left;  
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,  
 Out of his head-peece *Cambell* hercely rest:  
 And with such fury back at him it hest,  
 That making way vnto his dearest life,  
 His weafand pipe it through his gorget clest:  
 Thence streames of purple blood, issuing rise,  
 Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

13  
 His weary ghost, as soyl'd from st shly band,  
 Did not (as others wont) directly flie  
 Vnto her rest in *Platoes* grieisly land;  
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,  
 Ne change-l was vnto a starre in sky:  
 But through traduction was eifsoones decried,  
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,  
 Into his other brethren, that suruiued;  
 In whom he liu'd anew, of former life depriv'd.

14  
 Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,  
 Though sad and fory for so heavy sight,  
 Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:  
 But rather stird to vengeance and despight,  
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,  
 Rust hercely forth, the battell to renew,  
 As in reuerfion of his brothers right;  
 And challenging the Virgin as his dew.  
 His foe was soone adrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

15  
 VVith that, they both together fiercely met,  
 As if that each meant other to deuoure;  
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,  
 That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre  
 They fell, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,  
 But riu'd were, like rotten wood asunder,  
 Whilst through their rifts the ruddy blood did shoure,  
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,  
 That fill'd the lookers on atonce with ruth and wonder.

16  
 As when two Tigers prickt with hungry rage  
 Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,  
 On which they weene their famine to asfwage,  
 And gaie a feastsfull gurdion of their toyle,  
 Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,  
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,  
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,  
 But either fideignes with other to partake:  
 So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

17  
 Full many stroakes, that mortally were ment,  
 The whiles were enterchaged twixt them two:  
 Yet they were all with so good wariment  
 Or wardel, or avoyded and let goe,  
 That still the life stood feareless of her foe:  
 Till *Diamond*, disguising long delay  
 Of doubtfull fortune waering to and fro,  
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way;  
 And heau'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

18  
 The dreadfull stroake, in case it had arriued,  
 VVhere it was meant (so deadly was it ment)  
 The toyle had fire out of the body riu'd,  
 And stinted all the strife incontinent.  
 But *Cambells* fate that fortune did preuent:  
 For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd a side,  
 And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:  
 Whio missing of the marke which he had eyde, (slide)  
 Was with the force nigh fell, whilst his right food did

19  
 As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,  
 Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,  
 Strikes at at Heron with all his bodies sway,  
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend;  
 The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,  
 His dreadfull soule avoydes, it thunning light,  
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;  
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,  
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

20  
 Which faire aduenture when *Cambello* spide,  
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recouer  
 From dangers dread to ward his naked side,  
 He can let driue at him with all his power,  
 And with his axe him smote in euill howre,  
 That from his shoulders quite his head he rest:  
 The headlesse trunk, as heedlesse of that stowre,  
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,  
 Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly lept.

21  
They, which that pittious spectacle be held,  
Were much amaz'd the head-lesse trunk to see  
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,  
Vnweeing of the Fates diuine decree,  
For lifes succession in those brethren three,  
For, notwithstanding that one soule was left,  
Yet had the body not dismembred bee,  
It would haue liued, and reuiued eſt;  
But, finding no fit feate, the life-lesse corse it left.

22  
It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt,  
Straight entering into *Triamond*, him self  
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,  
As one whose inner parts had been yhrild  
With poyn of Steele, that close his hart-bloud spild,  
He highly leapt out of his place of rest,  
And rushing forth into the empty field,  
Against *Cambello* fiercely him address;  
Who, him affronting, soone to fight was ready prest.

23  
Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight  
After he had so often wounded beene,  
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.  
But had ye then him forth aduancing seene,  
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely weene:  
So fresh he seemed, and so fierce in fight;  
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene  
Hath worne to nought, now feeling Summers might,  
Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

24  
All was through vertue of the ring he wore,  
The which not onely did not from him let  
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore  
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet,  
Through working of the stone therein yset.  
Else how could one of equall might with most,  
Against so many no lesse mighty met,  
Once thinke to match three such on equal cost?  
Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

25  
Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,  
Ne desperat of glorious victory,  
But sharply him assayld, and sore bested,  
VVith heapes of stroakes, which he at him let flie,  
As thicke as hayle forth poutred from the sky:  
Hec stroke, he toust, he foyn'd, he hew'd, he last,  
And did his iron brood so fast apply,  
That from the same the fiery sparkles flasht,  
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rock are dash't.

26  
Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes:  
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,  
That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)  
Backe to retire, and some-what to relent,  
Till th' heat of his fierce fury he had spent:  
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,  
He then afresh, with new encouragement,  
Did him assaile, and mightily amate,  
As fast as forward cast, now backward to retreat.

27  
Like as the tyde that comes fro th' Ocean maine,  
Floues vp the Shenan with contrary force,  
And ouer-ruling him in his owne raine,  
Drines backe the current of his kindly course;  
And makes it seeme to haue some other soure:  
But when the flood is spent, then hack againe  
His borrowed waters fore't to sedisbourie,  
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,  
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28  
Thus did the battell vary to and fro,  
With diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:  
Now this the better had, now had his foe;  
Then he halſe vanquish't, then the other seem'd;  
Yet Victors both themſelues alwaies esteem'd.  
And all the while, the disentrayled bloud,  
A lowne their sides like little riuers stream'd;  
That with the waſting of his vital flood,  
Sir *Triamond* at last, full faint and feeble stood.

29  
But *Cambello* still more strong and greater grew,  
Ne felt his bloud to waſte, ne powres emperish't,  
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,  
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,  
And all his wounds, and all his bruises guarisht:  
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle  
Is often seene full freshly to haue flourish't,  
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,  
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

30  
Through which a vantage, in his strength he rose,  
And smote the other with so wondrous might,  
That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,  
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,  
That downe he fell, as dead in all mens sight:  
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,  
As all men doe, that loſe the liuing ſprite:  
So did one soule out of his body fly  
Vnto her native home, from mortall misery.

31  
But nithelſe, whilst all the lookers on  
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,  
All vnawares he started vp anon,  
As one that had out of a dreame been rear'd,  
And fresh assayld his foe; who halſe-affear'd  
Of th' vncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,  
Stood still amaz'd, holding his ioleſeward;  
Till hauing often by him striken beene,  
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue himſelfe from teene.

32  
Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,  
As one in feare the *Stydzian* gods to offend,  
Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather fought  
Himſelfe to ſaue, and danger to defend,  
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.  
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened ſure  
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,  
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure;  
A ſigne which did to him the victory aſſure.

Whereof

Whereof full blithe, e'isoones his mighty hand  
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blowe;  
 To make an end of all that did withstand:  
 VVhich *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slowe  
 Himselfe to saue from that so deadly throwe;  
 And at that instant reaching forth his sword,  
 Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did showe,  
 Strooke him, as he his hand to strike vp-reard,  
 In that way-pitiful, that through both sides the wound appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,  
 And falling heavy on *Cambelloes* crest,  
 Strooke him so hugely, that in frowne he lay,  
 And in his head an hideous wound imprest:  
 And sure, had it not happily found rest  
 Vpon the brim of his broad plated shield,  
 It would haue cleft his braine downe to his brest.  
 So both at once fell dead vpon the field,  
 And each to other seem'd the victory to yield.

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,  
 They weened sure the war was at an end,  
 And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field  
 Broke vp the liffes, their armes away to rend;  
 And *Canacee* gan wail her dearest friend.  
 All suddenly they both vp-started light,  
 The one out of the fownd, 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 wise,  
 As if but then the battell had begonne:  
 Strookes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,  
 Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,  
 Desirous both to haue the battell donce;  
 Ne either cared life to saue or spill,  
 Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.  
 So weary, both of fighting had their fill,  
 That life it selfe seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

Whil'st thus the case in doubtfull balance hong,  
 Vnsure to whether side it would incline,  
 And all mens eyes and hearts which there among  
 Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,  
 And secret feare to see their fatall fine;  
 All suddenly they heard a troubleous noyse,  
 That seem'd some perillous tumult to define,  
 Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes;  
 Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,  
 To weteen what that sudden clamour ment;  
 Lo, where they s'ide with speedy whirling pace,  
 One in a charet of strange furoiment,  
 Towards them driuing like a storme out sent.  
 The Charet decked was in wondrous wise,  
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,  
 After the Persian Monarks antique guise  
 Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuise.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)  
 Of two grim Lions, taken from the wood,  
 In which their powre all others did excell;  
 Now made forget their former ctuell mood;  
 T'obey their rides hest, as seem'd good.  
 And therein sat a Lady passing faire  
 And bright, that seem'd borne of Angels brood;  
 And with her beauty, bounty did compare,  
 Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

There to she learned was in Magike leare,  
 And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,  
 Having therein been traied many a yeare,  
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,  
 That in the same she farre exceld all other.  
 Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,  
 Of this euill plight, in which her dearest broother  
 Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,  
 And pacifie the strife, which could to deadly smart.

And as she passed through th'vnruly preace  
 Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,  
 Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,  
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,  
 For haste did ouer-runne, in dust enrould,  
 That thorough rude confusion of the rout,  
 Some fearing shriek, some being harmed hould,  
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,  
 And som that wold seem wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore;  
 About the which two Serpents weren wound,  
 Entrayled mutually in louely lore,  
 And by the tayles together 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 she held,  
 The which was with *Nepenthe* to the brim vp-fill'd.

*Nepenthe* is a drinke of foueraigne grace,  
 Deuis'd by the gods, for to asswage  
 Hearts grieft, and bitter gall away to chace,  
 Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage:  
 In stead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age  
 It doth establish in the troubled mund.  
 Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,  
 Are by the gods to drinke thereof allynd;  
 But such as drinke, eternal happinesse do finde.

Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,  
 As *Lone* will haue adu. unced to the skie,  
 And there made gods, though borne of mortal berth;  
 For their high merits and great dignity,  
 Are went, before they may to heauen flie,  
 To drinke hereof; whereby, all cares forepast  
 Are wast away quite from their memory.  
 So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,  
 Before that they in bliss amongst the gods were plac't.



Much more of price and of more gracious powre  
 Is this, then that faine water of Ardenne,  
 The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy home,  
 Defeared by that famous *Tufcane* penne,  
 For, that had might to change the harts of men,  
 Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:  
 But this doth hatred make to loue to brenne,  
 And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce,  
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

At last, arriuing by the lites side,  
 She with her rod did softly smite the railes,  
 Which straight flew open, and gaue her way to ride,  
 Effroones out of her Coach she gan auail,  
 And passing fairely forth did bid All haile,  
 First to her brother, whom she loued deare,  
 That so to see him made her hart to quake:  
 And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare  
 Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

They lightly her requit (for, small delight  
 They had, as then her long to entertaine.)  
 And est them turned both againe to fight,  
 Which when she sawe, downe on the bloody Plaine  
 Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;  
 Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,  
 And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine  
 From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke)  
 By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,  
 She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand,  
 Then suddenly, as if their harts did faile,  
 Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,  
 And they like men astonisht still did stand,  
 Thus whil't their minds were doubtfully distraught,  
 And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,  
 Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,  
 Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunke an harty draught.

Of which so soone as they once tasted, bad  
 (Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)  
 In stead of strokes, each other kist glad,  
 And louely haust from feare of treaon free,  
 And plighted hands for euer friends to be.  
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,  
 So, mortal foes to friendly to agree,  
 For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,  
 They all gan thout aloud, that all the heauen rings,

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,  
 In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,  
 To weet what sudden tidings was befel:  
 Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,  
 And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,  
 In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,  
 VVhich had so great dismay so well amended,  
 And enteraining her with cur'sies meet,  
 Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,  
 The trumpets soundd, and they all arose,  
 Thence to depart with glee and glad some cheere,  
 Those warlike Champions both together chose,  
 Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:  
 And wife *Carbina*, taking by her side  
 Faire *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,  
 Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,  
 Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

Where making ioyous feasts, their dayes they spent  
 In perfect loue, denoid of hatefull strife,  
 Allid with bands of mutuall complement;  
 For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,  
 With whom he led a long and happy life;  
 And *Cambell* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,  
 The which as life were each to other liefe,  
 So all alike did loue, and loued were,  
 That since their daies such louers were not found elwhere.

Canto



## Canto IIII.

*Satyraue makes a Turneyment  
for loue of Florimell:  
Britomart winnes the prize from all,  
and Artegalt doth quell.*

**I** T often fals (as here it cast befell)  
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friends:  
That friends profest, are chang'd to fo-mē fel:  
The cause of both, of both their hues depēds;  
And th'end of both, likewise of both their ends.  
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,  
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;  
And friendship, which a faime affection breeds  
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

**2** That well (me seemes) appears, by that of late  
Twixt *Cambell* and *Sir Triamond* befell;  
As als by this, that now a new debate  
Stir'd vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,  
The which by course befalls me here to tell:  
Who, hauing those two other knights vside  
Marching aloft, as ye remember well,  
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deserte,  
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

**3** Who, back returning, tolde as he had seene,  
That they were doughty knights of dread names;  
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;  
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,  
To let them pass at will, for dread of shame.  
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,  
And rather stir'd by his discordfull Dame,  
Vpon them gladij would haue prov'd his might,  
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

**4** Yet nigh approaching, he them foule bespake,  
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,  
As was his wont; so weening way to make  
To Ladies loue, where-so he came in place,  
And with lewd teares their louers to deface.  
Whole sharp prouokement them incens'd so fore,  
That both were bent 'aunge his vltage base,  
And gan their shields adrefle themselues afore;  
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

**5** But faire *Cambina*, with petti washions mild,  
Did mitigate the fiercenele of their mode;  
That for the present they were reuocoy'd,  
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,  
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:  
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,  
Of that great Turney, which was blazed broad,  
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,  
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

**6** To which folke-mote they all with one consent,  
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,  
Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,  
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.  
So as they pass'd forth, they did espy  
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,  
That toward them his courte seem'd to apply,  
Gainst whom *Sir Paridell* himselfe address'd  
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repress't.

**7** Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,  
And vaunted speare eit' lootes to disaduance,  
As if he nought but peace and pleasure ment;  
Now false into their fellowship by chance;  
Whereat they shew'd courteous countenance.  
So as he rode with them accompanie,  
His rouing eye did on the Lady glaunce,  
Vv'ch *Blandamour* had riding by his side:  
Whom sure he weend, that he somwhere tofore had cyde.

**8** It was to weet, that snowy *Florimell*,  
Which *Ferrau* late from *Eragadocchia* wonne;  
Vv'hom he now seeing, her remembered well,  
How hauing rest her from the *Witches* sonne,  
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begonne  
To challenge her anew, as bis owne prize,  
Vv'hom formerly he had in battell wonne,  
And proffer made by force her to reprise:  
Which scornfull offer *Blandamour* gan soone despise.



And sayd, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,  
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,  
(For, so to lose a Lady, were great shame)  
Yee shall her winne, as I have done in fight:  
And lo she shall be placed here in fight,  
Together with this Hag beside her ier,  
That who-so winnes her, may her haue by right:  
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,  
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That offer pleased all the company.  
So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;  
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:  
But *Braggadocchio* laid, he neuer thought  
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,  
His person to imperill so in fight.  
But if to match that Lady they had sought,  
Another like, that were like faire and bright,  
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,  
As scorning his vnmanly cowardise:  
And *Florimell* him foully gan reuile,  
That for her sake refus'd to enterprise  
The battell, offered in so knightly wise.  
And *Até* eke provok't him prouly,  
VVith loue of her, and shame of such mesprise.  
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,  
For, in bale friend 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 reserue both fresh and strong,  
Against the Turnement which is not long:  
VVhen who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:  
Till then your challenges yee may prolong;  
And then it shall be tried if ye will,  
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

They all agreed: so turning all to game,  
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way,  
And all that while; where-so they rode or came,  
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.  
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,  
Vnto the place of Turnement they came;  
VVhere they before them found in fresh array  
Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame  
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide  
Themselves asunder: *Blandamour* with those  
Of his, on th'oue; the rest on th'other side.  
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,  
For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,  
That men on him the more might gaze alone.  
The rest themselves in troups did else dispose,  
Like as it seemed best to euery one;  
The knights in couples march, with Ladies link attone.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,  
Bearing that precious relique in an arke  
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:  
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,  
He open shew'd, that all men it mote marke;  
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost  
VVith pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;  
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:  
It was the same which lately *Florimell* had lost.

That same aloft he hong in open view,  
To be the prize of beauty and of might;  
The which estoones, discourted, to it drew  
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,  
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,  
That all men threw out voves and wishes vaine.  
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy knight,  
Them seem'd, that could so goodly riches gaine,  
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand  
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,  
And vaunting forth from all the other band  
Of knights, address't his maiden-headed shield,  
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field,  
Gainst whom, there singled from the other side  
A Painin knight, that well in armes was skild,  
And had in many a battell oft been tride,  
High *Branchewall* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,  
That neither could the others force sustaine.  
As two fierce Bulls, that strine the rule to get  
Of all the heard, meet with so hideous maine,  
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:  
So these two Champions to the ground were feld,  
VVhere in a maze they both did long remaine,  
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,  
VVhich neither able were to wag, or once to wold.

VVhich when the noble *Ferramont* espide,  
Hepricked forth in ayde of *Satyrane*;  
And him against, Sir *Blandamour* did ride  
With all the strength and stiffeesse that he can,  
But the more strong and stuffy that he ran,  
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,  
That on a heape were tumbled horse and man,  
Vnto whose reskew forth rode *Paridell*;  
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

VVhich *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will  
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,  
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,  
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.  
But *Triamond*, halke wroth to see him staid,  
Sternly step't forth, and taught away his speare,  
VVith which so fore he *Ferramont* assaid,  
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare;  
That neither could in haste themselves again vpeare.

Which



21  
Which to avenge, Sir *Deoun* 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 *Palimord* forth prest:  
But none of them against his strokes could stand;  
But all the more, the more his praise increaseth,  
For, either they were left vpon the land,  
Or went away sore wounded of his haples hand.

22  
And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,  
Out of the swouae, in which too long he lay;  
And looking round about, like one dismayd,  
VWhen as he sawe the mercilesse *ffray*,  
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,  
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead;  
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,  
For very gail, that rather wholly dead  
Himselfe he wist haue been, that in lo bad a stead.

23  
Eftsoones he gan to gather vp around  
His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad;  
And as it fell, his steed he ready found:  
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode;  
Like sparke of fire, that from the anuile glode,  
There where he sawe the valiant *Triamond*  
Chasing, and laying on them heavy loe,  
That none his force were able to withstand,  
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

24  
VVith that, at him his beam-like speare he aymed,  
And thereto all his powre and might applyde:  
The wicked Steele for mischief first ordained,  
And hauing now misfortune got for guide,  
Staid not, till it arriued in his side,  
And therein made a very grieuful wound,  
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.  
Much was he daunted with that direfull sound,  
That scarce he him vpheld from falling in a swound.

25  
Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew  
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.  
Then gan the part of Challengers anew  
To range the field, and Victor-like to raine,  
That none against them battell durst maintaine.  
By that, the gloomy euening on them fell,  
That forced them from fighting to refraine,  
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.  
So *Satyrane* that day was indg'd to heare the bell:

26  
The morrow next the *Turney* gan anew,  
And with the first, the hardy *Satyrane*  
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:  
On th' other side, full many a warlike swaine  
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine:  
But amongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,  
Vnable he new battell to draine,  
Through grieuance of his late receiued wound,  
That doubly did him grieue, when to himselfe he found:

27  
Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salue,  
Ne done vndoe, yet for to salue his name,  
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,  
This goodly countenance he did frame.  
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,  
Which *Triamond* had woine, vnwares to wight,  
And to his friend vnwist, for doubt of blame,  
If he mis'did; he on himselfe did dight,  
That none could him discern, and so went forth to fight:

28  
There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found; *Lord in this world*  
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity; *is your me not*  
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;  
That much he gan his glory to enuy.  
And cast t' avenge of his friends indignitie.  
A mighty speare eftsoones at him he bent;  
Who seeing him come on so furiously,  
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,  
That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29  
They vp againe themselves can lightly reare,  
And to their tryed swords the miselues betake;  
With which they wrought such wondrous maruels  
That all the rest it did amazed make, (there)  
Ne any da'd their perill to partake;  
Now cuffing close, now chasing to and fro,  
New hurting round, aduantage for to take:  
As two wild Boares together grappling goe,  
Chaunging, and foming choler, each against his foe.

30  
So as they courst, and turneyd here and there;  
It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,  
Whether through foundring or through sodain feare;  
To stumble, that his rider eigh he cast;  
VVhich vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,  
That ere him selfe he had recovered well,  
So fore he sow'd him on the compass crest,  
That forced him to leaue his lofty fell,  
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feet fell.

31  
Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed;  
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,  
That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;  
VWhen all vnwares he felt an hideous sway  
Of many swords that load on him did lay.  
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,  
To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;  
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,  
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground;

32  
He with their multitude was nought dismayd,  
But with stout courage tuind 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 chance doth fall,  
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and tore,  
In royall hart disdainig to be thrall;  
But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?  
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him fore;  
Where:

33

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought;  
 There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;  
 And starting vp, straight for his armour iought:  
 In vaine he lought; for, there he found it not;  
*Cambello* it away before had got:  
*Cambelloes* armes therefore he on him threw,  
 And lightly islew forth to take his lot.  
 There he in troupe foud all that warlike crew,  
 Leading his friend away, full fory to his vew.

34

Into the thickest of that knightly preace  
 He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,  
 Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he ceasse,  
 Till that he came where he had *Cambell* seene,  
 Like captiue thrall two other Knights atweene,  
 There he amongst them cruel hacock makes;  
 That they which lead him, soone enforced beene  
 To let him loose to saue their proper stakes:  
 Who, beeing freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,  
 Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,  
 And in revengement of his owne despight;  
 So both together giue a new allarme,  
 As if but now the battell waxed warme,  
 As when two greedy Wolues do breake by force  
 Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,  
 They spoyle and ravine without all remorse;  
 So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

36

Fircely they follow'd on their bold emprise,  
 Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;  
 Then all with one consent did yield the prize  
 To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.  
 But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.  
 And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;  
 Each labouring to advance the others gest,  
 And makes his praise before his owne preterd:  
 So that the doome was to another day differd.

37

The last day came, when all those knights againe  
 Assembled were, their deeds of armes to shew.  
 Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:  
 But *Satyran* boue all the other crewe,  
 His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens vew,  
 For, from the first he to the last endured:  
 And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,  
 Yet evermore his honour he recured,  
 And with vnweatied powre his party fill assured.

38

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 shuered speare, and swords all vnder frownen,  
 By scattered shields was easie to be shonen.  
 There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,  
 Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen:  
 And Squires make haste to help their Lords fordonne:  
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

39

Till that there entred on the other side,  
 A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed,  
 In queyt disguise, full hard to be delcride.  
 For, all his armour was like saluage weed,  
 VWith woody moles bedight, and all his steed  
 With oaken leaues attrapt, that seemed fit  
 For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed  
 His word which on his ragged shield was writ,  
*Saluage esse sans finesse*, shewing secret wit.

40

Hee at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare  
 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,  
 Approued oft in maoy a perous fight.  
 Him at the first encounter downe he smote,  
 And ouer-bore beyond his crouer quight,  
 And after him another Knight, that hote  
 Sir *Brianor*, so fore, that none him life behote.

41

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew  
 Seuen Knights, one after other as they came:  
 And when his speare was burst, his sword he drew,  
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same  
 Far'd like a lion in his bloody game,  
 Hewing, and slathing shields, and helmets bright,  
 And beating downe what euer nigh him came;  
 That eury one gan shun his dreadfull fight,  
 No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

42

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,  
 That did amongst the troupes so tyranoize;  
 And each of other gan enquire his name.  
 But when they could not learne it by no wise,  
 Most answerable to his wild disguise  
 It seemed, him to tearme the saluage knight.  
 But certes his right name was otherwise,  
 Though known to few, that *Arthegal* he hight, (might)  
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of

43

Thus was Sir *Satyran* with all his band,  
 By his sole manhood and atchievement stout  
 Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,  
 But beaten were, and chafed all about,  
 So he continued all that day throughout,  
 Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.  
 Then rused forth out of the thickest rout  
 A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;  
 So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

44

Hee at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare  
 At *Arthegal*, in midst of his pride;  
 And therewith smote him on his *Vmbriere*  
 So fore, that tomling backe, he downe did slide  
 Ouer his horses taile about a stride;  
 Whence little lust he had to rise againe.  
 Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuide,  
 And ran at him with all his might and maine;  
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on the Plaine.

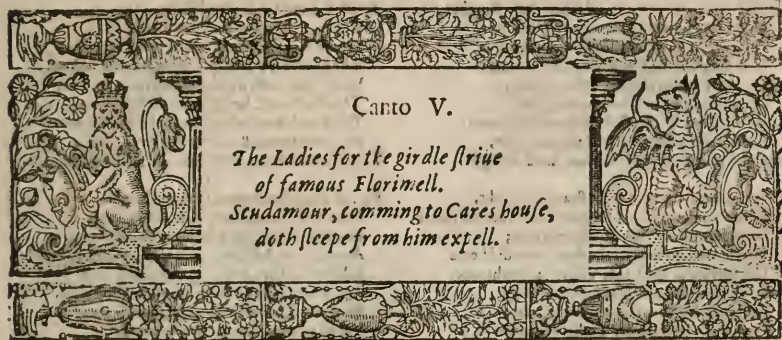
Where.

45  
Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,  
And cast t'avenge the shame doon to his friend;  
But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fond  
In no lesse need of helpe, then him he weend,  
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end  
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd fore,  
And thought in mind it shortly to amend;  
His speere he futed, and at him it bore;  
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

46  
Full many others at him likewise ran:  
But all of them likewise dismounted were.  
Ne certes wonder is, no powre of man  
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,  
The which this famous *Britemart* did beare;  
With which she wondrous deeds of arms achieued,  
And overthrew what ever came her neare,  
That all these stranger knights full sore agrinded,  
And that late weaker band of challengers relieud.

47  
Like as in sommers day, when raging heat  
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,  
That all brute beasts fore't to refraine fro meat,  
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie;  
And missing it, saine from themselves to flie;  
All traouellers tormented are with paine:  
A watry cloud doth ouercast the skie,  
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,  
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48  
So did the walke *Britemars* restore  
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day  
(Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore  
The pryde of prowesse from them all away.  
Then shrilling trumpets leudly gan to bray,  
And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,  
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,  
Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:  
Where I with sound of tumppe will also rest while.



1  
That hath beene through all ages euer scene;  
That with the pryde of crimes and chetualry,  
The prize of beauty still hath toynd beene;  
And that for reasons speciall priuaty:  
For, righte doth on other much relye;  
For, he mee seemes most fit the faire to serue,  
That can her best defend from villeny;  
And she most fit her seruice doth deserue,  
That fauor is, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

2  
So fully row here commeth next in place;  
After the prooue of prowesse ended well,  
The controuerse of beauties fouer aigne grace;  
In which to her that doth the most excell,  
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:  
That many will to win for glory vaine,  
And not for vertuous life, which some do tell  
That glorious hel'd in it selfe containe,  
Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3  
That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,  
And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare:  
But whosoer contrarie doth proue,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.  
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)  
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,  
Whattime she vs'd to lue in wicly fort;  
But layd aside, when so she vs'd her loofer sport.

4  
Her husband *Pulcan* whylome for her sake,  
Vher first he leud her with heart entire,  
This precious ornament they lay did make,  
And wrought in *Lemnes* with vnquenched fire;  
And afterwards did for her loues lust hate,  
Came it to her for euer to remaine,  
Therewith to bird luscious desire,  
And loose ofte Citions strenghtly to restraine;  
VWhich vertue it for euer after did retainne.

The



5  
 The same one day, when she her selfe dispos'd  
 To visite her beloued Paramoure,  
 The god of Warre, she from her middle loos'd,  
 And left behind her in her secret bowre,  
 Oo *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre,  
 She with the pleasant *Graces* went to play.  
 There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre  
 Was fostred by those *Graces*, (as they say)  
 And brought with her fro thence that goodly belt away.

6  
 That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,  
 And as her life by her esteemed deare.  
 No wonder then, if that to winne the fame  
 So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;  
 For, peerelesse she was thought, that did it beare.  
 And now by this, their feast all being ended,  
 The Iudges which thereto selected were,  
 Into the Martian field adowne descended,  
 To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

7  
 But first was question made, which of those Knights  
 That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:  
 There was it iudged by those worthy wights,  
 That *Satyrane* the first day best had donne:  
 For, he last ended, hauing first begonne.  
 The second was to *Triamond* behight,  
 For that he sav'd the Victour from sordonne:  
 For, *Cambell* Victour was in all mens sight,  
 Till by mishap he in his foes hand did light.

8  
 The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight,  
 Whom all men tearm'd Knight of the Hebece speare,  
 To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;  
 For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare  
 The *Salvage* Knight, that Victour was whilcare,  
 And all the rest, which had the best afore,  
 And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;  
 For, last is deemed best. To her therefore  
 The fayrest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9  
 But therat greatly grieved *Arithyall*,  
 And much repyn'd, that both of Victors meede,  
 And eke of honour the did him forestall.  
 Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;  
 But inly thought of that despighfull deed  
 Fit time t'awate avenged for to bee.  
 This beeing ended thus, and all agreed,  
 The next ensaw'd the Paragon to see  
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fairest her due fee.

10  
 Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view  
 His faire *Cambina*, covered with a veale;  
 Which being once with-drawn, most perfect he w  
 And passing beauty did eftsouner reveale;  
 That able was weake hearts away to steale.  
 Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight  
 The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;  
 Whose beauties beame eftsounes did shine so bright,  
 That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11  
 And after her did *Paridell* produce  
 His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene;  
 Who with her forged beauty did seduce  
 The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;  
 As diuerse wits affected diuerse beene.  
 Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew  
 His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,  
 And after these an hundred Ladies moe  
 Appeard in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12  
 All which who-so dare thinke for to enchace,  
 Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,  
 To tell the feature of each goodly face.  
 For, since the day that they created beene,  
 So many heaucnly faces were not seene  
 Assembled in one place: ne he that thought  
 For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewties *Queene*,  
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,  
 So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

13  
 At last, the most redoubted *Britanneesse*,  
 Her louely *Amores* did open shew:  
 Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse  
 The heaucnly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,  
 Well weened all, which her that time did view,  
 That she should surely beare the bell away,  
 Till *Blandmour*, who thought he had the trew  
 And very *Florimell*, did her display:  
 The sight of whom once seene, did all the rest dismay.

14  
 For, all afore that seem'd faire and bright,  
 Now base and contemptible did appeare,  
 Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phæbé's* light;  
 Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.  
 All that her sawe, with wonder rauisht were,  
 And weend no mortall creature she should be;  
 But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:  
 Yet all were glad ther *Florimell* to see;  
 Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

15  
 As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,  
 With golden foyle doth finely over-spread  
 Some bader 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 beared,  
 That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view  
 She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

16  
 Then was the golden belt by doome of all  
 Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.  
 Which being brought, about her middle small  
 They thought to gird, as best it her became;  
 But by no means they could it thereto frame.  
 For, euer as they fastned it, it loos'd  
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame.  
 Full oft about her waste she it enclos'd;  
 And it as oft was from about her waste disclos'd.

That

17  
That all men wondred at the vocouth sight,  
And each one thought, as to their fancies came,  
But shee her selfe did thinke it done for spight,  
And touch'd 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, eftsloones it was vntide:

18  
Which when that scornfull *Squire of Dames* did view,  
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;  
Alas for pite that so faire a crew,  
As like cannot be seene from East to West,  
Cannot find one this girle to inuest.  
Fie on the man, that did it first invent,  
To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnblest*.  
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,  
That hath this day so many to vmanly spent.

19  
Therent all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowte;  
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*  
Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;  
And haming it about her middle set,  
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.  
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:  
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,  
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily  
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

20  
Yet nathemore would it her body fit;  
Yet nathelittle to her, as her dew right,  
It ycel'd was by them, that iudged it:  
And she herselfe adiu'dged to the Knight,  
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight,  
But *Eritomart* would not thereto assent,  
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe to fight  
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment  
She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

21  
VVhom when the rest did see her to refuse,  
They were full glad, in hope them selues to get her:  
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse,  
But after that, the Judges did asert her  
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;  
That was the *Saluage Knight*: but he was gone  
In great displeasure that he could not get her.  
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;  
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

22  
Tho, vnto *Satyrane* she was adiu'dged,  
Who was tight glad to gaine so goodly meed:  
But *Blandamour* therent full greatly grudged,  
And little prais'd his labours eust speed,  
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.  
Ne lesse therent did *Paridell* complaine,  
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,  
To single combat with Sir *Satyrane*.  
Thereto him *Atti* stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

23  
And eke with these, full many other Knights  
She through her wicked working did incoefe,  
Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,  
Deferred for their perils recompense.  
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense  
Stept *Braggadochio* forth, and as his thrall  
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:  
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;  
Who beeing askt accordingly confessed all.

24  
Therent exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;  
And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamour*;  
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;  
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.  
So all together stir'd vp strife full roure,  
And ready were new battell to darraigne.  
Each one profest to be her Paramour,  
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;  
Ne Iudges powte, ne reasons rule mote them restraine:

25  
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 middt to set that fairest Dame,  
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame;  
And he himselfe his right would eke release:  
Then looke to whom the voluntary came,  
He should without disturbance her possesse:  
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

26  
They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd  
Was in the middst plac't among them all;  
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,  
And to the Queene of beauty clofe did call,  
That she vnto their portion might befall.  
Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,  
As though she wisht to haue pleas'd them all,  
At last, to *Braggadochio* telte alone  
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27  
VVhich when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,  
And woxt nigh mad for very hearts 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.

28  
They which remain'd; so foone as they perceiv'd,  
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
And follow'd them, in ioy mid her to haue reau'd  
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.  
In which pursuit he w each one did succeed,  
Shall else be told in order, as it fell,  
But now of *Eritomart* it here doth need  
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;  
Since with the rest she went, not after *Florimell*.

T

Fox

29  
For, soone as shee them sawe to discord set,  
Her list no longer in that place abide;  
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,  
Vpon her first adventure forth did ride,  
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.  
Vnlucky Mayd to seeke her enemy I  
Vnlucky Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,  
Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,  
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie.

30  
So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle:  
Yet neither toyle nor grieffe, she once did spare,  
In seeking him, that should her paine assoule;  
Where to great comfort in her sad misfare  
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:  
Who likewise sought her louer long miswent,  
The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart whilecare  
That strifefull hag with ialous discontent  
Had filld, that he to sell reuenge was fully bent;

31  
Bent to reuenge on blameles *Britomart*  
The crime, which caus'd, *At* kindled earst,  
The which like thornes did prick his ialous heart,  
And through his soule like poysoned arrow pearc't,  
That by no reason it might be reuert, |  
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or say. |  
For, aye the more that shee the same reheart,  
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,  
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

32  
So as they travelled, the drooping night  
Covered with cloudy storme and bitter showre,  
That dreadfull seem'd to eery liuing wight,  
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;  
That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,  
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,  
And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre:  
Not farre away, not meet for any guest,  
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

33  
Vnder a steepe hillis side it plac'd was;  
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;  
And fast beside a litle brooke did pass  
Of muddy water, that like puddle stanke;  
By which, fewe crooked fallowes grew in ranke:  
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the found  
Of many iron hammers beating ranke,  
And answering their weary turnes around,  
That seem'd from black-smith dwellt in that desert groul.

34  
There entering in, they found the goodman selfe,  
Full but ly vnto his worke ybent;  
Who was to weete, a wretched wearish elfe,  
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,  
As if he had in prison long bene pent:  
Full black and grisly did his face appeare,  
Besmeard with smooke that nigh his eye-sight blent;  
With rugged beard, and hoary shagged heare,  
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

35  
Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:  
VVith blistred hands emonght the cinders brent,  
And fingers filthy, with long nayles prepared,  
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.  
His name was *Care*; a black-smith by his trade,  
That neither day nor night, from working spared,  
But to small purpose iron wedges made;  
Those be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

36  
In which his worke he had fixe seruants prest,  
About the Anvile standing euermore,  
VVith huge great hammers, that did neuer rest  
From heaping stroakes, which thereon souled 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 succceed,  
That he which was the last, the first did farre exceed.

37  
He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in fight,  
Ferre passing *Bronteus*, or *Pyracon* great,  
The which in *Liparis* doe day and night  
Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* awegefull threat.  
So dreadfully he did the Anvile beat,  
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it driue:  
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,  
That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could rive,  
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list striue.

38  
Sir *Scudamour* there entering, much admired  
The manner of their worke and weary paine;  
And hauing long beheld, at last enquired  
The cause and end thereof; but all in vaine;  
For, they for nought would from their work refraine,  
Ne let his speeches come vnto their care.  
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,  
Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:  
Those *Penituens* did moue; & *Sighs* the bellowes were.

39  
VVhich when that Warriour saw, he said no more,  
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:  
To rest, he layd him downe vpon the flore,  
(Whi'ome for ventrous knights the bedding best)  
And thought his weary limbs to haue redrest.  
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,  
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,  
That needed much her weakage to desire,  
After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

40  
There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,  
VVhen gentle sleepe his heauy eyes would close;  
Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,  
VVhere better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,  
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;  
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.  
But whersoe he did himselfe dispose,  
He by no means could wished ease obtaine:  
So eury place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

And



And euer more, when he to sleepe did thinke,  
 The hammers found his senses did molest;  
 And euer more, when he began to winke,  
 The bellows noyle disturb'd his quiet rest,  
 Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.  
 And all the night the dogs did barke and houle  
 About the house, at sent of stranger guest:  
 And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle  
 Lowde striking him afflicted to the very soule.

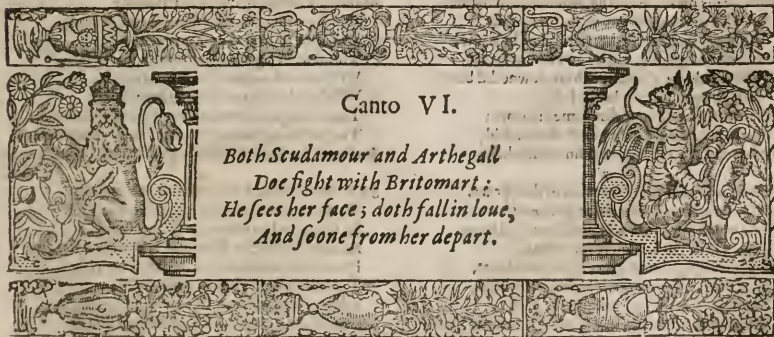
And if by fortune any little nap,  
 Vpon his heavy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,  
 Etsoones one of those villains him did rap  
 Vpon his head-peece with his iron mall;  
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,  
 And highly started vp as one affrayd;  
 Or as if one him suddenly did call.  
 So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,  
 And then lay mazing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he mazed, and so long he lay,  
 That at the last his weary spirit oppress  
 VVith fleshy weakenes, which no creature may  
 Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,  
 That all his senses did full soone arrest:  
 Yet in his foundest sleepe, his daily feare  
 His ydle braine gan busily molest,  
 And made him dreame those two disoyall were:  
 The things that day most minds, at night do most appear.

VVith that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,  
 A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take  
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,  
 Vnder his side him nipt; that forc't to wake  
 He felt his hart for very paine to quake,  
 And started vp avenged for to bee  
 On him, the which his quiet slumber brake:  
 Yet looking round about him none could see;  
 Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did see.

In such disquiet and heart-fretting paine,  
 He all that night, that too long night did passe,  
 And now the day out of the Ocean maine  
 Began to peepe about this earthly masse,  
 VVith pearly dewe sprieking the morning grasse;  
 Then vp he rose like heavy lumps of lead;  
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,  
 The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,  
 And ghes the man to be dismayd with ieaious dread.

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anon,  
 And forth vpon his former voyage fared,  
 And with him eke that aged Squire artoone,  
 VVho, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,  
 Both equall paines, and equal perill shared:  
 The end whereof and dangerous euent  
 Shall for another cantile be spard.  
 But here my weary theme nigh over-spent  
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.



## Canto VI.

*Both Scudamour and Arthegall  
 Doe fight with Britomart;  
 He sees her face; doth fall in loue,  
 And soone from her depart.*

1  
 Hat equal torment to the griefe of mind,  
 And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,  
 That inly teeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,  
 And nourislieth her owne consuming smart?  
 VVhat medicine can any Leaches art  
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her griuance hide,  
 And will to none her maladie impart?  
 Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride;  
 For which, *Dau Thæbus* selfe cannot a salue prouide.

2  
 VVho, hauing left that restless house of *Care*,  
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,  
 Full of melancholy and sad misfarc,  
 Through misconceit; all vnawares espide  
 An armed knight vnder a Forrest side,  
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;  
 Who, soone as them approaching he descride,  
 Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,  
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

T 2

Which

3  
Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issewed  
To haue r'encountred him in equall race;  
But, soone as th'other, nigh approaching, viewed  
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abate.  
And voyd his course: at which so suddain case  
He wondrous much. But th'other thus can say;  
Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace  
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,  
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

4  
Whereto thus *Scudamour*; Small harme it were  
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight  
VVithout displeasance for to proue his speare.  
But read you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,  
What is your owne? that I mote you requite.  
Certes, laid he, ye mote as now excuse  
Me from discouering you my name aright:  
For time yet serues that I the same refuse,  
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vs.

5  
Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth hee, areed;  
Or, doe you here within this forrest wonne?  
(That seemeth well to answer to your weed).  
Or, haue ye it for some occasion donne?  
That rather seemes, sith knowne armes ye shonne.  
This other day, laid he, a stranger knight  
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;  
On whom I wait to wreak that foule despight,  
When-euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

6  
Shame be his meed, quoth he, that meaneth shame.  
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?  
A stranger knight, laid he, vnknowne by name,  
But known by fame, and by an Hebene speare,  
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.  
He in an open Turney lately held,  
From me the honour of that game did reare;  
And hauing me, all weary earst, downe feld,  
The fayrest Lady rest, and euer since with-held.

7  
VVhen *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,  
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,  
The which from him his fairest Loue did beare.  
Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,  
For fell despight, and gnaw his iecalous heart,  
That thus he sharply said; Now by my head,  
Yet is not this the first vnknighthly part,  
Which that fame knight, whom by his lance I read,  
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8  
For, lately he my Loue hath fro me rest,  
And eke defiled with foule villany  
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,  
In shame of knighthood and fidelity;  
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.  
And if to that auenge by you decreed  
This hand may help, or succour ought supply,  
It shall not faile, when-so ye shall it need.  
So both to wreake their wraches on *Britomart* agreed.

9  
VVhiles thus they communed, lo farre away  
A knight for riding towards them they spide,  
Atyr'd in forraine armes and strange array:  
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descried  
To be the same, for whom they did abide.  
Said then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight  
Let me this craue, sith first I was defide  
That first I may that wrong to him requite:  
And if I hap to faile, you shall secure my right.

10  
Which beeing yeelded, he his threatfull speare,  
Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran.  
Who, soone as she him saw approaching neare  
VVith so fell rage, herselfe the lightly gan  
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can;  
But entertained him in so rude a wife,  
That to the ground she mote both horse and man;  
VVhence neither greatly hasted to arise,  
But on their common harmes together did deuize.

11  
But *Artegall*, beholding his mischance,  
New matter added to his former sic;  
And est auentring his steele-headed lance,  
Against her rode, full of dispiteous ire,  
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.  
But to himselfe his felonous intent  
Returning, disappointed his desire,  
VVhiles vnwares his saddle he forwent,  
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

12  
Lightly he started vp out of that stound;  
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,  
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound  
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,  
VVhom without perill he cannot invade.  
VVith such fell greedines he her assayled,  
That though she mounted were, yet he her made  
To giue him ground (so much his force preuayled)  
And thun his mighty strokes, gainst which no arms auai-  
(led.

13  
So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc't  
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest  
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunc't  
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest  
From foule mischance; oe did it euer rest,  
Till on her horses binder parts it fell;  
VVhere biting deepe, so deadly it imprest,  
That quite it chynd his back behind the fell,  
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

14  
Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,  
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,  
VVith dreadful force fallcs on some steeple hie;  
Which battering, down it on the Church doth glaunce,  
And teares it all with terrible mischance.  
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forfook,  
And casting from her that enchanted lance,  
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke:  
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

15  
So furiously thee strooke in her first heat,  
VVhiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,  
That she him forced backward to retreat,  
And yielde vnto her weapon way to païs:  
VVhose raging rigour neither stele nor brasse  
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,  
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the grafs;  
That all his maile yri'd, and plates yrent,  
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

16  
At length, when as he saw her hastie heat  
Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,  
He through long iusturance growing now more great,  
Rose in his strength, and gan her flesh assaile,  
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as shoures of haille,  
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,  
As if he thought her soule to disentraile.  
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,  
That work't such wreek on her, to w<sup>o</sup> then dearest art.

17  
VVhat iron courage cuer could endure,  
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?  
And in his madesse thinke with hands impure  
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,  
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?  
Certes, some hellish fiend, or some fiend  
T his mischief fram'd, for the first loues de feature,  
To bathe their hands in blood of dearest friend,  
There-by to make their loues beginning, their lues end.

18  
Thus long they tract, and trauester to and fro,  
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,  
Still as advantage they elsidethere to:  
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed  
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.  
At last, his lucklesse hand he heau'd on hiey  
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed;  
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,  
That seem'd nought but death mote be her destinie.

19  
The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunc't;  
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,  
Her ventaile shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't  
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.  
With that, her Angels face (vnseene afore)  
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in sight,  
Deawed with silver diops, through sweating fore;  
But somewhat redder then becom'd aright,  
Through toiletome heat, & labour of her weary fight.

20  
And round about the same, her yellow haire  
Hauing through stirring loos'd their wonted band,  
Like to a golden border did appeare,  
Framed in Goldsmithes forge with curving hand:  
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand  
To frame such subtil wire so thinnic cleare.  
For, it did glister like the golden sand,  
The which *Palaïms* with his waters shere,  
Throwes forth vpon the riuaige round about him nere.

21  
And as his hand he vp againe did reare,  
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wrack,  
His powerles arme benumbd with secret feare,  
From his reuengefull purpose shrunke aback;  
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack  
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sense,  
And felt some rub, or sense his hand did lacke:  
Or both of them did thinke, obedience  
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

22  
And he himselfe, long gazing there-vpon,  
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion,  
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,  
Or else vnweeting what it else might bee;  
And pardon her be sought his errour fraile,  
That had done our-rage into high degree:  
Whil'st trerbling horrour did his sense assaile,  
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quaille.

23  
Nath'lesse, she full of wrath for that late stroke,  
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,  
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,  
And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,  
Threatning to strike, vlesse he would withstand:  
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.  
But die or lue, for nought he would vp-stand,  
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,  
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniury.

24  
VVhich when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,  
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,  
He was there-with right wondrously dismayd:  
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descried  
That peerlesse paterne of Dame Natures pride;  
And heauenly image of perfection,  
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifed;  
And turning feare to faint deuotion,  
Did worship her as some celestia! vision.

25  
But *Glauce*, seeing all that chaunced there,  
VVell weening how their errour to aswoyle,  
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,  
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,  
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.  
Then her besought, as she to her was deere,  
To graunt vnto those warriors truee awhile;  
VVhich yielded, they their beuers vp did reare,  
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they were.

26  
VVt on *Britomart* with sharpe auizfull eye  
Beheld the lonely face of *Arthegall*,  
Temperd with sternesse and stout maiestie,  
Shee gan estioones it to her mind to call,  
To be the same which in her fathers hall  
Long since in that er chaunted glasse she saw.  
There with her wrathfull courage gan appall,  
And haughty spirits meekely to adaw,  
That her enhanced hand she downe can soft with-draw.



Yet shee is forc't to haue againe vp-held,  
 As faining 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 countenance bold:  
 But when in vaine to fight she oft assay'd,  
 Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;  
 Nath'lesse, her tongue not to her will obeyd,  
 But brought forth speeches mild, whē she wold haue mis-

But *Scudamour*, now woxen inly glad,  
 That all his zealous feare, he false had found,  
 And how that Hug his lone abused had,  
 With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnfound,  
 The which long time his grieued hart did wound,  
 He thus be-spake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,  
 I ioy to see you lout fo lowe on ground,  
 And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,  
 That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all,

Soone as shee heard the name of *Arthegall*,  
 Her hart did leap, and all her hart-strings tremble,  
 For suddaine ioy, and secret feare withall,  
 And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,  
 To succour it, themselues gan there assemble;  
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood  
 Right plaine appear'd, though she it would dissemble,  
 And fayned still her former angry mood.  
 Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

When *Glaucé* thus gan wisely all vp-knit;  
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,  
 To be spectators of this vncouth fir,  
 Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,  
 Against the course of kind: ne meruaile nought,  
 Ne henceforth feare the thing that hath her too,  
 Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,  
 Fearing least she your Loues away should woo,  
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes yee see there wants theretoo.

And you Sir *Arthegall*, the salvage knight,  
 Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand  
 Hath conquered you anew in second fight:  
 For, whylome they haue conquered sea and land,  
 And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand,  
 Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,  
 That is the crowne of knighthood, and the hand  
 Of noble mindes denued from about:  
 Which, beeing knit with verue, neuer will remoue.

And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,  
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,  
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;  
 And wiping out remembrance of all ill,  
 Grant him your grace; but so that he fulfill  
 The penance, which ye shall to him impart:  
 For, Louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell.  
 There-at full inly blissh'd *Britomart*:  
 But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioy'd in secret hart.

Yet durst hee not make leuety suddenly,  
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw,  
 From one to other so quite contrary:  
 Besides, her modest countenance he saw  
 So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,  
 That it his raging fancie did reuaine,  
 And looser thoughts to lawfull boundes with-draws  
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and fauoe,  
 Like to a stubborne steed whom strong hand would re- (straine.

But *Scudamour*, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare  
 And feeble hope hung all this while t'pence,  
 Desiring of his *Amores* to beare  
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,  
 Her thus bespake; But sir, without offence  
 More I request you tydings of my Loue,  
 My *Amores*, sith you her freed from thence,  
 Where she captiu'd 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 cannot vnto you asread aright,  
 For, from that time I from Enchaunters theft  
 Her freed, in which yee her all hopeleile left,  
 I her preseruid from perill and from feare,  
 And euer more from villanie her kept:  
 Ne euer was there wight to me more deare  
 Theo she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare,

Till on a day, as through a desert wilde  
 We travel'd, both weary of the way,  
 VV e did sight, and safe in shadow mild;  
 Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.  
 But when as I did out of sleepe abray,  
 I found her not, where I her left whylcare,  
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray,  
 I call'd her loud, I sought her far and neare;  
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her beare.

When *Scudamour* those heauy tydings heard,  
 His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare;  
 Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,  
 But senselesse flood, like to amazed Steare,  
 That yet of mortall stroke the thound doth beare:  
 Till *Glaucé* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd  
 With needlesse dread, till certainte ye heare:  
 For, yet she may be safe, though some what straid;  
 It's best to hope the best, though of the worst afraid.

Nath'lesse, he hardly of her cheer full speech  
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled fight  
 Shew'd change of better chere: so fere a breach  
 That sudden newes had made into his spright;  
 But *Britomart* him fairely thus beight;  
 Great cause of sorrow, 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 reue.

There.

39  
 Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.  
 So peace beeing confirm'd amongst them all,  
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pass,  
 Vnto some rest in place which mote befall;  
 All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.  
 Where goodly solace was vnto them made,  
 And daily feasting both in bowre and hall.  
 Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,  
 And weary limbes recur'd, after late vage bad.

40  
 In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way  
 Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*:  
 And with meeke seruiue and such suit did lay  
 Continvall siege vnto her get the hart;  
 Which, beeing whylome loue't with lovely darts,  
 More eare was new imptression to receiue,  
 How euer she her paind with womanish art  
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:  
 Vaine is the art that leekes it selfe for to deceiue.

41  
 So well hee woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
 VVith faire entreaty and sweete landishment,  
 That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,  
 So as she to his speeches was content  
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent.  
 At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,  
 And many othes, shee yielded her consent  
 To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,  
 Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

42  
 Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,  
 Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound  
 Vpon a hard adventure yet in quest)  
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
 To follow that, which he did long propound;  
 And vnto her his ongee came to take.  
 But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,  
 And loth to leave her late betrothed Make;  
 Her dearest Loue still loth so shortly to forsake.

43  
 Yet hee with strong perswasions her aswaged,  
 And wonne her will to suffer him depart;  
 For which, his faith with her he fast engaged,  
 And thousand vowes from bottom of his hart,

That all so soone as he by wit or art  
 Could that archieue, where-to he did aspire,  
 He vnto her would speedily reuert;  
 No longer space there-to he did desire,  
 But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

44  
 VVith which, she for the present was appeas'd;  
 And yielded leaue, howeuer to take content  
 Shee intly wete, and in her mind displeas'd.  
 So, early on the morrow next he went  
 Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;  
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,  
 As whylome was the custome ancient  
 Amongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride;  
 Saue that she algates him awhile accompanide.

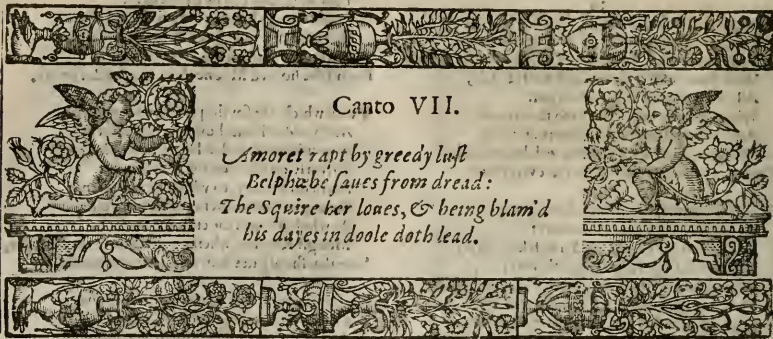
45  
 And by the way, shee sundry purpose found  
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,  
 And of the perils where-to he was bound,  
 The feare where-of: he m'd much her to affray;  
 But all she did was but to weare out day,  
 Full often-times she leaue of him did take;  
 And est againe devis'd some what to say,  
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:  
 So loth shee was his company for to forsake.

46  
 At last, when all her speeches she had spent,  
 And new occasion say'd her more to finde,  
 She left him to his ostunee gouernment,  
 And back returned with right heavy mind,  
 To *Sudamour*, whom shee had left behind;  
 With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret*,  
 Her second care, though in another kind;  
 For vertues onely sake (which doth beget  
 True loue and faithfull freedship) she by her did see.

47  
 Backe to that desert forest they retired,  
 VVhereforey *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 shee was thence conuayd,  
 And stoloe away from her beloved Mate,  
 VVere long to tell; therefore I heere will stay  
 Vntill another tide, that I it finish may.

Canto





## Canto VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedy lust  
Belphebe saues from dread:  
The Squire her loanes, & being blam'd  
his dayes in doole doth lead.*

**G**reat God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts  
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,  
And set *Athy* kingdome in the captiue hart  
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,  
What glory, or what guerdon hast thou found  
In feeble Ladies ryrning fo fore;  
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,  
With which their lynes thou hast needst long a fore,  
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more &

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*,  
And to *Amoso* noble *Britomart*;  
So doost thou now to her of whom I tell,  
The lovely *Amoret*; whose gentle hart  
Thou martyr'st with sorrow and with smart,  
In saluage forests, and in deserts wide,  
With Beares and Tigers taking heavy part,  
Withouten comfort, and withouten guides,  
That pitty is to heare the perils which she tride.

So soone as she, with that braue *Britonnesse*,  
Had left that Turneyment for beauries prize,  
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,  
Both of the way, and war-like exercise,  
Both through a forest riding, did deuise  
T' alight, and rest their weary limbes awhile.  
There, heavy 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;  
VWhen suddenly behind her backe she heard  
One rusling forth out of the thickest weed:  
That, ere she back could turne to taken keed,  
Had vnawares her snatcht vp from the ground,  
Feebly she shriekt; but so feebly indeed,  
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,  
There where through weary trauell she lay sleeping found.

It was to meet, a wilde and saluage man;  
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape;  
And eke in stature higher by a span,  
All over-growne with haire, that could whape  
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape  
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:  
For, he hu'd all on raiu and on rape  
Of men and beafts; and fed on fleshy gore,  
The signe whereof yet flain'd his bloody lips a fore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,  
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe;  
In which he wont the reliques of his feast  
And cruell spoyle, which he had spar'd, to stowe:  
And over it, his huge great nose did growe,  
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;  
And downe both sides, two wide long eares did glowe,  
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he flood,  
More great then th' eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

His waste was with a wreath of Ivie Greene  
Engirt about, no other garment wore:  
For, all his bare was like a garment scene;  
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,  
Whose knotty snags were sharped all a fore,  
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in fed,  
But whence he was, or of what wombe ymore,  
Of beafts, or of the earth, I haue not red:  
But certes was with mulke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

This vgly creature, in his armes her snatcht,  
And through the forest bore her quite away,  
VWith bryers and bushes all to rent and seratcht;  
Ne care he had, ne pitty of the priu,  
Which many a knight had sought to many a day.  
He stayed not; but in his armes her bearing,  
Ran till he came to the end of all his way,  
Vnto his Cae, farr from all peoples hearing,  
And there he threw her in, thought feeling, ne nought fea-  
For



9  
For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,  
Whil'ft he in armes her bore; but when she felt  
Her selfe downe fons, she waked out of dread  
Straight into grieffe, 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 dead horrour where she dwelt,  
She almost fell againe into a swoound;  
Ne wist whether aboute she were, or vnder ground.

10  
With that, she heard some one close by her side  
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine  
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:  
VVhich she long listning, softly askt againe  
VVhat mister wight it was that so did plaine?  
To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,  
That seekes to knowe anothers grieffe in vaine,  
Vnweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:  
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ore-sight.

11  
Ay me! said shee, where art I, or with whom?  
Among the liuing, or among the dead?  
What shall of me vnhappy mayd become?  
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.  
Vnhappy maid, then answerd she, whose dread  
Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:  
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,  
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,  
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

12  
This dismall day, hath thee a caytiue made,  
And vassall to the vilest wretch alise;  
Whose cursed visage and vngodly trade  
The heauens abhorre, and into darknes driue;  
For on the spoyle of women he doth liue,  
Whose bodies chaste, when euer in his powre  
He may them catch, vnable to gaine-striue,  
He with his shamefull lust doth first desloure,  
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

13  
Now twenty dayes (by which the sonnes of men  
Diuide their works) haue past through heauen shience,  
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;  
During which space, these fory eyes haue scene  
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten cleene.  
And now no more for him but I alone,  
And this old woman heere remaining beene,  
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;  
And of vs three, to morrow he will sure eate one.

14  
Ah! dreadfull tydings which thou doost declare,  
Quoth shee, of all that euer hath been knowne:  
Full many great calamities and rare  
Thus feeble brest endured hath, but none  
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.  
But what are you, whom like vn lucky lot  
Hath linkt with me in the same chaine atone?  
To tell, quoth shee, that which ye see, needs not;  
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15  
But what I was, it irkes mee to reherse;  
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree:  
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates peruerse  
VVith guilefull loue did secretly agree,  
To over-throwe my state and dignitie,  
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,  
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;  
Yet was hee meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,  
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

16  
But for his meaneesse and disparagement,  
My Sire (who mee too dearly well did loue)  
Vnto my choise by no meanes would assent,  
But often did my folly foule reproc.  
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,  
But whether will'd or milled friend or foe,  
I me resol'd the vtmost end to proue;  
And iather then my Loue abandon so,  
Both, Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo:

17  
Thence-forth, I sought by secret meannes to worke  
Time to my will; and from his wrathfull sight  
To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,  
Till I thereto had all things ready dight,  
So on a day, vnweeting vnto wight,  
I with that Squire agreed away to sit,  
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,  
Within a Groue appointed him to meete;  
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

18  
But ah! vnhappy howe me thither brought:  
For, in that place where I him thought to find,  
There was I found contrary to my thought,  
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind;  
The shame of men, and plague of woman-kind:  
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,  
Me hither brought with him, as swift as wind,  
Where yet vntouched till this present day,  
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Aemylia*.

19  
Ah! sad *Aemylia*, then said *Amoret*,  
Thy ruefull plight I pity as mine owne.  
But read to me, by what denise or wit,  
Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne,  
Thine honour sau'd, though into thraldome throwne?  
Through help, quoth shee, of this old woman here  
I haue so done, as she to mee hath showne:  
For, euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,  
Shee in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

20  
Thus, of their euils as they did discourse,  
And each did other much bewaile and mone;  
Loc, where the villaine selfe, their sorowes soure,  
Came to the Cause; and rolling thence the stone,  
VVhich wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none  
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in;  
And spredding over all the flore alone,  
Gan dight himselfe vnto his wonted sinne;  
Which ended, then his bloody banquet should beginne.

Which

21  
Which, when-as fearefull *Amores* perceived, *Amores* perceived,  
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,  
But like a gassy Gelt, whose wits are reared,  
Ran forth in haste with hideous out-cry,  
For horreur of his shamefull villany.  
But after her full lightly he v'p-tose,  
And her putsewd as fast as shee did fly,  
Full fast shee flies, and farre afore him goes,  
Ne feels the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22  
Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale shee staines,  
But over-leaps them all, likee Roebuck light,  
And through the thickest makes her nightest wayes;  
And ever-more when with regardfull sight  
Shee looking back, espies that grisly wight  
Approching nigh, shee gins to mend her pace,  
And makes her feare a spur to haste her flight:  
More swift then *Myrris* or *Daphne* in her race,  
Or any of the *Thracian Nymphes* in salvage chace.

23  
Long so shee fled, and so he follow'd long;  
Ne living ayde for her on earth appears,  
But if the heaucens help to redresse her wrong,  
Moued with pity of her plentiful teares,  
It fortun'd *Belphebé* with her Peeres  
The woody Nymphes, and with that louely boy,  
VVas hunting then the Libbards and the Beares  
In these wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,  
To banish sloth, that oit doth noble minds annoy.

24  
It so befell (as oft it falls in chace)  
That each of them from other sundred were,  
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place,  
Where this same curst dayne did appear,  
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare;  
And now he her quite over-taken had:  
And now he her away with him did beare:  
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,  
That by his grening laughter mote farre off be rad.

25  
Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espying,  
Doth haste to crosse him by the nearest way,  
Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,  
And him assayles with all the might he may:  
Yet will not lie the louely spoyle downe lay,  
But with his craggie club in his right hand,  
Defends himselfe, and saues his gotten pray,  
Yet had it beene right hard him to withstand,  
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26  
There-to the villaine vsed craftie sight;  
For, euer when the Squire his Luchin shooke,  
He held the Lady forth before him right,  
And with her body, as a buckler, broke  
The puiffance of his intended stroke.  
And if it chaunc't (as needs it must in fight)  
Whil't he on him was greedy to be wroke,  
That any little blowe on her did light,  
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27  
Which 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 near:  
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,  
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,  
And therein left the pike-head of his speare,  
A streame of cole-blacke blood thence gusht amaine,  
That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

28  
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 forc't him shee aback, himselfe to saue:  
Yet hethere-with so felly still did raue,  
That scarce the Squire his hand could once v'p-reare,  
But (for advantage) ground vnto him gaue,  
Tracing and trauesing, now here, now there;  
For, bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

29  
Whil't thus in battell they embusid were,  
*Belphebé* (raunging in that forest wide)  
The hideous noyle of their huge strokes did heare,  
And drew thereto, making her care her guide,  
Whom, when that theefe approaching nigh espide,  
With boaw in hand, and arrowes ready bent,  
He by his former combat would not bide,  
But fled away with ghastly dremment,  
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

30  
Whom, seeing shee, shee speedly putsewd  
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;  
And ener in her boaw shee ready shewed  
The arrow, to his deadly marke design'd:  
As when *Latonaces* daughter, cruell kind,  
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,  
With fell despite her cruell arrowes tind  
Gainst wofull *Niobes* vnhappy race,  
That all the gods did moue her miserable case.

31  
So well shee sped her, and so far she ventred,  
That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,  
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,  
Shee sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,  
That in the very doore him over-caught,  
And in his nape arruing, through it thrild  
His greedy throat, there-with in two distraught,  
That all his vital spirits there-by spild,  
And all his hairy brest with gory blood was filld.

32  
Whom, when on ground the grouching saw to roule,  
Shee ran in baste his life to haue bereft:  
But ere shee could him reach, the sinfull soule,  
Hauing his cartion corse quite senselesse left,  
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoyle and theft.  
Yet ouer him shee there long gazing stood,  
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft  
His mighty limbes, whil't all with filthy blood  
The place there, over-flownc, seem'd like a sudden flood.

Thence,

33  
Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,  
Where nought but darksome dreines she found,  
Ne creature saw, but barkned now and then  
Some little whispering, and soft groning found.  
VVith that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground  
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?  
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,  
To come and shew themselves before the light,  
Now freed from feare and danger of that diuinall wight.

34  
Then forth the sad *Aemylia* issewed,  
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;  
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,  
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;  
A Lemman sic for such a Louer deare.  
That mou'd *Belphebé* her no lesse to hate,  
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;  
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.  
VVho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35  
Thence she them brought, toward the place where late  
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:  
There shee him found by that new louely Mate,  
Who lay the whiles in swonne, full sadly fet,  
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,  
VVhich softly sild, and kissing them aweene,  
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.

36  
VVhich when she saw, with suddaine glauncing eye,  
Her noble hart with sight thereof was sild  
With deepe disdain, and great indignity,  
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrid,  
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:  
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 turn'd her face, and sild away for euermore.

37  
Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,  
Right sore agricued at her sharpe reproofe,  
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,  
He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,  
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.  
And euermore, when he did grace intreat,  
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,  
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,  
And forc't him backe with foule dishonour to retreat.

38  
At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,  
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,  
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,  
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:  
And finding there fit solitary place  
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,  
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face  
For mossie trees, which covered all with shade  
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39  
His wonted war-like weapons all he broke  
And threw away, with vow to vic no more,  
Ne thence-forth euer strike in battell stroke,  
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;  
But in that wilderness (of men forlore,  
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)  
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,  
And waste his wretched dayes in wofull plight;  
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne delpight.

40  
And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,  
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;  
And his faire locks, that went with oymnt sweet  
To be enbaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,  
He let to growe, and grisly to conerew,  
Vcomb'd, vcurld, and carelesly vashed;  
That in short time his face they over-grew,  
And ouer all his shoulders did dispreed,  
That who he whylome was, vncath was to be red.

41  
There he continued in this carefull plight,  
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares;  
Through wilfull penury coolumed quight,  
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.  
For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,  
Ne other drinke there did he euer taste  
Then running water, tempered with his teares,  
The more his weakened body so to waste:  
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

42  
For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)  
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,  
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;  
And as he through the wandering wood did stray,  
Hauing espide this cabin far away,  
Heto it drew, to weet who there did wount:  
VVecning therein toome holy Hermit lay,  
That did resort of sinfull people sloun, (sin.  
Or else some wwood-man, shrowded there from scorching

43  
Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,  
Spending his dayes in dolour and despair;  
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,  
All ower-growne with rude and rugged haire;  
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,  
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;  
But like strange wight, whom he had seen no where,  
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,  
And pity much his plight, that liu'd like out-cast thrall.

44  
But to his speech he answered no whit,  
But stood still mute, as if he had been dum,  
Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,  
As one with griefe and anguish ower-cum,  
And vnto euery thing did answee Mum:  
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,  
He louted lowely, as did him becum,  
And humble homage did vnto him make,  
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

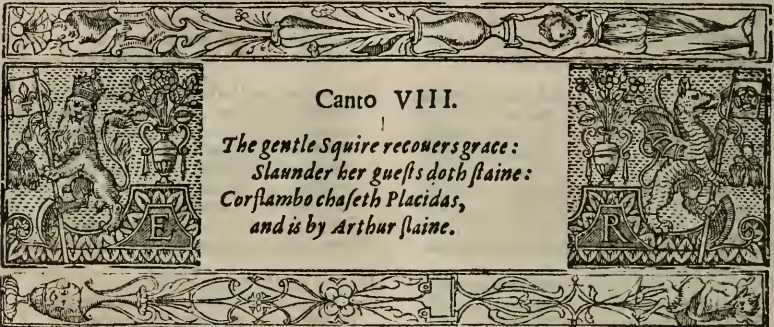


45  
At which his vncouth guise and vsage quaint,  
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse  
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;  
Yet weend by secret signes of maolineesse,  
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse  
That he whylome some gentle Swaine had bene,  
Traind vp in feates of armes and knightlinesse;  
Which he obser'd, by that he him had seene  
To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

46  
And eke by that he saw on every tree,  
How he the name of one engrauen had,  
Which likely was his liefast Loue to bee,  
For whom he now so torelly was bestad;

VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.  
Yet who was that *Belphabé*, he né wist;  
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad,  
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,  
VVherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist,

47  
Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,  
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,  
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,  
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,  
He leit him there in languor to remaine,  
Till time for him should remedy prouide,  
And him restore to former grace againe,  
Which, for it is too long here to abide,  
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.



## Canto VIII.

*The gentle Squire recouers grace:  
Slaunder her guests doth staine:  
Corstambo chafeth Placidus,  
and is by Arthur slaine.*

1  
Eill said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,  
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;  
That the displeasure of the mighty is  
Then death it selfe more drad and desperate:  
For, nought the same may calme, ne mitigate,  
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay  
VVith sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,  
And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away  
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infected lay.

2  
Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,  
VVhose tender hart the faire *Belphabé* had  
VVith one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy  
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,  
He euer talked; but with penance sad,  
And penitue sorrow, pi'd and wore away,  
Ne euer laugh, ne once shew'd countenance glad;  
But alwaies wept and walk'd night and day,  
As blasted bloosm through heat doth languish & decay;

3  
Till on a day (as in his wonted wif  
His doole he made) there chaunc't a Turtle-Doue  
To come, where he his dolours did deuife,  
That likewise late had lost her dearest Loue;

VVhich losse, her made like passion also proue,  
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender hart  
VVith deare compassion deeply did emmoue,  
That she gan mone his vnderleued smart,  
And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

4  
Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,  
Her mournfull notes full pittiously did frame,  
And thereof made a lamentable lay,  
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same  
He seem'd o't he heard his owne right name.  
With that, he forth would poure so plentious teares,  
And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,  
And knoe ke his head, and rend his rugged heares,  
That could haue pearc't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

5  
Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vse,  
VVithouten dread of perill to repair  
Vnto his wonne; and with her mournfull Muse  
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,  
That much did ease his mourning and misfear:  
And every day, for guerdon of her song,  
He part of his small feast to her would share;  
That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,  
Companion shee became, and so continued long.

Vpon

6  
 Vpon a day, as shee him fate beside,  
 By chance he certaine minimeis forth drew,  
 Which yet with him's reliques did abide  
 Of all the bounty, which *Belphabe* threw  
 On him, whil'st goodly grace shee did him shew:  
 Amongst the rest, a jewell rich he found,  
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,  
 Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,  
 And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

7  
 The same he tooke, and with a riband new  
 (In which his Ladies colours were) did bind  
 About the Turtles necke, that with the view  
 Did greatly solace his engricued mind,  
 All vnawares the bird, when shee did find  
 Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,  
 And flew away, as lightly as the wind:  
 Which suddaine accident him much dismayd,  
 And looking after long, did marke which way shee straid.

8  
 But, when as long he looked had in vaine,  
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
 His weary eyes retourn'd to him againe,  
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
 That both his jewell he had lost so light,  
 And eke his deare companion of his care.  
 But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right  
 Through the wide region of the wastfull ayre,  
 Vntill shee came where woonned his *Belphabe* faire.

9  
 There found shee her (as then it did betide)  
 Sitting in court shade of arbors sweet,  
 After late weary toyle, which shee had tride  
 In saluage chafe, to rest as seem'd her meet.  
 There shee alighting, fell before her feet,  
 And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,  
 As was her wont: thinking to let her weete  
 The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake  
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

10  
 Shee, her beholding with attentie eye,  
 At length did marke about her purple brest  
 That precious jewell, which shee formerly  
 Had knowne: right well, with colour ribband dress't:  
 There, with the rose in haste, and her address  
 With ready hand it to haue rest away.  
 But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,  
 But warn'd aside, and there againe did stay;  
 Shee follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

11  
 And euer when shee nigh approach't, the Doue  
 Would sit a litle forward, and then stay  
 Till shee drew neare, and then againe remoue;  
 So tempting her still to pursue the pray,  
 And still from her escaping soe away:  
 Till that at length, into that herest wide  
 Shee drew her iarre, and led with slowe delay.  
 In th'end, shee her vnto that place did guide,  
 Where, as that wofull man in languor did abide.

12  
 Eftsoones shee flew vnto his fearelesse hand,  
 And there a pittious ditty oew deuiz'd,  
 As if he would haue made him vnderstand,  
 His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.  
 Whom when shee saw in wretched weed's disguiz'd,  
 With heary glib deform'd, and meigret face,  
 Like ghost late risen from his Graue agryz'd,  
 Shee knew him not, but pittied much his case,  
 And wisht it were in her to doo him any grace.

13  
 Hee her beholding, at her feet downe fell,  
 And kiss the ground on which her sole did tread,  
 And wast the same with water, which did well  
 From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed;  
 Yet spake no word, whereby shee might aread  
 What mister wight he was, or what he ment:  
 But as one daunted with her presence dread,  
 Onely fewe rusfull lookes vnto her sent,  
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

14  
 Yet nathemore, his meaning shee ared,  
 But wondred much at his soe selcouth case;  
 And by his persons secret seem'd  
 Well weend, that he had beene some man of place,  
 Before misfortune did his hew deface:  
 That being mou'd with ruth shee thus bespake;  
 Ah! wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,  
 Or wrath of cruell wight on thee wyracke,  
 Or selfe diskind life, doth thee thus wretched make!

15  
 If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,  
 Sith to his power we all are subiect borne:  
 If wrathfull wight, then soule rebuke and shame  
 Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;  
 But if through inward griefe, or willfull scorne  
 Of life it be, then better doe auise.  
 For, hee whole dayes in willfull woe are worne,  
 Thee grace of his Creator doth despise,  
 That will not vie his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

16  
 When so hee heard her say, eftsoones hee brake  
 His suddaine silence, which hee long had pent,  
 And sighing inly deepe, hee thus bespake;  
 Then haue they all themselves against me bent:  
 For heauen (first author of my languishment)  
 Enuying my tooe great felicity,  
 Did cloely with a cruell one consent,  
 To cloud my dayes in doolefull misery,  
 And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

17  
 Ne any but your selfe, O dearest doted,  
 Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight  
 Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:  
 Then when your pleasure is to deeme aright,  
 Ye may redresse, and mee restore to light.  
 Which sorry words, her mighty hart did mate  
 With mild regard, to see his rusfull plight,  
 That her in-burning wrath shee gan abate.  
 And him receiv'd againe to former fauours state.



18

In which, he long time afterwards did lead,  
 An happy life, with grace and good accord;  
 Fearlesse of Fortunes change, or Eovies dread,  
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord,  
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word  
 Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,  
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;  
 But through the endlesse world did wander wide,  
 Him seeking euermore, yett no where ~~him~~ deseride;

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,  
 He chanc't to come where those two Ladies late,  
*Amylia* and *Amoret* abode,  
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;  
 The one right feeble, through the euill rate  
 Of foode, which in her durrell she had found:  
 The other, almost dead and desperate  
 Through her late hurts, & through that haplesse wound,  
 With which the Squire in her defence her fore aound.

20

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rewe,  
 The euill case in which those Ladies lay,  
 But most was moued at the pittious view  
 Of *Amoret*, so neere vnto decay,  
 That her great danger did him much dismay.  
 Estfoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,  
 Which he in store about him kept alway,  
 And with few drops thereof did softly deaw  
 Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her soone anew.

21

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,  
 He gan of them inquire, what euill guide  
 Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.  
 To whom they told all that did them betide,  
 And how from thraldome vile they were vntide  
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;  
 Whose bloody corse they shew'd him there beside,  
 And eke his Caeue, in which they both were bond:  
 At which he wondred much, when al those signes he fond.

22

And euer-more, he greatly did desire  
 To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;  
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,  
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find.  
 But, when as nought according to his mind  
 He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare  
 (No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind)  
 And on his war-like beast them both did beare,  
 Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

23

So, when that forest they had passed well,  
 A little cottage farre away they spide,  
 To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;  
 And entering in, found none therein abide,  
 But one old woman sitting there beside,  
 Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,  
 With filthy locks about her scattered wide,  
 Gnawing her nailes for felnelse and for ire,  
 And there-out sucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature fire in sight,  
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:  
 For, she was stuf with rancour and despight,  
 Vp to the throat; that oft with bitternesse  
 It forth would breake, and gush in great excessse,  
 Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,  
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professse;  
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,  
 And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,  
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame;  
 With which the guiltlesse pertons 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 doon aliue,  
 But she with blame would blot, & of due praise deprive.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,  
 T<sup>e</sup> expresse the meaning of the inward mind;  
 But noyosome breath, and poylous spirit sent  
 From inward parts, with cankred malice lin'd,  
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; (hart,  
 Which, passing through the eares, would pearce the  
 And wound the soule it selfe with grife vnkind:  
 For, like the stings of Apes, that kill with smart,  
 Her spightfull words did prick, and wound the inner part;

27

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to host such guests,  
 Whom greatest Princes Court would welcome faine;  
 But need (that answers not to all requests)  
 Bade them not looke for better entertain;  
 And eke that age despis'd nicenesse vaine,  
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,  
 Which them to war-like discipline did traine,  
 And manly limbs endur'd with little care,  
 Against all hard mishaps, and fortunelesse misfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcomm'd with cold  
 And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;  
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold  
 And taile at them with grudgefull discontent,  
 For lodging there without her owne consent:  
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,  
 And vnto rest themselves all onely lent,  
 Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,  
 To be vniustly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as these rimes bered  
 With mis-regard, that some rash witted wight,  
 Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,  
 These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,  
 For thus conuersing with this noble Knight;  
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare  
 And hard to find, that heat of youthfull spright  
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,  
 More hard for hungry steed t<sup>e</sup> abtaine from plectant fare.



30  
But antique age, yet in the infancy  
Of time, did live then like an innocent,  
In simple truth and blamelesse chastity;  
Ne then of guile had made expetiment;  
But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,  
Held vertue for it selfe in foweraine awe:  
Then layall lotus had ioyall regiment,  
And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,  
From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

31  
The Lion there did with the Lambe confort,  
And eke the Doue late by the Faulcons side;  
Ne each of other feared fraude or tort,  
But did in safe security abide,  
Withouten petill of the stronger pride:  
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old  
(Whereof it hight) and hauing shortly ride  
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,  
And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold,

32  
Then beauty, which was made to represent  
The great Creators owne resemblance bright,  
Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,  
And made the baite of bestiall delight:  
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;  
And that which wont to vanquish God and Man,  
Was made the vallall of the Victors might;  
Thee did her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,  
Despis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

33  
And now it is so vterly decayd,  
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,  
But if few plants (prefer'd through heauenly ayde)  
In Princes Court do hap to sprout againe,  
Dew'd with her drops of bounty soueraine,  
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,  
Sprung of the ancient stocke of Princes straine,  
Now th'onely remanent of that royall breed,  
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly seed.

34  
Tho, soone as day discouered heauens face  
To sinfull men with darknesse ouer-dight,  
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace  
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,  
And did themselues vnto their journey dight.  
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,  
That them to view had been an vncouth sight;  
How all the way the Prince on foot-pate traced,  
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embrac'd.

35  
Soone as they thence departed were afore,  
That shamefull Hig (the flouader of her sex)  
Them follow'd fast, and them reuil'd fore,  
Him calling thiefe, and them whores; that much did vex  
His noble hart: there-to she did annex  
Falsse crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,  
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax:  
The more did the pursue her lewd intent,  
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

36  
At last, when they wer pass'd out of sight,  
Yet she did not her spightfull speech forbeare,  
But after them did bark, and full back-bite,  
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:  
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare  
The stone, which passed stranger at liim threwe;  
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,  
Against the stones and trees did raile anew,  
Till she had duld the sting, which in her toungs end grew.

37  
They, passing forth, kept on their hey way,  
With easie steps so soft as foote could stride,  
Both for great teeblesse, which did oft aslay  
Faire Amoret, that scarcely he could ride;  
And eke through heauy armes, which sore annoyd  
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare:  
Whose steady hand was faire his steed to guide,  
And all the way from trotting hard to pace,  
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38  
At length, they spide, where towards them with speed  
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie;  
Bearing a little Dwarfie before his steed,  
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,  
That leem'd his shrikes would rend the brazen sky:  
Whom after did a mighty man pursue,  
Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,  
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,  
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

39  
For, from his fearefull eyes two ferie beames  
More sharpe then points of needles did proceed,  
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,  
Full of fild powre, that poysonous bale did breed  
To all that on him lookt without good heed,  
And secretly his enemies did slay:  
Like as the Basilisk, of terpets seed,  
From powerfull eyes close venim doth conuay  
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

40  
He all the way did rage at that fame Squire,  
And after him full many threatnings threwe,  
With curses vaine in his auengefull ire:  
But none of them (so fast away he flew)  
Him ouer-tooke, before he came in view.  
Where, when he saw the Prince in armour bright,  
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,  
And reskew him through succour of his might,  
From that his cruell foe, that him pursued in sight.

41  
Eit soones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine  
From losly steed, and mounting in their stead  
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:  
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;  
Who, as he gan the same to him read,  
Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was preft,  
With dreadfull weapon aynd at his head:  
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,  
Had not the noble Prince his ready stroke repress.

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,  
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare:  
 Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe  
 Out of his head, before the harme came neare.  
 Nath'lesse, it fell with so despitoeus dreare  
 And heauy sway, that hard vnto his crowne  
 The shield it droue, and did the couering reare:  
 There, with both Squire & Dwarf he did tumble downe  
 Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse sounge.

Where-at, the Prince full wroth, his strong right hand  
 In full auengement heaued vp on his,  
 And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand  
 So sore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby  
 He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:  
 And sure, had nor his massie iron mace  
 Betwixt him and his hurt been happely,  
 It would haue cleft him to the girding place:  
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,  
 All full of rage he gan to curse and swear;  
 And vow by *Mahonne* that he should be flaine.  
 With that, his murderous mace he vp did reare,  
 That seemed nought the soule thereof could beare,  
 And there-with smote at him with all his might,  
 But ere that it to him approached neare,  
 The royall child, with ready quicke force-fight,  
 Did shun the prooue thereof, and it auoyded light.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,  
 To ward his body from the balfull stound,  
 He smote at him with all his might and maine,  
 So furiously, that ere he wist, he found  
 His head before him tumbling on the ground.  
 The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme  
 And curse his God, that did him so confound;  
 The whiles his life ran forth in bloody streame,  
 His soule descended downe into the *Stygian* reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad  
 To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:  
 But that same Dwarf right sory seem'd and sad,  
 And howl'd aloude to see his Lord there flaine,  
 And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.  
 Then gan the Prince at leisure 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 mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue flaine,  
 Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred;  
 And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine  
 Of many Nations into thraldome led,  
 And mighty kingdomes of his force adred;  
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,  
 Ne hosts 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 vanquish't 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 captiu'd her thought,  
 For, most of strength and beautie his desire  
 Was spoyle to make, and waste than 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 body now doth lie,  
 Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight  
 The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly  
 So faire, as euer yet saw liuing eye:  
 And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,  
 She were as faire as any vnder sky.  
 But (ah!) the giuen is to vaine delight,  
 And eke too loote of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire,  
 That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;  
 But for his meane degree might not aspire,  
 To match so high; her friends with counsell sage,  
 Disswad her from such a disparage.  
 But since, whole hart to loue was wholly lent,  
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,  
 But firmly following her first intent,  
 Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:  
 To which, when he according did repaire,  
 An hard mishap and disadventrous case  
 Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Aemylia* faire  
 This Giants sonne, that lies there on the laire  
 An headlesse heape, him vnwares there caught;  
 And, all dismayd through mercilesse despair,  
 Him wretched thrall into his dungeon brought,  
 Where he remaines, of all vnforcour'd and vnought.

This Giants 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 lovely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree;  
 To whom she did her liking lightly cast,  
 And wooed him her Paramour to bee:  
 From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,  
 And for his loue, him promis't libertie at last.

He, though affide vnto a former Loue,  
 To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,  
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,  
 But by that means, 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 lest if he should him freely let,  
 He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

54

Yet so much fauour shee 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 eury 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.

55

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare  
 (Full inly ioy to the feruent zeale,  
 Which I to him as to my soule did beare)  
 I thither wrot; where I did long conceale  
 My selfe, till that the Dwarf did me reueale,  
 And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree  
 Did secretly out of her prison feale;  
 For, me he did mistake that Squire to be:  
 For, neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

56

Then was I taken, and before her brought:  
 Who, through the likeness of my outward hew,  
 Beeing likewise bequiled in her thought,  
 Gan blame me much for beeing so vntrew,  
 To seeke by sight her fellowship t'etchew,  
 That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing aliue.  
 Thence shee commanded me to prison new;  
 Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor striue,  
 But suffred that same Dwarf to be her dungeon drie.

57

There did I find mine onely faithfull friend  
 In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;  
 Whereof I lory, yet my selfe did bend,  
 Him to reconfort with my company.  
 But him the more agreu'd I found thereby:  
 For, all his ioy, he said in that distresse,  
 Was mine and his *Aemylia*'s libertie.  
*Aemylia* well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;  
 Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

58

But I, with better reason him auiz'd,  
 And shew'd him, how through error & misthought  
 Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,  
 Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought,  
 Where-to full soth was he, ne would for ought  
 Consent, that I, who stood all fearelesse free,  
 Should wilfully be into thalldome brought,  
 Till fortune did perforce it fo decree:  
 Yet ouer-rul'd, at last he did to mee agree.

59

The morrow next, about the wonted howre,  
 The Dwarf eald at the doore of *Amyas*,  
 To come forth-with vnto his Ladies bowre.  
 In stead of whom, forth came *I Placidus*,

And vndersterned, forth with him did pass.  
 There, with great ioyance and with glad some glee,  
 Of faire *Peana* I receiued was,  
 And oft imbrac't, as if that I were hee,  
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

60

Which I, that was not beat to former Loue,  
 As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,  
 Did well accept, as well it did behoue,  
 And to the present need it wisly vs'd.  
 My former hardnesse, first, I faire excus'd;  
 And after, promist large amends to make.  
 With such smooth tearmes, her error I abus'd,  
 To my friends good, more then for mine owne like,  
 For whose sole liberty, I loue and life did stake.

61

Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;  
 That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,  
 She bade lighten my too heauy band,  
 And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.  
 So on a day, as by the flowrie marge  
 Of a fresh steame I wish that Elle did play,  
 Finding no meanes how I might vs conarge,  
 But if that Dwarf I could with me conuay,  
 I lightly snatched him vp, and with me bore away.

62

There-at he shriek aloud, that with his cry  
 The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,  
 And me puruew'd; but nathemore would I  
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,  
 But haue perforce him hither brought away.  
 Thus as they talked, loe, where nigh at hand  
 Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through dismay)  
 In prelence came, desirous t' vnderstand  
 Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

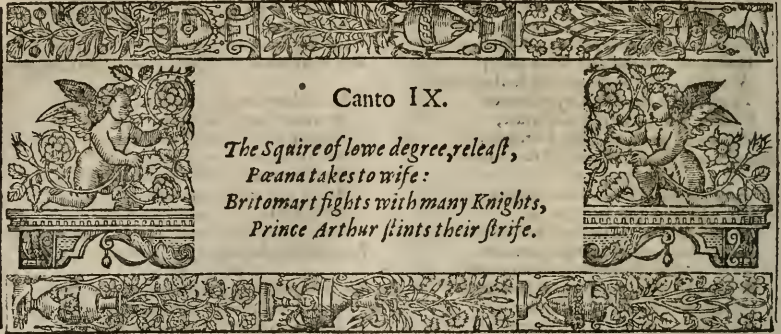
63

Where, soone as sad *Aemylia* did espie  
 Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidus*;  
 All mindlesse of her wonted modesty,  
 She to him rag, and him with straight embras  
 Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?  
 He liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.  
 Then lesse, said she, by all the woe I pass,  
 With which my weaker patience fortune proues.  
 But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

64

Then gan he all his story to renew,  
 And tell the course of his captiuitie;  
 That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,  
 And sigh full sore, to heare the misery,  
 In which so long he mercilesse did lie.  
 Then, after many teares and sorowes spent,  
 She deare besought the Prince of remedy:  
 Who there-to did with ready will consent,  
 And well perform'd, as still appeare by his event.





**A**nd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,  
When all three kinds of loue together meet,  
And do dispart the hart with powre extreame,  
Whether shall weigh the ballance downe; to  
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet, (weet  
Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,  
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet,  
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind  
Me seemes the gentle hart, should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth ceste,  
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:  
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with maistring discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternall fame,  
For, as the soule doth rule the earthly mass;  
And all the seruice of the body fraine;  
So loue of soule doth loue of body passe,  
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

All which who list by triall to assay,  
Shall in this story find approued plaine;  
In which, this Squires true friendship more did sway,  
Then eyther care of Parents could refraine,  
Or loue of fairest Lady could constraîne.  
For, though Pæana were as faire as mærne,  
Yet did this trusty Squire with proud disdain,  
For his friends sake her offered fauours scorne,  
And shee her selfe her fire, of whom she was yborne.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had,  
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swaine,  
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,  
He gan aduise how best he mote darraîne  
That enterprize for greatest glories gaine.  
That headlesse Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,  
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,  
Vpon his viual beast it firmly bound,  
And made it so to ride, as it aliue was found.

Then did he take that chased Squire, and layd  
Before the rider, 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 neere,  
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward  
Saw coming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,  
He running downe, the gate to him vpbard;  
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

There he did find in her delicious boure,  
The faire Pæana playing on a Rote,  
Complaining of her cruell Paramoure,  
And singing at her sorrow to the note,  
As she had learend reatily 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 vswores attacht, and captiue held by might.

Whence being forth produc't, when she perceiued  
Her owne deare Sire, she cald to him for ayde.  
But when of him no answere she receiued,  
But saw him senselesse by the Squire vp-staid,  
Shee weened wylly, that the she was betraid:  
Then gan she loudly cry, and weep, and waille,  
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraid,  
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,  
Ne none there was to reskew 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 thralls that there he held,  
Thence, forth were brought to him about a score  
Of Knights and Squires to him vnkowne afore:  
All which he did from bitter bondage free,  
And vnto former liberty restore.  
Amongst the rest, that Squire of lowe degree  
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.  
Whom

9  
Whom soone as faire *Aemilia* beheld,  
And *Placidia* they both vnto him ran,  
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,  
Striving to comfort him all that they can,  
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;  
That faire *Pazana* them beholding both,  
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;  
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,  
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10  
But when awhile they had together been,  
And diuersly conferred of their case;  
She, though full oft she both of them had seene  
Asunder, yet not euer in one place,  
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,  
Which was the captive Squire she lovd to deare,  
Deceued through great ikenesse of their face.  
For, they so like in person did appeare,  
That she vncertayn discerned, whether whether were.

11  
And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,  
Their like resemblance much admired there,  
And maz'd how Nature had so well disguised  
Her worke, and counterfet her lesse to reate,  
As if that by one patient seene somewhere,  
She had them make a Paragone to be;  
Or, whether it through skill, or error were,  
Thus gazing long, at them much wonderd he,  
So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did see.

12  
Then gan they rancke that same Castle strong,  
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure;  
The which, that tyrant gathered hat by wrong  
And tortious powre, without respect or measure,  
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seisure,  
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,  
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure  
Those weaker Ladies after weary toyle;  
To whom he did diuide part of his purchatt spoile.

13  
And for more ioy, that captive Lady faire  
The faire *Pazana* he enlarged free;  
And by the rest did let in sumptuous chaire,  
To feast and frolicke; nothmore would she  
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasant glee:  
But grieved was for losse both of her fire,  
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:  
But most she touch'd was with grieife extire,  
For losse of her new Loue, the hope of her desire.

14  
But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,  
To better terms of millicesse did entreat,  
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;  
And that same bitter course, which did eat  
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,  
He with good thiewes and speeche, well applide,  
Did mollifie, and calme her raging hear.  
For, though she were most faire, and goodly diide,  
Yet she it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15  
And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,  
Sith loue was first the ground of all her grieife,  
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue  
Not to despise that Dame, which lovd 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:  
He yeelded, and her tooke; so staid all the ir strife.

16  
From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blis,  
They lovd together long without debate:  
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enemis  
Could shake the safe assurance of their state,  
And she, whom Nature did so faire create  
That she mote match the fairest of her dayes,  
Yet with lowd loues and lustie temperate  
Had it descie'r; thenceforth reform'd her waies, (prais'd)  
That all men much admir'd her change, and spake her

17  
Thus when the Prince had perfectly compild  
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;  
Himselfe, whose minde did trauell as with childe  
Of his old loue, concei'd in secret breast,  
Resolued to pursue his former guest;  
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare  
Faire *Amore*, whom Fortune by request  
Had left in his protection whilecare,  
Exchanged out of one into an other teare.

18  
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 dangers to withstand,  
But now in feare of shame the wrore did stond,  
Seeing her selfe all loily succour lesse,  
Left in the Victors powre, like vassall bond;  
Whose will her weaknesse could no way repress;  
In case his burning lust should breake into excess.

19  
But cause of feare sure had she none at all  
Of him, who goodly leamed had of yore  
The course of loose affection to forestall,  
And how she 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 Lanes dispersed diuersly,  
Yet neyther flew'd to other their hearts priuity.

20  
At length they came, where-as a troupe of Knights  
They saw together skirmishing, as seene:  
Sixe they were all, all full of fell deliight;  
But feare of them the battell best beleimed,  
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.  
Those foure were they, from whom lallie *Florimell*  
By *Erastiochio* lately was redeemed;  
To weete, sterner *Druon*, and lewd *Claribel*,  
Loue-luist *Blandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

21

*Druons* delight was all in single life,  
 And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:  
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rife  
 With teruent flames, and loud out of measure:  
 So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasures  
 Would change his liking, and new Le mans proue:  
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threawie,  
 But lusted after all that him did moue.  
 So diuersly thete foure disposed were to loue.

22

But those two other, which beside them stood,  
 Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,  
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,  
 And wondred at their impacable froure,  
 Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:  
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,  
 And layd on load with all their might and powre,  
 As if that euery dint the ghost would riuie  
 Out of their wretched cortes, and their liues depruie:

23

As when *Dan Aeolus* in great displeasure,  
 For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,  
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,  
 Vpon the Sea to wreake his fell intent;  
 They breaking forth with rude vnrulement,  
 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 *Chaus* would restore.

24

Caule of their discord, and to fell debate,  
 Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,  
 Whom they had lost in Turneyment of late;  
 And seeking long to weet which way she straid,  
 Met heretogether: where, through lewd vpbraid  
 Of *Até* and *Duess* they fell out;  
 And each one taking part in others aid,  
 This cruell conflict raised there-about,  
 Whote dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

25

For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*  
 The better had, and bet the others backe;  
 Eftsoones the others did the field recouere,  
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:  
 Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slack,  
 But euermore their malice did augment;  
 Till that vneath they forced were, for lack  
 Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,  
 And rest themselues, for to recouer spirits spent.

26

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;  
 For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,  
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake  
 Gantst *Blandamour*, whom alwayes he enuide:  
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.  
 So all afresh gan former fight renew:  
 As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,  
 That with the wind, contrary courses few,  
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

27

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,  
 As if but then the battell had begonne;  
 Ne helmets bright, ne hawbeaks strong did spare,  
 That through the chis the vermillion bloud out sponne,  
 And all adowne their riues sides did rooune.  
 Such mortall malice, wonder was to see  
 In friends profest, and so great out rage donne:  
 But tooth is said, and tride in each degre,  
 Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-men bee.

28

Thus they long while continued in fight,  
 Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,  
 By fortune in that place did chance to light:  
 Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,  
 They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,  
 The which that Britonnesse had to them donne,  
 In that late Turvey for the foowy maid;  
 Where she had them both shamefull for donne,  
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire  
 Of full reuenge, in their malicious mood,  
 They from themselves gan turne their terious ire,  
 And cruell blades yet steeming with hot blood,  
 Against those two lee driue, as they were wood:  
 Who wondring much at that so sudden fit,  
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;  
 Ne yielded foot, ne once abacke did sit,  
 But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30

The war-like Dame was on her part assaid  
 Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attonce;  
 And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd  
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.  
 Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:  
 Yet did those two themselues, so brauely beare,  
 That th' other litle gained by the lone,  
 But with their owne repayed duely were,  
 And vsury withall: luch gaine was gotten deare.

31

Fill often-times did *Britomart* assay  
 To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;  
 But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,  
 Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.  
 As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue  
 The taste of bloud of some engored beaste,  
 No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue  
 From greedy hold of that his ludy feast:  
 So litle did they hearken to her sweet behaist.

32

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld  
 With odds of so vnequall match opprest,  
 His mighty hart with indignation sweld,  
 And inward grudge his lile sick breast:  
 Eftsoones himselfe he to their ayde address;  
 And thrusting ferce into the thickest preast,  
 Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,  
 And would them fame from battell to surreast,  
 With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.



33  
 But they so farre from peace or patience were,  
 That all at once at him gan fiercely sic,  
 And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;  
 Like to a storme, which hovers vnder sky  
 Long here and there, and round about doth stie,  
 At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,  
 First, from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;  
 And then another, till that likewise fleet;  
 And so from side to side, till all the world it weat.

34  
 But now their forces greatly were decayd,  
 The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;  
 Who them with speeches milde gan first diswaide  
 From such foule out-rage, and them long forbore:  
 Till seeing them through suffraunce hartned more,  
 Himselfe he bent their furies to abate:  
 And layd at them so sharpe and so sore,  
 That shortly them compelled to retreat,  
 And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

35  
 But now his courage being throughly fired,  
 He meant to make them knowe their follies prise;  
 Had not those two him instantly desired  
 To assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.  
 At whose request he gan himselfe aduise  
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat  
 In milder termes, as list them to deuise:  
 Mongst which, the cause of their fo cruell heat  
 He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat;

36  
 And told at large, how that same errant Knight,  
 To weat, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled  
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,  
 Both of their publique praise had them despoyled,  
 And also of their priuate Loues beguiled;  
 Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.  
 But shee, that wrongfull challenge loone assoyled,  
 And shew'd that shee had not that Lady rest  
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37  
 To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;  
 Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,  
 To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried,  
 Wherein the honour both of Armes ye shame,

And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;  
 To whom the world this franchise euer yielded,  
 That of their loues choice they might freedom claime;  
 And in that right, should by all Knights be shielded:  
 Gainst which me seems this war ye wrongfully haue wiel-  
 (ded.)

38  
 And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remains:  
 For, I thereby my former Loue haue lost;  
 Whom seeking euer since with endless paines,  
 Hath me much sorrow and much trauell cost:  
 Aye me! to see that gentle mayd so tost,  
 But *Scudamour*, then fighting deepe, thus said;  
 Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,  
 Whose right she is, where-euer she be straid,  
 Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

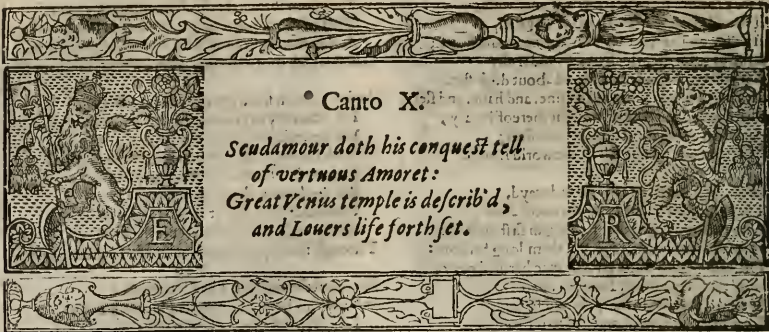
39  
 For, from the first that I her loue profest,  
 Vnto this howe, this present lucklesse howre,  
 I neuer joyed happinesse nor rest;  
 But, thus turmoild from one to other stowre,  
 I waste my life, and do my dayes deuoure  
 In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,  
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre,  
 That liuing thus, a wretch, and louing so,  
 I neyther can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40  
 Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake;  
 Now were it not for *Scudamour* to you  
 Dislikefull paine, so sad a task to take,  
 More 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 away.

41  
 So gan the rest him likewise to require;  
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,  
 To take on him that paine: whose great desire  
 He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd  
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,  
 In that atchuiement, as to him befell:  
 And all those dangers vnto them declar'd:  
 Which sith they cannot in this Canto well  
 Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

Canto





## Canto X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell  
of vertuous Amoret:  
Great Venus temple is describ'd,  
and Louers life forth set.*

**R**ue he it said, what-euer man it said,  
That loue with gall & hony doth abound;  
But if the one be with the other way'd,  
For every dram of hony therein found,  
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.  
That I too true by triall haue approued:  
For, since the day that first with deadly wound  
My hart was launc't, and learned to haue loued,  
I neuer ioyed howre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from above,  
That all the cares and euill which they meet,  
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue;  
But seeme gainst common sense to them most sweet;  
As boasting in their martyrdome vnamect.  
So all that euer yet I haue endured,  
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder feet,  
Sith of my Loue at length I rest assured,  
That to disloyaltie she will not be allured.

Long were to tell the travell and long toyle,  
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,  
And purchas'd this peerlesse beauties spoyle,  
That harder may be ended, then begonne.  
But since you so desire, your will be donne.  
Then harke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,  
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;  
For, though sweet Loue to conquer glorious be,  
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prife  
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares posselt,  
I hauing armes then taken, gan a while  
To winne me honour, by some noble gift,  
And purchase me some place amongst the best.  
I boldly thought (to young mens thoughts are bold)  
That this same braue emprise 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 adventure forth I went,  
And to the place of enill shortly came:  
That was a temple faire and auncient,  
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,  
And faire 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 oae were gilt,  
And all the others pavement were with Ivory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,  
Abounding all with delices most rare,  
And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong;  
That none mote haue access, nor inward fare,  
But by one way, that passage did prepare.  
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,  
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,  
And (arched all with porches) did arise  
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guise.

And for defence thereof, on th' other end  
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,  
That warded all which in or out did wend,  
And flanked both the bridges sides along,  
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.  
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;  
All twenty tride in warres experience long;  
Whose office was, against all manner wights,  
By all means; to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

Before that Castle was an open Plaine,  
And in the midst thereof a pillour placed;  
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,  
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,  
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;  
And in the Marble stone was written this,  
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,  
*Blasse the man that well can vse his blifs:  
Whose euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.*

Which



9  
Which when I read, my heart did inly yearne,  
And pant with hope of that adventures hap;  
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,  
But with my speare upon the shield did rap;  
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.  
Straight forth I stew'd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,  
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:  
Who, staying nought to question from alooffe,  
Ran fierce at me, that hie glauft from his horses hoofe;

10  
Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)  
And by good fortune shortly him vnsted.  
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equal mould;  
But I them both with equall hand defeated:  
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,  
And left them groning there upon the Plain:  
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated  
The read thereof for gerdon of my paine,  
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

11  
So forth without impediment I past,  
Till to the Bridges water gate I came:  
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast,  
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;  
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.  
Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call;  
Till at the last I spide within the same,  
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small;  
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry there-withall.

12  
That was to weet, the Porter of the place,  
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:  
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,  
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,  
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,  
Which had in charge the ingate of the yeare:  
And cuermore his eyes about him went,  
As if some proued perill he did feare,  
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

13  
On th' one side he, on th' other side *Delay*,  
Behind the gate, that none her might espy;  
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,  
And entertaine with her occasions fly;  
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,  
Which neuer they recover might againe;  
And others quite excluded forth, did ly  
Long languishing there in vnpiitted paine,  
And seeking often entrance, after wards in vaine.

14  
Me when as he had priuily espide,  
Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd late,  
He kend it straight, and to me opened wide.  
So in I past, and straight he clos'd the gate.  
But being in *Delay* in close awate  
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,  
Feining full many a fond excuse to prate,  
And time to steale the treasure of mans day;  
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

15  
But by no means my way I would forslowe,  
For ought that euer she could doe or say;  
But from my lofty steed dismounting lowe,  
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way  
The goodly works, and stones of rich assay,  
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,  
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)  
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling still  
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the workmans

16  
Thence, forth I passed to the second gate,  
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride  
And costly frame, were long here to relate.  
The same to all stood alwayes open wide:  
But in the Porch did euermore abide  
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,  
That stoppt the entrance with his spacious stride,  
And with the terrour of his countenance bold  
Full many did affray, that else faire enter would.

17  
His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,  
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,  
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forfall,  
And faint-hart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard  
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:  
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at first espiall  
Ot his grim face, were from approaching fear'd;  
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall  
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

18  
Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride  
In greater perils to be stout and bold,  
Durst not the sternenesse of hys looke abide;  
But soone as they his countenance did behold,  
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.  
Againe, some other, that in hard assayes  
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,  
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like wayes,  
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the keyes.

19  
But I, though inaneft man of many moe,  
Yet much disdeigning vnto him to lout,  
Or creepe betwene his legs, so in to goe,  
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,  
And ether beat him in, or driue him out.  
Eftsoones advancing that enchanted shield,  
With all my might I gan to lay about:  
Which when he saw, the glaiue which he did wield  
He gan forth-with 'a vale, and way vnto me yield.

20  
So, as I entred, I did backward looke,  
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;  
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)  
Much more deformed fearful vgly were,  
Then all his former parts did eart appeare.  
For, hatred, murder, treason, and despight,  
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,  
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight,  
Which did not them preuent with vigilant fore-sight.

Thus



23

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come  
 Within the compasse of that Islands space;  
 The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,  
 The onely pleasant and delightfull place,  
 That euer troden was of footings trace:  
 For, all that Nature by her mother wit  
 Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,  
 Was there; and, all that Nature did omit,  
 Art (playing second Natures part) supplied it.

22

No tree, that is of count, in Greene-wood growes,  
 From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall;  
 No flowre in field, that dainty odour throwes,  
 And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all;  
 But there was planted, or grew naturall:  
 Nor sense of man for coy and curious nice,  
 But there more find to please it selfe withall;  
 Nor hart could wish for any queint deuce,  
 But there it present was, and did fraile sense eniue.

23

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,  
 It seem'd a second paradise to bee,  
 So lausfully enricht with Natures treasure,  
 That if the happy soules, which do possesse,  
 Th' Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blisse,  
 Should happen this with liuing eye to see,  
 They soone would loathe their lesfer happinesse,  
 And wish to life return'd againe I ghesse.  
 That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;  
 Faire lawns, to take the sunne in scalon dew;  
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;  
 Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;  
 High reared mounts, the lands about to view;  
 Lowe looking dales, disigned from common gaze;  
 Delightfull bowres, to place Louers strew;  
 Falle Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;  
 All which, by Nature made, did Nature lesse amaze.

25

And all without were walkes and alleys dight,  
 With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen ranks;  
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,  
 And shadie seats, and sundry flowering banks,  
 To sit and rest the walkers weary shankes:  
 And therein thousand payres of Louers walkt,  
 Praying their god, and yielding him great thanks,  
 Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,  
 Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

26

All these together by themselves did sport  
 Their sportlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content,  
 But farre away from these, another sort  
 Of Louers linked in true harts consent;  
 Which loued not as these, for likeintent,  
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,  
 Farre from all fraude, or tainted blandishment;  
 Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,  
 Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer more inspire.

27

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* deare;  
 True *Jonathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;  
 Stout *Thesew*, and *Perithous* his feare;  
*Pylades*, and *Orestes* by his side;  
 Milde *Titus*, and *Gesspus* without pride;  
*Damon* and *Pythias*, whom death could not feare;  
 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.

28

Which, when as I, that neuer tasted blis,  
 Nor happy 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 ieaalousie,  
 Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;  
 Whil' I, through paines and perous icopardy,  
 Was forc't to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:  
 Much dearer be the things, which come through hard dis-

29

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,  
 Might not my steps with-hold, but that forth-right  
 Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,  
 Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:  
 The temple of great *Penus*, that is hight  
 The Queene of beauty, and of loue the mother,  
 There worshipp'd of euery liuing wight;  
 Whose goodly workmanship (arre past all other)  
 That euer were on earth, all were they let together.

30

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,  
 Whose height all *Ephesus* did ouer-see,  
 And which all *Asia* (ought with vowes profane,  
 One of the worlds leauen wonders said to bee,  
 Might match with this by many a degree:  
 Nor that, which that wile King of *Turie* framed,  
 With endlesse cost, to be th' Almighties fee;  
 Nor all that else through all the world is named  
 To all the Heathen Gods, might like to this be claimed.

31

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,  
 And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:  
 Staage was her tire; for on her head a Crowne  
 Shee wore, much like vnto a Danisk hood,  
 Poudred with peale and stoue; and all her gowne  
 Eowouen was with gold, that rought full lowe adowne.

32

On eyther side of her, two young men stood,  
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;  
 Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,  
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,  
 Though of contrary natures each to other:  
 The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*.  
*Hate* was the elder, *Loue* the yonger brother;  
 Yet was the yonger stronger in his state  
 Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

Nath'lesse,

33  
Nath'lesse, that Dame foell well them tempred both,  
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,  
Albe that *Hated* was thereto full loth,  
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,  
Vnwillig to behold that lovely band.  
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,  
That her commandment he could not withstand,  
But bit his lip for felonous despight,  
And gnasht his iron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

34  
*Concord* shee cleeped was in common reed,  
Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true;  
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,  
And she her selfe likewise dumely grew;  
The which right well her works diuine did shew:  
For, strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends;  
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew;  
Of little much, et foes she maketh friends,  
And to afflicted minds, sweet rest and quiet sends.

35  
By her the heauen is in his course contained,  
And all the world in state vnmooued stands,  
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,  
And bound them with inuiolable bands;  
Else would the waters ouer-flowe the lands,  
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,  
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.  
Shee is the nurse of pleasure and delight,  
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

36  
By her I entering, halfe dismayed was;  
But shee in gentle wise me entertained,  
And twixt her selfe and Loue did let me pass:  
But *Hated* would my entrance haue restrained,  
And with his club me threatened to haue brayned,  
Had not the Lady, with her powrefull speech,  
Him from his wicked will vneath refrained;  
And th'other eke his malice did impeach,  
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

37  
Into the inmost Temple thus I came,  
Which fuming all with Frankencense I found,  
And odours rising from the altars flame.  
Vpon an hundred Marble pillars round,  
The rooffe vp high was reared from the ground,  
All deckt with crownes, and chains, & girlonds gay,  
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,  
The which sad Louers for their voves did pay; (May.  
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as

38  
An hundred Altars round about were set,  
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,  
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,  
Which rould in cloudes, to heauen did aspire,  
And in them bore true Louers voves entire:  
And eke an hundred braten cauldrons bright,  
To bathe in ioy and amorous desire,  
Euery of which was to a Damzell light;  
For, all the Priests were Damzels, in soft linnen dight.

39  
Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand,  
Vpon an altar of some costly masse,  
Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand:  
For, neither pretious stone, nor durfull brasse,  
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;  
But such more rare and pretious to esteeme,  
Pure in aspect, and like to crytstall glasse,  
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;  
But being faire and bricckle, likest glasse did seeme.

40  
But it in shape and beauty did excell  
All other Idols which the heathen adore,  
Faire passing that, which by surpassing skill  
*Phidias* did make in *Paphos* Ile of yore,  
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,  
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer stuned,  
But couered with a slender veile afore;  
And both her feet and legs together twined  
Were with a snake, whose head & taile were fast combined.

41  
The cause why she was couered with a veile,  
Was hard to knowe, for that her Priests the same  
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.  
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,  
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;  
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,  
Both male and female, both vnder one name:  
She fire and mother is her selfe alone;  
Begets, and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

42  
And all about her necke and shoulders flew  
A flock of little loues, and sports, and ioyes,  
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;  
Whose shaps seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,  
But like to Angels playing heavenly toys;  
The whilst their elder brother was away,  
*Cupid*, their eldest brother; he enioyes  
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly sway,  
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

43  
And all about her altar, scattered lay  
Great sorts of Louers pitiously complaining;  
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,  
Some of their pride, some paragons disdainig,  
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,  
As euery one had cause of good or ill.  
Amongst the rest, some one through loues cōstraining  
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,  
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple did fill;

44  
Great *Venus*, Queene of beauty and of grace,  
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie  
Dooft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,  
That with thy smiling lookes doost pacifie  
The raging seas, and mak'st the stormes to flie:  
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the cloudes do feare,  
And when thou presdest thy mantle forth on hie,  
The waters play, and pleasant fands appeare,  
And heuens laugh, & all the world shewes ioyous cheer.

45  
Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee  
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres:  
And then all liuing wights, loone as they see  
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,  
They all do learne to play the Paramours;  
First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,  
Pruiely pricked with thy lustfull powres,  
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,  
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

46  
Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play  
Their pleafant frisks, and loath their wonted food:  
The Lions rore, the Tigris loudly bray,  
The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,  
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,  
To come where thou doost draw them with desire:  
So all things else, that nourish vnaill blood,  
Soone as with fury thou doost them inspire,  
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

47  
So all the world by thee at first was made,  
And daily yet thou doest the same repaire:  
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,  
Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,  
But thou the fame for pleasure didst prepayre.  
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,  
Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,  
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blis,  
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

48  
So did he say: but I with murmure soft,  
That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,  
Yet inly groaning deep and fighting oft,  
Besought her to grant ease vnto my smart,  
And to my wound her gracious help impart.  
Whil'st thus I spake, behold with happy eye  
I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart  
A beuie of faire damzels close did lie,  
Waying when as the Anthemie should be sung on hie.

49  
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 *Womanhood*, that she exprest  
By her sad semblant and demeanure wile:  
For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,  
Ne rovd' at randon after gazers guise,  
Whose luring bayts oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

50  
And next to her fate goodly *Shamesfastnes*;  
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,  
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,  
As if some blame of euill she did feare,  
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:  
And her against, sweet *Cheerfulness* 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.

51  
And next to her fate sober *Modestie*,  
Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart;  
And her against fate comely *Curtisie*,  
That vnto euery person knew her part;  
And her before was seated ouerthwart  
Soft *Silence*, and submissiue *Obedience*,  
Both linkt together neuer to dispart,  
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,  
Both girlands of his Saints against their foes offence.

52  
Thus fate they all around in seemely rate:  
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,  
Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there fate,  
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,  
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;  
Like to the morne, when first her shining face  
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd:  
That fame was fairest *Amoret* in place,  
Shining with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

53  
Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throbb,  
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:  
For, sacriledge me seem'd the Church to robb;  
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.

54  
Thereat that foremost matrone me did blame,  
And sharpe rebake, for being ouer-bold;  
Saying it was to Knight vnseemly shame,  
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,  
That vnto *Venus* seruices was fold.  
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.

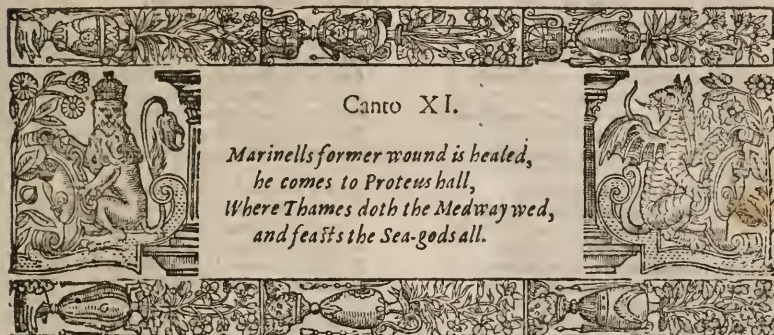
55  
With that my shield I forth to her did shoue,  
Which all that while I closely had conceald;  
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe  
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,  
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,  
And said no more: but I which all that while  
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,  
Like wary Hynd within the weedy foyle,  
For no intreaty would forgoe so glorious ipoyle.

56  
And euermore vpon the goddesse face  
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:  
Whom when I saw with amiable grace  
To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,  
I was emboldned with more confidence:  
And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,  
In presence of them all forth led her thence,  
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,  
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.



57  
 Shee often prayd, and often me besought,  
 Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,  
 Sometime with wstching smiles: But yet for nought,  
 That euer she to me could say or doe,  
 Could shee her wished freedome from me wooe;  
 But forth I led her through the Temple gate,  
 By which I hardly past with much adoe:  
 But that same Lady which me friended late  
 In entrance, did me also fend in my retrate.

58  
 No lesse did danger threaten me with dread,  
 VWhen as he law me, maugre all his powre,  
 That glorious spoile of beauty with me lead,  
 Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure  
 His *Leman* from the *Stegian* Princes boure.  
 But eunroie my shield did me defend,  
 Against the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:  
 Thustafely with my Loue I thence did wend.  
 So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.



## Canto XI.

*Marinells former wound is healed,  
 he comes to Proteus hall,  
 Where Thames doth the Medway wed,  
 and feasts the Sea-gods all.*

1  
 Vt ah for pity! that I haue this long  
 Left a faire Lady languishing in paine:  
 Now weal-away, that I haue doen such wrong,  
 To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,  
 In bands of loue, and in sad thraldoms chaine;  
 From which, vnlesse some heauenly powre her free  
 By miracle, nor yet appearing plaine,  
 She lenger yet is like captiud to bee:  
 That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee:

2  
 Heree neede you to remember, how ere-while  
 Vnlovely *Proteus*, missing to his mind  
 That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,  
 Her threw into a durgcon deep and blind,  
 And there in chains her cruelly did bind,  
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:  
 For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,  
 Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,  
 He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

3  
 Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke  
 The durgcon was, in which her bound he left,  
 That neither yron barres, nor brazen lock  
 Did need to gard from force, or secret theft  
 Of all her Louers, which would her haue 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 monsters foule abhord  
 Did waite about it, gaping grieftly, all begor'd.

4  
 And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,  
 And darkenesse dread, that neuer viewed day;  
 Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,  
 In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway  
 (Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.  
 There did this lucklets mayd three months abide,  
 Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,  
 Ne euer from the day the night deleride,  
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

5  
 And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,  
 Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)  
 And womens loue did from his hart expell,  
 And all those ioyes that weake mankind entise.  
 Nath'lesse, his pride full dearely he did prise;  
 For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,  
 That of the wound he yet in languor lies,  
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke  
 Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

6  
 Yet farre and neere the Nymph his moethet sought,  
 And many salues did to his sore apply,  
 And many herbes did vse. But when as nought  
 Shee saw could ease his ranking maladie,  
 At last, to *Tryphon* shee for helpe did hie  
 This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods surgeon hight)  
 Whom shee brought to find some remedy:  
 And for his paines, a whistle him behight,  
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

7  
So well that Leach did haire to her request,  
And did so well employ his carefull paine,  
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,  
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:  
In which he long time after did remaine  
There with the Nymph his rother, like her thrall;  
Whose fore against his will did him retaine,  
For feare of perill, which to him moue fall,  
Through his too ventrous prowesse proued ouer all.

8  
It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there  
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull feed,  
In honour of the spoualls, which then were  
Betwixt the *Medway*, and the *Thames* agreed.  
Long had the *Thames* (as wein records reed)  
Before that day her wooed to his bed;  
But the proud Nymph, would for no worldly meed,  
Nor no entreaty to his loue be led;  
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

9  
So both agreed, that this their bridale feast  
Should for the gods in *Protem* houe be made;  
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,  
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,  
As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe wade.  
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,  
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brass I had,  
And endlesse memory, that mote excell,  
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

10  
Helpe therefore, ô thou sacred imp of *Ioue*,  
The nourling of Dame *Memory* his deare,  
To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,  
And records of antiquitie appeare,  
To which no wit of man may comen neare;  
Help me to tell the names of all those floods,  
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were  
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,  
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

11  
First, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,  
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;  
His dewy locks did drop with brine apace,  
Vnder his *Duad* imperiall:  
And by his side, his Queene with Coronall,  
Faire *Amphitrite*, most diuinely faire,  
Whose luoy shoulders weren covered all,  
As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire:  
And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian seas for her pre-

12  
These marched faire afore the other crew;  
And all the way before them as they went,  
*Triton* his trumpet shrill before them blew,  
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,  
That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.  
And after them the royall issue came,  
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:  
First, the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime  
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

13  
*Phorcys*, the father of that fatal brood,  
By whom those old Heroës wonne such fame;  
And *Glancus*, that wife soothsayes vnderstood;  
And tragick *Inoes* sonne, the which became  
A God of Seas through his mad mothers blame,  
Now hight *Paemon*, and is *Sylers* friend;  
Great *Brontes*, and *Astræus*, that did shame  
Himselfe with incest of his kin vnkend;  
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

14  
The rich *Creatus*, and *Eurytus* loog;  
*Neleus* and *Pelias*, louely brethren both;  
Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Cæteus* strong;  
*Eurypilus*, that calmes the waters wroth;  
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them go'th  
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:  
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th  
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;  
And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

15  
There also, some most famous founders were  
Of puissant Nations, which the world possess;  
Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:  
Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th'ancientest,  
And *Inachus*, renown'd above the rest;  
*Phænix*, and *Aon*, and *Pelægius* old,  
Great *Belus*, *Phæax*, and *Agenor*, best;  
And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold  
And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Islands hold.

16  
For, *Albion*, the sonne of *Neptune* was;  
Who for the prooue of his great puissance,  
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass  
Into old *Gall*, that oow is cleeped *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  
Lives still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed was dight.

17  
But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,  
Which all the world haue with their issue sild?  
How can they all in this so narrow verse  
Contained be, and in small compasse hild?  
Let them record them, that are better skild,  
And know the monuments of passed times:  
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,  
T'express some part of that great equipage,  
Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

18  
Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,  
Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest;  
For, all the rest, of those two Parents came,  
Which afterward both sea and land possess:  
Of all which, *Neceus*, th'eldest and the best,  
Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,  
Ne more sincere in word and deed profess,  
Most void of guile, most free from foule despight,  
Dooing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There-to

19  
 Thereto he was expert in prophecies,  
 And could the ledden of the Gods unfold,  
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prize  
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him forctolde,  
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold  
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy  
 Proud *Priams* towne. So wise is *Nereus* old,  
 And so well skild; nath'lesse he takes great ioy  
 Oft-times amongst the wanton *Nymphes* to sport & toy.

20  
 And after him the famous rivers came,  
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautife:  
 The fertile *Nile*, which creatures new doth frame;  
 Long *Rhodanus*, whose founte springs from the skie;  
 Faire *Ister*, flowing from the Mountaines hie;  
 Divine *Saramander*, purpled yet with blood  
 Of *Greekes* and *Troians*, which therein did die;  
*Pactolus*, gl'string with his golden flood, (stood.  
 And *Tigris* hence, whose streams of none may be with-

21  
 Great *Ganges*, and immortall *Euphrates*,  
 Deepe *Indus*, and *Mæander* intricate,  
 Slow *Lenens*, and tempestuous *Phasides*,  
 Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate:  
*Oraxes*, teared for great *Cyrus* fate;  
*Tybius*, renowned for the *Romaines* fame,  
 Rich *Oranotiv*, though but knowne late;  
 And that huge *River*, which doth beare his name  
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possess the same.

22  
 Ioy on those warlike women, which so long  
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;  
 And stume 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 beereof it selfe hath sold;  
 The which, for sparing little cost or paines  
 Lose so immortall glory, and so endless gaine;

23  
 Then was there heard a most celestiall found  
 Of dainty musick, which did next ensue  
 Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd:  
 Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew  
 The cares and harts of all that goodly crew  
 That euen yer the *Dolph* him, which him bere  
 Through the *Aegæan* seas from *Pirates* view,  
 Swod still by him astonisht at his lore,  
 And all the raging Seas, for ioy forgot to rore.

24  
 So went he playing on the watry *Plaine*.  
 Soone after whom the louely *Bridegroom* came,  
 The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly traine;  
 But him before there went, as best became,  
 His ancient parents, namely the ancient *Thame*.  
 But much more aged was his wife then hee,  
 The *Ouze*, whom men do *Isis* rightly name;  
 Full weake and crooked creature seem'd she, (fre.  
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could

25  
 Therefore on either side she was sustained (hight  
 Of two small *grooms*, which by their names were  
 The *Chunne* and *Charwell*, two small streames, which  
 Theynselues her footing to direct aright, (painted  
 Which sayled oft through faint and feeble plight:  
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;  
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,  
 VVith head all hoary, and his beard all gray,  
 Drawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

26  
 And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe asore  
 With bowed back, by reason of the lode,  
 And ancient heavy burden, which he bore  
 Of that faire *Citie*, wherein make-abode  
 So many learned impes, that shoot abroad,  
 And with their branches spred all *Britany*,  
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.  
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourfery,  
 Of *Arts*: but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* most glorifie.

27  
 But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,  
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,  
 On which the waues, glittering like *Crystall* glasse,  
 So cunningly enwoun were, that few  
 Could weanen, whether they were false or trew,  
 And on his head like to a *Coronet*  
 He wore, that seem'd strange to common view;  
 In which were many *Towres* and *Cattles* set,  
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

28  
 Like as the mother of the gods, they say,  
 In her great iron chariot wents to ride,  
 When to *Joues* palace she doth take her way;  
 Old *Cybelé*, arrayd with pompous pride,  
 Wearing a *Diademe* enbatuld wide  
 With hundred turrets, like a *Turribant*:  
 VVith such an one was *Thamis* beautifide;  
 That was to weete, the famous *Troynount*,  
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

29  
 And round about him many a pretty Page  
 Attended duely, ready to obey:  
 All little *Riuers*, which owe vsallage  
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:  
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Thetus* gray,  
 The morfish *Cole*, and the soft sliding *Breane*,  
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his way,  
 And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleane  
 Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant stream.

30  
 Then came his neighbour floods, which nigh him dwell;  
 And water all the *Erghst* soile throughout;  
 They all on him this day attended well;  
 And with meet seruice waited him about;  
 Ne one did daire d'lowe to him to lout:  
 No not the starchy *Seuerne* grudge'd ar all,  
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;  
 But both him honor'd as their principall,  
 And let their swelling waters l'ue before him fall.



There was the speedy Tamar,<sup>31</sup> which diuides  
 The Cornish, and the Deuonish confines;  
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,  
 And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:  
 And Durt, nigh choakt with sands of riny mines.  
 But Auon marched in more stately path,  
 Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines  
 And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,  
 And Brislow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,<sup>32</sup>  
 Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hie,  
 That doth his course through Blandford Plains direct,  
 And watheth Winbourne meads in season drie.  
 Next him, went Wylibourne with passage slye,  
 That of his wylinesse his name doth take,  
 And of himselfe doth name the shiue thereby:  
 And Mole, that like a nonling Mole doth make  
 His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

Then came the Rotter, decked all with woods<sup>33</sup>  
 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 Harwath both doth beautifie:  
 Him follow'd Yar, soft waling Norwich wall,  
 And with him brought a presentiously  
 Of his owne fish vnto their festiual, (call.  
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins

Next these, the plentious Ouze came far from land,<sup>34</sup>  
 By many a City, and by many a Towne,  
 And many Rivers taking vnder hand  
 Into his waters, as he passeth downe;  
 The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,  
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge sit,  
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne  
 He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it  
 VVith many a gentle Muic, and many a learned wit.

And after him, the fatall Welland went,<sup>35</sup>  
 That if old lawes 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 Neze downe softly slid;  
 And bountious Trent, that in him selfe enfeames  
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony banke<sup>36</sup>  
 That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,  
 Which mote the feeble Britons strongly banke  
 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 staid with blood of many a band  
 Of Scots and English both, that tyed on his strand.

Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,<sup>37</sup>  
 That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)  
 Sixe valiant Knights, on one faire Nymph yborne,  
 VVhich did in noble deedes of armes excell,  
 And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;  
 Still Vre, swift Weife, and Oze the most of might,  
 High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;  
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,  
 Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne<sup>38</sup>  
 Lucrinus them aueng'd, and the same date,  
 VVhich the proud Humber vnto them had donne,  
 By equall doome repayd on his owne pate:  
 For, in the selfe same riuer, where he late  
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;  
 And nam'd the Riuer of his wretched fate;  
 Whole bad condition yet it doth retaine,  
 Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

These after, came the stony shallow Lone,<sup>39</sup>  
 That to old Loncafter 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 do call,  
 All these together marched toward Protess hall.

Ne thence the Irish Riuers absent were,<sup>40</sup>  
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they be,  
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome neere,  
 Why should they not likewise in lone agree,  
 And ioy likewise this sollemoe day to see?  
 They saw it all, and present were in place;  
 Though I them all according their degree,  
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,  
 Nor read the salvage countries, thorough which they passe.

There was the Liffie, rolling downe the lea,<sup>41</sup>  
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,  
 The spacious Sheanon spreading like a sea,  
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,  
 Swift Awniduffe, which of the English man  
 Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe,  
 Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,  
 Strong Alla tombling from Slewlogher steep,  
 And Mullis mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowned brethren were,<sup>42</sup>  
 VVhich that great Giant Blomius begot  
 Of the faire Nymph Rheusa wandring there.  
 One day, as shee to sunne the season hot,  
 Vnder Slewbloome in shady groue was got,  
 This Gunt found her, and by force deslow'd:  
 VVhereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought  
 These three faire sons, which being thence forth powrd  
 In three great riuers ran, and many countries scowrd.

43  
The first, the gentle Shur, that making way  
By sweet Clonmell, adorne rich Waterford;  
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray  
By faire Kilkenny and Roslepointe boord;  
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord  
Great heapes of Salmones in his deepe bosome:  
All which long funderd, doe at last accord  
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,  
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44  
There also was the wide embayed Mayre,  
The pleasant Bandon crownd with many a wood;  
The spreading Lee, that like an Iland faire  
Encl. with Corke with his diuided flood;  
And balefull Oure, late staynd with English blood:  
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.  
All which that day in order fecinly good  
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well  
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

45  
Then came the Bride, the louing *Medea* came,  
Clad in a vesture of vnknown geare,  
And vncooth f. shion, yet her well became;  
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and there  
With glittering spang; that did like starres appeare,  
And wav'd vpon, like water Chamelour,  
To hide the metall, which yet euery where  
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wor,  
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

46  
Her goodly locks adowne her backe did flowe  
Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,  
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throwe  
To all about, and all her shoulders spread  
As a new spring; and likewise on her head  
A Chapelet of landry flowres she wore,  
From vnder which the deawy humour, shed,  
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore  
Coogaled little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47  
On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,  
One cald the *These*, the other cald the *Crane*;  
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,  
And both behind vpheld her spreading traine;  
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,  
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day:  
And her before there passed Pages twaine,  
Both clad in colours like, and like array,  
The *Donne* & eke the *Frieh*, both which prepar'd her way.

48  
And after these the Sea Nympts 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-cyde *Doria*: all which, fifty are;  
All which she there on her attending had,  
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucraté*, *Theris* faire,  
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endoré*, *Sao* lad,  
Light *Dotó*, wanton *Glaucé*, and *Galené* glad;

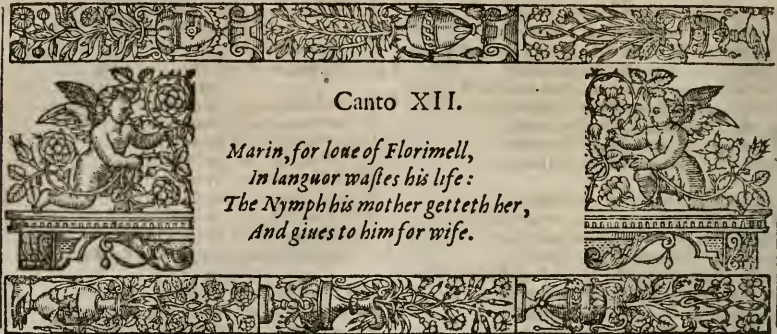
49  
White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamé*,  
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,  
Loudly *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimé*,  
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweet *Melite*,  
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,  
VVondred *Agaué*, *Poris*, and *Nesaea*,  
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,  
And *Panope*, and wife *Protomedea*,  
And Inow-neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathaa*;

50  
Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Altea*,  
Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronoe* large,  
*Euaoré*, and light *Pontoporea*,  
And she, that with her least word can asswage  
The furling seas, when they doe forest rage,  
*Cymodocé*, and stout *Autonoé*,  
And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,  
And seeming still to smile, *Glaucanomé*,  
And she that hight of many helms *Polynomé*;

51  
Fresh *Atimeda*, deckt with girland greene;  
*Hypnoe*, with salt bedeawed wrefis;  
*Laomedea*, like the crysfall sheene;  
*Liagoré*, much prayd for wise chests;  
And *Psamathé*, for her broad snowy breasts;  
*Cymo*, *Eupompe*, and *Thermisté* iust;  
And she that vertue loues and vice detests,  
*Euarna*, and *Menippé* true in trust,  
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

52  
All these the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,  
VVhich haue the sea in charge to them assigne,  
To rule his tides, and turges to vp-erre,  
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vp-binde,  
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.  
And yet besides, three thousand more there were  
Of th' Oceans seede, but *Ioues* and *Phobus* kind;  
The which in floods and fountaines doe appeare,  
And all mankind do nourish with their waters cleare.

53  
The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,  
To tell the fands, or count the starres on bye,  
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right,  
But well I wote, that these which I descry,  
VVere present at this great solemnity:  
And there amongst the rest, the mother was  
Of lucklesse *Marcell*, *Cymodocé*;  
Which, for my Muse her selfe dow tyred has,  
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-pass,



## Canto XII.

*Marin, for loue of Florimell,  
In languor wastes his life:  
The Nymph his mother getteth her,  
And giues to him for wife.*

**Q**uhat an endlesse worke haue I in hand,  
To count the Seas abundant progeny!  
Whote fruitful seed far passeth those in land,  
And al' those which won in th' azure sky,  
For, much more eath to tell the stars on hy,  
Albe they endlesse seme in estimation,  
Then to recount the Seas posteritie:  
So fertile be the fouds in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique Wizards well inuented,  
That *Pennis* of the foamy Sea was bred;  
For that the Seas by her are most augmented:  
Witnesse th' exceeding fry, which there are fed,  
And wondrous shoales, which may of none be read,  
Then blame me not, if I haue er'd in count  
O' gods, of Nymphs, of Riuer yet vnread:  
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,  
Yet all those same were there, which earth I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,  
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,  
That *Protem* house they filld even to the dore;  
Yet were they all in order, as befell,  
According their degrees, d'spo'ed well,  
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodocé*,  
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, beeing bred  
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,  
He might not with immortall food be fed,  
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come;  
But walkt abroad, and round about did roame,  
To view the building of that vncooth place,  
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:  
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,  
There vnto him beid a disoluentrous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cleife,  
He heard the lamentable voice of one,  
That pitiously complaynd her carefull grieft,  
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,  
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemone.  
So feelingly her case she did complaine,  
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,  
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,  
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Mainne.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,  
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;  
Yet hoping grieft may lessen beeing tolde,  
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:  
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall care,  
Is farre from hearing of my heavy 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,  
Do pearce the Rocks, and hardest marble weares:  
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating  
Will yeeld; but when my pitious plaints he heares,  
Is hardned more with my abundant teares,  
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,  
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,  
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,  
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

And when my wearie ghost with grieft out-worne,  
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,  
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,  
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,  
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.  
There did she pause, enforced to giue place,  
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppress.  
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,  
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case;



Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all  
 Haue care of right, or iuth of wretches wrong,  
 By one or other way me wofull thrall,  
 Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,  
 In which I daily dying am too long.  
 And if ye deeme me death, for louing one  
 That loues not me, then doe it not prolong;  
 But let me dy and end my daies atone,  
 And let him liue vnlovd, or looue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,  
 Then let me liue, as Louers ought to doe,  
 And of my lifes deare Loue beloued be:  
 And if he should through pride your doom vndoe;  
 Do you by duresis him compell thereto,  
 And in this prison put him heere with me:  
 One prison fittest is to hold vs two:  
 So had I rather to be thrall, then free;  
 Such thraldome, or such freedome let it surely bee.

But o vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,  
 The which the prisoner poynts vnto the free!  
 The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,  
 He where he list goes loofe, and laughs at me.  
 So euer loofe, to euer happy be.  
 But where lo loofe or happy that thou art,  
 Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.  
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart  
 Would quite haue burst through great abundance of het

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,  
 And vnderstood the cause of all her care  
 To come of him, for vsing her so hard,  
 His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,  
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare;  
 That euen for grieue of minde he oft did grone,  
 And inly wish, that in his powre it were  
 Her to redress: but since he meanes found none,  
 He could no more but her great misery bemoene.

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,  
 And mighty courage something mollifide,  
 Dame *Venus* loune that tamieth stubborne youth  
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,  
 Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,  
 Into his mouth his maystering bridle threw,  
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:  
 Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,  
 And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieued minde vnto  
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;  
 Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise  
 To *Proteus* selfe to lye for her discharge:  
 But then he feild his mothers former charge  
 Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.  
 Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targed  
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to contraine:  
 But loofe he gan such folly to forethinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,  
 And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.  
 But all in vaine: for why he found no way  
 To enter in, or issew forth belowe;  
 For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.  
 And though vnto his will she giuen were,  
 Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe,  
 He wist not how, her thence away to beare;  
 And danger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,  
 Backe to himselfe, he gan returne the blame,  
 That was the author of her punishment;  
 And with vile curles, and reproachfull shame  
 To damne himselfe by euery euill name,  
 And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,  
 That had despis'd so chaste and faire a Dame,  
 Which him had sought through trouble & long strifes;  
 Yet had retus'd a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walk'd here and there,  
 And roind round about the rock in vaine,  
 As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where;  
 Oft listning if he mote her heare againe;  
 And still bemoaning her vnworthy paine:  
 Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vware,  
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,  
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,  
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereated cares.

And now by this, the fealt was throughly ended,  
 And euery one gan homeward to resort:  
 VVhich seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,  
 That his departure thence should be so short,  
 And leaue his Loue in that sea-walled fort,  
 Yet durst he not his mother disobay;  
 But her attending in full seemely fort,  
 Did match amongst the many all the way:  
 And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,  
 In solitary faine from wights,  
 He gan record the lamentable flowre,  
 In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,  
 For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:  
 The thought whereof empear't his heart to deep,  
 That of no worldly thing he tocke delight;  
 Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,  
 But pyn'd, & mournd, & languisht, and alone did weepe;

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew  
 Can fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:  
 His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,  
 And brawny armes had lost their known might,  
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.  
 Ere long, to weake of limbe, and sieke of loue  
 He waxe, that lenger he n'ote stand vpright,  
 But to his bed was brought, and layd about,  
 Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which

21  
Which when his mother sawe, she in her mind  
VVas troubled fore, ne wist well what to weene.  
Ne could by search nor any meanes out-find  
The secret caufe and nature of his teene,  
VVhereby she might apply some medicine;  
But, weeping day and night did him attend,  
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne:  
Which grieu'd her more, that she it could not mend;  
To see an helpelesse euill, double grieffe doth lend.

22  
Nought could she read the roote of his disease,  
Ne weene what mister malady it is,  
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appeale,  
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amiss,  
That that same former fatall wound of his  
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not thoroughly healed,  
But closely rankled vnder th'orifice:  
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,  
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnruealed.

23  
Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth haste,  
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,  
That sayld the trust, which she in him had plac't,  
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:  
VVho now was false into new languishment  
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.  
So backe he came vnto her Patient;  
Where searching every part, her well assured,  
That no old sore it was, which his new paine procured;

24  
But that it was some other malady,  
Or grieffe vnknowne, which he could not discern:  
So left he her withouten remedy:  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and yerne,  
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne,  
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,  
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,  
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,  
It to reuale: who still her answered, there was nought.

25  
Nath'lesse, she rested not so satisfide:  
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,  
Vnto the shyny heauen in haste she hide,  
And thence *Apollo* king of Leaches brought.  
*Apollo* came; who soone as he had sought  
Through his disease, did by and by out-find,  
That he did languish of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his enגיעued mind;  
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

26  
VVhich when he had vnto his mother told,  
She gan therat to fret, and greatly grieue.  
And comming to her ionne, gan first to scold,  
And chide at him, that made her misbelieve:  
But afterwards she gan him soft to striue,  
And wooc with faire intreaty, to disclose,  
Which of the Nymphs his heart fo' sore did miewe.  
For, sure she weend it was some one of those,  
Which he had lately seen, that for his Loue he chose.

27  
Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,  
That warn'd him of womens loue beware;  
VVhich beeing meant of mortall creatures lead,  
For loue of Nymphs shee thought she need not care,  
But promit him what-ener wight she were,  
That she her loue to him would shortly gaine.  
So, he her told: but soone as she did heare  
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,  
Shee gan afresh to chafe, and grieue in every vaine.

28  
Yet since she sawe the streight extremitie,  
In which his life vnluckily was laid,  
It was no time to lean the prophetic,  
VVhether old *Proteus* true or false had said,  
That his decay should happen by a mayd.  
It's late, in death, of danger to advise,  
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:  
But rather gan in troubled miode deuize,  
How she that Ladies liberty might enterprize.

29  
To *Proteus* selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,  
VVho was the roote and worker of her woe:  
Nor vnto any meener to complaine,  
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,  
And on her knee before him falling lowe,  
Made humble sute vnto his maiestie  
To grant to her, her sonnes life, which his foe  
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuously  
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30  
To whom god *Neptune* softly smyling, thus;  
Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,  
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs:  
For, death t'award I ween'd did appertaine  
To oone, but to the Seas sole Soueraigne.  
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).

31  
To whom she answerd; Then it is by name,  
*Proteus*, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die:  
For that a waite, the which by fortune came  
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as property:  
And yet nor his, nor his in equity,  
But yours the waite by high prerogative.  
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,  
It to repleue, and my sonne repleue:  
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

32  
He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,  
Vnder the Sea-gods scale autenticall,  
Commanding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,  
Which wandring on his seas imperiall  
He lately tooke, and sitence kept as thrall.  
Which she receiuing with meet thankfulnessse,  
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall:  
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,  
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possessse.

<sup>33</sup>  
 Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,  
 But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.  
 Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,  
 Admir'd her beauty much, as she mote well:  
 For, she all liuing creatures did excell;  
 And was right ioyous that she gotten had  
 So faire a wife for her sonne *Marinell*.  
 So home with her she streight the virgin lad,  
 And shewed her to him, then being fore bestad.

<sup>34</sup>  
 VVho soone as he beheld that angels face,  
 Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,  
 His cheared heart estoones away gan chace  
 Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,

And feeble spirit inly felt refection;  
 As withered weed through cruell winters tinc,  
 That feels the warmth of sunny beames reflection,  
 Listes vp his head, that did before decline,  
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

<sup>35</sup>  
 Right so him selfe did *Marinell* vpreare,  
 VVhen he in place his dearest Loue did spy;  
 And though his limbs could not his body beare,  
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,  
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.  
 Ne lesse was she in secret heart affected,  
 But that she masked it with modesty,  
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:  
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

*The end of the fourth Booke.*

Canto









THE  
**FIFTH BOOKE OF**  
**THE FAERY QVEENE:**

CONTAINING  
 The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR  
*Of Iustice.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**S**O oft as I, with state of present time,  
 The Image of the antique world compare,  
 When as mans age was in his freshest prime,  
 And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,  
 Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,  
 As that, through long continuance of his course,  
 Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,  
 From the first point of his appointed course,  
 And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse.

<sup>2</sup>  
 For, from the golden age, that first was named,  
 It's now as easie become a stony one;  
 And men themselves, the which at first were framed  
 Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,  
 Are now transformed into hardest stone:  
 Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)  
 Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:  
 And if then those may any worse be red,  
 They into that cete long will be degenerated.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Let none then blame me, if in discipline  
 Of vertue and of ciuill vses I see,  
 I do 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 out-hyred,  
 But simple Truth did saigne, and was of all admired.

<sup>4</sup>  
 For, that which all men then did vertue call,  
 Is now call'd vice; and that which vice was high,  
 Is now high vertue, and so vs'd of all:  
 Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,  
 As all things else in time are changed quight.  
 Ne wonder; for the heauens revolution  
 Is wandred farte, from where it first was pight,  
 And so do make contrary constitution  
 Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

<sup>5</sup>  
 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 took  
 Their setting foot, in these few thousand yeares  
 They all are wandred much; that plaine appears.  
 For that same golden steepe Ram, which bore  
*Phixus* and *Helié* from their steeptames feares,  
 Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,  
 And shouldred bath the Bull, which faire *Europa* bore.

Y And

6  
 And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne  
 So hardly burted those two twinnes of *Ioue*,  
 That they haue crucifd the Crab, and quite him borne  
 Into the great *Nemean* Lions grove.  
 So now all range, and do at random roue  
 Out of their proper places farre away,  
 And all this world with them amisse do moue,  
 And all his creatures from their course astray,  
 Till they arrive at their last inuinous decay.

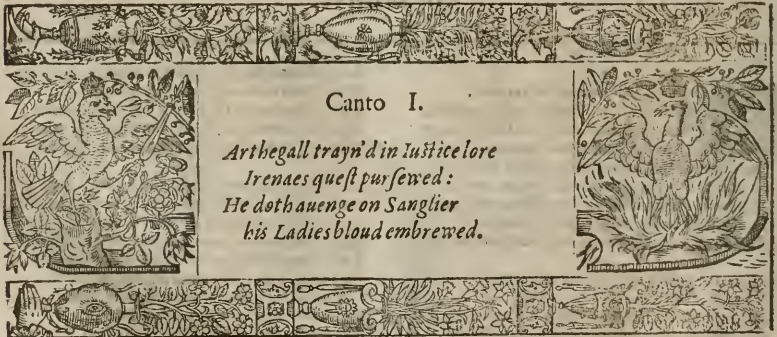
7  
 Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,  
 That doth enlumine all those lesser fyces,  
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right,  
 But is miscarried with the other Spheres.  
 For, since the tearme of fourteene hundred yeares  
 That learned *Ptholomee* his height did take,  
 He is declined from that marke of theirs,  
 Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;  
 That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

8  
 And if to those *Aegyptian* wisards old,  
 Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,  
 Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,  
 Th t 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 a right.  
 But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,  
 And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

9  
 For, during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's said,  
 That all the world with gooduesse did abound,  
 All loued vertue, no man was affrayd  
 Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found:  
 No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets found,  
 Peace vsiuer fall raignd amongst men and beasts,  
 And all things freely grew out of the ground:  
 Iustice late high ador'd with solemne feasts;  
 And to all people did diuide her drad bechasts;

10  
 Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,  
 Rembling God in his imperall might;  
 Whose loucraigne power is herein most exprest,  
 That both to good and bad he dealt right,  
 And all his workes with iustice hath bedight,  
 That powe he also doth to Princes lend,  
 And makes them like himselfe in glorious light,  
 To sit in his owne seat, his cause to end,  
 And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11  
 Drad seueraigne goddess, that doest highest sit  
 In seat of iudgement, in th' Almighties stead,  
 And with magnifick might and wondrous wit  
 Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,  
 That but the *Nanon's* files with awefull dread,  
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy balest thrall,  
 That dare disroue of se diuine a ead,  
 As thy great iustice prayled ouer all;  
 The instrument whereof loe here thy *Arthegall*.



## Canto I.

*Arthegall trayn'd in Iustice lore  
 Irenaes quest pursued:  
 He doth auenge on Sanglier  
 his Ladies bloud embrewed.*

1  
**T**hough vertue then were held in highest price,  
 In those old times of which I doe entreat,  
 Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice  
 Began to sprig; which shortly grew ful great,  
 And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat,  
 But euermore some of the vertuous race  
 Role vp, inspired with her ocke heat,  
 That cropt the branches of the sient base,  
 And with strong hand their fruitfull ranknes did deface.

2  
 Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might  
 All th' East, before vntam'd did oucroone,  
 And wrong repressed, and eual list right,  
 Which lawlesse men had formerly for donne.  
 There Iustice first her Princely rule begonne,  
 N. xt. *Hercules* his like enample shewed,  
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,  
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;  
 The club of Iustice drad, with kingly powe enewed.

And



3  
And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,  
The Champion of true Iustice, *Arthegall*,  
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)  
As 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 claime,  
Did with strong hand withhold: *Gransorto* was his name.

4  
Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,  
Did to the Faery Queene her way adresse;  
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,  
She her besought of gracious redresse,  
That foueraigne Queene, that mighty Emperesse,  
Whose glory is to ayde all suppliants pore,  
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,  
Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;  
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

5  
For, *Arthegall* in iustice was vpbrought  
Euen from the cradle of his infancy,  
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught  
By faire *Astrea*, with great industry,  
Whil'st here on earth she liued mortally.  
For, till the world from his perfection fell  
Into all filth and foule iniquity,  
*Astrea* here amongst earthly men did dwell,  
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

6  
Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,  
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,  
Amongst his peeres playing his childish sport:  
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,  
She did allure with gifts and speches milde,  
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought  
Into a cave from company exile,  
In which she nourishd him, till yeares he taught,  
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

7  
There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong  
In equall ballaunce with due recompence,  
And equity to measure out along,  
According to the line of conscience,  
When so it needs with rigour to dispence.  
Of all the which (for want there of mankind)  
She caused him to make experience  
Vpon wild beasts, which she in woods did find,  
With wrougfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

8  
Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught,  
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,  
Vntill the ripeness of mans yeares he taught;  
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,  
And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;  
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand  
His dreadfull heat, much lesse him match in fight,  
Or bide the horror of his wreackfull hand,  
When-so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

9  
Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,  
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her sight  
And earnest search, where it was kept in store  
In *Ioues* eternal house, vnwift of wight,  
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight  
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled  
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;  
*Chrysaor*, that all other swords excelled, (quelled.  
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Giants

10  
For, of most perfect metall it was made,  
Temperd 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 cleane, where-so it cam e;  
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,  
But wherefoeuer it did light, it throughly shar'd.

11  
Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,  
*Astrea* loathing longer here to pace  
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,  
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;  
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,  
Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we do see  
The heauens bright-shining bauds like to enbrace;  
And is the *Virgin*, fixt in her degree:  
And next her selfe, her righteous ballaunce hanging bee.

12  
But when she parted hence, she left her groom  
An yron man, which did on her attend  
Alwayes to execute her stedfast doome,  
And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,  
And do what-euer thing he did intend.  
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,  
Immouable, resistlesse, without end;  
Who, in his hand, an yron flail he hold,  
With which he threat out falsehood, & did truth vnfolde.

13  
He now went with him in this new inquest,  
Him for to ayde, if ayde he chaunc'd to need,  
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest  
The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeed,  
And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.  
And now together on their way they bin,  
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,  
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad time,  
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbed cyne.

14  
To whom as they approached, they espide  
A sory sight, as euer seene with eye;  
An headlesse Lady lying him beside,  
In her owne 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 foully dight;  
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

15  
 Ah! wo is me, and weal away, quoth he,  
 Burfling forth reares, like springs out of a bauke,  
 That euer I this difmall day did fee:  
 Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;  
 Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,  
 If I should grant that I haue doen the same,  
 That I mote drink the cup, whereof she dranke:  
 But that I should dy guilty of the blame,  
 The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

16  
 Who was it then, said *Arthegall*, that wrought?  
 And why? do it declare vnto me trew.  
 A Knight, said he, if Knight he may be thought,  
 That did his hand in Ladies bloud imbrow,  
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.  
 This day as I in solace fate hereby  
 With a faire Loue, whose losse I now do rew,  
 There came this Knight, hauing in company  
 This lucklesse Lady, which now here doth headlesse lie.

17  
 He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,  
 Or that he wexed weary of his owne,  
 Would change with me; but I did it deny:  
 So did the Ladies both as may be knowne.  
 But he, whose spirit was with pride vp-blowne,  
 Would not so rest contented with his right,  
 But hauing from his courter her downe chrowne,  
 Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,  
 And on his steed her set, to beate her out of sight:

18  
 Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,  
 And on him catching holde, gan loud to erie  
 Not so to leaue her, nor away to cast,  
 But rather of his hand besought to die.  
 With that, his sword he drew all wrathfully,  
 And at one stroke crop't off her head with scorne,  
 In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.  
 So he my loue away with him hath borne, (mourne,  
 And left me here, both his and mine owne Loue to

19  
 Arcad, said he, which way then did he make?  
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe?  
 To hope, quoth he, him soone to ouertake,  
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine:  
 But yet he prick'd ouer yonder Plaine;  
 And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,  
 By which its case him to knowe againe,  
 A broken sword within a bloody field;  
 Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.

20  
 No sooner sayd, but straight he after sent  
 His yron page, who him pursw'd so light,  
 As thit it seem'd about the ground he went:  
 For, he was swift as swallow in her flight,  
 And strong as Lion in his lordly might.  
 It was not long, before he ouertooke  
 Sit *Sanglier*; (so cleped was that Knight)  
 Whom at the first he ghesped by his looke,  
 And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

21  
 He bade him stay, and backe with him retire;  
 Who full of scorne to be commanded so,  
 The Lady to alight did est require,  
 Whil'st he reformed that vnciuill foe:  
 And streight at him with all his force did goe,  
 Who mou'd no more the therewith, then when a rocke  
 Is lightly stricken with some stones thrown;  
 But to him leaping, lent him such a koocke,  
 That on the ground he laid him like a senselesse blocke.

22  
 But ere he could himselfe secure againe,  
 Him in his Iron paw he seized had;  
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,  
 He found himselfe vnwist, so ill bestad,  
 That him he, could not wag. Thence he him lad,  
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:  
 The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,  
 And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;  
 But he her quickly staid, and forc'to wend withall.

23  
 When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*  
 By that same carefull Squire did then abide,  
 He gently gan him to demaund of all,  
 That did betwix him and that Squire betide:  
 Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride  
 Did answer, that of all he guiltlesse stood,  
 And his accusar thereupon descide:  
 For, neyther he did shed that Ladies bloud,  
 Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24  
 Well did the Squire perceiue himselfe too weake,  
 To answer his defiance in the field,  
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,  
 Then to approue his right with speare and shield.  
 And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.  
 But *Arthegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,  
 That he it was not which that Lady kild,  
 But that strange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,  
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25  
 And said, Now sure this doubtfull causes right  
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,  
 Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;  
 That ill perhaps mote fall to eyther side.  
 But if ye please, that I your cause decide,  
 Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,  
 So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.  
 Thereto they both did frankly condescend,  
 And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

26  
 Sith then, said he, ye both the dead deny,  
 And both the liuing Lady claime your right,  
 Let both the dead and liuing equally  
 Diuided be betwixt you here in fight,  
 And each of either take his share aright.  
 But looke who does dissent from this my read,  
 He for a twelue monthes day shall in depight  
 Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;  
 To witnesse to the world, that she by him his dead.

27  
Well pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,  
And offered straight the Lady to be flaine,  
But that same Squire, to whom she was more deere,  
When as he sawe she should be cut in twaine,  
Did yield, she rather should with him remaine  
Alone, then to himselfe be shared dead:  
And rather then his Loue should suffer paine,  
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.  
True loue desp' feth shame, when life is cald in dread.

28  
Whom when so willing *Arthegall* perceaued;  
Not to thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme  
The living Lady, which from thee he reaued:  
For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.  
And you, sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,  
As that ye would for little leaue the same,  
Take here your owne, that doth you best beseme,  
And with it beare the burden of defame;  
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

29  
But *Sangliere* disdain'd much his doome,  
And steroly gan repine at his behaust;  
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,  
To beare that Ladies head before his breast.  
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride represt,  
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.  
Who, when he saw it bootlesse to resist,  
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare;  
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

30  
Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,  
For his great iustice, held in high regard;  
And (as his Squire) him offered euermore  
To serue; for want of other meet reward,  
And went with him on his aduenture hard.  
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;  
But leaving him, toth on his iourney far'd:  
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;  
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.

## Canto II.

*Arthegall heares of Florimell,  
does with the Pagan fight:  
Him slayes, drownes Lady Momera,  
does raise her Castle quight.*

1  
**N**ought 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 Heröes got thereby  
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull  
And place deserued with the Gods on hie, ( deeds,  
Herein the noblest of this Knight exceeds,  
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

2  
To which as he now was vpon the way,  
He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfse in hasty course;  
Whom he requir'd his forward haste to stay,  
Till he of tydings more with him discourse.  
Loth was the Dwarfse, yet did he stay perforce,  
And gaue of sundry newes his store to tell,  
As to his memory they had recourte:  
But chiefly of the fauelt *Florimell*,  
How she was found againe, and spouse to *Marinell*.

3  
For, this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfse;  
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)  
And finding in the way the catred scoure,  
The fortune of her life long time did feare.  
But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,  
And safe returne, he was full inly glad;  
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheate  
Should be solemniz'd: for, if time he had,  
He would be there, and honour to her spouse all ad.

4  
Within three dayes, quoth he, as I do heare,  
It will be at the Castle of the *Strond*;  
What time, if ought me let, I will be there  
To doe her seruice, lo as I am bond.  
But in my way a little here beyond,  
A curled cruel Sarazin doth wonne,  
That keeps a Bidges passage by strong hond,  
And many errat Knights hath there fordonne;  
That makes all men foreare that passage for to honne.



5  
 What mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence  
 Is he, that doth to trauellers such hames?  
 He is, said he, a man of great defence;  
 Expert in battell and in deeds of armes;  
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,  
 With which his daughter doth him full support;  
 Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,  
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort;  
 By which he still them holds, & keeps with strong effort.

6  
 And daily hee his wrongs cocreafeth 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:  
 Elle he doth hold him back, or beat away.  
 Thereto he hath a groom of euill guise,  
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,  
 Which pils and pils the poore in pitious wise;  
 But he himselte vpon the rich doth tyranoize.

7  
 His name is hight *Pollent*, rightly so  
 For that he is so puissant and strong,  
 That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,  
 And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;  
 And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.  
 For, on a bridge he custometh to fight,  
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;  
 And in the same are many trap-fals pight, (sight.  
 Through which the rider doth fall through ouer-

8  
 And vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,  
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;  
 Into the which whom-so he ouer-throwes,  
 All destitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:  
 But he himselte, through practice vsuall,  
 Leaps forth into the flood, and there alwayes  
 His koe, confuted through his suddaine fall,  
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,  
 And cyther both them drowns, or trayterously slayes.

9  
 Then doth he take the spoyle of them at will,  
 And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:  
 Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill  
 The coffers of her wicked theaifery,  
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,  
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,  
 And purchast all the countrey lying ny  
 With the reueneue of her plentifull meedes;  
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

10  
 There-to shee is full faire, and rich attired,  
 With golden hands and siluer fetce beside,  
 That many Lords haue her to wife desired:  
 But she them all despiseth for great pride.  
 Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,  
 None other way will I this day betake,  
 But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:  
 Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,  
 But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

11  
 Vnto the place he came within awhile,  
 Where on the Bridge he really armed saw  
 The Sarazin, awaiting for some spoyle.  
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,  
 A villaine to them came with scull all raw,  
 That passage-money did of them require,  
 According to the custome of their law.  
 To whom he answerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;  
 And with that word him strook, that stright he did expire

12  
 Which, when the Pagan saw, he waxed wroth,  
 And straight himselte vnto the fight adrest;  
 Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: so both  
 Together ran with ready speares in rest,  
 Right in the midst, where-as they brest to brest  
 Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall  
 Into the flood: straight leapt the Carle vblest,  
 Well weening that his foe was false withall:  
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13  
 There beeing both together in the flood,  
 They each at other tyrannously flew;  
 Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,  
 But rather in them kindled cholere new,  
 But there the Paynim, who that vse well knew  
 To fight in water, great aduantage had,  
 That oftentimes him nigh he ouer-threw:  
 And eke the courser, where-vpon he rad,  
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his back bestrad.

14  
 Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* espide,  
 He saw no way, but close with him in haste;  
 And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,  
 Vpon his iron coller griped fast,  
 That with the straint, his weland nigh he braist.  
 There they together stroue and struggled long,  
 Eyrther the other from his steed to cast,  
 Ne euer *Arthegall* his griple strong  
 For any thing would slack, but still vpon him hong.

15  
 As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,  
 In the wide champain of the Ocean Plaine,  
 With cruell chaufe their courages they wher,  
 The masterdome of each by force to gaine,  
 And dreadfull bataile twixt them do dastraine:  
 They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they  
 That all the sea (disturbed with their traine) (rore,  
 Doth frie with some about the furges hore:  
 Such was betwixt these two the troublefome vprore.

16  
 So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forsake  
 His hortes backe, for dread of being drownd,  
 And to his handy swimming him betake.  
 Eftsoones himselte he from his hold vbound,  
 And then no ods at all in him he found:  
 For, *Arthegall* in swimming skilfull was,  
 And durst the depth of any water sound.  
 So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,  
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

Then

17  
Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,  
Vncertaine whether had the better side:  
For, both were skild in that experiment,  
And both in armes well trained and throughly tride.  
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beside,  
And towards th' end, grew greater in his might,  
That his faint foe no longer could abide  
His puiffance, ne beare himselfe vp-right,  
But from the water to the land tooke his flight.

18  
But *Arthegall* purfew'd him still fo neare,  
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,  
That as his head he gan a little reare  
Above the brinke, to tread vpon the land,  
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,  
It bit the earth for very fell despight,  
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band  
High God, whose goodnesse he despai'd quight,  
Or curst the hand, w<sup>ch</sup> did that vengeance on him dight.

19  
His corps was carried downe along the Lee,  
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stained:  
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,  
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordained;  
Where many yeeres it afterwards remained,  
To be a mirror to all mighty men,  
In whose right hand's great power is contained,  
That none of them the feeble over-reen,  
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compass pen<sup>n</sup>.

20  
That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,  
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,  
Guarded of many which did her defend:  
Of whom he entrance fought, but was denide,  
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,  
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,  
That he was forced to with-draw aside;  
And bade his seruant *Talus* to inuent  
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21  
Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,  
And with his iron flail at it let fly,  
That all the Warders it did fore amate,  
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,  
And made them stoupe, that looked carst to hie.  
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,  
And thundred strokes thereon so hideously,  
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,  
And filled all the house with feare and great vp-rore.

22  
With noise whereof, the Lady forth appeared  
Vpon the Castle wall; and when she saw  
The dangerous state in which the flood, she feared  
The sad effect of her heere ouerthrowe;  
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,  
To cease his out-raze, and him faire besought,  
Sith nee that force of stones which they did throwe,  
Nor powre of charms, which she against him wrought,  
Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

23  
But, when as yet she saw him to proceed,  
Vnmoou'd with prayers, or with pititious thought,  
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;  
And caus'd great sacks, with endlesse riches fraught,  
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,  
And powred forth over the Castle wall,  
That she might win som time (though dearly bought)  
Whil'st he to gathering of the gold did fall.  
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted there-withall;

24  
But still continu'd his assault the more,  
And layd on load with his huge iron flail,  
That at the length he has yrent the dore,  
And made way for his maister to assaile.  
Who being entred, nought did then auail  
For wight, against his powre the mclues to reare:  
Each one did flie; their barres began to faile,  
And hid them'clues in corners here and there;  
And eke their dame, half dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

25  
Long they her sought, yet no where could they find her,  
That sure they wene'd she was escap'd away:  
But *Talus*, that could like a linc-hound wind her,  
And all things secret wisely could bewray,  
At length found out where as shee hidden lay  
Vnder an heap of gold. Thence he her drew  
By the faire locks, and foully did array,  
Without temptie of her goodly darray,  
That *Arthegall* himselfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

26  
Yet for no pittie would he change the course  
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lie;  
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorse;  
Still holdiog vp her suppliant hands on hie,  
And kneeling at his feet submissiuely,  
But her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,  
And eke her feete, those feet of siluer try  
(Which fought vnto iustice and iustice sold)  
Ciopt off; & nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27  
Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waste,  
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood  
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,  
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:  
But the streame wash away her guilty blood,  
The reafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,  
The spoyle of peoples euill gotten good,  
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke;  
And burning all to ashes, pou'r'd it downe the brooke.

28  
And lastly, all that Castle quite he rased,  
Euen from the sole of his foundation,  
And all the heven stones thereof defaced,  
That there mote be no hope of reparacion,  
Nor memory thereof to any nation.  
All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,  
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fashion,  
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.  
Which done, vnto his former journey he retourned.

29  
 To 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 view,  
 Full many people gathered in a crew;  
 Whose great assembly they did much admire,  
 For, neuer there the like resort they knew.  
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire  
 What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

30  
 There they beheld a mighty Giant stand  
 Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie  
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,  
 With which he boasted in his surquedry,  
 That all the world he would weigh equally,  
 Ifought he had the same to counterpoys.  
 For want whereof, he weighed van'ty,  
 And filld his ballance full of idle toys:  
 Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes,

31  
 He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,  
 And all the sea, diuided each from eyther:  
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,  
 And one of th' ayre, without or wind, or weather:  
 Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,  
 And all that did within them all containe;  
 Of all whose weight he would not misse a feather.  
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,  
 He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

32  
 For why, he said, they all vnequall were,  
 And had encroched vpon others share;  
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)  
 Had worne the earth: so did the fire the ayre;  
 So all the rest did others parts empire.  
 And so were Realmes and Nations run awry,  
 All which he vnderooke for to repaire,  
 In sort as they were formed auentently;  
 And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33  
 Therefore the vulgat did about him flock,  
 And cluster thicke vnto his leasings vaine;  
 Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,  
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,  
 And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.  
 All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,  
 How he misled the simple peopies traine,  
 In sdeignful wife he drew vnto him neare,  
 And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34  
 Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,  
 And all things to an equall to restore,  
 In stead of right, me seemes great wrong doost shew,  
 And far about thy forces pitch to fore,  
 For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more  
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,  
 What was the poys of euery part of yore:  
 And looke then how much it doth ouer-flowe,  
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

35  
 For, at the first, they all created were  
 In goodly measure, by their Makers might;  
 And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,  
 That not a dram was missing of their right.  
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,  
 In which it doth immoueable abide,  
 Hemd in with waters, like a wall in sight:  
 And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:  
 All which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

36  
 Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,  
 That euery one do knowe their certaine bound,  
 In which they do these many yeares remaine;  
 And amongst them all no change hath yet beco found.  
 But if thou now should'st weigh them new in pound,  
 We are not sure they would so long remaine:  
 All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnfound,  
 Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,  
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

37  
 Thou foolish Else, said then the Giant wroth,  
 Seest not how badly all things present bee,  
 And each estate quite out of order go'th?  
 The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see  
 Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;  
 And th' earth it selfe how daily it's increaseth,  
 By all that dying to it turned bee?  
 Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,  
 And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

38  
 Therefore, I will throwe downe thowse Mountaines hie,  
 And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:  
 These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,  
 I will thrust downe into the deepest Maine,  
 And as they were, them equalize againe.  
 Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,  
 I will suppress, that they no more may raige;  
 And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;  
 And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39  
 Of things vnscene how canst thou deeme aright,  
 Then answered the righteous *Arthegall*,  
 Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?  
 Wha: though the sea with waues continuall  
 Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:  
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;  
 For, whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,  
 Is with the tide vnto another brought:  
 For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

40  
 Likewise, the earth is not augmented more,  
 By all that dying into it do fade.  
 For, of the earth they formed were of yore;  
 How-euer gay their blossome or their blade  
 Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.  
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die,  
 They turne to that whereof they first were made?  
 All in the powre of their great Maker lie:  
 All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They



41  
They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,  
Ne euer any asketh reason why.  
The hills do nor the lowly dales disdain;  
The dales do not the lofty hills enuy.  
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;  
He maketh subiects to their powre obey;  
He pulleth downe, he fettereth vp on him;  
He giues to this, from that he takes away;  
For, all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

42  
What-euer thing is done, by him is done,  
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;  
Ne any may his soueraigne power shonoe,  
Ne loofe that he hath bound with stedfast band.  
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,  
To call to count, or weigh his works anew,  
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,  
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view  
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

43  
For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)  
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;  
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise; (showe:  
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth  
But, if the weight of these thou canst not showe,  
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall,  
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,  
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?  
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

44  
There-with the Giant much abashed said,  
That he of little things made reckoning light;  
Yet the least word that euer could be said  
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.  
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,  
The right or wrong, the false or else the true?  
He answered, that he would try it straight,  
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:  
But straight the winged words out of the ballaunce flew.

45  
Wroth went he then, and said, that words were light,  
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.  
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.  
Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be tride.  
First in one ballaunce let the true aside.  
He did so first, and then the false he laid  
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,  
And by no meane could in the weight be staid.  
For, by no meanes the false will with the truth be way'd.

46  
Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegale*,  
And counterpoise the same with so much wrong,  
So first the right he put into one scale;  
And then the Giant stroue with puiſſance strong  
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.  
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,  
Might not it peile; yet did he labour long,  
And swat, and chaunt, and proued euery way:  
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe lay.

47  
Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,  
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:  
But *Arthegall* him fairely gan asswage,  
And said; be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:  
For, they do nought but right or wrong betoken;  
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;  
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,  
The care must be the ballaunce, to decree  
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48  
But set the truth and set the right aside  
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)  
And put two wrongs together to be tride,  
Or else two falses, of each equall share;  
And then together doe them both compare;  
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.  
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,  
Whether of them the greater were atone.  
But right fate in the midst of the beame alone.

49  
But he the right from thence did thrust away,  
For, it was not the right which he did seeke;  
But rather stroue extremities to wey,  
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to ceke.  
For, of the meane he greatly did missecke.  
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,  
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,  
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,  
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him drown'd.

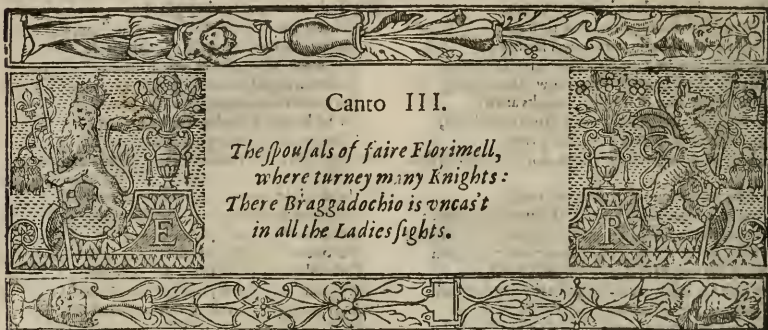
50  
Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues  
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,  
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riuies,  
And spoyleing all her geares and goodly ray,  
Does make her selte misfortunes pittious pray:  
So downe the chiffe the wretched Giant tumbled;  
His battred ballaunces in peeces lay,  
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:  
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

51  
That when the people, which had there-about  
Long waited, f. w. his suddaine defolation,  
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 inuouation.  
Therefore resoluing to reuerge his blood,  
They rose in aimes, and all in battell-order stood;

52  
Which lawlesse multitude him comming to  
In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did viewe,  
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.  
For, loth he was his noble hands t' embrew  
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:  
And otherwise, if that he should retire,  
He fear'd least they with flame would him pursue.  
Therefore he *Talus* to them lent, t' inquire  
The cause of their array, and true for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,  
 They gan with all their weapons him assay,  
 And rudely strooke at him on euery side:  
 Yet nought they could him hurt-ne ought dismay.  
 But when at them he with his scale gan lay,  
 He like a worme of flies them ouerthrow;  
 Ne any of them durst come in his way.  
 But here and there before his presence flew,  
 And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view:

As when a Falcon hath with nimble flight  
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks, fore by the brooke,  
 The trembling fowle durst not with dreadfull flight  
 Of death, the which them altho' oft ouer-ooke,  
 Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,  
 Amongst the straws and couert round about,  
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forlooke,  
 And none appear'd of all that rascall court,  
 To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him through out.



## Canto III.

*The spousals of faire Florimell,  
 where turney many Knights:  
 There Braggadochio is vnca'st  
 in all the Ladies fights.*

**A**fter long stormes and tempests ouer-blowne,  
 The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:  
 So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,  
 Somt lislful houres at last must needs appeare;  
 Elle should afflicted wights oft-times despere.  
 So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,  
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,  
 In which captiu'd shee many moneths did mourne,  
 To taste of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

Who, being freed from *Troticus* cruell band  
 By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,  
 And by him brought againe to Faerie land;  
 Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.  
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide;  
 And solemne feasts and giasts ordain'd therefore.  
 To which there did resort from euery side  
 Of Lords and Ladies inhoite great store;  
 Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,  
 The goodly seruice, the deuifefull fights,  
 The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,  
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,  
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,  
 Were worke fit for an Herald, 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 fatiety  
 Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,  
 To deeds of armes and prooue of cheualrie  
 They gan themselves adresse, full rich aguz'd,  
 As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.  
 And first of all illu'd Sir *Marinell*,  
 And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd  
 To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,  
 And to maintaine, that shee all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,  
 A noble Knight, and trideciu hard assayes:  
 The second had to name Sir *Bellisont*,  
 But second vnto none in prowesse praise;  
 The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;  
 The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding might;  
 The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;  
 The sixt was *Lansacke*, a redoubted Knight:  
 All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,  
 From euery coast, and country vnder sunne:  
 None was debar'd, but all had leaue that lust.  
 The trumpets sound; then all together runne,  
 Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,  
 And many Knights vnhoist, and many wounded,  
 As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:  
 But all that day the greatest praise redounded  
 To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

The

7  
The second day, so soone as morrow light  
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,  
And there all day continu'd cruell fight,  
With diuerse fortune fit for such a game,  
In which all stroue with perill to win fame.  
Yet whether side was Victor, no'te he ghest:  
But at the last, the trumpets did proclame  
That *Marinell* that day deserued best.  
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

8  
The third day came, that should due triall lend  
Of all the rest, and then this war-like crew  
Together met, of all to make an end.  
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;  
And through the thickest like a Lion flew,  
Raising off helmes, and ruing plates afunder,  
That cury one his danger did efchew.  
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,  
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9  
But what on earth can alwayes happy stand?  
The greater prowesse greater perils find,  
So faire he past amongst his enemies band,  
That they haue him enclosed so behind,  
As by no meanes he can himselfe out-wind.  
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;  
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;  
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,  
Vnlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

10  
It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,  
Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,  
With *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met  
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame,  
Where, when he vnderstood his common fame,  
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,  
He much was mou'd at vnworthy shame,  
And straight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,  
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

11  
So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,  
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,  
Whom he assaid with dreacelasse hardiment,  
And forcht the burden of their prize to stay.  
They were an hundred Knights of that array;  
Of which th' one halte vpon himselfe did set,  
The other itayd behind to gourd the pray.  
But he ere long the former listre bet;  
And from the other sitte, soone the prisoner fet.

12  
So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;  
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,  
They both together ioyned might and maine,  
To set afield on all the other crew.  
Whom with fore hauck soone they ouertrew,  
And chaec'd quite out of the field, that none  
Against them durst his head to perill shew.  
So were they left Lords of the field alone:  
So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

13  
Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe  
To *Braggadochio* did his shield restore:  
Who all this while behind him did remaine,  
Keeping there close with him in pretious store  
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.  
Then did the trumpets found, and Iudges rose,  
And all these Knights, which that day armour bore,  
Came to the open hall, to listen whofe  
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those.

14  
And thither also came in open sight  
Faue *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 girdon yield;  
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*  
Came *Braggadochio*, and did shew his shield,  
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

15  
The sight whereof did all with gladness fill:  
So vnto him they did addeeme the prize  
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets shrill  
Don *Braggadochios* name resounded thrie:  
So courage lent a cloake to cowardise.  
And then to him came fairest *Florimell*,  
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,  
And theuland thanks him yield, that had so well  
Approvd that day, that she all others did excell.

16  
To whom the boaster, that all Knights did blot,  
With proud disdain did scornfull answer make;  
That what he did that day, he did it not  
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake;  
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,  
Bot' her, and eke all others to excell:  
And further did vnconly speeches crake.  
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,  
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

17  
Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimel*,  
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,  
Couered from peoples gazement with a veile.  
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde;  
With great amazement they were stupide;  
And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,  
Or, if it were not *Florimel* so true,  
That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pass.  
So feeble skill of perfect things, the vulgar has.

18  
Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,  
He was there-with exceedingly dimid;  
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise:  
But like as one, whom fiends had made afraid,  
He long astonisht stood: ne ought he said,  
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes  
He gaz'd still vpon that snowy maid:  
Whom euer as he did the more auize,  
The more to be true *Florimel* he did surmise.



19  
As when two sunnes appear in th' azure sky,  
Mounted in *Phœbus* charet fiery bright;  
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,  
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,  
All that behold fo strange prodigious sight,  
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weace,  
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:  
So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene  
The semblant of this faire by his faire beauties *Queene*.

20  
All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while  
Stoode in the preale clofe couer'd) well adviewed,  
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse gule,  
He could no longer beare, but forth issued,  
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed:  
And to the boaster said; Thou lo'ell base,  
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,  
And others worth with leasings doo't deface,  
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21  
That shield which thou doost beare, was it indeed  
Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*;  
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,  
Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.  
For prooffe, shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,  
What stroakes, what dreadfull stoure it stix'd this day:  
Or shew the wounds which vnto thee betell;  
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway  
So sharp a battell, that so many did dismay.

22  
But this the sword, which wrought those cruell sounds,  
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,  
And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)  
By which that glory gotten doth appeare,  
As for this Lady which he sheweth here,  
Is not (I weger) *Florinell* at all;  
But some faire Franion, fit for such a fere,  
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.  
For prooffe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23  
So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,  
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:  
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought  
A great increase in her faire blushing face;  
As *Roses* did with *Lillies* interlace.  
For, of these words, the which that boaster threw,  
She inly yet conceited great disgrace.  
Whom when as all the people such did view,  
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24  
Then did he set her by that snowy one,  
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;  
Of both their beauties to make paragone,  
And trial, whether should the honour get.  
Straight way so soone as both together met,  
Th' enchanted Damzell vanish into nought:  
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,  
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,  
But th' empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25  
As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,  
Hath in a watry clowd displayed wide  
Her goodly boaw, which paints the liquid ayre,  
That all men wonder at her colours pride;  
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,  
The glorious picture vanisheth away,  
Ne any token doth thereof abide:  
So did his Ladies goodly forme decay,  
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26  
Which when as all, that present were, beheld,  
They striken were with great astonishment;  
And their faint harts with senselesse honour 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 deriment  
So daunted was in his despayring mood,  
That like a lifelesse corse immoueable he stood.

27  
But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-tooke,  
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;  
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,  
But *Florimels* weare girdle, from her rest,  
While she was flying, like a weary weft,  
From that foule monster, which did her compell  
To perils great; which he vnbacking est,  
Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:  
Who round about her tender waste it fitted well.

28  
Full many Ladies often had assayd,  
About their middles that faire belt to knit;  
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:  
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,  
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.  
Such power it had, that to no womans waste  
By any skill or labour it would fit,  
Vnlesse that shee were continent and chaste,  
But it would loose or breake, that many had disgrace't.

29  
Whil'st thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,  
And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,  
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)  
Forth from the thickest preace of people came,  
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;  
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,  
With th' other drew his sword: for, with the same  
He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:  
And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30  
Thereof great hurly burly moued was  
Throughout the hall, for that same war-like horse.  
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pals;  
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,  
Or it approue vpon his carion corse,  
Which troublous stirre when *Arthegall* perceiued,  
He nigh then drew, to stay th' auengers force;  
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,  
Whether by might extort, or else by flight decaued.

Who

<sup>31</sup>  
 VWho, all that pitious story, which befall  
 About that wofull couple, which were flaine,  
 And their young bloody babe to him gan tell;  
 VWith whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,  
 His horse purloyned was by subtil traine:  
 For which he challenged the thiefe to fight.  
 But he for nought could him there-to constraîne:  
 For, as the death he hated such despight,  
 And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

<sup>32</sup>  
 VVhich, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more  
 By law of armes there neede ones right to try,  
 As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,  
 Then that his foe should him the field deny:  
 Yet further right by tokens to descry,  
 He askt, what priue tokens he did beare,  
 If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,  
 VV than his mouth a black foot doth appeare,  
 Shap't like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

<sup>33</sup>  
 VWhereof to make due triall, one did take  
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:  
 But with his heeles to 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 head-stall tooke:  
 But by the shoulder him to loe he bit,  
 That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

<sup>34</sup>  
 Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,  
 Vntill that *Guyon* else vnto him spake,  
 And called *Briandore* (so was he hight):  
 VVhose voyce so loone as he did vadertake,  
 Est-loones 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 hands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,  
 And friskt, and floog aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

<sup>35</sup>  
 Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine aeed,  
 That vnto him the horse belonged, and said;  
 Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,  
 As he with golden saddle is arraid:  
 And let that losell, plainly now displaid,  
 Hence fare on foote, till he an horse haue gained,  
 But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraid,  
 And him reuill'd, and rased, and disdain'd,  
 That iudgement to vsniust against him had ordained.

<sup>36</sup>  
 Much was the Knight incenit with his lewd word,  
 To haue reuenged that his willany:  
 And thrice did lay his hand vpon his sword,  
 To haue him flaine, or dearly doon aby.  
 But *Guyon* did his cholere pacifie,  
 Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee  
 To you, that are our iudge of equiour,  
 To wiake your wrath on such a Carle as hee:  
 It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

<sup>37</sup>  
 So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegall*;  
 But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,  
 And drawing him out of the open hall,  
 Vpon him did inflict this punishment.  
 First, he his beard did flauge, and foully slent:  
 Then from him rest his shield, and it r'uerst,  
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,  
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherst,  
 And broke his sword in twaine, & all his armour sperst.

<sup>38</sup>  
 The whiles, his guilefull grome was fled away:  
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to flic.  
 VVho over-taking him, did disarray,  
 And all his face deformed'd with infamy,  
 And out of Court him scourged openly.  
 So ought all faytours, that true knightthood shame,  
 And armes dishonour with base villany,  
 From all braue knights be banisht with defame:  
 For, oft their lewdoes blotteth good deserts with blame.

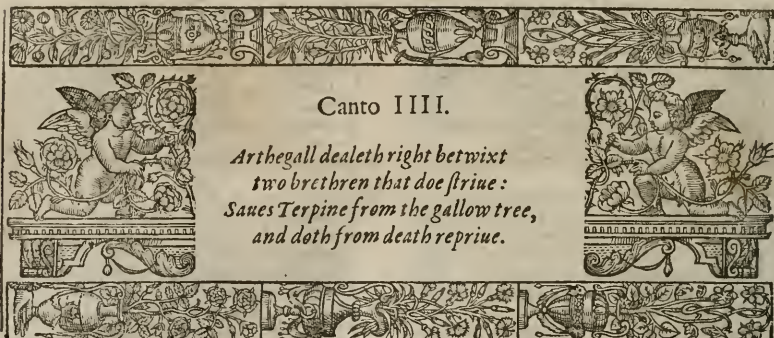
<sup>39</sup>  
 Now, when these counterfeits were thus vncafed  
 Out of the fore-side of their forgery,  
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,  
 All gan to iest and gibe full merrily  
 At the remembrance of their knauey.  
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,  
 To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery  
 He them abused, through his subtil flights,  
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

<sup>40</sup>  
 There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,  
 Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,  
 And taking vsury of time fore-past,  
 With all deere delices and rare delights,  
 Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:  
 And tyme we heere to this fame farrrowes end  
 Our weary yokes, to gather freshier spights,  
 That when-as time to *Arthegall* shall tend,  
 We on his first adventure may him forward send.

Z

Canto





<sup>1</sup>  
**W**Ho-so vpon him selfe will take the skill  
 True Iustice vnto people to diuide,  
 Had need of mighty hands, for to fulfill  
 That, which be doth with righteous doome  
 And for to maister wrong & puissant pride. (decide,  
 For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,  
 And makes wrong-dooers iustice to deride,  
 Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.  
 For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Therefore whylometo 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 in-pugne her sentence iust.  
 VVhereof no braver precedent this day  
 Remaines on earth, prefer'd from iron rust  
 Of iude obliuion, and long times decay,  
 Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

<sup>3</sup>  
 VVho, hauing lately left that louely paire,  
 Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyall bond,  
 Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the faire,  
 With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,  
 Departed from the Castle of the *Strand*,  
 To followe his aduenures first intent,  
 VVhich long agoe he taken had in hond:  
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,  
 But that great iron goome, his gard & gouernment.

<sup>4</sup>  
 VVith whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,  
 He chaunc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,  
 Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,  
 But stirred vp with different desires,  
 Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:  
 And them beside, two seemely Damzels stood,  
 By all means seeking to asswage their ires,  
 Now with fair words; but words did little good: (mood  
 Now with sharp threat; but threats the more increast their

<sup>5</sup>  
 And there before them stood a Coffer strong,  
 Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,  
 But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,  
 Either by beeing wrecke vpon the sands,  
 Or beeing carried farre from forraine lands.  
 Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,  
 And bent against themselves their cruell hands.  
 But euermore those Damzels did forestall  
 Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

<sup>6</sup>  
 But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,  
 And battailes doubtfull prooue their rights to try,  
 Ne other end their furie would afford,  
 But what to them Fortune would iustifie,  
 So stood they both in readinesse there-by,  
 To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;  
 VVhen *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,  
 Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,  
 Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

<sup>7</sup>  
 To whom the elder did this answere frame;  
 Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,  
 To whom our Sire, *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 appeares  
 But like a little Mount of small degree;  
 Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,  
 As that same other Ile, that greater breadth now beares.

<sup>8</sup>  
 But tract of time, that all things doth decay,  
 And this deuouring Sea that nought doth spare,  
 The most part of my Land hath wast away,  
 And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:  
 So his encreased, but mine did empaire,  
 Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,  
 That further maid, hight *Philtera* the faire,  
 With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,  
 And should haue ioyned been to her in wedlocks knot,  
 Then



9  
Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,  
Loue that same other *Danzell*, *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 *Philitra* saw my lands decay,  
And former litleold faile, she left me knight,  
And to my brother did ellope straight way:  
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left astray.

10  
Shee, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,  
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceiued,  
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,  
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.  
But see how much her purpose was deceiued.  
Whil'st thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,  
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,  
She chaunc't vnwares to light vpon this coffer,  
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11  
The wretched mayd, that erst 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 beene so mad,  
For any death to change life though most bad:  
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,  
The lucky Pilot of her passage sad,  
After long tossing in the seas distrest,  
Her weary Burke at last vpon mine Ile did rest:

12  
VWhere I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,  
Did her espy, and through my good endeouour,  
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatened fore  
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.  
Shee then in recompence of that great fauour,  
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me  
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her;  
Together with her selfe in dowry free:  
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better seee.

13  
Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,  
Great treasure sithence we did find contained;  
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.  
But this same other *Danzell* since hath fained;  
That to her selfe that treasure appertained;  
And that shee did transport the same by sea,  
To bring it to her husband new ordained,  
But suffred cruell shipwrack by the way.  
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

14  
But whether it indeed be so or no,  
This doe I say, that what so good or ill,  
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throwe  
(Not wronging any other by my will)  
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.  
And though my land he first did winne away,  
And then my Loue (though now it little skill)  
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;  
But I will it defend, whil' it euer that I may.

15  
So hauing said, 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 treasure throwne vpon his strand;  
Which well I prone, as shall appeare by triall,  
To be this Maides, with whom I fastned hand,  
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good espiall:  
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniiall.

16  
When they thus ended had, the Knight began;  
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,  
Would ye renit it to some righteous man.  
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,  
To bide that iudgement ye shall vs afford.  
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,  
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,  
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.  
So each of them layd down his sword out of his hand.

17  
Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger said;  
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,  
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd  
Vnto your part, and plucked from his away,  
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?  
VWhat other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,  
But that the sea it to my share did lay?  
Your right is good, said he, and to I deeme,  
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme:

18  
Then turning to the elder, thus he said;  
Now *Eracidas*, let this likewise be showane;  
Your brothers treasure, which from him is straid,  
Being the dowrie of his wife well knowne,  
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?  
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,  
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?  
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,  
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

19  
For, equall right in equall things doth stand;  
For, what the mighty Sea hath once posselt,  
And plucked quite from all possessers hand,  
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,  
Or else by wreck, that wretches hath distrest;  
He may dispose by his imperiall might,  
As thing at randome lets to whom he list.  
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,  
And so the treasure yours is *Eracidas* by right.

20  
When he his sentence thus pronounced had,  
Both *Amidas* and *Philitra* were displeas'd:  
But *Eracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,  
And on the treasure by that iudgement seized.  
So was their discord by this doome appeald,  
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*  
VWhen as their sharp contention he had ceas'd,  
Departed on his way, as did befall,  
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

21  
So, as he trauelled vpon the way,  
He chaunc't to come, where happily he spide  
A rout of many people farre away;  
To whom his course he hastily applide,  
To weete the cause of their assemblance wide.  
To whom when he approached neere in fight  
(An vncooth sight) he plainly then deseride  
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,  
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22  
And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,  
With both his hands behind him pinniond hard,  
And round about his neck an halter tight,  
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:  
His face was couer'd, and his head was bur'd,  
That who he was, vneath was to descry;  
And with full heauy hart with them he lar'd,  
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,  
That he of womens hands to bring a death should die.

23  
But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more,  
Reioyced at his miserlesse case,  
And him reviled, and reproched fore  
With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile disgrace.  
Now when as *Arthegall*, arriv'd in place,  
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,  
They round about him gan to swarme apace,  
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,  
And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

24  
But he was soone aware of their ill mind,  
And drawing backe, deceiued their intent;  
Yet though himselfe did shame on woman-kind  
His mighty hard to ster'd, he *Talant*  
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:  
Who with few sowes of his yron flaxe,  
Disperfed all their troupe incontinent,  
And sent them home to tell a pittious tale  
Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

25  
But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,  
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:  
Him *Talant* tooke out of perplexitie,  
And honour of soule 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 what womanish weakie fight;  
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

26  
*Sir Terpine*, haplesse man, what make you here?  
Or haue you lost your selfe, and your discrecion,  
That euer in this wretched case ye were?  
Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppression  
Of womens powre that boast of mens subiection?  
Or else, what other deadly dismall day  
Is false on you, by heauns hard direction,  
That ye were runne so fondly farre astray,  
As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

27  
Much was the man confounded in his mind,  
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,  
That all astonish'd hee him selfe did find,  
And little had for his excuse to say,  
But onely thus; Most haplesse well ye may  
Me iustly teame, that to this shame am brought,  
And made the scorn of knighthood this same day.  
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?  
The worke of heauns will surpasseth humane thought.

28  
Right true: but faulty men vnto oftentimes  
To attribute their folly vnto fate,  
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.  
But tell, *Sir Terpine*, ne let you amate  
Your misery, how fell ye in this fate.  
Then tish ye needs, quoth he, will know my shame,  
And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,  
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,  
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29  
Being desirous (as all Knights are wont)  
Through hard adventures deeds of armes to try,  
And after fame and honour for to hunt,  
I heard report that fure abroad did flie,  
That a proud Amazon did late descie  
All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,  
And vnto them wrought all the villany  
That she could forge in her malicious head,  
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

30  
The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,  
Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the hold,  
To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,  
And wooed him by all the waies she could:  
But when she lawe at latt, that he ne would  
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,  
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,  
And for his sake, vow'd to doe all the ill  
Which she could do to knights: which now she doth fulfil.

31  
For, all those Knights, the which by force or guile  
She doth subdue, she foully doth intreat.  
First, she doth them of war like armes despoile,  
And clothe in womens weeds: and then with threat  
Doth them condition to worke, to carue their meat,  
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wing;  
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eate  
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,  
Them to disable from reuenge adventuring.

32  
But, if through stout disdain of manly mind,  
Any her proud obstruance will withstand,  
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,  
She cauteh them be hang'd vp out of hand;  
In which condition right now did stand.  
For, being overcome by her in fight,  
And put to that ase service of her band,  
I rather chose to die in lues despight,  
Then lead that shameful life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

33  
How high that Amazon (*Lad Astlegall*)?  
And where, and how far hence does she abide?  
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,  
A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,  
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,  
And sundry battels, which she hath achieued  
With great successe, that her hath glorified,  
And made her famous, more then is belieued;  
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it priued.

34  
Now sure, said he, and by the faith that I  
To Maydenhead and noble knight-hood owe,  
I will not rest, till I her might doe try,  
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth showe,  
Therefore Sir *Tirip* from you lightly throwe  
This squalid weede, the paterne of despair,  
And wend with me, that ye may fee and knowe,  
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.)  
And Knights of Maydenhead, whose praise the world em-

35  
With that, like one that hopeles was repriv'd  
From deatnes dore, at which he lately lay,  
Those iron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,  
The badges of reproach, 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*.

36  
Where they arriuing, by the watchman were  
Descried straight; 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 sort of bees in clusters swarmed:  
Ere long, their Queene her self, arm'd like a man,  
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

37  
And now the Knights, being arriued neare,  
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,  
And at the Porter scorned them so few,  
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,  
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin,  
Which when as *Radigund* their coming heard,  
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:  
She bade that straight the gates should be vnbard,  
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

38  
Soone as the gates were open to them set,  
They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.  
But in the middle way they were ymet  
With a sharpe shower of arrowes, which them stayd,  
And better bad aduise, ere they assaid,  
Vnknown perill of bold womens pride.  
Then all the rout vpon them rudely layd,  
And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,  
And arrowes hayld so thicke, that they could not abide,

39  
But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide  
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doomes acquit,  
So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide.  
T' auenge that shame, they did on him commit;  
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,  
Like a fell 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.

40  
Soone as she sawe him on the ground to rouell,  
Shee lightly to him leapt; and in his neck  
Her proud foot setting, at his head did leuell,  
VVenning at once her wrath on him to weake,  
And his contempt, that did her iudgement break;  
As when a Bear hath seiz'd her cruell claws  
Vpon the carcasse of some beast too weake,  
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,  
To heare the pitious beast pleading her plaintiffe cause;

41  
Whom when as *Astlegall* in that distresse  
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,  
In which he swam, and ran to his redresse.  
There he assayling fiercely first, he raught her  
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her;  
And had she not it warded warily,  
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.  
Nath'lesse for all the powre she did apply,  
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye;

42  
Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,  
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,  
To weather his broad gyles, by chance hath spide  
A Goshaue, which hath seized for her share  
Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;  
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylue,  
That with his souce, which none endure dare,  
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,  
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive,

43  
But soone as she her sense recovered had,  
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,  
Through vengefull wrath & disdainfull pride halfe mad;  
For neuer had she suffred such delipht,  
But ere she could joyne hand with him to fight,  
Her warlike mayds about her flockt so fast,  
That they disparred them, mauge their might,  
And with their troups did far asunder cast:  
But amongst the rest the fight did vntill euening last.

44  
And euery while, that mighty yron man,  
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,  
Them sorely vext, and court, and ouer-ran,  
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,  
That none of all the many cene did darre  
Him to assault, nor once approach him neare;  
But like a sort of sheepe disperd farre  
For dread of their decuring enemy,  
Through all the fields and vallies did before him stie.



But when as daies faire shyny beame, yelowed  
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,  
 Waru'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,  
 Bold *Radigund* (with found of trump on hight)  
 Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;  
 And gatheing them vnto her cities gate,  
 Made them all enter in before her sight,  
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,  
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

When thus the field was voyded all away,  
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight  
 (Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)  
 Caus'd his pambion to be richly pyght  
 Before the Citie gate, in open fight;  
 Where he him selfe did rest in safety,  
 Together with sir *Terpin* all that night:  
 But *Talus* vs'd in times of iopardie  
 To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But *Radigund* full of heart-guawing griefe,  
 For the rebuke which she sustun'd that day,  
 Could take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe;  
 But tossed in her troublous mind, what way  
 She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.  
 There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight  
 To try her Fortune, and his force assay,  
 Rather then see her people spoyled quight,  
 As she had seene that day a disaduentrous fight.

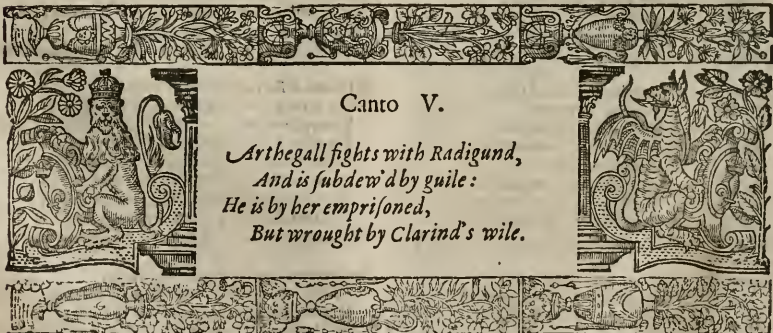
She called forth to her a trusty mayd,  
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,  
 Her name was *Clarind*, and thus to her sayd;  
 Goe damzell quickly, do thy selfe adrefice

To do the message, which I shall expresse,  
 Goe thou vnto that stranger *Fairy Knight*,  
 Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse;  
 Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,  
 And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

But these conditions doe to him propound,  
 That if I vanquish him, he shall obay  
 My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;  
 And to will I, if me he vanquish may,  
 What euer he shall like to doe or say:  
 Goe straight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,  
 Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,  
 And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,  
 And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shal hungry sit.

The Damzell streight obeyd; and putting all  
 In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;  
 Where founding loud a Trumpet from the wall,  
 Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.  
 Then *Talus*, forth islewing from the tent,  
 Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,  
 To weeten what that trumpets founding ment:  
 Where that same Damzell loudly him bespake,  
 And shew'd, that with his Lord shee would emparance

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:  
 VVhich he accepting well, as he could weete,  
 Them fairely entertayn'd with cur'ries meet,  
 And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.  
 So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.  
 But *Arthegall* him selfe to rest did dight,  
 That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.



## Canto V.

*Arthegall fights with Radigund,  
 And is subdew'd by guile:  
 He is by her emprisoned,  
 But wrought by Clarind's wile.*

**S**Ooone as day, forth dawning from the East,  
 Nights humid curtaine frō the heavens with-  
 And early calling forth both mā & beast, drew  
 Commanded them their daily works renew,

These noble warriors, mindfull to pursue  
 The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,  
 Themselues thereto prepar'd in order dew:  
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;  
 And th' Amazon, as best it lik't her selfe to dight.

2  
All in a Camis light of purple silke  
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,  
And quiled vpon satin white as milke,  
Trailed with ribbands diuersly distraught,  
Like as the workeman had the cir courses taught;  
Which was short tacked for light motion  
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it raught  
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon  
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3  
And on her legs she painted buskins wore,  
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,  
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:  
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,  
With an en-brodered belt of mickell pride;  
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt  
Vpon the bosse with fionces, that shined wide,  
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,  
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

4  
So forth she came out of the Citty gate,  
With stately port and proud magnificence,  
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite  
Vpon her person for her sure defence,  
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence  
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.  
So forth into the field she marched thence,  
VVhere was a rich Pavilion ready pight,  
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

5  
Then forth came *Aribevall* out of his tent,  
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:  
Soone after cke came she, with fell intent,  
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,  
That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.  
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout  
From rudely pressing to the middle center;  
VVhich in great heapes them circled all about,  
Waiting, how Fortune would resolve that dangerous

6 (doubt.)  
The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;  
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.  
She at the first encounter on him ran  
VVith furious rage, as if shee had intended  
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:  
But he that had like tempests often tride,  
From that first flawe, himselfe right well defended.  
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;  
She bew'd, she foyn'd, she last, she laid on euery side.

7  
Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,  
VVeening at last to win aduantage new;  
Yet still her cruelty encreas'd more,  
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:  
Which sayng, he gan fiercely her persew;  
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat  
The stubborn metall seeketh to subdew,  
Soone as he fees it mollifie with heat,  
With his great Iron Sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8  
So did Sir *Aribevall* vpon her lay,  
As if she had an Iron anvil beene,  
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,  
Out of her steely armes were flashing beene,  
That all on fire yee would her surely weene.  
But with her shield he fell her selfe he warded,  
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,  
That all that while her life she safely guarded:  
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9  
For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe,  
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,  
And halfe her side it selfe did naked showe,  
And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.  
Much was she moued with the mighty sway  
Of that sad stroke, that halfe carag'd she grew,  
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,  
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,  
That glancing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth

10 (drew)  
Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,  
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,  
As if the prize she gotten had almost,  
With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well;  
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell  
With indignation, at her wanting vaine,  
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;  
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,  
That flattered all to peeces round about the Plaine.

11  
Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,  
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,  
And downe she fell vpon the grassie field,  
In senselesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,  
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.  
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,  
He to her leapt, with deadly dreadfull looke,  
And her sunshiny helmet soone vnaced,  
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue ranced.

12  
But when as he discovered had her face,  
He saw his senses strange astonishment,  
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,  
In her faire visage void of ornament,  
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;  
VVhich, in the rudenesse of that euill plight,  
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:  
Like as the Moone in foggy winter night,  
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

13  
At sight thereof his cruell minded heart  
Empeared 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 beauty will it mollifie.  
By this, vpstarting from her swoone, she star'd  
A while about her with confus'd eye;  
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

Soone

14  
 Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,  
 Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,  
 With fresh assault vpon him she did see,  
 And gan renew her former crueltiesse:  
 And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelasse  
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;  
 And more encreast her outrage mercilesse,  
 The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,  
 Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

15  
 Like as a Puttocke hauing spide in sight,  
 A gentle Falcon sitting on a hill,  
 Whose other wing now made vnmect 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 trombling still:  
 Euen so did *Radignand* with bootlesse paine  
 Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraene.

16  
 Nought could he do, but shun the drad despight  
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward full retire,  
 And with his single shield, well as he might,  
 Beare-off the burden of her raging ire;  
 And euermore he gently did desire,  
 To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:  
 Yet nould she beare, ne let him once respire,  
 Till he to her deliuered had his shield,  
 And to her mercy him submitted in plaine field.

17  
 So was he ouercome, not ouercome,  
 But to her yeelded of his owne accord:  
 Yet was he iustly damned by the doome  
 Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,  
 To be her thrall, and seruaice her afford.  
 For, though that he first victory obtayned,  
 Yet after by abandoning his word,  
 He wilfull lost, that he before attained.  
 No fairer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18  
 Tho, with her sword on him she flating strooke,  
 In signe of true subiection to her powre,  
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.  
 But *Terpine* borne to a more vnhappy howre,  
 As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,  
 She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led  
 Vnto the croke, t'abide the balefull stowe,  
 From which he lately had through reskew fled:  
 Where he full shamefully was hanged by the head.

19  
 But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,  
 He with his iron flaile amongst them thondred,  
 That they were faine to let him scape away,  
 Glad from his company to be so sondred;  
 Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,  
 That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,  
 Besides the rest dismayd, might not be numbred:  
 Yet all that while he would not once assay  
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

20  
 Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,  
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,  
 And caus'd him to be disarm'd 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 weeds, that is to Manhood flame,  
 And put before his lap an apron white,  
 In stead of Curiets and bales fit for fight.

21  
 So being clad, she brought him from the field,  
 In which he had been trayned many a day,  
 Into a long large chamber, which was filld  
 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 went to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

22  
 There enter'd 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 big hart cloth'd so vncomely view.  
 But they were fore't, through penurie and pine,  
 To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:  
 For, nought was giuen them to sup or dine,  
 But what their hands could eare by twisting linnen twine.

23  
 Amongst them all, she placed him most lowe,  
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,  
 That he thereon should spin both flaxe & tow;  
 A sordid 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 himselfe right well behaue,  
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,  
 Her vassall to become, if she him woone in fight.

24  
 Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,  
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,  
 How for *Iolas* sake he did apply  
 His mighty hands, the distaffe vile to holde,  
 For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old  
 So many monsters, which the world annoyed;  
 His Lions skin chaung'd to a pall of gold,  
 In which forgetting warres he only ioyed  
 In combats of sweet Loue, & with his mistresse toyed.

25  
 Such is the cruelty of women-kind,  
 VVhen they haue shaken off the shamefast band,  
 With which wise Nature did them strongly bind  
 T'obay the hearts of mans well ruling hand,  
 That then all rule and reason they wishstand,  
 To purchase a licentious liberty:  
 But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,  
 That they were borne to base humility,  
 Vnlesse the heauens them list to lawfull souerainty.

Thus



26  
Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,  
Seruing proud *Radigand* with true subiection;  
How-euer it his noble heart did gall,  
To obey a womans tyrannous direction,  
That might haue had of life or death election:  
But hauing chosen, now he might not changee.  
During which time, the warlike Amazon,  
Whose wandring fancie after lust did range,  
Can cast a secret liking to this captive strange.

27  
Which long concealing in her covert brest,  
She chaw'd the cud of flowers careful 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 soueraigne Lord:  
So great her pride, that the luch balencis much abhorde.

28  
So much the greater still her anguish grew,  
Through stubborn handling of her loue-sick hart;  
And still the more she strove it to subdew,  
The more she still augmented her owne smart,  
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.  
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,  
She gan to sloupe, and her proud mind conuert  
To meeke obsequyance of louses mighty raine,  
And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29  
Vnto her selfe in secret deed did call  
Her next hand-mayd whom she most did trust,  
And to her said, *Carinla*, whom of all  
I trust a lue, sith I thee tosted first:  
Now is the time, that I vntimely must  
Thereto make tryall, in my greatest need:  
It is to happen, that the heauenous iust,  
Spiriting my happy freedome, haue agreed,  
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

30  
With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,  
To lode the blush which in her visage roie,  
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,  
Decking her cheekes with a vermilion roie:  
But soone she did her countenance compose,  
And to her turning, thus began to speake;  
This grieues deep wound I would to thee disclose,  
Thereto compelled through heart-murdring paine,  
But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth still restraine.

31  
Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)  
Can dread of ought your dreaslesse heart withhold,  
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,  
And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face behold?  
Say on, my soueraigne Lady, and be hold,  
Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foote lie?  
Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold  
The cause of her conceiv'd malady,  
As one that would confesse, yet faune would it deny.

32  
*Clarinda*, Lid thee, thou feelt yond Fayrie Knight,  
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde  
Subiected hath to my vnsquall might:  
What right is it, that he should thalldome finde,  
For lending life to me a wretch vnkinde,  
That for such good him recompence with ill?  
Therefore I can, how I may him vnbit de,  
And by his freedome get his free good-will;  
Yet to, is bound to me he may continue still:

33  
Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands  
Of strong compulsion, and stright violence,  
As now in miserable state he stands;  
But with sweet leue and true benevolence,  
Void of malicious minde, or foule offence,  
To which if thou canst wir him any way,  
VVithout disclosure of my thought's pretence,  
Both goodly freed of him it purchase may,  
And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

34  
Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,  
Loe here this Ring, which the lily wanton be,  
And token true to old *Eumenias*,  
From times to time, when the worst best shalt see,  
Tham in and out thou mayst haue passage free.  
Goe now, *Clarinda*, wll thy wisdome may,  
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;  
Armes of louely looks, and speches wise,  
With which thou canst euen *Leue* humble to loue entise.

35  
The truly mayd, conceiving her intent,  
Did with lre promise of her good endeavour,  
Giue her great comfort, and some hearis content.  
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour  
By all the means she might, to curry fauour  
With the E sin Knight, her Ladies best beloved;  
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,  
Euen at the marke-white of his hart she reuoued,  
And with wide glancing words, one day thee thus him  
(proued;

36  
Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state  
Fortune, enuying good, hath lily browed,  
And cruell heauens laue heapt an heauy fate;  
I reu that thus thy better dayes are drowned  
In sad despaire, and all thy lones swowned  
In stupid sorrow, sith thy iust merit  
Might else haue with felicity been crowned:  
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,  
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disherit.

37  
Much did he maruell at her vncourtly speech,  
Whose hidden drift he cou'd not well perceiue;  
And gan to doubt, least she him sought to appech  
Of treason or some guetull traine did weaue,  
Through which she might his wretched life bereaue.  
Both which to baire, he with this aduere metler;  
Faure Damzell, that with ruth (as I per ceue)  
O my mishaps, art it ou'd to wish me better,  
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your deeter.

Yet

38  
 Yet weete ye well, that to a courage great  
 It is no lesse befeeming, well to beare  
 The storme of Fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,  
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare  
 Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.  
 For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-cast,  
 Yet doe I not of better times despaire;  
 And, though (vnlke) they should for euer last,  
 Yet in my truths assurance I rest fixed fast.

39  
 But what so stony minde (she then replide)  
 But if in his owne powre occasion lay,  
 Would to his hope a window open wide,  
 And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?  
 Vnworthy sure, quoth he, of better day,  
 That will not take the offer of good hope,  
 And eke peruse, if he attaine it may.  
 Which speeches she applying to the scope  
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him thope;

40  
 Then why dost not, thou ill aduized man,  
 Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlorne,  
 And try if thou by faire entreaty can  
 Moue *Radigund*? who though she still haue worne  
 Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne  
 O. Beares and Tigris, nor so saluage minded,  
 As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,  
 She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:  
 And sooth oft seene, that proudest hearts base loue hath  
 (blinded.)

41  
 Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,  
 Sayd hee, nor obstinate disdainfull mind,  
 I haue forborne this duty to fulfill:  
 For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,  
 That shee a Queene and come of Princely kinde,  
 Both worthy is for to be fewd vnto,  
 Chitfly by him, whose life her law doth bid,  
 And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,  
 And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42  
 But want of meanes hath been mine onely let  
 From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;  
 Which if I might by your good office get,  
 I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,  
 And ready to deserue what grace I found.  
 She feeling him thus bite vpon the baite,  
 Yet doubting least his hold was but vnfound,  
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strait,  
 But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

43  
 But foolish Mayd, whiles heedlesse of the hook,  
 She thus oft-times was beating off and on,  
 Through slippery footing, fell into the brooke,  
 And there was caught to her confusion.  
 For, seeking thus to salue the Amazon,  
 She wounded was with her deceits owne dart,  
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,  
 Conceined close in her beguiled heart,  
 To *Ashegall*, through pity of his causelesse smart.

44  
 Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,  
 Ne to him selfe, for doubt of beeing dayned,  
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,  
 For feare her mistris should haue knowledge gayned,  
 Burto her selfe it secretly retained,  
 VVithin the closet of her couert brest:  
 The more thereby her tender heart was payned.  
 Yet to await fit time shee weened best,  
 And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

45  
 One day, her Lady, calling her apart,  
 Scowring her offers and conditions vaine;  
 Touching her loues iucelle, her logging smart,  
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,  
 As one adaw'd and halfe confus'd stood;  
 But quickly she it ouer-past, so soone  
 As she her face had wpp't, to fresh her blood:  
 Tho, gan she tell her all, that she had donne,  
 And all the wayes she sought his loue for to haue wonne:

46  
 But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,  
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;  
 Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne  
 So fath a lesson, as to loue againe.  
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,  
 And his abridged dayes in dolour waste,  
 Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:  
 His resolution was both first and last,  
 His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47  
 Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,  
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,  
 For very fell despight, which she conceiued,  
 To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,  
 Whole life did lie to her least eye-lids fall;  
 Cf which the vow'd with many a curst threat,  
 That she therefore would him ere long forsall,  
 Nath'lesse when calmed was her furious heat,  
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

48  
 What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,  
 That we may compass this our enterprize?  
 Great shame to lose so long employed paines;  
 And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,  
 With which he dares our offers thus despize.  
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,  
 And more my gracious mercy by this wize,  
 I will awhile with his first folly beare,  
 Till thou haue tride again, & tempted him more neare.

49  
 Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;  
 Leue now; hit vnpromist, that may him perswade;  
 Life, freedome, grace; and gifts of great auale,  
 With which the gods themselues are milder made:  
 Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,  
 The art of mighty words, that men can charme;  
 With which in case thou canst him not inuade,  
 Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauy arme: (charme.  
 Who wil not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with  
 Some

50  
Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;  
For, I haue find to be too proudly fed.  
Giue him more labour, and with straighter lawe,  
That he with worke may be forewearing.  
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,  
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;  
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,  
Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;  
And let, what-euer he desires, be him denide.

51  
When thou hast all this done, then bring me newes  
Of his demeaure: thenceforth not like a Louer,  
But like a Rebelle stout I will him vse.  
For, I resolute this siege not to giue ouer,  
Till I the conquest of my will recouer.  
So the departed, full of griefe and sadaine,  
VVhich inly did to great impatience moue her.  
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe  
Vnto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

52  
There all her subtil nets she did vnfold,  
And all the engines of her wit display;  
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,  
And of his innocencie to make her pray.  
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,  
That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,  
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:  
But most the Knight, whom she with guilefull call  
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

53  
As a bad Nurse, which faying to receiue  
In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,  
With-holds it to her selfe, and doth deceiue  
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld:  
Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguill'd,  
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,  
To feeding of her priuate hre, which boyld  
Her inward breast, and in her entrayles fryde  
The more that she it sought to couer and to hide.

54  
For, comming to this knight, she purpose fained,  
How earnest suit the earst for him had made  
Vnto her Queene, his freedom to haue gayned;  
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:  
But that in stead thereof, she sternly bade  
His misery to be augmented more,  
And many iron bands on him to lade.  
All which nath'lesse she for his loue forbore:  
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

55  
And more then that, she promist that she would,  
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,  
Deuize how to enlarge him out of holde.  
The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,  
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;  
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)  
To feed the humour of her malady,  
Promist, if shee would free him from that case,  
He wold by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

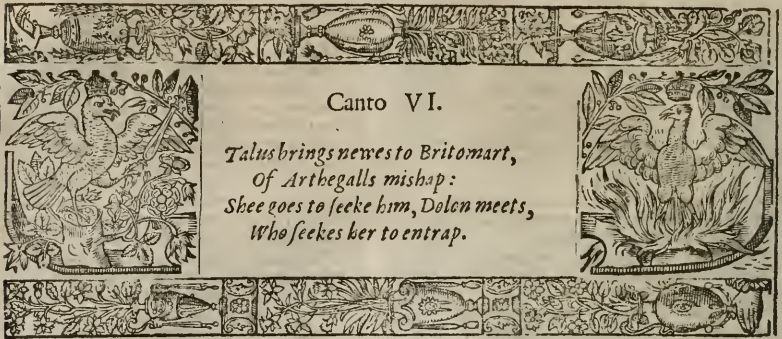
56  
So daily he faire semblant did her shew,  
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,  
To his owne absent Loue to be vntrew:  
Ne euer did deceitfull *Clarinda* finde  
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbinde;  
But rather how she mote him faster tye.  
Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkinde  
She daily told, her loue he did dese;  
And him she told, her Dame his freedom did deny.

57  
Yet thus much friendship she to him did shoue,  
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,  
And his worke lessened, that his loue mote growe:  
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,  
That she with him mote be the more offended.  
Thus he long while in thraldome there remained,  
Of both beloued well, but little friended;  
Vntill his owne true Loue his freedom gayned.  
Which in another Canto will be best contained.

Canto







## Canto VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,  
Of Arbegalls mishap:  
Shee goes to seeke him, Dolon meets,  
Who seekes her to entrap.*

**S**ome men, I wote, will deeme in *Arbegall*  
Great weakenes, and report of him much ill,  
For yielding to himselfe a wretched thrall,  
To th'insolent commaund of womens will;  
That all his former praise dooth fowly spill.  
But he the man, that lay 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 humilise so well behaue,  
That notwithstanding all the sut till hair,  
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,  
To his owne Loue his loyalty he saued:  
Whole character in th'Adamantine mould  
Of his true heart so firmly was engraued,  
That no new loues impression euer could  
Breake it thence: such blot his honour blisfull should.

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,  
Scarce so conceued in her ielous thought,  
What time sad tydings of his balefull mart  
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;  
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was fought.  
For, after that the vntost date, asynde  
For his returne, she waited had for nought,  
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull minde  
A thousand feares, that loue-sick fancies faine to finde.

Sometimes she feared, least some hard mishap  
Had him misline in his aduentrous quest;  
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap  
In traytrous treync, or had vnwares opprest:  
But most she did her troubled mind molest,  
And secretly still with ielous feare,  
Least some new loue had him for her posselt;  
Yet both the was, since she no ill did heare,  
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

One while shee blam'd her selfe; another while  
She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:  
And then, her griefe with error to beguile,  
She fiv'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 rold but monthes, to make them seem more fewe;  
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,  
Each hour did seem a moneth, & euery moneth a yeere.

But when as yet she saw him not returne,  
Shee thought to send some one to seek him out;  
But none she found so fit to serue the turne  
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt.  
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout  
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant knight;  
And then againe resolud to hunt him out  
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:  
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did spight.

One day, when as she long had fought for ease  
In euery place, and euery place thought best,  
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,  
She to a window came, that opened West,  
Towards which coast her Loue his way addrest.  
There looking forth, she in her hart did find  
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;  
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,  
To beare vnto her Loue the message of her mind.

There as shee looked long, at last she spide  
One coming towards her with halty speede:  
Well weend she then, ere him the plane descride,  
That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.  
Who when he nigh approacht, the mote arede  
That it was *Talus*, *Arbegall* his gloome;  
Whereat her heart was fid with hope and drede;  
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.

9  
Euen in the dore him meeting, she began;  
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?  
Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?  
The yron man, albe he wanted sense;  
And sorrowes feeling, yet with confidence  
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,  
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,  
As if that by his silence he would make  
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

10  
Till she againe thus said; *Talus* be bold,  
And tell what euer it be, good or bad,  
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.  
To whom he thus at length; The tydings sad,  
That I would hide, will needs, I see be rad.  
My Lord ( your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie  
In wretched bondage, woefully bestad.  
Ay me, quoth she, what wixted destiny?  
And is he vanquish't by his tyrant enemy?

11  
Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;  
But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,  
That him captined both in haplesse woe.  
Cease thou bad newes-man: badly doest thou hide  
Thy Masters shame, in harlots bondage tide.  
The rest my selfe too readily can tell.  
With that, in rage she turn'd from him aside  
(Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell)  
And to her chamber went like solitary Cell.

12  
There she began to make her monefull plaint  
Against her Knight, for being fo vntrew;  
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,  
That all his other honour ouerbrew.  
Of't did she blame her selfe, and often rewe,  
For yeelding to a strangers loue fo light,  
Whose life and manners strange the neuer knew;  
And euermore she did him sharpeley twight  
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

13  
And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,  
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;  
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:  
And then againe she did her selfe torment,  
Instructing 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 loud alew,  
As women wont, but with deep sighes, and singulres few.

14  
Like as a wayward childe, whose fonder sleepe  
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,  
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe;  
Ne can be still for all his nurses might.  
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight:  
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misuing;  
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light;  
Then crauing sucke, and then the sucke refusing:  
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accusing.

15  
But when she had with such vnquiet fits  
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,  
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,  
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,  
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;  
And gan enquire of him, with milder mood,  
The certaine cause of *Artegals* detain:  
And what he did, and in what state he stood,  
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16  
Ah weal-away! said then the iron man,  
That he is not the while in state to woo;  
But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wan,  
Not by strong hand compelled therunto,  
But his owne doome; that none can now vadoo.  
Sayd I not then, quoth she, ere-while aight,  
That this is things compact betwixt you two,  
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,  
Since that he was not forc't, nor ouercome in fight?

17  
With that, he gan at large to her dilate  
The whole discourse of his captiuanee sad;  
In fort as ye haue heard the same of late.  
All which, when she with hard endurance had  
Heard to the end, she was right fore bestad,  
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grieue at once;  
Ne would abide, till she had answer don;  
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;  
And mounting to her steed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18  
So forth she rode vpon her ready way,  
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide;  
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,  
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,  
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide  
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent  
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,  
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,  
And fo great honour with so fowle reproach had blent.

19  
So as she thus melancholicke did ride,  
Chawing the cud of grieue and inward paine,  
She chaunc't to meet, toward the euen-tide  
A Knight, that softly past 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 constrain,  
As well by view of that his vestiment,  
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

20  
He, comming neere, gan gently her salute  
With curieous words, in the most comely wise;  
Who though deituous rather to rest mute,  
Then tearme to entertaine of common guise,  
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,  
She would her selfe displease, fo him requite.  
Then gan the other further to deuize  
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,  
And many things demand, to which she answer'd light.

- 21  
For little lust had she to talke of ought,  
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;  
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,  
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee  
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,  
He list no lenger to vie loathfull speech,  
But het besought to take it well in gree,  
Sith shady damp had dimd the heauens reach,  
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause impeach.
- 22  
The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,  
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:  
And with him went without game-laying more.  
Not farre away, but little wide by West,  
His dwelling was, to which he him adress;  
Where soone arising they receiued were  
In seemely wise, as them befemed best:  
For he their Host them goodly well did cheere,  
And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.
- 23  
Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,  
Then *Britomars* vnto a bowe was brought;  
Where groomes awayted her to haue vntrest,  
But she would vndressed be for ought,  
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.  
For she had vow'd, she said, not to forgoe.  
Those walke weeds, till she the reueege had wrought  
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;  
Which she would lure performe, betide her weale or woe.
- 24  
Which when her Host perceiu'd, right discontent  
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art  
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:  
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.  
There all that night remained *Britomars*,  
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,  
Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start  
Into her eye, which th' hart mote haue relictied;  
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she straight reprinted.
- 25  
Ye guilty eyes, said she, the which with guile  
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray  
My life now to, for which a little while  
Ye will not watch? false watches, weal-away,  
I wote when ye did watch both night and day  
Vnto your losse: and now needs will ye sleep?  
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,  
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe,  
To think of your nightes want that shold ye waking keep.
- 26  
Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night:  
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;  
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpight,  
As stundry change her seemed best to ease.  
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to seaze  
His eye lids sad, but watcht continually,  
Lying without her dore in great dis ease;  
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully  
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.
- 27  
What time the natie Bel-man of the night,  
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,  
First rings his siluer bell e' each sleepey wight,  
That should their minds vp to deuotion call,  
She heard a wondrous noyse 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 losse was raifd againe, that no man could it spie.
- 28  
With sight whereof she was difmaid right sore,  
Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:  
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,  
But kept her place with courage confident,  
Wayting what would ensee of that euent.  
It was not long, before she heard the sound  
Of armed men, comming with close intent  
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull sound  
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.
- 29  
With that, there came vnto her chamber dore  
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;  
And after them full many other more,  
A rascall rout, with weapons rudely dight,  
Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glimpse of night,  
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,  
And in his hand his thesfer ready keight,  
They, seeing that, let driue at him straight way,  
And round about him preace in riotous array.
- 30  
But soone as he began to lay about  
With his rude iron stail, they gan to flie,  
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:  
Yet *Talus* after them apce did plie,  
Where-euer in the darke he could them spy;  
That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.  
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,  
He to her told the story of that fray,  
And all that treason there intended did bewray.
- 31  
Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning  
To be auenged for so fowle a deede,  
Yet being fore't t' abide the daies returning,  
She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,  
Least any more such practice should proceed.  
Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomars*  
Vnknown was) whence all this did proceed:  
And for what cause so great mischicuous smart  
Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.
- 32  
The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight,  
A man of subtrill wit and wicked minde,  
That whilome in his youth had been a Knight,  
And armes had borre, but little good could finde,  
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde  
Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,  
But with the shames and wiles did vnderminde  
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,  
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.



33  
 He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,  
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,  
 Of all that on this earthly compass wonnes:  
 The eldest of the which was slaine ere while  
 By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;  
 His name was *Gwitzor*: whose vntimely fate  
 For to reuenge, full many treasons vile  
 His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late  
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cancred hate.

34  
 For sure he wend, that this his present guest  
 Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens plaine;  
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,  
 Which still was wont with *Arthegall* remaine;  
 And therefore meant him surely to haue slaine.  
 But by Gods grace, and her good heed inesse,  
 She was preferred from that traytrous traine.  
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,  
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

35  
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre  
 Discouered had the light to liuing eye,  
 She forth issew'd out of her loathed bowre,  
 With full intent t' auenge that villany,  
 On that vile man, and all his family.  
 And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,  
 Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:  
 Each rowme she fought, but them all empty fond:  
 They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

36  
 She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,  
 But tooke her steed; and thereon mounting light,  
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.  
 She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,  
 But that she sawe, there present in her sight,  
 Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,  
 On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight,  
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,  
 That if two met, the one mote needs fall ouer the lidge.

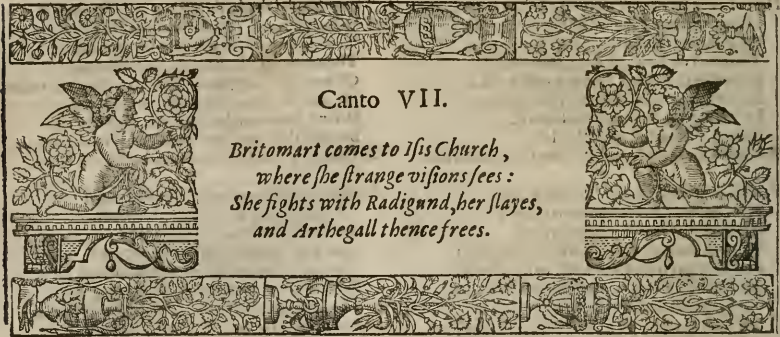
37  
 There they did thinke themselues on her to wreake:  
 Who as she sigh vnto them drewe, the one  
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;  
 Thou recreant false traytour, that with lone  
 Of arms hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none;  
 No more shall now the darknesse of the night  
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;  
 But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spright  
 Of *Gwitzor*, by thee slaine, and murdered by thy flight.

38  
 Strange were the wordes in *Brisomartis* care;  
 Yet staid she not for them, but forward fared,  
 Till to the perillous bridge she came: and there  
*Talus* desir'd, that he might haue prepared  
 The way to her, and those two losels feared.  
 But she therat was wroth, that for despight  
 The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,  
 And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,  
 Like coales, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

39  
 She stayd not to aduize which way to take;  
 But putting spures vnto her fiery beast,  
 Thorough the midst of them the 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 receast:  
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast  
 Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

40  
 As when the flashing Leuin haps to light  
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,  
 That way betwixt them none appears in sight;  
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare  
 Th' one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;  
 The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,  
 Vpon one side, and from the roots doth reare:  
 So did the Championesse those two there strowe,  
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestowe.





**O**ught is on earth more sacred or diuine,  
That gods and men doe equally adore,  
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:  
For th'heauens the felues, whence mortal me im-  
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore (plore  
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale  
To his inferior gods, and euenmore  
Therewith contains his heavenly Common-weale:  
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reuale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,  
That Iustice was a god of soueraigne grace,  
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,  
And heavenly honors in the highest place;  
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race  
Of th' old *Aegyptian* Kings, that whilome were;  
With fained 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 power and souerainty,  
And in her perion cunningly did shade  
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,  
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 Prieests, which duly did attend  
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifices,  
All clad in lienen robes with siluer hemd;  
And on their heads with long lockes comely kēd.  
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 beholde,  
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispersed  
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,  
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,  
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;  
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,  
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,  
The which was framed all of siluer fine,  
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,  
And clothed all in garments made of line,  
Hem'd all about with fringe of siluer twine.  
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,  
To shewe that she had powre in things diuine;  
And at her feet 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 goddesse; whom when *Britomart*  
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land  
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart  
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,  
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,  
By outward shew her inward sense defining.  
Who, well perceiving, how her wand the shooke,  
It as a token of good fortune tooke,  
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-cast,  
And ioyous hight the house of *Ioue* for looke:  
Which when she sawe, her helmet she vnlaçt,  
And by the Altars side her selfe to stumber plac't.

9  
For, other beds the Priests there vsed none,  
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,  
And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,  
T' enure themselues to sufferance thereby;  
And proud rebellious flesh to mortifie.  
For, by the vow of their religion,  
They tied were to stedfast chastitie,  
And continence of life; that, all forgon,  
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10  
Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,  
Ne feed on ought the which doth blood containe;  
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;  
Euen the blood of Giants, which were slaine  
By thundering Ioue in the Phl: grean Plaine.  
For which the earth (as they the story tell)  
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine  
Had damo'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,  
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

11  
And of their vitall blood, the which was shed  
Into her pregnant bofome, forth she brought  
The fruitfull Vine: whose liquor bloody red,  
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,  
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,  
To make new warre against the Gods againe:  
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that dought  
The fell contagion may there of restraine;  
Ne, within reasons rule, her malding mood containe.

12  
There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,  
Vnder the wings of *Isis* all that night;  
And with sweetrest her heavy eyes did close,  
After that long dayes toyle and weary plight.  
Where, whilst her earthly parts with soft delight  
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,  
There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright  
A wondrous vision, which did close imply  
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

13  
Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice  
To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her head,  
And linnen stole, after those Priestes guise,  
All suddainly she saw transfigured  
Her linnen stole to be of Scarlet red,  
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;  
That euen she her selfe much wondered  
At such a change, and ioyed to behold  
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14  
And in the midst of her felicity,  
An hideous tempest seemed from belowe,  
To rise through all the Temple suddainly,  
That from the Altar all about did blowe  
The holy fire, and all the embers browe  
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,  
Into outrageous flames vnto did growe,  
That all the Temple put in icopa'dy  
Of flaming, and her telle in great perplexity.

15  
With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay  
Vnder the Idols feet in fearlesse bowre,  
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,  
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;  
And gaping greedy wide, did straight deuoure  
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,  
And swolne with pride of his own peerelesse powre,  
He gan to threaten her likewise to eate;  
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

16  
Tho, turning all his pride to humbleesse mecke,  
Himselfe before her feet he lowely threw,  
And gaue for grace and loue of her to seeke:  
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,  
That of his game (hee soone enwombd grew,  
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,  
That shortly did all other beasts subdew,  
With that, she waked, full of fearful sight,  
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vocouth sight.

17  
So, there vpon long while she musing lay,  
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,  
Vntill she spide the lampe of light some day,  
Vp-lifted in the porche of heauen hie.  
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,  
And forth into the lower parts did pass;  
Where-as the Priests she found full busily  
About their holy things for morrow Ma's:  
Whom the saluting faire, faire reclused was.

18  
But by the change of her vncharefull looke,  
They might perceiue she was not well in plight;  
Or that some pensiuensse to hart she tooke.  
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight  
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight)  
To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,  
That thorough euill rest of this last night,  
Or ill apaid, or much dismayd ye bee,  
That by your change of chaire is cause for to see.

19  
Certes, said she, sith ye so well haue spide  
The troublous passion of my pensiuensse minde,  
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,  
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find  
Your ayde, to guide me out of error blind.  
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:  
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,  
I am adiu'd, best counsell to impart  
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20  
Then gan she to declare the whole discourse  
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,  
As well as to her minde it had recourse.  
All which when he vnto the end had recourse,  
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,  
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;  
And with long locks vp-standing, stilly stared,  
Like one adawed with soine dreadfull spright:  
So, fld with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.



21

Magnifick Virgin, that in quaint disguise  
 Of British armes loofte maske thy royall blood,  
 So to pursue a perillous emprise,  
 How could'st thou wene, through that disguised hood,  
 To hide thy state from being vnderstood?  
 Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?  
 They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;  
 They doe thy Sire, lamenting sore for thee;  
 They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom see.

22

The end whercof, and all the long euent,  
 They doe to thee in this same dreame discover.  
 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 *Ist* feet doth sleepe for euer:  
 To shew that clemence oft, in things amiss,  
 Restrains those sterne behests, and cruell doomes of his.

23

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes assuage,  
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,  
 To hinder thee from the iust heritage  
 Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.  
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loued seie,  
 And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:  
 And after wards, a sonne to him shalt beare,  
 That Lion-like shall shew his powre extream.  
 So bleste thee God, and gree the ioyance of thy dreame.

24

All which when she vnto the end had heard,  
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,  
 And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:  
 And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,  
 She for a present to their goddesse brought,  
 Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,  
 To seeke her Loue, where he was to be sought;  
 Ne rested till she came without relent  
 Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

25

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,  
 Not with amaze, as womeo wonted bee,  
 She was confused in her troublous thought:  
 But filld with courage and with ioyous glee,  
 As glad to heare of armes, the which now she  
 Had long surceast, she bade to open bold,  
 That she the face of her new foe might see.  
 But when they of that iron man had told, (hold,  
 Which late her folke had slaine, shee bade them forth to

26

So, there without the gate (as seemed best)  
 She caus'd 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 morow next, so soone as dawning light  
 Bade do away the dampe of diuorzic sleepe,  
 The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27

And caus'd straight a Trumpet loud to shrill,  
 To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:  
 Who, long before awoke (for she full ill  
 Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet breast  
 Did closely harbour such a ielous guest)  
 Was to the battell whylome 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.

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone  
 Began the straight conditions to propound,  
 With which she vsed full to tye her sone;  
 To serue her so, as the rest had bound.  
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd  
 For high diddaine of such indignity,  
 And would no longer treat, but bade them sound,  
 For, her no other tearmes should euer tie  
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

29

The Trumpets sound, and they together run  
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote;  
 Ne cyther sought the other strokes to shun,  
 But through great furie both their skill forgot,  
 And practicke vsd in armes; ne spared not  
 Their dainty parts, which Nature had created  
 So faire and tender, without flaine or spot,  
 For other vses then they them transfused.  
 Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vsd they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lionesse  
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,  
 Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:  
 But first the Tygre claws thereon did lay;  
 And therefore loth to loofe her right away,  
 Doth in defence thereof stoutly stand:  
 To which the Lion strongly doth gain-say,  
 That she to hurt the beast first tooke in hand;  
 And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it food.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazone about,  
 And dealt her blowes vnmercifully sore:  
 Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,  
 And them repaid againe with double more.  
 So long they fought, that all the grassie flore  
 Was filld with bloud, which from their sides did flowe,  
 And guided through their armes, that all in gore  
 They trode, and on the ground their liues did strowe,  
 Like fruitles seed, of which vn timely death should growe.

32

At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,  
 Having by chance epyde aduantage neare,  
 Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,  
 And thus vbrayingd, said; This token beare  
 Vnto the man whom thou doost loue so deare;  
 And tell him for his sake thy life thou gauest.  
 Which sightfull words, shee fore enieue'd to heare,  
 Thus answer'd; Lowly thou my Loue deprauest,  
 Who shortly must repeat that now so vainly brauest.

Nath'lesse,

33  
Nath'lesse, that stroke so cruell passage found,  
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit  
Vnto the bone, and made a grisly wound,  
That she her shield through raging smart of it  
Could scarce vphold; yet soone she it requit,  
For, hauing force increast through furious paine,  
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,  
That it emperced to the very braine,  
And her proud person lowe prostrated on the Plaine.

34  
Where being layd, the wrathfull Brittonesse  
Stayd not till she came to her loue againe,  
But in reuenge both of her Losses distresse,  
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,  
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,  
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.  
Which dreadfull fight, when all her war-like traine  
There present saw, each one (of sense bereft)  
Fle'd fast into the towne, and her sole Victor left.

35  
But yet, so fast they could not home retire,  
But that swift *Talus* did the foremost win;  
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,  
Pelmell with them atonce did enter in.  
There then a pitious laughter did begin:  
For, all that euer came within his reach,  
He with his iron staile did thresh so thin,  
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:  
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

36  
And now by this, the noble Couquereffe  
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;  
Where though reuengfull vow she did profess,  
Yet when she saw the heaps which he did make  
Of slaughter'd carcasses, her hart did quake  
For very ruth, which did it almost riuie,  
That she his fury willed him to slake:  
For, else he sure had left not one alive,  
But all in his renenge of spirit would deprive.

37  
Tho, when she had his execution stayd,  
She for that iron prison did enquire,  
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:  
Which breaking open with indignant ire,  
She entered in to all the parts entire.  
Where when she saw that lothly vnconth fight,  
Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,  
Her hart gan gudge, for very deepe despight  
Of so womanly maske, in misery midlight.

38  
At last, when-as to her owne Loue she came,  
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,  
At sight thereof abast with leetle shame,  
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,  
To haue beheld a spectacle so sad:  
And then too well belieu'd, that which to-fore  
Jealous suspect as true vntruely drad.  
Which vaine conceit now flourishing no more,  
She fought with ruth to saue his sad misfortunes fore.

39  
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 pitious wretchednesse,  
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,  
That she knew not his fauours likelnesse.  
For many scarres, and many hoary haire:  
But stood long staring on him, mooght vncertaine feare.

40  
Ah! my deare Lord, what fight is this, quoth she,  
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?  
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be  
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew  
In blood of Kings, and great hoasts to subdew?  
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue  
As to haue robd you of that manly heu? (wrought,  
Could so great courage stooped haue to ought?)  
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

41  
Thence, forth she straight into a bowre him brought,  
And caus'd him those vncomely weedes vnlight;  
And in their steede for other rayment sought,  
Where of there was great store, and armours bright,  
Which had beene rest from many a noble Knight;  
Whom that proud Amazon subdew had,  
Whil'st Fortune fauour'd her successe in fight:  
In which when-as she him anew had clad,  
She was reuiu'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

42  
So, there awhile they afterwards remained,  
Him to restreth, and her late wounds to heale:  
During which space she there as Prince's reigned,  
And changing all that forme of common weale,  
The liberty of women did repeale,  
Which they had long vsurp'd; and them restoring  
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:  
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,  
Her wisdomme did admire, and harkned to her loring.

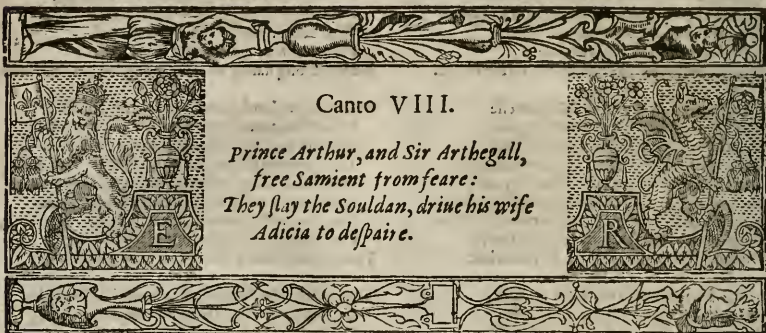
43  
For, all those Knights, which long in captiue shade  
Had shrowded been, she did from thraldome free;  
And Magistrates of all that Citie made,  
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:  
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,  
Made them sweare fealty to *Arihagall*.  
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,  
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,  
Vpon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

44  
Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*  
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;  
Yet wisely moderat'd her owne smart,  
Seeing his honour, which she tendred chiefe,  
Contisted much in that aduentures chiefe.  
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 heuinesse.

There

45.  
There she continu'd for a certaire space,  
Till through his want her woe did more increase:  
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place  
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what cease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appeale,  
Meane-while, her noble Lord Sir *Arthegall*  
Went on his way, ne euer howe did cease,  
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:  
That for another Canto will more fully fall.



**N**ought vnder beaue so strongly doth allure  
The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,  
As beauties louely bait, that doth procure  
Great wariours oft their rigor to repress,  
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;  
Drawn with the powre of an hart-robbing  
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, (eye,  
That can with melting pleasure mollifie  
Their hardned harts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

2  
So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,  
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,  
To lay his spoyle before his Lemans traine:  
So also did that great Oetean Knight  
For his Loues sake his Lions skin vndight:  
And so did war-like *Antony* neglect  
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* sight,  
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect,  
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

3  
Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retaine,  
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,  
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;  
But left his Loue (albe her strong request)  
Faire *Britomart*, in languor and vnrest,  
And rode himselte 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 gonement.

4  
So traoulling, he chann't fare 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 chaact,

In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:  
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre ont-went,  
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agast,  
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;  
And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

5  
Soone after these, he saw another Knight,  
That after those two former rode apace,  
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:  
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,  
They being chased, that did others chase.  
At length, he saw the hindmost ouertake  
One of twofe two, and force him turne his face;  
How cuer loth be were his way to flake,  
Yet more he algates now abide, and answer make.

6  
But th' other still pursewd the fearefull Maid;  
Who still from him as fast away did flie,  
Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,  
Till that at length she did before her spie  
Sir *Arthegall*, to whom she straight did hie  
With gladfull haste, in hope of him to get  
Succour against her greedy enemy:  
Who, seeing her approche, gan forward set  
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

7  
But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,  
Being impatient of impediment,  
Continu'd still his courie, and by the way  
Thought with his speare him quite haue ouer-went,  
So, both together ylike felly bent,  
Like fiercely met, but *Arthegall* was stronger,  
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,  
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer (wronger,  
Then two speares length; so mischief ouermatcht the  
And



8

And in his fall, misfortunate him mistooke;  
 For, on his head vnhappy he pight,  
 That his owne weight, his necke asunder broke,  
 And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight  
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,  
 And all his bowels in his body braist:  
 Whom leauing there in that despitious plight,  
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast  
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9

In stead of whom, finding there ready prest  
 Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion  
 He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:  
 Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,  
 Against him made againe. So both anon  
 Together met, and strongly cyther strooke  
 And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon  
 His hors backe, yet to & fro long shooke, (quooke,  
 And tottered like two towres, which through a tempest

10

But when againe they had recovered sense,  
 They drew their swords, in mind to make amends  
 For what their speares had faild of their pretence,  
 Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends  
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends  
 For her beginning a more fearful fray;  
 She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,  
 Crying to them their cruel hands to stay,  
 Vnwill they both do heare, what she to them will say.

11

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;  
 Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise  
 Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?  
 I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise  
 Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:  
 Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see  
 There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise  
 Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,  
 Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,  
 To wee if it were true as she had told;  
 Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,  
 Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,  
 And Ventails reare, each other to behold.  
 Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,  
 So saute a creature, and so wondrous bold,  
 He much admired both his hat and hew,  
 And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13

Saying, sir Knights, of pardon I you pray,  
 That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus fore:  
 Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:  
 Which if ye please forgue, I will therefore  
 Yield for amends my selfe yours cure more,  
 Or what so penance shall by you be red.  
 To whom the Prince; Certes, we needeth more  
 To craue the same, whom error fo missed,  
 As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

14

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,  
 Amends may for the trespass soone be made,  
 Sith neither is euadamgd much thereby.  
 So can they both themselves full eath perswade  
 To faire accordance, and both faultles to shade,  
 Eyther embracing other louingly,  
 And swearing faith to eyther on his blade,  
 Neuer thence forth to nourish enmity,  
 But eyther others cause to maintaine mutually.

15

Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,  
 What were those Knights which there on ground were  
 And had receiud their follies worthy hire, (layd;  
 And for what cause they chafed so that Maid,  
 Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;  
 But by aduerture found them faring so,  
 As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:  
 And lo, the Damzell selfe, whence all did growe,  
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

16

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,  
 And asked her, what were those two her fone,  
 From whom she earst so fast away did flie;  
 And what was she her selfe so woe begone,  
 And for what cause pursu'd of them atone.  
 To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I  
 Do serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,  
 A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,  
 Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nie;

17

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;  
 That is a mayden Queene of high renouwe,  
 For her great bounty knowne ouer all,  
 And soueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne  
 She doth support, and strongly beateth downe:  
 The malice of her foes, which her enuy,  
 And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:  
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,  
 And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

18

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,  
 There is a mighty man, which wouoes hereby,  
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate,  
 Seeks to subvert her Crowne and dignity:  
 And all his powre doth there vnto apply:  
 And her good Knights (of which so braue a band  
 Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky)  
 He cyther spoyles, if they against him stand,  
 Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill  
 Which he vnto her people does each day,  
 But that he seekes by trayturous traines to spill  
 Her person, and her sacred selfe to stay:  
 That O ye heauens de'end, and turne away  
 From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,  
 That neyther hath religion nor fay,  
 But makes his God of his vngodly selfe,  
 And Idols seruus; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

20

To all which cruell tyrannic, they say,  
 He is prouok't, and stir'd vp day and night  
 By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,  
 Who counsels him (through confidence of might)  
 To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.  
 For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe  
 To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,  
 Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,  
 And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,  
 With that his wife in friendly wile to deale,  
 For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest  
 Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,  
 And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.  
 So me in message vnto her she sent,  
 To treat with her by way of euerdeale,  
 Of finall peace and faire attonement,  
 Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22

All times haue wont safe passage to afford  
 To messengers, that come for causes iust:  
 But this proud Dame, disdainyng all accord,  
 Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,  
 Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust;  
 But lastly, to make prooue of vtmost shame,  
 Me like a dogge she out of doores did thrust,  
 Miscalling me by many a bitter name,  
 That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,  
 When I was gone, soone after me she sent  
 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see;  
 To be by them dishonoured and spent:  
 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, and heaped thanks repaid.

24

But they, now hauing throughly heard and scene  
 All those great wrongs, the which that maid cōplained  
 To haue beene done against her Lady Queene,  
 By that proud Dame, which her so much disdain'd,  
 Were moued much therat, and twixt them fained,  
 With all their force to worke auengement strong  
 Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintain'd;  
 And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,  
 And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25

But, thinking best by couonterfet disguise  
 To their deiseigne to make the easier way,  
 They did this complot twixt themselues deuise;  
 First, that sir *Arthegall* should him array,  
 Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.  
 And then that Damzell, the said *Samient*,  
 Should as his purchast prize with him conuay  
 Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present  
 Vnto his scornfull Lady, that for her had sent.

26

So, as they had deuiz'd, sir *Arthegall*  
 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)  
 Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight;  
 Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;  
 And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,  
 Offer'd his seruice to disarme the Knight;  
 But he, refusing him to let vnlace,  
 For doubt to be discovered by his sight,  
 Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.  
 Soone after whom, the Prince arriv'd there;  
 And tending to the Souldan in despight  
 A bold defiance, did of him require  
 That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

28

Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,  
 Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,  
 Commanded straight his armour to be brought;  
 And mounting straight vpon a Charr't he,  
 With iron wheel'es and books arm'd dreadfully,  
 And drawoe of cruell steeds, which he had fed  
 With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannic  
 He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe dead,  
 Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spend;

29

So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,  
 Burnisht with bloody rust; whiles on the Greene  
 The Briton Prince him ready did await,  
 In glistring 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 faile to finall execution bend.

30

Thus goe they both together to their gear,  
 With like fierce minds, but meanings different:  
 For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,  
 And countenance sublime and insolent,  
 Sought onely laughter 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 than in might.

31

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say  
 Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,  
 Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,  
 And torne in peeces by *Aleides* great,  
 So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,  
 Eyther the Prince in peeces to haue torne  
 With his sharpe wheel'es, in his first rage heat,  
 Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne  
 And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdain'd

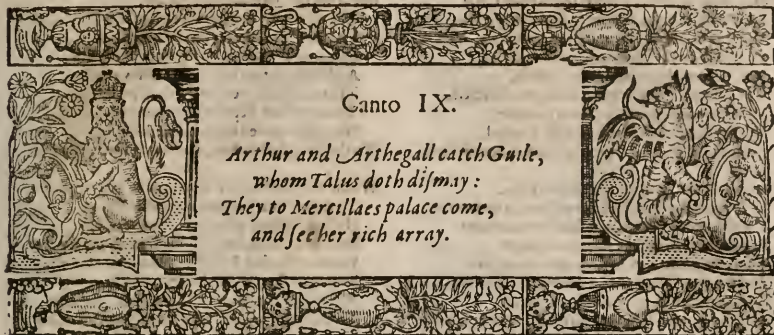
- But the bold child that perill well espying,  
 If he too rashly to his Charet drew,  
 Gaue way vnto his hories speedy flying,  
 And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.  
 Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw  
 A shining dart with so impetuous force,  
 That had he not it shund with heedfull view,  
 It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,  
 Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.
- Off drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,  
 In hope some stroke to fasten on him beare;  
 But he was mounted in his seat to high,  
 And his wing-footed coursers him did beare  
 So fast away, that ere his ready speare  
 He could aduance, he farre was gone and past.  
 Yet still he him did follow euery where,  
 And followed was of him likewise full fast;  
 So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.
- Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,  
 Of which he had with him abundant store,  
 On euery side of his embatteld cart,  
 And of all other weapons lesse or more,  
 Which warlike vics had deuiz'd of yore.  
 The wicked thur guided through th' ayre wide,  
 By some bad spirit, that it mischiefe bore,  
 Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,  
 And made a grieuifull wound in his enriuen side.
- Much was he grieued with that haplesse throe,  
 That opened had the well-spring of his blood;  
 But much the more that to his hatefull foe  
 He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.  
 That made him raue, like to a Lion wood,  
 Which beeing wounded of the huntmans hand  
 Can not come neere him in the couert wood,  
 Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,  
 And fence himselfe about with many a flaming brand.
- Still when he sought t' approach vnto him nie,  
 His Charet wheelles about him whirled round,  
 And made him backe againe as fast to fie;  
 And eke his steedes, like to an hungry bound,  
 That hooting after game hath carrion found,  
 So cruelly did him pursue and chace,  
 That his good steed, all were he much reuoued  
 For noble courage, and for hardy race,  
 Durst not endure their fight, but fled from place to place.
- Thus, long they trac't, and trauesel'd to and fro,  
 Seeking by euery way to make some breach:  
 Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,  
 That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,  
 Whereby his strengthes asly he might him teach.  
 At last, from his victorious shield he drew  
 The veile, which did his powerfull light empeach;  
 And comming full before his hories view,  
 As they vpon him prest, it plaue to them did shew.
- Like lightning flash, that hath the gazer burned,  
 So did the light thereof their sense dismay,  
 That backe againe vpon themselves they turned,  
 And with their rider ran perforce away:  
 Ne could the Souldane the custome flying stay,  
 With raiues, or wonted iukes, as well, he knew.  
 Nought feared they, what he could doe or say,  
 But th' onely feare that was before their view;  
 From which, like mazed Deere, dismayfully they flew.
- Fast did they flie, as them their feet could beare,  
 High ouer hills, and lowly ouer dales,  
 As they were follow'd of their former feare.  
 In vaine the Pagan banes, and sweares, and raiues,  
 And back with both his hands vnto him hailes  
 Th' ery raiues, regarded now no more;  
 He to them calles and spakes, yet nought auails;  
 They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,  
 But go which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.
- As when the fiery-mouthed steeds, which drew  
 The Sunnes bright waue to Phaëtons decay,  
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,  
 With vgly cracles crawling in their way,  
 The dreadfull sight did them so fore affray,  
 That their well known courtes they forwent;  
 And leading th' euer-burning lampe affray,  
 This lower world nigh all to ashes bent,  
 And left their scorched path yet in the fumament.
- Such was the fury of these head-strong steeds,  
 Soone as the Infants sun-like shield they saw,  
 That all obedience both to words and deeds  
 They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law;  
 Through woods and rocks, and mountaines they did  
 The iron Charet, and the wheelles did teare,  
 And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;  
 From side to side they tost him here and there,  
 Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.
- Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,  
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found  
 No easie means according to his mind.  
 At last, they haue all ouer-throwne to ground  
 Quite topside turuey, and the Pagan bound  
 Amongst the iron hookes and grapples keene,  
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;  
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,  
 But scattered all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.
- Like as the cursed sonne of Theseus,  
 That following his chace in dewy morne,  
 To sie his stepdames loue outrageous,  
 Of his owne steedes was all to pieces torne,  
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;  
 That for his sake Diana did lament,  
 And all the Wooddy Nymphs did waile and mourne:  
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,  
 That of his shape appear'd no liule monument,



- Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,  
 Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,  
 He vp did take, and with him brought away,  
 That mote remaine for an eternall token  
 To all, amongst whom this story should be spoken,  
 How worthily, by heauens high decree,  
 Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;  
 That all men which that spectacle did see,  
 By like example mote for cuer 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 Lady from the Castles height  
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled spright:  
 Yet not, as women wone in dolefull fit,  
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,  
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,  
 And gan estoones deuse to be aueng'd for it.
- Straight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,  
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,  
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,  
 To wreake her on that mayden messenger,  
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisoner  
 By *Arthegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,  
 That brought her backe, and comming present there,  
 She at her ran with all her force and might,  
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despight.
- Like raging *Iuo*, when with knife in hand  
 She threw her husbands murdred infant out;  
 Or sell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand  
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about;  
 Or as that madding mother, amongst the rout  
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare,  
 Yet neyther *Iuo*, nor *Medea* stout,  
 Nor all the *Maeades* so furious were,  
 As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.
- But *Arthegall*, being thereof aware,  
 Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,  
 And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,  
 Out of her first the wicked weapon caught:  
 With that, like one enfeoln'd or distraught,  
 She forth did ronne, whither her rage her bore,  
 With fraotick passion, and with fury fraught;  
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,  
 Vnto the wilde wood ran, her dolours to deplore.
- As a mad bitch, when as the frantick fit  
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,  
 Doth ronne 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 do say, that she transformed was  
 Into a Tigre, and that Tigris feath  
 In cruelty and outrage she did pass,  
 To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.
- Then *Arthegall*, him selfe discouering plaine,  
 Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout  
 Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine  
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan iour:  
 All which he did assault with couraige stout,  
 All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,  
 And like wilde Goates them chased all about,  
 Flying from place to place with coward shame,  
 So that with small force them all he ouercame.
- Then caused he the gates be opened wide;  
 And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,  
 With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,  
 Presenting him with all the rich array,  
 And royall pompe, which there long hidden lay,  
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong  
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.  
 So, both, for rest there hauing staid not long,  
 Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

Canto





## Canto IX.

Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,  
whom Talus doth dismay:  
They to Mercillaes palace come,  
and see her rich array.

**W**Hat Tigre, or what other salvage wight  
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might)  
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with  
Not fit amongst men, that do with reason mel,  
But amongst wilde beasts and salvage woods to dwell;  
VWhere shall the stronger doth the weake deuoure,  
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,  
Are dradded most, and feared for their powre:  
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,  
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled;  
There let her euer keepe her damned den,  
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,  
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled;  
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late  
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled  
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate  
Had viterly inuerted his vnrighceous state.

Where, having with Sir *Arthegall* a space  
Well solac't in that Souldans late delight,  
They both resolving now to leaue the place,  
Both it and all the wealth therein beight  
Vnto that *Damzell* in her Ladies right,  
And so would haue departed on their way.  
But shee them would by all the meanes his might,  
And earnestly besought, to wend that day  
With her, to see her Lady thence nor farre away.

By whose entreatie both they overcommen,  
Agree to goe with her, and by the way  
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen,  
Amongst which, that *Damzell* did to them bewray  
A strange adventure, which not farre thence lay;  
To wete, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,  
Which wonned in a rock not farre away,  
That robbed all the Countrey there about, (out  
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

Thereto, both his owne wilde wit, she said,  
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,  
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde:  
For he so crafty was to forge and face,  
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,  
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his rale,  
That could deceiue ont looking in his face:  
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,  
Well known by his feates, and famous over all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound:  
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,  
Is wondrous strong, and hewen far vnder ground  
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;  
But some doe try, it goeth downe to hell,  
And all within, it full of windings is,  
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell  
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,  
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amiss.

Which when those knights had heard, their hats gan  
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (scarpe,  
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 pale  
Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,  
I would you guide directly to the place.  
Then let not that, laid they, stay your intent,  
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

So, forth they past, till they approched nie  
Vnto the rock where was the villaine won.  
Which when the *Damzell* neere at hand did spy,  
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who thereupon  
Gan to aduise, what best were to be done,  
So both agreed to fend that myd fore,  
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,  
Wayling, and raising pittifull vprore,  
As if she did some great calamity deplore.



9  
 VVith noyse whereof, when as the caytiue Carle  
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,  
 They in awaite would closely him ensnarle,  
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,  
 And to would hope him easily to foile.  
 The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,  
 Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the soile  
 Hauing her selfe in wretched wife abiected,  
 Gan weepe and waile, as if great grieffe had her affected.

10  
 The cry whereof, entering the hollow Caue,  
 Estfoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,  
 VVith hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.  
 Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went  
 Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,  
 And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders shag-  
 And on his backe an vncouth vestiment (ged,  
 Made of strange stufte, but all to worne and ragged,  
 And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and iugged.

11  
 And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,  
 VVhose top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,  
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,  
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;  
 And euer round about he cast his looke.  
 Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,  
 VVith which he feldome fished at the brooke,  
 But vs'd to fish for foolles on the dry shore,  
 Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

12  
 Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,  
 So vgly creature, she was nigh difmaid;  
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride.  
 But when the villaine saw her so affraid,  
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade  
 To banish feare: and with *Sardonian* smile  
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,  
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile.  
 That frō her selfe vnwares he might her stealc the while.

13  
 Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe,  
 Charms 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 tricks before her shoue,  
 To turne her eyes from his intent away:  
 For, he in sleights and iuggling feates did floue,  
 And of legier, de maine the mysteries did knowe.

14  
 To which, whil'ft the lent her intentiuie mind,  
 He suddenly his net vpon her threw,  
 That ouer-sprad her like a puffe of wind;  
 And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,  
 Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,  
 Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nie  
 He came vnto his Caue, and there did view  
 The armed knights, stopping his passage by,  
 He threw his burden downe, and fast away did flie.

15  
 But *Arthegall*, him after did pursue,  
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:  
 Vp to the rocke he ran, and theron flew  
 Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,  
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;  
 That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight,  
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:  
 Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,  
 To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

16  
 Which when he sawe, his iron man he sent  
 To follow him: for, he was swift in chace.  
 He him pursed where-euer that he went,  
 Both ouer rocks, and hilles, and euery place:  
 Where-so he fled, he followd him apace:  
 So that he shortly forc't him to forsake  
 The height, and downe descend vnto the base.  
 There he him courst afresh, and soone did make  
 To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

17  
 Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;  
 But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:  
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;  
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last  
 Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,  
 Flying from trec to tree, from wand to wand:  
 But he then stons at it so long did cast,  
 That like a stone it fell vpon the land,  
 But he then rooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

18  
 So he it brought with him vnto the Knights,  
 And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,  
 Warning him hold it fast, for feare of slights.  
 Who whil'ft in hand it griping hard he hent,  
 Into a Hedghogge all vnwares it went,  
 And prickt him so, that he away it threw.  
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,  
 Becing returned to his former hew:  
 But *Talus* loone him over-tooke, and backward drew,

19  
 But, when as he would to a snake againe  
 Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his iron flail  
 Gan driue at him, with so huge might and maine,  
 That all his bones, as small as sandy graile  
 He broke, and did his bowels difentraile;  
 Crying in vaine for helpe, when help was past.  
 So did deceit the selfe deceiver faile:  
 There they him left a carrion out-cast,  
 For beasts and fowles to feed vpon for their repast.

20  
 Thence, forth they passed with that gentle Maid,  
 To see her Lady, as they did agree.  
 To which when she approached, thus she said;  
 Lo, now, right noble Knights, arrin'd ye bee  
 Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:  
 There shall ye see my soueraigne Lady *Queene*,  
 Most sacred wight, most debonaire and free,  
 That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,  
 Or that with *Diademe* hath euer crowned beene.



21

The gentle Knight reioyced much to heare  
The praises of that Prince fo manifold;  
And passing little further, commen were,  
VWhere they a stately Palace did behold,  
O' poinpous shoue, much more then she had told;  
VVith many towres, and tarras mounted hie,  
And all their tops bright glistening with gold,  
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed sky,  
And with their brightnes daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22

There they, alighting, by that Damzell were  
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:  
Whose perch, that most magnifick did appeare,  
Stood open wide to all men day and night;  
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,  
That sat thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,  
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,  
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,  
Are wont in Princes Courts to work great feare and hin-

23

His name was *Arce*; by whom they passing in  
VVent vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,  
All full of people making troublous din,  
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,  
VWhich vnto them was dealing righteous doome.  
By whom they passing through the thickest preace,  
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;  
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,  
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors

24

They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;  
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,  
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,  
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.  
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.  
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,  
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,  
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken  
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken,

25

There as they entred at the Sciene, they saw  
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vile  
Nayld to a poste, adjudged so by law:  
For that there-with he falsly did reuile,  
And foule blasphemie that Queene for forged guile,  
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,  
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;  
For, the bold title of a Poet bad  
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26

Thus, there he stood, whilst high over his head,  
There written was the purport of his sin,  
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,  
BON FONNS: but *Bon* that once had written bin,  
Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in,  
So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red;  
Either for th'cuill, which he did therein,  
Or that he likened was to a Well-hed  
Of euill words, and wicked standers by him shed.

27

They, passing by, were guided by degree  
Vnto the presence of that gracious Queene:  
Who sat on high, that she might all men see,  
And might of all men royally be seene,  
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheen  
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,  
A seither might for wealth haue gotten beene,  
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuce;  
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-delice.

28

All over her a cloth of state was spred,  
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,  
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,  
But like a clowd, as likest may be told,  
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;  
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,  
Glistning like gold, amongst the plights entold,  
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,  
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glistning

29

Seemed those little Angels did vphold  
The cloth of State, and on their purple wings  
Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleste bold:  
Besides, a thousand more of such, as sings  
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,  
Encompassed the throne, on which the fate;  
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings  
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,  
Whil'st Kings and Kears at her feet did them prostrate.

30

Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maestic,  
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,  
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,  
VVith which high God had blest her happy land,  
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.  
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,  
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;  
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends fought ayde,  
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

31

And round about, before her feet there sat  
A beavy of faire Virgins clad in white,  
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,  
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight  
*Lite*, by him begot in lous delight,  
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,  
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wait day and night,  
And when in wrath he threatens the worlds decay,  
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32

They also doe by his diuine permission,  
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,  
And often treat for pardon and remission  
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.  
Those did vpon *Mercelles* throne attend:  
Iust *Dice*, wise *Eunomie*, mild *Estrene*;  
And them amongst, her glory to commend,  
Sat goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,  
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heavenly stren.

B b 2

Thus

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,  
 Admir'd of many, honoured of all;  
 Whil'st vnderneath her feet, there as the fate,  
 An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall  
 As hardly courage, like captiued thrall,  
 With a strong iron chaine and collier bound,  
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;  
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,  
 And softly royne, when saluage choler gan redound.

So, sitting high in dradded soueraintie, (brought;  
 Those two strange Knights were to her presence  
 Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,  
 Did to her milde obeytaunce, as they ought,  
 And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.  
 To whom she eke inclinyng her withall,  
 As a faire stoupe of her high loaring thought,  
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,  
 Yet tempered with some maieftie imperiall.

As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame  
 Towards the weastern brim begins to draw,  
 Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beame,  
 And seruour of his flames some-what adaw:  
 So did this mighty Lady, when she saw  
 Those two strange knights such homage to her make,  
 Bite some-what of that Maieftie and awe,  
 That whylome wont to do fo many quake,  
 And with more milde 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-weale,  
 Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,  
 And hearing pleas of people meane and base.  
 Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard  
 The tryall of a great and weighty case,  
 VVhich on both sides was then debating hard:  
 But at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

But, after all her princely entertaine,  
 To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,  
 Her selfe estoones she gan conuert againe;  
 Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,  
 And witnesse forth aright in forraigne land,  
 Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,  
 Where they mote heare the matter thoroughly scand  
 On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,  
 The other on the other side, and neere them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,  
 A Lady of great countenance and place,  
 But that she it with foule abuse did marre;  
 Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,  
 But blotted with condition vile and base,  
 That all her other honour did obscure,  
 And titles of nobilitie deface:  
 Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure  
 The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,  
 And rare in-sight, hard matters to reueale; (speach  
 That well could charme his tongue, and time his  
 To all affaires; his name was called Zeale:  
 He gan that Lady strongly to appeale  
 Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;  
 And with sharpe reasons tang her such a peale,  
 That those, whom she to pity 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 arrayd, *Duessa* hight,  
 That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,  
 And mickle milchiefe vnto many a knight,  
 By her beguiled, and confounded quight:  
 But not for those she now in question came,  
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,  
 But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,  
 Which she against the dead *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well  
 Remember) had her counsels false conspired,  
 With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*  
 (Both two her Paramours, both by her hired,  
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)  
 And with them practiz'd how for to deprue  
*Mercilla* of her Crowne, by her aspired,  
 That the might it vnto her selfe deriue,  
 And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did driue.

But through high heauens grace (which fauour not  
 The wicked drifts of trayterous designes,  
 Gainst loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,  
 Ere prooue it tooke, discouered was betimes,  
 And th'actors won the meed meet for their crimes.  
 Such be the meed of all, that by such meane  
 Vnto the type of kingdom's title climes,  
 But false *Duessa*, now vntitled Queene,  
 Was brought to her sad doome, as heere was to be seene.

Strongly did Zeale her hainous fact enforce,  
 And many other crimes of foule defame  
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,  
 And aggravate the horror of her blame.  
 And with him to make part against her, came  
 Many graue persons, that against her plead;  
 First, was a sige old Sire, that had to name  
 The *Kingdoms* care, with a white silver head,  
 That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose  
 With peremptory powre, that made all mute;  
 And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,  
 And reasons brought, that no man could 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 publike caute;  
 And lastly, *Injustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But

45  
 But then for her, on the contrary part,  
 Role many aduocates for her to plead:  
 Firſt there came *Pity* with full tender heart,  
 And with her ioynd *Regard* of woman-head;  
 And then came *Daner* threatning hidden dread,  
 And high alliance vnto forren Powre;  
 Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread  
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragick ſtowre;  
 And laſtly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

46  
 With the neere touch whereof in tender hart  
 The Briton Prince was ſore empoſſionate  
 And woxe inclined much vnto her part,  
 Through the ſad terror of ſo dreadful fate,  
 And wretched ruine of ſo high eſtate;  
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent,  
 Which when *Zele* perceiued to abate,  
 He gan his earneſt feruour to augment,  
 And in any fearefull obiects to them to preſent.

47  
 He gan't eſſe the euidence anew,  
 And new accuſements to produce in place:  
 He brought forth that old Hag of helliſh hew,  
 The curſed *Me*, brought her face to face,  
 VWho priuy was, and party in the caſe:  
 She, glad of ſpoyle and ruinous decay,  
 Did her appeale, and to her more diſgrace,  
 The plot of all her praſtice did diſplay,  
 And all her traynes, and all her treaſons forth did lay.

48  
 Then brought he forth, with grifely grim aspect,  
 Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody knife  
 Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,  
 And there with guilty bloud-ſhed charged iſſe:  
 Then brought he forth *Sediſion*, breeding ſtrife  
 In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:  
 Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,  
 Even foule *Adultery* her face before,  
 And lewd *Impieſtie*, that her accuſed fore.

49  
 All which when as the Prince had heard and ſeene,  
 His former fancieſ ruth he gan repent,  
 And from her party eſſoones was drawn cleane.  
 But *Arthegall*, with conſtant firme intent,  
 For zeale of Iuſtice was againſt her bent.  
 So was ſhe guilty detem'd of them all,  
 Then *Zele* began to vrge her puniſhment,  
 And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,  
 Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iuſtice gainſt the thrall.

50  
 But ſhe, whoſe Princely heart was touch'd neare  
 With pitious ruth of her ſo wretched plight,  
 Though plaine the ſawe by all, that ſhe did heare,  
 That ſhe of death was guilty found by right,  
 Yet would not let juſt vengeance on her light;  
 But rather let in ſtead thereof to fall  
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;  
 The which ſhe covering with her purple pall  
 Would haue the poſſion hid, and vp aroſe withall.

## Canto X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterpriſe  
 For Belge for to fight:  
 Forioneos Senefchall  
 He ſlayes in Belges right.

Some Clarke doe doubt in their deuiceful art,  
 Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,  
 To wecten *Mercy*, be of Iuſtice part,  
 Or drawne ſouh from her by diuine extreat.  
 This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,  
 And meriteth to haue as high a place,  
 Sith in th'Almighties euclaiſting feat  
 Shee firſt was bred, and borne of heauenly race:  
 From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For, if that Vertue be of ſo great might,  
 Which from juſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,  
 But to preferue inuiolated right,  
 Oft ſmilles the principall, to ſaue the part;  
 So much more then is that of powre and art,  
 That ſeekes to ſaue the ſubiect of her ſkill,  
 Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:  
 As it is greater prayſe to ſaue, then ſpill,  
 And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.



Who then can thee, *Mercilla* throughly praise,  
 That herein dost all earthly Princes pass,  
 What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour raise,  
 Vp to the skies, whence first dem'd it was,  
 And now on earth it else enriged has,  
 From th' vntimeft brinke of the *Armerick* shore,  
 Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?  
 Those Nations farre thy iustice doe adore,  
 But thine own people do thy iustie praise more.

Much more it praised was of those two knights,  
 The noble Prince, and righteous *Arhegallus*,  
 When they had seene and heard her doom arights,  
 Against *Daesses*, damned by them all;  
 But by her tempred without griefe or gall,  
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce,  
 And yet euen then ruing her willfull fall,  
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,  
 And yielding the last honour to her wretched course.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,  
 Both doing and receiuing curtisies,  
 Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare,  
 Them entertain'd, fit for their dignities,  
 Approouing daily to their noble eyes,  
 Royall examples of her mercies rare,  
 And worthy patterns of her clemencies;  
 Which in this day amongst many liuing are,  
 VVho 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 forein land, where they did dwell,  
 To seek for succour of her and her Peares,  
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;  
 Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,  
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,  
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has  
 Her land, and slaine her children rufully, alas!

Her name was *Belgé*, who in former age  
 A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,  
 And mother of a fruitfull heritage,  
 Euen seuenteen goodly sonnes; which who had seene  
 In their first flowre, before this fatall reene  
 Them ouertooke, and their faire blossoms blasted,  
 More happy mother would her surly weene,  
 Then famous *Tybbe*, before she tasted  
*Latonaes* 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,  
 VVhil't he of none was stopped, nor with food.  
 For, soothly he was one of matchlesse might,  
 Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,  
 And had three bodies in one waste empight,  
 And th' armes & legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and bred,  
 Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,  
 He that whylome in Spaine so lone was dead,  
 For his huge powre, and great oppression,  
 VVhich 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 allynd;  
 The fayrest kyne alic, but of the fiercest kynd.

For, they were all, they say, of purple hew,  
 Kept by a cow-heard, hight *Eurytion*,  
 A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,  
 Ne day nor night did sleepe, t' attend them on,  
 But walke about them euer and anon,  
 With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;  
*Orthrus* begotten by great *Typhoeus*,  
 And soule *Echidna*, in the boule of night;  
 But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His sonne was this, *Geryon* hight;  
 Who, after that his monstrous father fell  
 Vnder *Aleides* club, streight tooke his flight  
 From that lad land, where he his sire did quell,  
 And came to this, where *Belgé* then did dwell,  
 And florish in all wealth and happinesse,  
 Beeing then new made widowe (as befell)  
 After her noble husbands late decease;  
 Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednes.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head  
 Taking aduantage, and her yet fresh woe,  
 Himselfe and seruice to her offered,  
 Her to defend against all forein foes,  
 That should their powre against her right oppose.  
 Whereof the glad, now needing strong defence,  
 Him entertain'd, and did her champion chose;  
 Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence,  
 The better to confirme her fearlesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit  
 All to his hands, and gaue him ouerhaie powre  
 To do, what-euer he thought good or fir.  
 Which having got, he gan forth from that howre  
 To tirre vp sinke, and many a Tragicke flowre,  
 Giuing her dearest children one by one  
 Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,  
 And setting vp an Idole of his owne,  
 The image of his monstrous parent *Geryon*.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,  
 The woefull widow had no meanes now left,  
 But vnto gracious head *Mercilla* call  
 For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,  
 Ere all her children he from her had rest.  
 Therefore these two, her eldest loones, she sent  
 To seek for succour of this Ladies guest;  
 To whom their siue they humbly did present,  
 In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst

15  
Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be,  
The noble Briton Prince, with his brave Peare,  
Who when he none of all those knights did see  
Hastily bent that enterprise to heere,  
Nor undertooke the fame, for coward feare,  
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,  
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,  
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,  
To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

16  
She gladly granted it: then he, straight way,  
Himselfe vnto his journey gan prepare,  
And all his armour ready digt that day,  
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare,  
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre,  
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,  
And bringing light into the heavens faire,  
VVhen he was ready to his steed to mount,  
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17  
Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,  
Who gaue him royall gifts and riches rare,  
As tokens of her thankfull mind besene,  
And leaving *Arthegall* to his owne care,  
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,  
With those two gentle youths, which him did guide,  
And all his way before him still prepar'd,  
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,  
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

18  
It was not long, till that the Prince arriv'd  
VVithin the land, where dwelt that Lady sad,  
VVhereof that Tyrant had her now depriv'd,  
And into moores and marshes banisht had,  
Out of the pleasur soyle, and Citie glad,  
In which she wont to harbour happily,  
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,  
That to those feines for safeneffe she did fly,  
And there her selfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19  
There he her found in sorrow and dismay,  
All solitary without living wight,  
Far, all her other children, through affray,  
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:  
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,  
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;  
But when her owne two foones she had in sight,  
Shee gan take heart, and looke vp joyfully:  
For, well she wist this Knight came, succour to supply.

20  
And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,  
Fell straight about their necks, as they did kneele:  
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,  
Said she, yet now I gin new life to feele,  
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,  
Now rise againe, at this your ioyous sight.  
Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheele  
Begins to turne, and I unne to shine more bright,  
Then it was wont, though comfort of this noble knight.

21  
Then turning vnto him; And you Sir Knight,  
Said she, that taken haue this toyle some paine,  
For wretched woman, miserable wight, of gaine,  
May you in heauen immortall goodnes gaine,  
For so great trauell, as you doe lustaine,  
For other meed may hope for none of mee,  
To whom nought, else, but bare life doth remaine;  
And that so wretched one, as yet hee see,  
Is liker lingring death, then to the life to bee.

22  
Much was he moued with her pitious plight,  
And, lowe, dismounting from his lofty steed,  
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,  
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dread,  
VVith hope of helpe in that her greatest need,  
So, thence he wish'd her, with him to wend,  
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feed,  
And sitte take comfort, which God now did send:  
Good heart in euils doth the euils much amend.

23  
Ay me I sayd she, and whither shall I goe,  
Ae not all places full of forraine powres?  
My Palaces possessed of my foe,  
My Citties Iacke, and their skye-threatening towres,  
Rofed, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?  
Onely these marshes, and mity boggs,  
In which the fearefull cwtises do build their bowres;  
Yceld me an hostry amongst the croking frogs;  
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs.

24  
Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe,  
Some place shall vs receiue, and harbour yeeld:  
If not, we will it force, mauger you foe,  
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield,  
And if all fayle, yet fareweill open fields,  
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends,  
With such his cheerfull speeches he doth wield,  
Her mind to well, that to his will she bends,  
And binding vp her locks & weeds, forth with him wends.

25  
They came vnto a Citie faire vp land,  
The which whylome that Ladies owne had beene:  
But now by force extort out of her hand,  
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleane,  
Her stately towres, and buildings lunnyllene;  
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,  
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,  
And in her necke a Caffe huge had made,  
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

26  
That Caffe was the strength of all that State,  
Vntill that State by strength was pulled downe:  
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,  
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;  
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,  
Till that th'offend'd beauiens list to lowe,  
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne,  
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do conuure,  
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to reure?

But



27  
 But he had brought it now in ferulle bond,  
 And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,  
 Striuing long time in vaine it to withstand;  
 Yet glad at last to make most base submission,  
 And life enioy for any composition.  
 So now he hath new lawes and ordets new  
 Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,  
 And forced it, the honour that is dew  
 To God, to do vnto his Idole most vtrew.

28  
 To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,  
 Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed  
 Of costly Iuory, full rich besetne,  
 On which that cursed Idole faire proclaimed,  
 He hath set vp, and him his god hath named,  
 Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice  
 The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,  
 And powring forth their blood in brutish wize,  
 That any iron eyes to see it would agrize.

29  
 And for more horror and more crueltie,  
 Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone;  
 An hideous monster doth in darknes lie,  
 Whose dreadfull shape was neuer seene of none  
 That liues on earth; but vnto those alone  
 The which vnto him sacrificed bee,  
 Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:  
 What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;  
 So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

30  
 There eke he placed a strong garrison,  
 And set a Seneschall of draded might,  
 That by his powre oppressed euery one,  
 And vanquished all ventrous kights in fight;  
 To whom he woult shew all the lham he might,  
 After that them in battell he had wonne.  
 To which, when now they gan approach in fight,  
 The Lady counfeld him the place to shonne,  
 Whereas so many knights had fouly been fordonne.

31  
 Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;  
 But riding straight vnder the Castle wall,  
 Called aloud vnto the watchful ward,  
 Which there did waite, willing them forth to call  
 Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.  
 To whom when tydings thereof came, he straight  
 Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,  
 Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,  
 And gan with courage fierce adresse him to the fight.

32  
 They both encounter in the middle Plaine,  
 And their sharpe speares doe both together smite  
 Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,  
 That seem'd their soules they would haue riuen quight  
 Out of their breasts, with furious despite,  
 Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find  
 Vnto the Princes shield, where it empight;  
 So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,  
 But shiuered all about, and scattered in the wind.

33  
 Not so the Princees; but with restlesse force,  
 Into his shield it ready passage found,  
 Both through his habergeon, and eke his corse:  
 VVhich tumbling down vpon the senselesse ground,  
 Gaue leaue vnto his ghost from thaldome bound,  
 To wander in the grieuoly shades of night.  
 There did the Prince him leaue in deadly swound,  
 And thence vnto the Castle marched right,  
 To see if entrance theré as yett obtaine he might.

34  
 But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,  
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,  
 Which towards him with all their powre did ride;  
 And meeting him right in the middle race,  
 Did all their speares attonce on him enchace,  
 As three great Culuerings for battery bent,  
 And leueld all against one certaine place,  
 Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,  
 That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

35  
 So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;  
 VVho from his saddle swarued nought aside,  
 Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,  
 But like a Bulwark, firmly did abide;  
 Reburting him, which in the midst did ride,  
 With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare  
 Past through his shield, & pearc't through either side,  
 That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,  
 And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

36  
 VVhom when his other fellowes saw, they fled  
 As fast as feet could cary them away;  
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,  
 To be aueng'd of their vnknighthly play.  
 There whilest they entring, th'one did th'other stay,  
 The hindmost in the gate he ouer-hent,  
 And as he pressed in, him there did slay:  
 His carkisse tumbling on the threshold, sent  
 His groining soule vnto her place of punishment.

37  
 The other which was entred, laboured fast  
 To sperré the gate; but that same lumps of clay,  
 VVhose grudging ghost was therout fled and past,  
 Right in the middle of the threshold lay,  
 That it the Posterne did from closing stay:  
 The whiles, the Prince had preaced in betweene,  
 And entrance wonne. Straight th'other fled away,  
 And ranne into the hall, where he did weene  
 Himselfe to saue: but he there slew him at the screene.

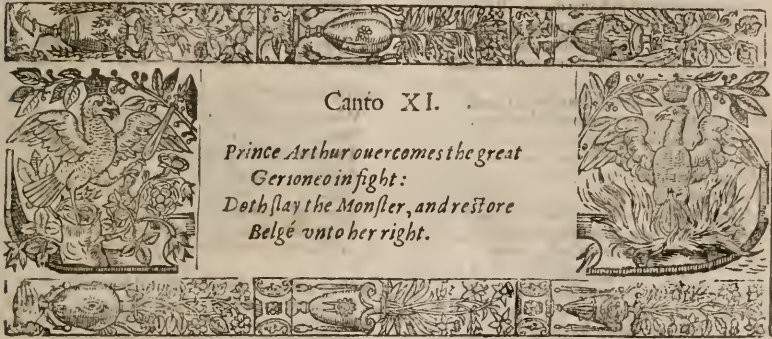
38  
 Then all the rest which in that Castle were,  
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,  
 Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,  
 And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.  
 Long sought the Prince: but when he found no more  
 To'ppose against his powre, he forth issued  
 Vnto that Lady, where he her had lured,  
 And her gan cheare, with what she there had viewed,  
 And what she had not seene, within vnto her shewed.

Who



Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,  
 For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,  
 Much greater then was euer in her weeing,  
 With great admirance inwardly was moued,

And honourd him, with all that her behoued,  
 Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,  
 With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloued,  
 VWhere all that night themselves they cherished,  
 And from her balefull minde all care he banished.



## Canto XI.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes the great  
 Gerione in fight:  
 Doth slay the Monster, and restore  
 Belgé vnto her right.*

**T** often fals in course of common life,  
 That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,  
 Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,  
 That weakens her, & makes her party strong:  
 But iustice, though her doome she doe prolong,  
 Yet at the last, she will her owne cause right,  
 As by sad Belgé Iecmes, whose wrongs though long  
 She suffred, yet at length she did requight,  
 And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,  
 How that the Lady Belgé now had found  
 A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,  
 And laid his tenechall lowe on the ground,  
 And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,  
 He gan to burne in rage, and frise in feare,  
 Doubting sad end of principle vnfound;  
 Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,  
 He did himselfe encourage, and take better chare.

Nathelesse, himselfe he armed all in haste,  
 And forth he far'd with all his many bad,  
 Ne stayed step, till that he came at last  
 Vnto the Castle, which they conquer had.  
 There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,  
 He sternely marcht before the Castle gate;  
 And with bold vaunts, and idle threatening bade  
 Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,  
 To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

The Prince stayd not his answer to deuize;  
 But opening straight the Sparre, forth to him came,  
 Full nobly mountid in right war-like wize;  
 And asked him, if that he were the same,

Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame  
 So long had done, and from her native land  
 Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.  
 He boldly answerd him, he there did stand  
 That would his doings iustice with his owne band.

VVith that, so furiously at him he flew,  
 As if he would haue ouer-run him streight;  
 And with his huge great iron axe gan hew  
 So hid-cously vpon his armour bright,  
 As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:  
 That the bold Prince was forced foot to giue  
 To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;  
 The wulft at him so dreadfully he driue,  
 That seem'd a marble rocke a funder could not riuie.

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has  
 Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,  
 Besides the double strength, which in them was:  
 For, still when fit occasion did betide,  
 He could his weapon slutt from side to side,  
 From hand to hand, and with such nimbleste fly  
 Could wield about, that ere it were elside,  
 The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,  
 Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which vncouth vse when as the Prince perceiued,  
 He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,  
 Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceiued;  
 And euer ere he sawe the stroke to land,  
 He would it meet, and warily withstand.  
 One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to sluff,  
 As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,  
 He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,  
 That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

There-

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain  
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight;  
 And sodainly t'aucoge himselfe againe,  
 Gan into one assembl all the might  
 Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,  
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:  
 But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,  
 Vpon the child, but somewhat short did fall;  
 And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

9

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,  
 And kee to th'earth his burden with him bare;  
 But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,  
 And gan him selfe to fight on foot prepare.  
 Whereof when as the Giant was aware,  
 He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby,  
 And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare  
 One might haue scene enraung'd disorderly,  
 Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,  
 Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare;  
 And can let driue at him so dreadfully,  
 That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,  
 Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,  
 He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.  
 But th' Adamantine shield, which he did beare,  
 So well was tempered, that (for all his maine)  
 It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

11

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,  
 That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,  
 As if he would haue tottered to one side.  
 Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,  
 That cur'sie with like kindnesse to repay;  
 And smote at him with fo importune might,  
 That two more of his armes did fall away,  
 Like fruitelesse branches, which the hatchets slight  
 Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,  
 Like a fell mastiffe through enraging beats,  
 And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw  
 Against his gods, and sic to them did threaten,  
 And hell vnto himselfe with horror great.  
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,  
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,  
 And gnash his teeth, and his head at him shooke,  
 And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the child his 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 work his care,  
 The which good Fortune to him offred faire.  
 For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,  
 He ete he could his weapon backe repaire,  
 His side all bare and naked ouertooke, (strooke.  
 And with his mortall steele quite through the bodie

14

Through all three bodies he him strook attonce;  
 That all the three attonce fell on the Plaine:  
 Else should he thrice haue needed, for the nonce,  
 Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.  
 So now all three one senselesse lump remaine,  
 Enwallow'd in his owne black bloody gore,  
 And byting th'earth for very deaths disdain;  
 VWho with a clowd of night him couering, bore  
 Downe to the houle of doole, his daies there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,  
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand  
 Shee towards him in haste her selfe did draw,  
 To greet him in the good fortune of his hand:  
 And all the people both of towne and land,  
 Which there stood gazing from the Citiees wall  
 Vpon these warriors, greedy t'vnderstand  
 To whether should the victory befall:  
 Now when they sawe it false, they cke him greeted all.

16

But *Belgè*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe  
 Before his feet, in all that peoples sight, (wo.  
 Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst weale some  
 Him thus bespake; O most redoubted knight,  
 The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,  
 That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,  
 And these weak impes replanted by thy might;  
 What querdon can I giue thee for thy paine,  
 But euen that which thou sauest, thine still to remaine?

17

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,  
 And her recomford the best he might,  
 Saying, Deare Lady, deeds ought not be scand  
 By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,  
 But by their truth and by the causes right:  
 That fame is it, which fought for you this day.  
 What other meed then need me for requight,  
 But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?  
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thankt him for that woodrous grace,  
 And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,  
 Sith ye thus faire haue tendred my poore case,  
 As from my chiefeest foe me to release,  
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,  
 Till ye haue rooted all the reliques out  
 Of that vilerace, and established my peace.  
 What is there else, said he, left of their roote?  
 Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in doubt.

19

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby  
 There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,  
 The which this Giant reared first on hie,  
 And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:  
 To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,  
 He offred vp for daily 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

20  
And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie  
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,  
And feeds on all the carcasses, that die  
In sacrifice vnto that curled feced :  
Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,  
That cuer leapt it: for, of a man they say  
It has the voice, that speeches forth doth send,  
Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bray  
Out of her poyntous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21  
Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne  
For great desire that Monster to assay,  
And prayd the place of her abode to learne,  
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streight way  
Thereto address, and his bright shield display.  
So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,  
The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;  
There he that Idoll sawe of massive golde  
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

22  
Vpon the Image with his naked blade  
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;  
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,  
There forth illcud, from vnder th'Altars smooke,  
A dreadfull feend, with foule deformed looke,  
That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lien still;  
And her long taile and feathers strongly shooke,  
That all the Temple did with terror fill;  
Yet him nought terrinde, that feared nothing ill.

23  
An huge great Beast it was, when it in length  
Was stretcht forth, that might fill all the place,  
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;  
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,  
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,  
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:  
For, of a Mayd she had the outward face,  
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behind,  
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

24  
Thereto the body of a dog she had,  
Full of fell rauen and fierce greedinesse;  
A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,  
To rend and teare what-so she can oppresse;  
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse  
Full deadly wounds, where-so it is empight;  
An Eagles wings for scope and speedinesse,  
That nothing may escape her reaching might,  
Whereto the euer list to make her hardy flight;

25  
Much like in foulnesse and deformity  
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,  
The father of that fatall progeny,  
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,  
That he had read her riddle, which no wight  
Could euer loose, but suffred deadly doole.  
So also did this Monster like ligit,  
To many a one, which came into her school,  
Whom she did put to death, deceu'd like a fool.

26  
She comming forth, when as the first beheld  
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,  
Her ready to assaile, was greatly quell'd.  
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,  
That back she would haue turn'd for great affright.  
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,  
That fore't her turne againe in her delpight,  
To sue her selfe, least that he did her slay:  
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turn'd her way.

27  
Tho, when she sawe, that she was fore't to fight,  
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,  
And on his shield took hold with all her might,  
As if that it she would in peeces rend,  
Or reau'e out of the hand, that did it lend.  
Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe  
To loole his shield, and long while did contend:  
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe  
Her Lions claws he from her fecte away did wipe.

28  
With that, aloud she gan to bray and yell,  
And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,  
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;  
That euen the Temple wherein she was plac't,  
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.  
Tho, with her huge long tayle she at him strooke,  
That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghast  
With trembling ioynts, as he for terror shooke;  
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29  
As with the Mast of some well timbred hulke  
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme  
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottom of the bulke,  
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,  
Whil' it still she stands as stomst and forlorne:  
So was he stonn'd with stroke of her huge tayle.  
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,  
He with his sword it strook, that without faile  
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her staile.

30  
Then gan she cry much louder then afore,  
That all the people (there without) it heard,  
And *Belgesse* 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 view,  
And throw'n his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31  
But as the prest on him with heauy sway,  
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,  
And for her entrailles made an open way,  
To issue forth; the which, once being burst,  
Like to a great Mill dam, forth fiercely gush't,  
And powred out of her infernall sinke  
Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rust,  
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:  
Such loudly matter were small iust to speake or thinke.



Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,  
Breathing out clouds of sulphur fowle and black,  
In which a puddle of contagion was,  
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,  
That any man would nigh awaped make.  
Whom when he sawe on ground, he was full glad,  
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake  
With *Belgé*, who watcht all this while full sad,  
Wayting what end would be of that same danger drad.

Whom when she saw fo ioyouly come forth,  
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant cheare,  
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 fo costly deare;  
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle  
In filthy durt, and left fo in the loathly soyle.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,  
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heaven it rong;  
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,  
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous Carrolles song:  
So him they led through all their streets along,  
Crowned with girlonds of immortal bayes;  
And all the vulgar did about them throng;  
To see the man, whose euerlasting praye,  
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with *Belgé* did awhile remaine,  
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,  
Vntill he had her settled in her raigne,  
VVith safe assurance and establishment.  
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,  
Full loath to *Belgé*, and to all the rest:  
Of whom yet taking leaue, thence forth he went  
And to his former journey him adrest,  
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;  
Who, hauing left *Merrilla*, streight way went  
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,  
To weat, to worke *Irenae's* franchisement,  
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy punishment.  
So forth he fared as his manner was,  
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,  
Through many perils, and much way did pass,  
Till nigh vnto the place at length approach't he has.

There as he traueled by the way, he met  
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,  
Who through his yeeres long since aside had set  
The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone:  
To whom as he approach't he knew anone,  
That it was he which whilome did attend,  
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,  
When first to Faerie Court he saw her wend,  
Vnto his fountaine *Queene* her suite for to commend.

V Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;  
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, nuch Knight alie,  
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,  
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprue;  
What new occasion doth thee hither drie,  
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?  
Or is the thrall, or doth she not suruue?  
To whom he thus; She lueth sure and sound;  
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For, she presuming on th'appointed tyde,  
In which ye promis't, as ye were a Knight,  
To meete her at the salvage Ilands syde  
(And then and there for tryall of her right  
With her varigatous enemy to fight)  
Did thither come: where she (affraid of nought)  
By guilefull reason and by subtilt sight  
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,  
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life oftent sought.

And now he hath to her prefast a day,  
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,  
Which will her cause in battalious array  
Against him iustice, and proue her cleare  
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare,  
She death shall sure aby. Those rydings sad  
Did much abash Sir *Arthegall* to heare,  
And grieved fore, that through his fault she had  
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vslage 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 ayde,  
Which by default I haue not yet defraid,  
But winit selfe vnto me, ye heauens, that knew  
How eare I am from blame of this vpraid:  
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,  
And kept from complishing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space  
Hath he her leat a Champion to prouide:  
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,  
For that he weeneth well, before that tide  
None can haue rydings to aslit her side.  
For, all the shores, which to the sea accoste,  
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,  
That noone can there arriue without an hoste:  
So her he deemes already but a damoed ghost.

Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then said:  
For if I liue till those ten dayes haue end,  
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,  
Though I this deare't life for her do spend;  
So backward he atone with him did wend,  
Tho, as they to le together on their way,  
A rout of people they before them kend,  
Flocking together in confus'd array,  
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

44  
 To which as they approach, the cause to knowe,  
 They sawe a Knight in dangerous distresse  
 Of a rude rout, him chasing to and fro,  
 That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,  
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:  
 And furre away, amid their rake-hell bands,  
 They spide a Lady left all succoutlesse,  
 Crying, and hol'ing vp her wretched hands  
 To him for ayd, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

45  
 Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,  
 To rescue her from their rude violence,  
 And like a Lion wood amongst them faires,  
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence;  
 Gainst which, the pallid death findes no defence.  
 But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,  
 That nought may boot to banish them from thence:  
 For, loone as he their outrage back doth bear,  
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

46  
 And now they do so sharply him assay,  
 That they his shield in peeces battered haue,  
 And forced him to throwe it quite away,  
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue;  
 Albe that it most safely to him gaue,  
 And much did magnifie his noble name.  
 For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,  
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,  
 And counted but a recreant knight, with endlesse shame.

47  
 Whom when they thus distressed did behold,  
 They drew vnto his aide: but that rude rout  
 Them al'o gan assaile with outrage bold,  
 And forced them, how-euer strong and stout  
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,  
 Backe to recule; vntill that iron man  
 VVith his huge stailc began to lay about;  
 From whose fierne prentence they diffused ran,  
 Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48  
 So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,  
 He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,  
 And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,  
 In saving him from dang'rous despaire  
 Of those, wh ch fought his life for to empaire.  
 Of whom Sir *Arthegall* did then enquire  
 The whole occasion of his late mis'aire,  
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,  
 The which with mortall malice him purtu'd so neere.

49  
 To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,  
 VVell knowne, and far renowned h'etofore,  
 Vntill late mischiefe did vpon me light,  
 That all my former praise hath blemisht fore;  
 And that faire Lady, which in that vprore  
 Ye with those easynes sawe *Flous delis* hight,  
 Is mine owne Loue, though me she haue forlore,  
 Whether with-held from me by wrongfull might,  
 Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50  
 But surc to me her faith she first did plight,  
 To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;  
 Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,  
 With gol'ten gifts, and many a guilefull word  
 Entyced her, to him to: to accord.  
 (O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)  
 Sith which, she hath me euer since abhor'd,  
 And to my foe hath guilefully contented:  
 Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51  
 And now he hath this troupe of v'laines sent,  
 By open force to fetch her quite away:  
 Cunnit whom, my selfe I long in vaine haue bent  
 To reskew her, and daily meanes assay,  
 Yet reskew her thence by no meanes I may:  
 For, they doe me with multitude oppresse,  
 And with vnequall might doe ouer-lay,  
 That oft I driuen am to great distresse,  
 And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedlesse.

52  
 But why haue yee, said *Arthegall*, forborne  
 Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay;  
 That is the greatest shame and toulest leorne,  
 Which vnto any knight behappen may,  
 To lose the badge, that should his deeds display.  
 To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,  
 That shall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray;  
 Least ye therefore more happily me blame,  
 And deem it doon of wil, that through inforcement came.

53  
 True is, that I at first was dubbed knight  
 By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcrosse*;  
 Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,  
 Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse  
 His deere Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:  
 The same long while I bore, and therewithall  
 Fought many battels without wound or losse;  
 Therewith *Grantorto* selfe I did appall,  
 And made him oftentimes to field before me fall.

54  
 But, for that many did that shield enuie,  
 And cruell enemies encreased more;  
 To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,  
 That bloody leuchin being battered fore,  
 I laid aside, and haue of late forbore,  
 Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:  
 Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;  
 For, she by force is still from me detained,  
 And with corrupted bribes is to vntruth mis-trained.

55  
 To whom thus *Arthegall*, Certes Sir knight,  
 Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine;  
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,  
 That it to such a straight mote you containe)  
 As to abandon that which doth containe  
 Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.  
 All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine  
 Then losse of fame in disaduenturous field;  
 Dye rather, then do ought, that mote dishonor yeeld.

56  
 Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,  
 My former sheld I may retume againe:  
 To temporize is not from truth to sweiue,  
 Ne for aduar tage terme to entertaine,  
 When as uecessity doth it conframe,  
 Fic on such forgery, said *Arthegall*,  
 Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.  
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:  
 Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

57  
 Yet let me yout of curtesie request,  
 Said *Burbon*, to assist me now at need  
 Against these pefants, which haie me opprest,  
 And forced me to so infamous deed,  
 That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.  
 Sir *Arthegall*, albe he carst did wyte  
 His wauering mind, yet to his ayde agreed,  
 And buckling him estoones vnto the fight,  
 Did set vpon those troupes with all his power and might.

58  
 Who flocking round about them as a swarme,  
 Offfyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,  
 Did them assault with terrible allarme,  
 And ouer all the fields themselues did muster,  
 With bills and glayues making a dreadfull luster;  
 That forc't at first those knights back to retire:  
 As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,  
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,  
 Both man and beast do sie, and succour doe inquire.

59  
 But when as overblown was that brunt,  
 Those knights began afresh them to assaile,  
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;  
 But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayle,  
 Gaint which no sight nor rescue mote auaille,  
 Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,  
 And chased them both ouer hill and dale:  
 The rascall many soone they overthrew;  
 But the two knights themselues their captains did subdew.

60  
 At last, they came wheras that Lady bode,  
 Whom now her keepers haue forsaken quight,  
 To saue themselues, and scattered were abroad:  
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,  
 As neither glad nor sory for their fight;  
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad  
 In royall robes, and many Jewels dight,  
 But that those villens through their vjage had  
 Them fowly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

61  
 But *Burbon*, streight dismounting from his steed,  
 Vnto her ran with greedy great desire;  
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,  
 Would haue embraced her with heart entire.  
 But slyce, back-starting with disdainfull ire,  
 Ead him auant, ne would vnto his lore  
 Allured be, for prayer nor for need:  
 VVhom when those knights so froward and forlore  
 Beheld, they her rebuked and vprayed fore.

62  
 Said *Arthegall*; What foule disgrace is this,  
 To so faire Lady, as yee seeme in sight,  
 To blot your beauty, thar vnblesmit is,  
 With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight;  
 Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?  
 Is ought on earth so precious or deare,  
 As praise and honour? Or is ought so bright  
 And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?  
 Whole goodly light then *Phæbus* lampe doth shine more  
 (clear.

63  
 VVhy then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be  
 Vnto a strangers loue, to lightly placed,  
 For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,  
 To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,  
 And let your fame with falshood be defaced?  
 Fic on the pelfe, for which good name is fold,  
 And honour with indignity debased:  
 Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;  
 But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64  
 Much was the Lady in her gentile mind  
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,  
 Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;  
 But hanging downe her head with heauy cheare,  
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare,  
 Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assayd,  
 And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare  
 Vpon his steed, whiles she no whit gaine-said:  
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65  
 Nath'lesse, the iron man did still pursue  
 That rascall many with vnpittied spoyle;  
 Ne ceased not, till all their scattered crew  
 Into the sea he droue quite from that soyle,  
 The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.  
 But *Arthegall*, seeing his cruell deed,  
 Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,  
 And to his voyage gan againe proceed,  
 For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.



## Canto XII.

*Arthegall doth Sir Burbon ayde,  
And blames for changing shield:  
He with the great Grantorto fights,  
And slayeth him in field.*

**O** Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,  
And impotent desire of men to raigne | T  
Whom neither dread of God, that diuels bindes,  
Nor lawes of men, that Common-weals containe,  
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraine,  
Can keepe from outrage, and from dooing wrong,  
Where they may hope a Kingdome to obtaine.  
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,  
No loue so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,  
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,  
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands  
Made him become most faithlesse and vnsound:  
And witnesse be *Gloriane* found,  
Who for like caute 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 outrageousnesse.

Gainst whom *Sir Arthegall*, long hauing since  
Taken in hand th'exploit, beeing thereto  
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,  
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoe,  
Through other great adventures hitherto  
Had it forsackt. But now time drawing ny,  
To him asynd, her high behest to doo,  
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,  
To weete, if shipping ready he mote there descrye.

Tho, when they came to the sea coast, they found  
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)  
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,  
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:  
The winde and weather serued them so well,  
That in one day they with the coast did fall;  
VWhereas they ready 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 sound the bottom plaine,  
*Talus* into the Sea did forth issew,  
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threw;  
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,  
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,  
Did win the shore, whence he them chafft away,  
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

The whiles, *Sir Arthegall*, with that old Knight  
Did forth descend, there beeing none them neare,  
And forward marched to a towne in fight.  
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,  
By th'ole, which earst did sie away for feare  
Of their arrival: where-with troubled fore,  
He all his forces streight to him did reare,  
And forth issuing with his fooms 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 battered them without remorse,  
That on the ground he left full many a corse;  
Ne anyable was him to withstand,  
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,  
That they lay scattered ouer all the land,  
As thick as doth the feede after the fowers hand;

Till *Arthegall* him seeing so to rage,  
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:  
To which all, hearkning, did awhile allwage  
Their forces furie, and their terror flake;  
Till he an Herald call'd, and to him spake,  
VWithing him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,  
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake  
He thither came, but for to try the right  
Of faire *Irenace* cause with him in single fight.

- 9  
And willed him for to reclaime with speed  
His scatterd people, ere they all were flaine,  
And time and place conuenient to areed,  
In which, they two the combat might darraine,  
Which message when *Granorto* heard, full faime  
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,  
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine  
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day;  
So founded the retrait, and drew his folke away.
- 10  
That night, Sir *Arthegall* did cause his tent  
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;  
For, he had giuen straight commaundement,  
That none should dare him once to entertaine:  
Which none durst break, though many would right  
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare, (faime  
But yet olde *Serjus* did so well him paine,  
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,  
He all things did puruay, which for them needful were.
- 11  
The morrow next, that was the dismal day,  
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,  
So soone as it did to the world display  
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,  
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore  
Of *Arthegalls* arriuall, her to free,  
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full fore;  
VVeneing her lifes last houre then neere to bee,  
Sith no redemption nigh the did nor heare nor see.
- 12  
Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight  
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;  
And with dull count'naunce, and with dolefull spright,  
She forth was brought in forrowfull difmay,  
For to receiue the doom of her decay,  
But coming to the place, and finding there  
Sir *Arthegall*, in battalious aray  
Waiting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,  
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.
- 13  
Like as a tender Rose in open Plaine,  
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,  
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine  
Thereon distill and deaw her dainty face,  
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace  
Dispersd the glory of her leaues gay;  
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,  
VVhen *Arthegall* the saue in that aray,  
There waiting for the Tyrant, till it was farr day.
- 14  
Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate  
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,  
All armed in a coat of iron plate,  
Of great defence toward the deadly feare:  
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare  
Of colour russe browne, but sure and strong;  
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,  
VVhose steele was iron studded, but not long,  
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.
- 15  
Of stature huge, and hideous he was,  
Like to a Grant for his monstrous height,  
And did in strength most forts of men surpass,  
Ne euer any found his match in might;  
There to he had great skill in single fight;  
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,  
That could haue fraid one with the very sight,  
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,  
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.
- 16  
Soone as he did within the listes appeare,  
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,  
As if he would haue daunted him with feare;  
And grinning grimly, did against him weld  
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.  
But th'Elfin swayce, that oft had seene like sight,  
Was with his ghaistes count'nance nothing queld,  
But gau him straight to buckle to the fight,  
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.
- 17  
The Trumpets found, and they together goe,  
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;  
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestowe,  
To doe most damage, where as most they ment  
But with fure force and furie violent,  
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,  
That through the iron walls their way they rent,  
And euen to the vital parts they past,  
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.
- 18  
Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*  
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed  
He shud his strokes, where-euer they did fall,  
And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:  
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reef  
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,  
He will not bide the danger of such dread,  
But strikes his sayles, and verch his main-sicat,  
And lends vnto it leaue the empty ayre to beat.
- 19  
So did the Faery Knight himselfe 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 little for to yield:  
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field,  
But still the Tyrant sternely at him layd,  
And did his iron axe so nimble wield,  
That many woennds into his flesh it made,  
And with his burdenous blowes him fore did ouer-lade.
- 20  
Yet, when as fit advantage he did spy,  
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare  
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,  
VVnder 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 die:  
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.



21  
Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,  
Kept on his curle, as he did it direct,  
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,  
That seemed nought could him from death protect:  
But he it well did ward with wise respect,  
And twixt him and the blowe his shield did cast,  
Which thereon teizing, tooke no great effect;  
But bytyng deepe therein, did sticke so fast,  
That by no means it backe againe he forth could wraft.

22  
Long while he tugd and stroue, to get it out,  
And all his powre applyed thereto,  
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:  
Nath'lesse, for all that euer he could doe,  
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.  
Which *Athevall* perceiving, strooke no more,  
But loosing toone his shield, did it forgoe,  
And whiles he combed was there-with to fore,  
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23  
So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,  
He strooke him with *Chrysaor* on the head,  
That with the soule thereof full fore agast,  
He staggered to and fro in doubtful stead.  
Againe, whiles he him saw for ill bested,  
He did him smite with all his might and maine,  
That falling on his mother earth he fed:  
Whom when he saw proftrated on the Plaine,  
He highly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

24  
Which when the people round about him saw,  
They shouted all for ioy of his successie,  
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,  
Which with strong powre did the long time oppresse;  
And running all with greedy ioyfullnesse  
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,  
And her adored with due humblenesse,  
As their true Liege and Princeesse naturall;  
And eke her champions glory sounded over all.

25  
Who, straight her leading with meet maiesty  
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,  
Did her therein establish peaceably,  
And to her kingdome seat restore againe.  
And all such persons as did late maintaine  
That Tyrants part, with clofe or open ayde,  
He sorely punished with heauy paine;  
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,  
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobaid.

26  
During which time that he did there remaine,  
His studie was true Iustice how to deale,  
And day and night employ'd his buisie paine  
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:  
And that same iron man which could reueale  
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he sent,  
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,  
Or did rebell gainst lawfu'l government;  
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

27  
But ere he could reforme it tho roughly,  
He through occasion called was away  
To Faery-Court, that of necessity  
His court of Iustice he was forc't to stay,  
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,  
In which he was that Realme for to redresse:  
But enuies clowd still dimmeth vertues ray.  
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,  
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauenesse.

28  
Tho, as he backe returned from that land,  
And there arriu'd againe whence forth he set,  
He had not passed farre vpon the strand,  
VWhen-as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,  
By the way side being together set,  
Two grisly creatures; and, so that their faces  
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yet  
Being all ragd and tatter'd, their disgraces  
Did much the more augment, & made most vgly cases.

29  
The one of them, that elder did appeare,  
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,  
That her mishap much helpt; and her foule haire  
Hung loole and loathsome: there-to her hew  
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth were,  
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;  
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:  
And as the spake, there-with she flauered;  
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she sed.

30  
Her hands were foule and dirty, neuer was't  
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,  
Like Puttocks claws: with th' one of which she  
Her curst head, although it itched naught; (*Scratch*)  
The other held a snake with venime fraught,  
On which she fed, and gnawed hungerly,  
As if that long she had not eaten ought;  
That round about her iawes one might descry  
The bloody gore and poyson dropping lothsome.

31  
Her name was *Envy*, knownen well thereby;  
VWhose nature is to grieue or grudge at all  
That euer she sees done praise-worthy:  
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,  
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall.  
For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,  
She feeds on her owne mawe vnnaturall,  
And of her owne soule entrailes makes her meat;  
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous deat.

32  
And if she hapt of any good to heare,  
That had to any happily betid,  
Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare  
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward bid:  
But if she heard of ill that any did,  
Or harme that any had, then would she make  
Great chere, like one vnto a banquet bid;  
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,  
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.



33  
The other, nothing better was then shee;  
Agreing in bad will and cankred kind,  
But in bad manner they did disagree:  
For, what-*so Envy* good or bad did find,  
She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;  
But this, what-euer euill she conceiued,  
Did spread abroad, and throwe in th'open wind.  
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reuealed-  
That all shee sought, was mens goods name to haue be.

34  
For, what-*soeuer* good by any said,  
Or doen she heard, she would straight-waies inuent  
How to depraue, or slanderously vp-braid,  
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,  
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.  
Therefore she vsed often to resort  
To common haunts, and companies frequent,  
To harke what any one did good report,  
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

35  
And if that any ill shee heard of any,  
Shee would it ecke, & make much worse by telling.  
And take great ioy to publish it to many,  
That eury matter worse was for her melling.  
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling  
VVas neere to *Envy*, euen her neighbour next;  
A wicked hag, and *Envy* selfe excelling  
In mischief: for, her selfe she onely vext:  
But this same, both her selfe, and others eke perplext.

36  
Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,  
Foming with poyson round about her gils,  
In which her curst tongue (full sharp and short)  
Appear'd like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,  
Or cruelly does wound whom-*so* she wills:  
A distaffe in her other hand she had,  
Vpon the which shee little spinnes, bur spils,  
And faines to weate false tales and leasings bad,  
To throwe amongst the good, which others had disprad.

37  
These two now had themselues combyn'd in one,  
And linkt together gainst Sir *Arthegall*,  
For whom they wared as his mortall fone,  
How they might make him into mischief fall,  
For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall:  
Besides, vnto themselues they gotten had  
A monster, which the *Blatant Beast* men call;  
A dreadfull fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,  
Whom they by flights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

38  
Such were these hags, and so vnhandsome drest:  
Whom when they nigh approaching had espide  
Sir *Arthegall* return'd from his late quest,  
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,

As it had bene two shepheards cures, had scride  
A rauinous Wolfe amongst the feathered flocks,  
And *Envy* first, as shee that first him cyde,  
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks  
About her eares, does beat her breast, & forehead knocks.

39  
Then from her mouth the gobbet shee does take,  
The which whylcare shee was to greedily  
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen snake,  
And at him throwes it most despightfully.  
The curst Serpent, though shee hungrily  
Earst chaw'd threoon, yet was not all so dead,  
But that some life remained secretly;  
And, as he past afore withouten dread,  
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40  
Then, th'other comming neere, gan him reuile,  
And foully raile, with all shee could invent;  
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,  
And foule abuson both his honour blent,  
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,  
Had stained with reprocheful crueltye,  
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:  
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie  
And traines hauing surpriz'd, hee foully did to die.

41  
There-to the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,  
At him began aloud to bark and bay,  
VVith bitter rage and fell contention,  
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,  
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;  
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.  
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,  
And euermore those hags themselues did paine,  
To sharpen him, & their owne curst tongues did straine.

42  
And still among, most bitter words they spake,  
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vtrew,  
That they the mildest man aliuie would make  
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew  
To her, that so false flanders at him threw.  
And more, to make the pearce & wound more deepe,  
Shee with the stung which in her vile tongue grew,  
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:  
Yet hee past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

43  
But *Talus*, hearing her so lewdly raile,  
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,  
VVould her haue chastiz'd with his iron flail,  
If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preferred,  
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.  
So much the more at him still did shee scold,  
And stones did cast, yet hee for nought would swerue  
From his right courte, but still the way did hold  
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.



# THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING  
The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.  
OR  
*Of Curtesie.*

**T**He waies, through which my weary steppes I  
In this delightfull land of Faery, (guide,  
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,  
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie  
O: all that pleasant is to eare or eye,  
That I nigh rau'sht 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 *Pernassa* dwell,  
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly furie into them infuse;  
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,  
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse;

Recuale to me the sacred nourfery  
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,  
VVhere it in siluer bowre does hidden lie  
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.

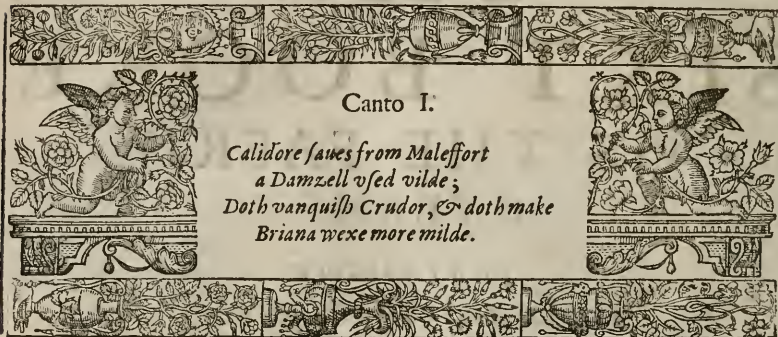
Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine  
Planted in earth, beeing deriu'd at first  
From heauely seedes of bounty soueraine,  
And by them long with carefull labour nurs't,  
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,  
Then is the bloosme of comely curtiese;  
Which, though it on a lowely stalke doe bowre,  
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,  
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie;  
Of which, though present age doe plentious seeme,  
Yet beeing marcht with plaine Antiquity,  
Ye will them all but fained shewes esteeme,  
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeeme.

But in the triall of true curtiese,  
Its now so faire from that which then it was,  
That it indeed is nought but forgery,  
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that pass,  
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse:  
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blind  
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is brasse.  
But vertues feat is deepe within the miode,  
And not in outward shewes, but inward thoughts defin'd.  
But

6  
 But where shall I in all Antiquity  
 So faire a paterne finde, where may be seene  
 The goodly proufe of Princely curtesie,  
 As in your selfe, ô Soueraigne Lady Queene?  
 In whole pure mind, as in a mirror sheene,  
 It shows, and with her brightnesse doth inflame  
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;  
 But meriteth indeed an higher name:  
 Yet from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7  
 Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,  
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,  
 And to your selfe do it retorne againe:  
 So from the Ocean all riuers spring,  
 And tribute back repay, as to their King.  
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well  
 Into the rest, which round about you ring,  
 Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,  
 And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.



## Canto I.

*Calidore saues from Maleffort  
 a Damzell vsed vilde;  
 Doth vanquish Crudor, & doth make  
 Briana wexe more milde.*

1  
**C**ourt, it seemes, men Courtesie do call,  
 For that it there most vseth to abound;  
 And well besemeth, that in Princes hall  
 That vertue should be plentifully found,  
 Which of all goodly manners is the  
 And root of ciuill conversation. (ground,  
 Right so in Faery Court it did redound,  
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won  
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2  
 But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,  
 Then *Calidore*, beioued over all:  
 In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright  
 And manners milde were planted naturall;  
 To which he adding comely guise with all,  
 And gracious speech, did steale mens harts away.  
 Nath'lesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,  
 And well approv'd in battaious affray,  
 That him did much renowne, and far his fame display.

3  
 Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found  
 In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,  
 For his faire vjage and condition found,  
 The which in all mens liking gained place,  
 And with the greatest, purchaitt greatest grace:  
 Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,  
 To please the best, and th'euill to embafe.  
 For, he loath'd leasing, and base flattery,  
 And loued simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

4  
 And now he was in trauell on his way,  
 Vpon an hard aduenture sore beslad,  
 VWhen-as by chaunce he met vpon a day  
 VWith *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe sad  
 From his late conquest which he gotten had.  
 VWho, when-as each of other had a sight,  
 They knew themselues, and both their persons rad:  
 When *Calidore* thus fist; Haile noblest Knight  
 Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing spright:

5  
 Now tell, if please you, of the good successe  
 Which ye haue had in your late enterprize,  
 To whom Sir *Arthegall* gan to expresse  
 His whole exploit, and valorous emprise,  
 In order as it did to him arise,  
 Now happy man, said then Sir *Calidore*,  
 Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,  
 Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before;  
 That shall you most renowned make for euermore.

6  
 But where ye ended haue, now I begin  
 To tread an endlessse trace withouten guide,  
 Or good direction, how to enter in,  
 Or how to issue forth in waies vntride,  
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide;  
 In which, although good fortune mee besfall,  
 Yet shall it not by none be testifide,  
 What is that quest, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,  
 That you into such perils presently doth call?



The *Blatant Beast*, quoth he, I doe pursue,  
 And through the world incessantly doe chase,  
 Till I him overtake, or else subdued:  
 Yet knowe I neuer how, or in what place,  
 To finde him out; yet still I forward trace.  
 Why thus this *Blatant Beast*, then he replyde,  
 It is a Monster bred of hellish race:  
 Then answerd he; which often hath annoyd  
 Good Knights & Ladies true, & many else destroyd.

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,  
 And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,  
 Through toulc commixture of his filthy blot:  
 Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,  
 Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then  
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent,  
 To be the plague and scourge of wicked men:  
 Whom with vile tongue, and venomous intent  
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then since the salvage Iland I did leane,  
 Said *Arbegaill*, I such a Beast did see,  
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,  
 That all in spite and malice did agree,  
 With which he bayd, and loudly barked 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 mote his wicked poylon forth did poure.

That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,  
 Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
 To heare these tydings, which of none afore  
 Through all my weary trauell I haue had:  
 Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.  
 Now God you speed, quoth then *Sir Arbegaill*,  
 And keepe your body from the danger dead:  
 For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;  
 So both tooke goodly leane, and parted feerall.

*Sir Calidore* thence trauelled not long,  
 When-as by chance a comely Squire he found,  
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,  
 Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:  
 Who, seeing him from farre, with pitiuous sound  
 Of his still cries him called to his ayde.  
 To whom approaching, in that painfull stound  
 When he him saw, for no demands he staid,  
 But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said;

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought  
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace?  
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
 And thee captiued in this shamefull place?  
 To whom he answerd thus; My haplesse case  
 Is not occasion'd through my misdeede,  
 But through misfortune, which did me abase  
 Vnto this shame, and my young hope subuert,  
 Ere that I in her guiltfull trames was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,  
 Hard by a straight there stands a Castle strong,  
 VVhich doth of seruice & custome lewd and ill,  
 And is hath long maintaynd with mighty wrong:  
 For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
 That way (and yet they needs must passe that way)  
 By reason of the straight, and rocks among  
 But they that Ladies lockes doe stur away,  
 And that knights beard for toll, which they for passage

A shamefull vse as euer I did heere,  
 Said *Calidore*, and to be overthowne.  
 But by what meanes did they at first it reare,  
 And for what cause? tell if thou haue it knowne.  
 Said then the Squire: The Lady which doth owne  
 This Castle, is by name *Brianna* hight,  
 Then which a prouder Lady lieth none:  
 She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,  
 And fought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

His name is *Trudor*, who through high disdain  
 And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing iniod,  
 Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,  
 Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,  
 VVith beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd,  
 Which to provide, she hath this Castle dight,  
 And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,  
 Cald *Maleffore*, a man of mickle might,  
 VVho executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

He, this same day, as that way did come  
 With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,  
 In execution of her lawlesse doome,  
 Did seesson vs flying both for feare:  
 For, little bootes against him hand to reare,  
 Me first he tooke, unable to withstand;  
 And whil'st he her pursued eery 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 straight way ghest,  
 That it was shee, the which for helpe did seeke,  
 Tho, looking vp vnto the sky to left,  
 They saw that Castle from farre, with hand vnblest,  
 Halting that mayden by the yellow haire,  
 That all her garments from her loowy breast,  
 And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,  
 Ne would he spare for pity, nor refraine for feare.

VVhich haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,  
 Estloones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,  
 With hearts dismay, and inward dolour queld,  
 For to pursue that villaine, which had rett  
 That pious spoile by so iniurious theft,  
 Whom overtaking, louder to him he crides,  
 Leane fayer quickly that misgotten weite,  
 To him that hath it better iustifide,  
 And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art defide.

19  
Who harkning to that voice, himselfe vp-reard,  
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,  
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afraid,  
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;  
And with sterne count'nance thus vnto him spake;  
Art thou the caitiue that defiest mee,  
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doost take,  
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little be?  
Yet shall it not her locks for raunsome frome free.

20  
VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd  
On hideous strokes with most importune might,  
That oft he made him stagger as vnstaid,  
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight,  
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,  
Him long forbore, and still his spirit spar'd,  
Lying in wait how him he damage might,  
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,  
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21  
Like as a water streame, whose swelling soure  
Shall drue a Mill, within strong banks is pent,  
And long restrained of his ready course;  
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,  
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent,  
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,  
VVhen once he felt his foe-man to relent;  
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,  
VWho as he full decayd, so he encreased more.

22  
The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might  
When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,  
His hart gan faint, and straight he tooke his flight  
Toward the Castle, where if need constrain'd,  
His hope of refuge vs'd to remaine.  
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,  
Hec him pursu'd and chased through the Plaine,  
That he for dread of death gan loude to cry  
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

23  
They, from the wall him seeing so aghaft,  
The gate soone opened to receiue him in;  
But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,  
That euen in the Porch he him did win,  
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.  
The carcasse tumbling downe within the dore,  
Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,  
That it could not be shut, whil't *Calidore*  
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

24  
With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,  
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;  
But he them all from him full lightly swept,  
As doth a Steare, in heat of Sommers day,  
With his long tayle the bryzes brush away.  
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,  
VVhere, of the Lady selfe in sad dismay  
He was ymet: who with vcomely shame  
Gan him salute, and foule vpbraid with faulty blame.

25  
Falsc traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,  
But some of armes, that hast with gnilly hand  
Murderd my men, and flaine my Seneschall;  
Now comest thou to rob my house vnam'd,  
And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?  
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,  
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:  
And if none doe, yet shame shall thee with shame re-

26  
Much was the Knight abashed at that word;  
Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,  
But to the shamefull dooer it afford.  
Blood is no blemish; for, it is no blame  
To punish those that doe deserue the same;  
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,  
And wicked customes make, those doe defame  
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie,  
No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

27  
Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame forgoe  
This cuill manner, which ye here maintaine,  
And doe in stead thereof mild cur'tie shoue  
To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine  
More then his loue, which thus ye seeke to obtaine,  
Where-with, all full of wrath, she thus replyd;  
Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much disdain  
Thy courteous lore, that doost my loue deride,  
Who scornes thy idle scoffe, and bids thee be decide.

28  
To take defiance at a Ladies word  
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignitie;  
But were he heere, that would it with his sword  
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.  
Coward, quoth shee, were not that thou wouldst flie,  
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.  
If I doe so, said he, then liberty  
I leaue to you, for ayme to disgrace,  
With all those shames that eartly ye spake me to deface.

29  
With that, a Dwarf he cald to her in haste,  
And taking from her hand a ring of gold  
(A priuy token which betwene them past)  
Bade him to flie with all the speed he could  
To *Crudor*, and desire him that he would  
Vouchsafe to reskew her against a Knight,  
VVho through strong powre had now her selfe in hold,  
Having late flaine her Seneschall in fight,  
And all her people murderd with outrageous might.

33  
The Dwarf he his way did haste, and went all night;  
But *Calidore* did with her there abide  
The comming of that so much threatend Knight,  
Where that discourteous Dame with scornful pride,  
And foule entreaty him indignified,  
That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:  
Yee he, that could his wrath full wisely guide,  
Did well endure her womanish disdain,  
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.



<sup>31</sup>  
The morrow next, before the lampe of light  
About the earth vp-reard his flaming head,  
The Dwarf which bore that message to her knight;  
Brought anwere back; that ere he tasted bread,  
He would her succour; and aline or dead  
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:  
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;  
And that of him shee mote assured stand,  
He sent to her his balenc, as a faithfull band.

<sup>32</sup>  
Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,  
And gan t'augment her bitterness much more:  
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
Ne ought dismayed was *Sir Calidore*,  
But rather did more cheerefull seeme therefore,  
And hauing soone his armes about him dight,  
Did issue forth, to meet his foe afore;  
Where long he stayed not, when-as a Knight  
He spide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

<sup>33</sup>  
Well weend he straight, that he should be the same  
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maineaine;  
Ne staid to aske if it were he by name,  
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.  
They been ymitt in midst of the Plaine,  
VVith so fell fury and despicious force,  
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,  
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,  
Neither of othertaking pittie nor remorse.

<sup>34</sup>  
But *Calidore* vp-rose againe full light,  
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse sound;  
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:  
For, shame he weend a sleeping sight to wound.  
But when *Briana* saw that dreary sight,  
There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,  
Shee deem'd him sure to haue been dead on ground;  
And made such pittious mourning there-withall,  
That from the battlements the ready seem'd to fall.

<sup>35</sup>  
Nath'lesse, at length himselfe he did vp-reare  
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,  
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,  
And gan to stretch his limbes; which feeling ill  
Of his latefall, awhile he rested still:  
But when he saw his foe before in view,  
He hooke off lusksifnesse, and courage chill  
Knodling afresh, gan battell to renew,  
To proue if better foot then horseback would enscw.

<sup>36</sup>  
There then began a fearefull cruell fray  
Betwixt them two, for maistry of might,  
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
And passing well expert in single fight,  
And both inflam'd with furious delpight:  
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 awhile their angers temper ceast.

<sup>37</sup>  
Thus, long they traet' and trauest to and fro,  
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make  
Into the life of his malignant foe;  
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,  
As they had pot-shards been; for sought more flake  
Their greedy vengeances, 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.

<sup>38</sup>  
At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie  
Attonce did heaue, with all their power and might,  
Thioking the vtmost of their force to try,  
And proue the shoall fortune of the fight:  
But *Calidore*, that was more quick of light,  
And nimble handed then his enemy,  
Prevented him before his stroke could light,  
And on the helmet smote him formerly,  
That made him stoope to ground with meeke humility.

<sup>39</sup>  
And ere he could recover foot againe,  
He following that faire advantage fast,  
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,  
That him vpon the ground he proueling cast;  
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlac'd  
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.  
Who seeing in what danger he was plac't,  
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not slay,  
But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

<sup>40</sup>  
With that, his mortall hand awhile he stayd,  
And hauing somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat  
With goodly patience, thus he to him said;  
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,  
That 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 shall nought to you but foule dishonor carne.

<sup>41</sup>  
For, nothing is more blamefull to a knight,  
That court'sie doth as well as armes profess,  
How euer strong and fortunate in fight,  
Then the reproche of pride and cruellnesse.  
In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,  
VVho hath not leard him selfe first to subdew:  
All flesh is fraile, and full of sicklenesse,  
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;  
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

<sup>42</sup>  
VVho will not mercy vnto others shew,  
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?  
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.  
Yet sith ye mercy now doe need to craue,  
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue,  
With these conditions, which I will propound:  
First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue  
Vnto all errant knights, where-so on ground;  
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in euerie stead and sound.

The



43  
 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 what for euer else he would requere,  
 So suffering him to rise, he made him twear  
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
 To take *Briana* for his louing fere,  
 VVithouten dowre or composition;  
 But to release his former foule condition.

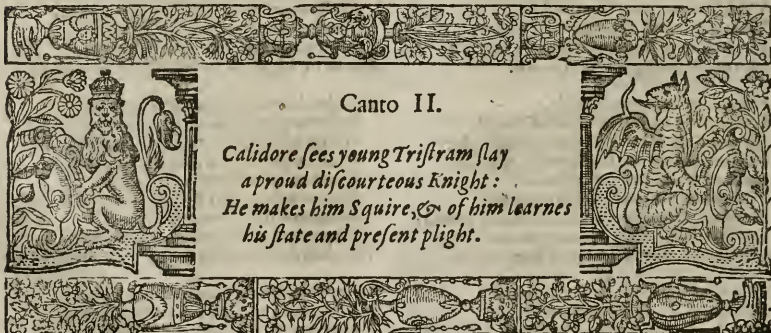
44  
 All which accepting, and with faithfull oth  
 Binding himselfe most firmly to obey,  
 He vp arose, how euer life or loth,  
 And iwore to him true fealtie for aye.  
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
 The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:  
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray,  
 Sir *Calidore* vp cheard, and to her told  
 All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

45  
 VVhereof she now more glad, then sory eart,  
 All overcome with infinite affect,  
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pear't  
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before his feet her selfe she did proiest,  
 And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,  
 VVith all due thanks, and dutifull respect,  
 Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,  
 By which he had to her both life and Loue restord.

46  
 So all returning to the Castle, glad,  
 Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;  
 Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,  
 To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faire,  
 By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:  
 And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*  
 She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,  
 And her selfe bound to him for euer more;  
 So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

47  
 But *Calidore*, himselfe would not retaine  
 Nor laod nor fee for hire of his good deed;  
 But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,  
 Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,  
 And to his danicell, 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 whole and strong,  
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.



## Canto II.

*Calidore sees young Tristram slay  
 a proud discourteous Knight:  
 He makes him Squire, & of him learnes  
 his state and present plight.*

1  
**W**hat vertue is so fitting for a Knight,  
 Or for a Lady, whom a knight should loue,  
 As Courtesie, to beare themselves aright  
 To all of each degree, as doth behoue?  
 For, whether they be placed high above,  
 Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe  
 Their good, that none them rightly may reprove  
 Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe:  
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

2  
 There-to great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:  
 For, some so goodly gracious are by kind,  
 That every 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 themselves, cannot attaine.  
 For, every thing to which one is inclin'd,  
 Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:  
 Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforce't with  
 (paine.)

3  
 That well in courteous *Calidore* appears;  
 Whose eury deed, and word that he did say,  
 Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,  
 And both the eares did feale the hart away.  
 He now againe is on his former way,  
 To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
 A tall young man from thence not farre away,  
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descride,  
 Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

And them beside, a Lady faire he saw,  
 Standing alone on foot, in foule array:  
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,  
 To weet the cause of so vncomefly fray,  
 And so depart them, if so be he may.  
 But ere he came in place, that youth had killd  
 That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;  
 Which when he saw, his heart was inly child  
 With great amazement, & his thought with wonder filld.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee  
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see  
 Yet seauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face,  
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race,  
 All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad  
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;  
 And on his head a hood with aplets sprad,  
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of colliest cordwaine,  
 Pickt vpon gold, and paled part per part,  
 As then the guize was for each gentle swaine;  
 In his right hand he held a trembling date,  
 Whose fellow he before had sent a part;  
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,  
 With which he wont to launce the saluage hart  
 Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare  
 That first vnto his hand in chafe did happen neare.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing viewed,  
 At length bespake; What meaoes this, gentle swaine?  
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed  
 In blood of Knight, the which by thee is slaine?  
 By thee no Knight; which armes impugne thine plaine.  
 Certes, said he, loth were I to haue broken  
 The law of armes; yet breake it should agalaine,  
 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 Lady here  
 May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,  
 Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;  
 But he me first, through pride and puiſſance strong  
 Assault, not knowing what to armes doth long  
 Perdie, great blime, then said Sir *Calidore*,  
 For armed Knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong  
 But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore  
 Betwixt you two began this strife and sterrie vp-rore?

That shall I sooth say, to you declare,  
 I, whose vnripe yeeres are yet vnripe  
 For sting of weight, or worke of greeter care,  
 Do spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit  
 To saluage chace; where I thereon inly hit  
 In all this forest, and wilde woody raine;  
 Where, as this day I was enraging it,  
 I chaunc't to meet this Knight, who there lies slaine,  
 Together with this Lady, passing on the Plaine.

The Knight, as ye did see, on horse-back was,  
 And thus his Lady (that him ill became)  
 On her faire feet by his horse side did pass  
 Through thick and thin, vnfit for any Dame.  
 Yet not content, mote to increase his shame,  
 When so he lagged, as she needs mote so,  
 He with his speare (that was to him great blame)  
 Would thampe her forward, and inforce to goe,  
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious 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 Lady, whom with vltage kind  
 He rather should haue taken vp behind.  
 Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdain,  
 Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,  
 And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,  
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a child pertaine.

Which I no lesse disdainyng, backe returned  
 His scornfull tauntes vnto his teeth againe,  
 That he straightway with haughty choler burned,  
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;  
 Which I enforce 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* admire his speach  
 Tempred so well; but more admir'd the stroke  
 That through the mailes he made so strong a breach  
 Into his hart; and had so sternely wroke  
 His wrath on him, that first occasion boke.  
 Yet velted not, but further gan inquire  
 Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,  
 Were soothly so, and that th' vnrighteous ire  
 Of her owne Knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Of all white, when as she could nought deny,  
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame;  
 Said then Sir *Calidore*, neyther will I  
 Him charge with guilt, but rather do quite clame:  
 For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;  
 And what he did, he did himselfe to Gue: (shame.  
 Against both which, that Knight wrought Knightlesse  
 For, Knights and all men this by nature haue,  
 Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

But, sith that he is gone it reuocable,  
 Please it you Lady, to vs to aread,  
 What cause could make him to dishonourable,  
 To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread  
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?  
 Certes, sir Knight, said she, full loth I were  
 To raise a liuing blame against the dead;  
 But sith it me concerns my selve to clere,  
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunc't whylere.



16

This day, as he and I together roade  
Vpon our way, to which we were bent,  
We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade  
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent  
Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment  
Of their franke loues, free from all icelous spies:  
Faite was the Lady sure, that mote content  
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,  
And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,  
He inly gan her Louer to enuy,  
And wish that he part of his foyle might share.  
Where-to when as my presence he did spy  
To be a let, he bade me by and by  
For to alight: but when as I was loth,  
My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,  
He with strong hand downe fro his steed me throw'th,  
And wth presumptuous powre against that knight straight

18

Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete  
For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,  
Then fearing any foe-man there to meete:  
Where of he taking oddes, straight bids him dight  
Himselfe to yeeld his Loue, or elle to fight.  
Whereat the other stirring vp disdaind,  
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might  
To leaue his Loue he should be ill advis'd,  
In which he had good right: gainst all, that it gaine-said.

19

Yet, sith he was not presently in plight  
Het to defend, or his to iustify,  
He him requeste, as he was a Knight,  
To lend him day his better right to trye,  
Or stay till he his armes ( which were there by )  
Might lightly fetch. But he was sicce, and hot,  
Ne true would giue, nor any teares aby,  
But at him flew, and with his speare him mote  
From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,  
Whi'ft they together for the quarry stroue,  
Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,  
And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.  
My Knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,  
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,  
He woxe halfe mad, and to that rage gan rouse,  
And range through all the wood, where to he wist  
Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no meanes could find,  
After long search and chauffe, he turned back  
Vnto the place where me, he left behind:  
There gan he me to curle and ban, for lack  
Of that faire booty, and with bitter wrack  
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong,  
Of all which, I yet glad to bære the pack,  
Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long  
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,  
When forward we should fare, he flat refused  
To take me vp (as this young man did see)  
Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,  
But forc't to trot on foot, and foule mistused;  
Punching me with the butt end of his speare,  
In vaine complaining to be so abused.  
For, he regarded neyther plaint nor care,  
But more enforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met;  
And betng mou'd with pity of my plight,  
Spake as was meet, for ease of my regret:  
Whereof be fell, what now is in your sight.  
Now Iure, then said Sir Calidore, and right  
Me seemes, that him t'effell by his owne fault:  
Who euer thanks through confidence of might,  
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,  
To wrong the weaker, oft fallies in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,  
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;  
Seeing his face so louely sterner and coy,  
And hearing th' answers of his pregent wit,  
He prayd it much, and much admired it;  
That Iure he weend him borne of noble blood,  
With whom those graces did to goodly fit:  
And when he long had him beholding stood,  
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good:

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faire,  
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost wone,  
Which daily may to thy sweet lookes repaire,  
As they are wont vnto Latonaes lone,  
After his chace on woody Cynthus don:  
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,  
As be thy worth thou worthily hast won,  
Or surely borne of som Heroick seed,  
That in thy face appears, and gracious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee to tell  
(Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,  
For loue amongst the woody gods to dwell)  
I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,  
For deare affection and vntained zeale  
Which to thy noble personage I beare,  
And wish thee growe in worship and great weale,  
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,  
I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be  
Sir Knight, that by discouering my estate,  
Harme may arise vawetting vnto mee;  
Nath'lesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,  
To you I will not feare it to relate.  
Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,  
Soune of a King, how euer through fate  
Or fortune I my country haue forsorne,  
And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

And



28  
 And *Trifram* is my name, the onely heire  
 Of good King *Meliogras*, which did raigne  
 In *Cornewale*, till that he through liues despeire  
 Vntimely dide, before I did attaine  
 Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.  
 After whose death, his brother seeing mee  
 An infant, weake a Kingdome to sustaine,  
 Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,  
 And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29  
 The widow *Queene*, my mother, which then hight  
 Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare  
 Of my fraile safety, resting in the might  
 Of him, that did the Kingly Scepter beare,  
 Whose ielous dread induring not a peare,  
 Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,  
 Thought best away me to remoue some-where  
 Into some forraigne Land, where-as no need  
 Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30  
 So, taking counsell of a wise man red,  
 She was by him adviz'd, to send me quight  
 Out of the Country wherein I was bred,  
 The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,  
 Into the Land of *Ferry*, where no wight  
 Should weete of mee, or worke me any wrong.  
 To whose wife read she hearkning, sent me straight  
 Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,  
 Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

31  
 All which my dayes I haue not lewdly spent,  
 Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares  
 In idlesse; but as was conuenient,  
 Haue trained beene with many noble feres  
 In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres.  
 Mongst which, my most delight hath alwayes been  
 To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,  
 Of all that rangeth in the Forrest Greene;  
 Of which, none is to me vnknoone, that ev'r was scene.

32  
 Ne is there hauke which manleth her on perch,  
 Whether high towring, or accoasting lowe,  
 But I the measure of her flight do search,  
 And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.  
 Such be our ioyes, which in these Forrests growe:  
 Onely the vie of armes, which most I ioy,  
 And fitteth most for noble swaine to knowe,  
 I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,  
 And being now high time these strong ioynts to employ.

33  
 Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit  
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter sildome may;  
 Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,  
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
 That from henceforth in bartailous array  
 I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;  
 The rather, sith that fortune hath this day  
 Given to me the spoyle of this dead Knight,  
 These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34  
 All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,  
 Him much more now, then erst hegan admire,  
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
 And thus replide; Faire child, the high desire  
 To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
 I may not certes without blame denie;  
 But rather wish, that some more noble hire  
 (Though none more noble then is cheualric)  
 I had, you to reward with greater dignitic.

35  
 There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare  
 Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all;  
 And neuer to be recreant, for feare  
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:  
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.  
 Full glad and ioyous then young *Trifram* grew,  
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,  
 Long stur vp in the bud from heavens view, (he w.)  
 At length breakes forth, and brode displays his smiling

36  
 Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,  
 And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,  
 Child *Trifram* prayd, that he with him might goe  
 On his aduecture; vowing not to start,  
 But wait on him in eury place and part.  
 Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,  
 And greatly ioy'd at his fo noble hart,  
 In hope he sure would proue a doughty Knight:  
 Yet for the time this answer he to him beight;

37  
 Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,  
 To haue thy presence in my present quest,  
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
 And flame forth honour in thy noble breast:  
 But I am bound by vow, which I profest  
 To my drad Soueraigne, when I it assayd,  
 That in atchieuement of her high behest,  
 I should ne creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,  
 For thy, I may not grant that ye fo greatly prayd.

38  
 But, since this Lady is all desolate,  
 And needeth safegard now vpon her way,  
 Ye may do well in this her needfull state  
 To succour her, from danger of dismay;  
 That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.  
 The noble Impe, of such new seruicce faire,  
 It gladly did accept, as he did say.  
 So taking courteous leaue, they parted twaine,  
 And *Calidore* forth pass'd to his former paine.

39  
 But *Trifram*, then despoyling that dead Knight  
 Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,  
 Long sed his greedy eyes with the faire sight  
 Of the bright metall, shining like Sunne rayes;  
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.  
 And after, hauing them vpon him dight,  
 He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raise  
 Vpon the steed of her owne late dead Knight:  
 So with her march'd forth, as she did him beight.

40  
 There, to their fortune, leaue we them awhile,  
 And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;  
 Who, ere he thence had traual'd many a mile,  
 Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,  
 This Knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded fore  
 Another Knight in his despiteous pride;  
 There he that Knight found lying on the flore,  
 With many wounds full perillous and wide,  
 That all his garments, and the grasie in vermil dide.

41  
 And there beside him, sare vpon the ground  
 His wofull Lady, pittiously complayning  
 With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,  
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning  
 To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.  
 Which sory sight when *Calidore* did view  
 With heauy eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,  
 His mighty hart their mournfull case can rewe,  
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42  
 Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said:  
 Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieffe empeach  
 To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid  
 This Knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach  
 Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,  
 I may auenge him of so foule despight.  
 The Lady, hearing his so courteous speech,  
 Gan reare hir eyes as to the chearefull light,  
 And from her sory ba: t few heauy words forth sighte.

43  
 In which she shew'd, how that discourteous Knight  
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,  
 Ioyning together in vnblam'd delight,  
 And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,  
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound  
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reauce  
 From him, to whom she was for euer bound:  
 Yet when she fled into that couert greace,  
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

44  
 When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had  
 Well vnderstood, he gan of her demaund,  
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,  
 Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.

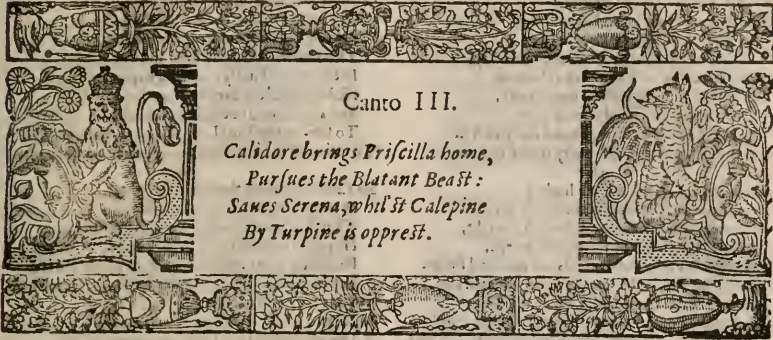
She then, like as she best could vnderstand,  
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,  
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band  
 Quartered athwart, and bearing in his target  
 A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a sommer barge.

45  
 Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse straightway,  
 By many signes which she described had,  
 That this was he, whom *Tristram* carst did slay,  
 And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:  
 For, he that hath your Knight so ill bestad,  
 Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;  
 These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,  
 The meed of his desert for that despight,  
 Which to your selfe he wrought, & to your loued Knight.

46  
 Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieffe,  
 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't him deare,  
 Both for that newes he did to her impart,  
 And for the courteous care which he did beare  
 Both to her Loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

47  
 Yet could she not deuise by any wit,  
 How thence she might contay him to some place;  
 For, him to trouble she: thought vnfit,  
 That was a stranger to her wretched case;  
 And him to beare, she thought it thing too base,  
 Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus bespake;  
 Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace,  
 To beare this burden on your dainty backe;  
 My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

48  
 So, off he did his shield, and downward layd  
 Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;  
 And pouring balme, which he had leng puruaid,  
 Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,  
 And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,  
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.  
 Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,  
 In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:  
 Where what enſu'd, shall in next Canto be begonne.



## Canto III.

*Calidore brings Priscilla home,  
Pursues the Blatant Beast:  
Saves Serena, whilst St Calepine  
By Turpine is oppress.*

**T**RUC is, that wilome that good Poet said,  
The gentle mind by getie 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, fel some seeue, a trotting Stallion get  
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:  
So fel some seeue, that one in balencse set  
Doth noble couraige shew, with courteous manners mett

But euer more contrary hath been tryde,  
That gentle blood will gentle maners breed;  
As well may be in *Calidore* deseride,  
By late esample 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 belought.

He was to weer a man of full ripe yeares,  
That in his youth had been of mickle might,  
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:  
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.  
Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,  
And loued all that did to armes incline,  
And was the father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chaine,  
And *Aidus* was his name, and his sonne's *Aladine*.

Who when he sawe his sonne so ill bedight,  
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,  
By a faire Lady, and a stranger Knight,  
Was inly toucht with compassion deare,  
And deare affection of so doolefull dreare,  
That he these words burst forth; Ah sorry boy,  
Is this the hope that to my hoary beare  
Thou brings? aye me! is this the timely ioy,  
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad 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 sorrowings,  
In stead of comfort; which we should embrace;  
This is the state of *Caesars* and of *Kings*.  
Let none therefore, that is in meane place,  
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlukey case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight  
Temper his grieffe, 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 gear;  
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,  
But sigh't and sorrow'd for her louer deare,  
And iuly did afflict her pensue thought,  
With thinking to what eake her name should now be

For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,  
Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affie  
To a great Peere: but she did disaccord,  
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,  
But lov'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her nie,  
The lusty *Aladine*: though meane borne,  
And of lesse liuelood and habilty;  
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne  
His meaneenes much, & make her th' others riches scorn.

So hauing both found fit occasion,  
They met together in that lucklesse glade;  
Where that proud Knight in his presumption  
The gentle *Aladine* did earst inuade,  
Being voarm'd, and set in seeret shade.  
Whereof the 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 calouted disguise.



9  
But *Calidore* with all good courtesie  
Faio'd her to frolicke, and to put away  
The pensive fit of her melancholy;  
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,  
To make them both as merry as he may.  
So they the evening past, till time of rest;  
Then *Calidore* in seemely good array  
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,  
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

10  
But faire *Prisilla* (so that Lady hight)  
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,  
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,  
And with her teares his wounds did wash and sleepe.  
So well she wash't them, and so well she watch't him,  
That of the deadly fownd, in which full deepe  
He drenched was, she at the length dispatch't him,  
And drone away the sound, which mortally attach't him.

11  
The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,  
He also gan vp-look with dreary eye,  
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:  
Where when he saw his faire *Prisilla* by,  
He deeply sigh't, and groan'd inwardly,  
To thinke of this ill state, in which she stood,  
To which she for his sake had weeningly  
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:  
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

12  
Which she perceiuing, did with plentious teares  
His care more then her owne compassionate,  
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:  
So both conspiring, gan to intimate  
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,  
How to salue whole her hazard'd estate;  
For which the onely helpe now left them last  
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were past.

13  
Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seem'd,  
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:  
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed  
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.  
Earely, so soone as *Titans* beams forth burst  
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay  
All night in darknesse, duld with iron rust,  
*Calidore* rising vp as fresh as day,  
Gan freshly him address'e vnto his former way.

14  
But first him seem'd fit that wounded Knight  
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,  
And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
And eke that Lady his faire louely Lasse.  
There he him found much better then he was,  
And moued speech to him of things of course,  
The anguish of his paine to ouer-passe:  
Mong't which he namely did to him discourse,  
Of former dayes mishap, his sorrows wicked source.

15  
Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,  
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,  
And all his disaduentures to vnfold;  
That *Calidore* it dearely deep did moue.  
In th' end his kindly courtesie to proue,  
He him by all the bands of loue beought,  
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,  
To safe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought  
To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

16  
Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,  
It to performe: so, after little stay,  
That she her selfe had to the iourney dight,  
He pass'd forth with her in faire array,  
Farelesse, 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 gan deuize this counter-cast of sight,  
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

17  
Streight to the carcasse of that Knight he went,  
The cause of all this euill, who was slaine  
The day before by iust auengement  
Of noble *Trisfram*, where it did remaine:  
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,  
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame,  
So forth he pass'd thorough that dayes paine,  
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,  
Most pensue man, throug' fear, what of his child became;

18  
There he arriuing boldly, did present  
The fearfull Lady to her father deare,  
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent  
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
Since first he sawe her, and did free from feare  
Of a discourteous Knight, who had her rest,  
And by outrageous force away did beare:  
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,  
And wratched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

19  
Most ioyfull man her Sire was her to see,  
And heare th' aduenture of her late mischance;  
And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for see  
Of his large paines in her deliuerance  
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduance.  
Thus hauing her restored trustfully,  
As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
He there did make, and then most carefully  
Vnto his first exploit he did himselfe apply.

20  
So as he was pursuing of his quest,  
He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,  
In couert shade himselfe did safely rest,  
To solace with his Lady in delight:  
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;  
For that himselfe he thought from danger free,  
And far from entious eyes that mote him spight,  
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,  
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

21  
To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching oie;  
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,  
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,  
That he so rudely did vpon them light,  
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.  
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
Himselfe thereof he laboured to acquite,  
And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,  
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

22  
With which his gentle words and goodly wit,  
He soon allayd that Knights concei'd displeasure,  
That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure;  
And of aduentures, which had in his measure  
Of so long wayes to him befallen late.  
So downe he sat, and with delightfull pleasure  
His long aduentures gan to him relate,  
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23  
Of which whil't they discoursed both together,  
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)  
Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle weather,  
And pleasure of the place, the which was dight  
With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;  
Wandred about the fields, as liking led  
Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,  
To make a garland to adorne her head,  
Without suspect of ill or danger hidden dread.

24  
All sodainly out of the Forrest neere  
The *Blasant Beast*, forth rushing vnaware,  
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,  
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.  
Crying aloud, to fiew her sad misfere  
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;  
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care  
Hastly starting vp, like men dismayde,  
Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed mayde.

25  
The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,  
Into the wood was bearing her apace  
For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*  
Who was more light of foot and swift in chate,  
Him ouer-tooke in midst of his race:  
And fiercely charging him with all his might,  
Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,  
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;  
For, he darst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26  
Who nathelesse, when he the Lady sawe  
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,  
Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,  
Straide not to succour her in that affright,  
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:  
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,  
That he n'ould let him breath nor gather spright,  
But forc't him gape and gape, with dread aghast,  
As if his lungs and liues were nigh a wonder blast.

27  
And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so hight)  
Came to the place, where he his Lady found  
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,  
All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,  
Hauing both sides through grip't with grieisly wound,  
His weapons soone from him he threw away;  
And stooping downe to her in drery frownd,  
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,  
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

28  
So well he did his busie paines apply,  
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,  
To her fraile manfion of mortality.  
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,  
And setting on his steed, her did sustaine  
With careful hands loosing foot her beside,  
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,  
Till she secured were of those her woundes wide.

29  
Now when as *Pharbus* with his fiery waime  
Vnto his Inne began to drawe apace;  
Tho, waxing weary of that toyle some paine,  
In traulling on foot so long a space,  
Not wou'd he foot with heavy armes to trace;  
Downe in a dale forby a riuers side,  
He chaunc't to spy a faire and stately Place,  
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,  
In hope there for his Loue some succour to provide!

30  
But coming to the riuers side, he found  
That hardly passable on foot it was:  
Therefore there still he stood as in a frownd,  
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pass.  
Thus whil't he was in this distressed case,  
Deuising what to do, he nigh espide  
An armed Knight approaching to the place,  
With a faire Lady linked by his side,  
The which themselves prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31  
Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)  
Besought of courtesie in that his need  
(For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,  
Through that same perillous foord with better heed)  
To take him vp behinde vpon his steed:  
To whom that other did this taunt returne;  
Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly need  
Me then to be full bafe and euill borne,  
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

32  
But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,  
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,  
And let thy Lady likewise do the same,  
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing paine,  
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vaine.  
With which rude speech his Lady much displeasde,  
Did him reprove, yet could him not restraine,  
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue casde,  
For pity of his Dame, whom she sawe so diseasde.

33  
 Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet, inly wroth  
 Against her Knight, her gentleness refused,  
 And carelesly into the riuier goth,  
 As in despiht to be so foule abused  
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
 Of foule discourtesie, vsfit for Knight;  
 And strongly wading through the waues vnused,  
 With Spear in th' one hand, stayd himselfe vpright,  
 With th' other stayd his Lady vp with stedy might.

34  
 And all the while, that same discourteous Knight  
 Stood on the further banke beholding him,  
 At whose calamity, for more despiht,  
 He laughd, and mockt to see him like to swim.  
 But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,  
 And sawe his carnage 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 speches sharpe and fell.

35  
 Vnknighly Knight, the blemish of that name,  
 And blot of all that armes vpon them take,  
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
 Lo! I desie thee, and here challenge make,  
 That thou for euer do those armes forsake;  
 And be for euer held a recreant knight,  
 Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,  
 And for thine owne defence on foot alight,  
 To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

36  
 The dastard, that did heare himselfe deside,  
 Seem'd not to waigh his threatful words at all,  
 But laughd them out, as if his greater pride  
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:  
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall,  
 So much the more was *Calepine* offended,  
 That him to no reuenge he forth could call,  
 But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,  
 Ne cared as a coward to be condemned.

37  
 But he, nought weighing what he said or did,  
 Turned his steed about another way,  
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,  
 Where was his won; ne did the other stay,  
 But after went directly as he may,  
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;  
 Where he arriuing with the fall of day,  
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,  
 And milde entreaty, lodging did for her beseeke.

38  
 But the rude Porter, that no manners had,  
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
 And entrance boldly vnto him forbad,  
 Natherlesse the Knight, now in so needy case,  
 Gan him entreat euen with submission base,  
 And humbly prayd to let them in that night:  
 Who to him answer'd, that there was no place  
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
 Vnlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight,

39  
 Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earst,  
 When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,  
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearc't  
 With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghost:  
 Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,  
 That should to me such courtesie afford,  
 Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforc't.  
 But yet aread to me, how high thy Lord,  
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

40  
 His name, quoth he, if that thou list to learne,  
 Is high Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,  
 And manhood rare, but terrible and sterce  
 In all assayes to euery errant Knight,  
 Because of one, that wrought him fowle despiht,  
 Ill fecmes, said he, if he so valiant be,  
 That he should be so sterne to stronger wight:  
 For, seldome yet did liuing creature see,  
 That curtesie and manhood euer disagree.

41  
 But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me say,  
 That here is at the gate an errant Knight,  
 That house-roume craues, yet would be loth t' assay  
 The prooue of battell, now in doubtfull night,  
 Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite:  
 Yet if he needs will fight, craue leaue till morne,  
 And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,  
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
 That pity craues, as he of woman was yborne.

42  
 The groom went streightway in, and to his Lord  
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;  
 Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
 Not onely did not his demand approue,  
 But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his Loue;  
 Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,  
 Him of vngente viage did reprove  
 And earnestly entreated that they might  
 Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

43  
 Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,  
 Ne from his currish will awith 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 thercof auenged bee:  
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,  
 Whom now in deadly danger he did see;  
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44  
 But all in vaine; for why, no remedy  
 He sawe, the present mischief to redresse,  
 Burth' vtmost end perforce for to aby,  
 Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.  
 So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,  
 And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,  
 Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,  
 Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weep,  
 And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.



45  
The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day  
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames beight,  
Sreua full of dolorous dismay,  
Twixt darknesse drad, and hope of liuing light;  
Vprear'd her head to see that cheerfull sight.  
Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,  
And greedy to auenge that vile despight;  
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
To make there longer stay, forth on his iourney goth.

46  
He goth on foote all armed by her side,  
Vp staying still her selfe vpon her steed,  
Being vnable else alone to ride;  
So fore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:  
Till that at length, in his extreamest need,  
He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to spie,  
Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;  
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

47  
Wherefore he stayd, till that he neerer drew,  
To weet what issue would thereof betide.  
Tho, when-as he approached nigh in view,  
By certaine signes he plainly him descride  
To be the man, that with such scornfull pride  
Had him abused, and stamed yesterday.  
Therefore mist'oubting, least he should mis-guide  
His former malice to some new assay,  
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

48  
By this the other came in place likewise;  
And couching close his speare and all his powre,  
As bent to some maliciois enterprise,  
He bad him stand, while the bitter stoure

Of his fore vengeance, or to make a toure  
Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:  
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure  
His life attonce; who nought could do, but shuin  
The perill of his pride, or else be ouer-run.

49  
Yet he him still pursewd from place to place,  
With full intent him cruelly to kill;  
And like a wilde goate round about did chafe,  
Flying the fury of his bloody will,  
But his best succour and refuge was still  
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,  
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,  
As euer he to Lady was affide,  
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

50  
But he the more thereby enraged was,  
And with more eager felocie him pursew'd:  
So that at length, after long weary chase,  
Hauing by chance a close aduantage vew'd,  
He ouer-raught him, hauing long eschew'd  
His violence in vaine; and with his speare  
Strook through his shoulder, that the bloud enscw'd  
In great abundance, as a Well it were,  
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeare.

51  
Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,  
But chac't him still, for all his Ladies crie;  
Not satisfide till on the fatal ground  
He saw his life pourd forth despiteously:  
The which was certes in great reopardie,  
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,  
And saued from his cruell villany.  
Such chances oft exceed all humane thought:  
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

## Canto IIII.

*Calepine by a saluageman  
From Turpine reskewed is;  
And whil' st an Infant from a Beare  
He saues, his Loue doth misse.*

1  
Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,  
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,  
At last some silder barke doth nere behold;

That giueth comfort to her courage cold:  
Such was the state of this most courteous Knight,  
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,  
That he remayned in most perilous plight,  
And his sad Lady left in pittifull aflight;

2  
Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,  
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,  
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious 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,  
Chasing the gentle *Calopine* around,  
Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

3  
The saluage man, that neuer till this houre  
Did taste of pittie, neyther gentlesse knew,  
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure  
Was much emmoued at his perils view;  
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,  
And feele compassion of his euill plight,  
Against his foe, that did him fo purlew:  
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
And him auenge of that so villenous depight.

4  
Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments;  
Sawe such as sudden rage him lent to smite;  
But naked without needfull vestiments,  
To clad his corpe with meet habiliments,  
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,  
No more then for the strokes of strawes or bents:  
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,  
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

5  
He staid not to aduize, which way vvere best  
His foe t' assault, or how himselfe to gard;  
But with fierce fury and with force infest  
Vpon him ran: who, being well prepar'd:  
His first assault full warily did ward,  
And with the push of his sharpe pointed speare  
Full on the breast him strook, so strong and hard,  
That fore't him backe recoyle, and reele a care;  
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6  
With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,  
Like to a Tyger that hath must his pray,  
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,  
Regarding neyther speare that mote him slay,  
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.  
The saluage nation doth all dread despise:  
Tho, on his shield he griple hold did lay,  
And held the same so hard, that by no wise  
He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprise.

7  
Long did he wrest and wing it to and fro,  
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:  
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,  
But had'd 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 forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

8  
But after him the wilde man ran apace,  
And him pursued with importune speed:  
(For, he was swit as any Bucke in chace)  
And had he not in his extreamest need,  
Beene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,  
He had him ouertaken in his sight.  
Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succceed,  
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
And shrieked out; a thing vucomey for a Knight.

9  
But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,  
In following of him that fled so fast,  
He weary woze, and back return'd againe  
With speed vnto the place, where-as he last  
Had left that couple, deere their vtmost cast.  
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,  
And eke the Lady fearfully aghaft,  
Both for the perill of the present stound,  
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

10  
For, though she were full glad, so rid to bee  
From that vile lozell, which her late offended;  
Yet now no lesse encombeace shee did see,  
And perill by this saluage man pretended;  
Gauit whom she saw no meane to be defended,  
By reason that her Knight was wounded sore.  
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended  
To Gods sole grace, whom shee did oft implore,  
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

11  
But the wild man, contrary to her feare,  
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,  
And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,  
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;  
For, other language had he none nor speech,  
But a soft murmur, and confused sound  
Offenselste words, which Nature did him teach,  
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

12  
And comming likewise to the wounded Knight,  
When he beheld the streames of purple blood  
Yet flowing fresh; as moued with the sight,  
He made great mone, after his saluage mood:  
And running straight into the thickest wood,  
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,  
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:  
The iuice whereof into his wound he wrought,  
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stanch'd thought.

13  
Then taking vp that Reereants shield and speare,  
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,  
With him to wend vnto his wounding neare:  
To which he easily did them perswade.  
Fare in the Forrest by a hollow glade,  
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading broad  
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;  
Where foot of liuing creature neuer troad, (bode.  
Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was this wights a-  
Tither

14  
Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests ;  
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed  
By signes, by lookes and all his other geits.  
But the bare ground, with hoary noise bestrowed,  
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnflowed,  
And the fruits of the Forrest was their feast :  
For, their bad Stuard neyther plough'd nor sowed,  
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast  
Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures first behest.

15  
Yet howsoeuer hate and meane it were,  
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all ;  
Which had them freed from that deadly teare,  
And freed from being to that captiue thrall.  
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,  
Glad of that easement, though it were but small ;  
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,  
They mote the ableer be to passe vnto the rest.

16  
During which time, that wilde man did apply  
His best endeavour, and his dully paine,  
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye  
For herbs to dress their wounds ; still seeming faire,  
When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.  
So as ere long he had that Knights wound  
Recured well, and made him whole againe :  
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found,  
Which could redresse, for it was towardy vnfound.

17  
Now when as Calpine was woxen strong,  
Vpon a day he call broad to wend,  
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,  
Vntill he, as teating neyther foe nor friend,  
And without sword his perton to defend,  
There him betwixt, vnlooked for before,  
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,  
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore  
Betwixt his bloody awes, beprinkled all with gore.

18  
The little babe did loudly strike and squall,  
And all the woods with pittous plaints did fill,  
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call  
To Calpine whose eares those shrieces shrill  
Pearing his heart with pitties point did thrill ;  
Tha, after him, he ran with zealous haste,  
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill :  
Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,  
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and perueied fast.

19  
Well then him chaung'd his heauy armes to want,  
Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,  
And hinder him from libertie to want :  
For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,  
Them wont to weate, and weend on foot for need ;  
Now wanting them he felt himselfe to light,  
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed  
From bells and ielles, which did let her flight,  
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20  
So well he sped him, that the weary Beare  
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc'd to stay ;  
And without weapon him affaying neare,  
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.  
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,  
Vpon him turned, and with greedy force  
And fury, to be croffed in his way,  
Gaping full wide, did thooke without remorse  
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21  
But the bold Knight no whit therat dismayd :  
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,  
Which lay therby (so for one him did ayde)  
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone  
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone  
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
Being vnable to digest that bone ;  
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward pass :  
Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

22  
Whom when as he thus cumberd did behold,  
Struing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,  
He with him clos'd ; and laying mighty hold  
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge to fast,  
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast ;  
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,  
Ere long enforc't to breath his vmoost blast,  
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, (straine,  
And threatening his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to

23  
Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine  
The little babe, sweete relics of his pray  
Whom pitying to heare to fore complaine,  
From his lost eyes the teares he wip't away,  
And from his face the filth that did it ray :  
And every little limbe he searcht around,  
And every part, that vnder tweath-bands lay,  
Least that the bests shapre teeth had any wound  
Made in his tender flesh ; but whole them all he found.

24  
So hauing all his bands againe vttyde,  
He with him thought backe to returne a gaine :  
But when he lookt about on euery side,  
To weet which way were best to entertaine,  
To bring him to the place where he would faigne,  
He could no path nor tract of foot delcry,  
Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by ayme,  
For nought but woods and Forrests, farre and nye,  
That all about did clothe the compassse of his eye.

25  
Much was he then encombr'd, ne could tell  
Which way to take : now West he went awhile,  
Then North ; then neyther, but as fortune fell.  
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,  
With weary trauell and vncertaine toyle,  
Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end ;  
And euermore his litle spoyle  
Crying for food did greedily him offend.  
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.



26  
At last, about the setting of the Sunne,  
Himselfe out of the forest he did winde,  
And by good fortune the plaine Champain woonne:  
Where looking all about, where he more find  
Some place of luccour to content his mind,  
At length he heard vnder the forrests side  
A voyce, that seemed of some woman-kinde,  
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cride,  
And oft complain'd of Fate, and Fortune oft deuide.

27  
To whom approching, when as she perceiued  
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,  
As if she doubted to haue been deceiued,  
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd,  
Whom when as *Calepine* saw fo dismayd,  
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment  
Her cheating vp, thus gently to her said;  
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?  
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

28  
To whom she thus; What need me Sir to tell  
That which your selfe haue earst arid for right?  
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;  
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
Cannot redressed be by liuing wight,  
Nath'lesse, quoth he, if need do not you bind,  
Doe it dislose, to ease your grieved spright:  
Of times it hap, that sorrowes of the mind  
Find remedy vsought, which seeking cannot find.

29  
Then thus began the lamentable Dame;  
Sith then ye needs will knowe the grieffe I hoord,  
I am th' vnforgotten *Matilde* by name,  
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a great Giant, called *Cormorant*;  
Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,  
And in three battailes did fo deadly daunt,  
That he dare not retorne for all his daily vaunt.

30  
So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,  
And in his see, with peaceable estate,  
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
Ne any daies with him for it debate:  
But to those happy fortunes, cruell Fate  
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrowe  
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;  
And like in time to further ill to growe,  
And all this land with endlesse losse to ouer-flowe.

31  
For, th' heauens, enuying our prosperity,  
Haue not vouchsaf't to grant vnto vs twaine  
The gladfull blessing of posterity,  
Which we might see after our selues remaine  
In th' heritage of our vnhappy paine:  
So that for want of heires it to defend,  
All is in time like to retorne againe  
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend  
To leape into the same after our liues end.

32  
But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,  
And makes exceeding moone, when he does thinke  
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,  
For which he long in vaine did weat and swinke,  
That now the same he greatly doth for thinke.  
Yet was it said, there should to him a soane  
Be gotten, nor begotten, which should drinke  
And drie vp all the water, which doth runne  
In the next brook, by whom that feend should be fordon.

33  
Well hop't he then, when this was prophesied,  
That from his side some noble childe should rise,  
The which, through fame should larre be magnified,  
And this proud Giant should with braue enprise  
Quite ouerthrowe, who now giueth to despise  
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing faire in yeares;  
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise,  
Lo, this my cause of grieue to you appeares;  
For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth cealesse teares.

34  
Which when he heard, he inly touch'd was  
With tender ruth for her vnoworthy grieffe  
And when he had deuiz'd of her cause  
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe  
For all her paine, it please her make the priefe,  
And hauing cheuis'd ber, thus said; Faire Dame,  
In euils, counsell is the comfort chief:  
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

35  
If that the cause of this your languishment  
Be lacke of children, to supply your place;  
Lo, how good fortune doth to you present  
This little babe, of sweet and lonely face,  
And spo:lesse spirit, in which ye may enchaie  
What euer formes ye list thereto apply,  
Being now lost and fit them to embrace;  
Whether ye list him traine in chivalry,  
Or ourse vp in love of learn'd Philology.

36  
And certes it hath often times been seene,  
That of the like whose lineage was vnknowne,  
More braue and noble Knights haue raised beene,  
(As their victorious deeds haue often shewen),  
Being with fame through many Nations blowne;  
Then thote, which haue been dandled in the lisp,  
Therefore some thought, that those braueimps were  
Here by the gods, and fed with heuently sap,  
That made them grow so high, th' honorable hap.

37  
The Lady, hearkning to his sensfull speech,  
Found nothing that he said, vnintend nor reason,  
Hauing off seene it tride, as he did teach,  
Therefore inchuing 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 liues she might be kept,  
And hauing ouer it a little wept,  
She bare it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

38

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid  
Of his young charge, whereof he skill'd ought:  
Ne sic lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,  
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,  
That when that infant vnto him she brought,  
She made him thinke it surely was his owne,  
And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,  
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,  
And did right noble deeds, the which elswhere are showne.

39

Eut *Calepine*, now beeing left alone  
Vnder the green-woods side in forry plight,  
VWithouten armes or steel to ride vpon,  
Or howe 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 courtiesie to requite)  
Both horse and armes, and what-so elle to lend;  
Yet he them all refus'd, though thank her as a friend.

40

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,  
That he Lis 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 embest,  
Till that his Ladies fight he more attaine,  
Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remaine.

## Canto V.

*The Saluage serues Matilda well,  
till she Prince Arthur find;  
Who her together with his Squire  
with th' Hermit leaues behind.*

1

What an ease thing is to deserue  
The gentle blood, how-euer it be wrapt  
In sad misfortunes foule deformity, (hap?)  
And wretched iotrowes, which haue often  
For, howsoeuer it may growe mis-shap't  
(Like this wyld man, beeing vndisciplin'd)  
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,  
Yet will it shewe some sparks of gentle mind,  
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kind.

2

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,  
Who though he were still in this desert wood,  
Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,  
Ne euer sawe faire guise, ne learned good,  
Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,  
By gentle vlsage of that wretched Dame,  
For, certes he was borne of noble blood,  
How-euer by hard hap he hither came:  
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3

Who, when as now long time he lacked had  
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayed,  
Did waxe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
As he of some misfortune were afraid:

And leauing there this Lady all dismayd,  
Went forth straight-way into the Forrest wide,  
To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,  
Or what-so else were vnto him betide:  
He sought him far & neere, yet him no where he spyde.

4

Tho, back returning to that fory Dame,  
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,  
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;  
Now winging both his wretched hands in one,  
Now bearing his hard head vpon a stone,  
That with it was to see him so lament,  
By which the well perceluing what was done,  
Gan teare her hayre, and all her gutters rent,  
And beat her breast, and pittously her selfe torment.

5

Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,  
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding ripe,  
That with the ir blood did all the floore imbrue,  
As if her breast, new launet with murderous knife,  
Would straight disledge the wretched weary life.  
There she long groweling, and deep growling lay,  
As if her vital powers were at strife  
With stronger death, and feared their decay:  
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

E c.

Whom

6  
Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distrest,  
He reared her vp from the bloody ground,  
And fought by all the means that he could best  
Hert to recure out of that itony wound,  
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.  
Yet 'ould she be recomforted for nought,  
Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient stound,  
But day and night did vex her carefull thought,  
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7  
At length, when as no hope of his returne  
She sawe now left, she cast to leaue the place,  
And went abroad, though feeble and forlorne,  
To seeke some comfort in that fory case.  
His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,  
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:  
And becing thereon mounted, forth did pafe,  
VVithouten guide her to conduct aright,  
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8  
VVhom when her Host saw ready to depart,  
He would not suffer her alone to fare,  
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.  
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whylear  
Had left behind, he gan estoones prepare,  
And put them all about him selfe vsit,  
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;  
But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:  
Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

9  
So forth they traueled, an vneuen payre,  
That mote to all men seem an vncouth sight;  
A Giluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,  
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
Gotten by spoile, then purchased aright.  
But he did her attend most carefully,  
And faithfully did serue both day and night,  
VVithouten thought of shame or villeny,  
Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyaltie.

10  
Vpon a day as on their way they went,  
It chaunc't some furniture about her steed  
To be disordered by some accident:  
Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need  
Of this her groomme: which he by signes did need;  
And straight his combrous armes aside did lay  
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dread,  
And in his homely wize began to assay  
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11  
Bout which whilft he was busied thus hard,  
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,  
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,  
VVhich seemed by their portance and attire,  
To be two errant knights, that did enquire  
After adventures, where they mote them get.  
Those were to meet (if that ye it require)  
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met  
By strange occasion, that here needs forth be set.

12  
After that *Timias* had againe recured  
The fauour of *Belphebé*, (as ye heard)  
And of her grace did stand againe assured,  
To happy blisse he was full high vpreard,  
Neither of enuy, nor of change at eard,  
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,  
And with vniust detraction him did beard;  
Yet he him selfe so well and wisely bore,  
That in her soueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13  
But of them all which did his ruine seeke,  
Three mightie en'mies did him most despight;  
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded eke,  
That him not onely fought by open might  
To ouerbrowe, but to supplant by flight.  
The first of them by name was call'd *Despetto*,  
Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;  
The second not so strong, but wise, *Deceito*;  
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Desetto*.

14  
Oft-times their sundry powers they did employ,  
And feuerall deccits, but all in vaine:  
For, neither they by force could him destroy,  
Ne yet entrap in treasonous subtyll traine,  
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,  
They did their counsell's now in one compound;  
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaunce.  
The *Blatant Beest* the fittest means they found,  
To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

15  
Vpon a day, as they the time did wait,  
When he did range the wood for saluage game,  
They sent that *Blatant Beest* to be a baite,  
To drawe him from his deare beloved Dame,  
Vnwares vnto the danger of defame.  
For, well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,  
That no one beast in forrest wild or tame,  
Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,  
And pluck the prey oft-times out of their greedy hold.

16  
The hardy boy, as they deuised had,  
Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,  
Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,  
Ne skilfull of the vncouth icopardy;  
And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
That (his great force vnable to endure)  
He forced was to turne from him and flie:  
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure  
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

17  
Securely he did after him pursue,  
Thinking by speed to ouertake his sight; (drew,  
Who through thick wood & brakes and briers him  
To weary him the more, and waste his sight;  
So that he now has almost spent his spright.  
Till that at length vnto a woody glade  
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight:  
There his three foes, shrowded in gulefull shade,  
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharply



18  
Sharply they all at once did him assaile,  
Burning with inward rancour and despight,  
And heaped strokes did round about him haile  
VVith so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
Bears off their blows from peacing thorough quite.  
Yet he them all so warily did ward,  
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,  
And all the while his back for best safeguard,  
He leant against a tree, that backward oner bard.

19  
Like a wilde Bull, that beeing at a bay,  
Is baited of a massiffe and a hound,  
And a cure-dog; that doe him sharpe assay  
On every side, and beat about him round;  
But most that curie, barking with bitter lound,  
And creeping still behind, doth him in comber,  
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,  
And thrats his horns, & bellows like the thonder;  
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and drive atonder.

20  
Him well behoued so; for, his three foes  
Sought to encompassse him on euery side,  
And dangerously did round about enclose;  
But most of all *Desetto* him annoyd,  
Creeping behind, him still to haue destroyd:  
So did *Decetto* eke him circument;  
But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,  
Did front him face to face against him bent;  
Yet he them all withstood, and oiten made relent.

21  
Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,  
And weary now with careful keeping ward,  
He gan to shooke, and somewhat to giue place,  
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;  
When-as vowares he in the Forrest heard  
A trampling speed, that with his neighing fast  
Did warne his rider be upon his gard;  
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,  
Reuiued was, and sad despaire away did cast.

22  
Eftsoones he spyde a Knight approaching nie:  
Who seeing one in lo great danger set  
Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hie,  
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,  
For pity to see him ouer-let,  
Whom soone as his three enemies did view,  
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:  
Him booted not to thinke them to pursue,  
The court was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

23  
Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew  
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire:  
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,  
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,  
Him thus bespake; My life, my lifes desire,  
VVhy haue ye me alone thus long yleft?  
Tell me what worlds despight, or heuens yre  
Hath you thus long away from me bereft? (weft?)  
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin

24  
With that, he sighd deep for inward tynne:  
To whom the Squire nought answered againe;  
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,  
His deare affect with silence did restraine,  
And shut vp all his plaint in priue paine.  
There they awhile some gracious speeces spent,  
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.  
After all which, vp to their steeds they went,  
And forth together tode a comely couplement.

25  
So now they be arriued both in sight  
Of this wilde man, whom they full busie found  
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,  
With those brave armours lying on the ground,  
That seem'd the spoyle of some right well tene wind,  
Which when the Squire beheld, he to them stept,  
Thinking to take them from that hiding bound:  
But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,  
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

26  
Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieuoly looke,  
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,  
Him with his fist vnuares on th'head he strooke,  
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;  
Whence soone vp starting, much he gan repine,  
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,  
Thought therewithall forthwith to haue him slaine;  
VWho it perceiving, hand vpon him layd,  
And greedily him griping, his augement stayd.

27  
VVith that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde  
Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:  
VVho to them stepping did them soone diuide,  
And did from further violence restraine,  
Albe the wilde-man hardly would refraine.  
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,  
VVhat and from whence she was, and by what traine  
She fell into that saluage villaines hand,  
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28  
To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,  
The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;  
VWho both in mind, the which most grieueth mee,  
And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,  
That hath me drinen to this dreary found.  
I was erwhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:  
Who whether he alue he to be found,  
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,  
Sith I him lately lost, vncath is to define.

29  
In saluage Forrest I him lost of late,  
VWhere I had liuely long ere this been dead,  
Or else remained in most wretched state,  
Had not this wilde man in that wofull dead  
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.  
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kind,  
Amongst wilde beasts in desert forest bred,  
It is most strange and wondrous full to find  
So milde humanity, and perfect gentile mind.

Let me therefore this fauor for him finde,  
 That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,  
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
 Ne yours conceale, ne but by tokens speake :  
 Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake.  
 VVith such faire words she did their heat asswage,  
 And the strong course of their displeasure breake,  
 That they to pity 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 proceed ;  
 And they her forth conducted, where they might  
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great need :  
 For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed ;  
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was  
 Of that same Monster late, for lack of heed,  
 Now gan to faunt, and further could not pass  
 Through febleness, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,  
 To seek some place, the which mote yeeld some ease  
 To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe :  
 And all the way the Prince fought to appease  
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe dileafe,  
 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 vnknighly parts,  
 VVhich *Turpine* had vnto her shewed late,  
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts :  
 Although *Blandina* did with all her arts  
 Him otherwise perfwade, all that shee might ;  
 Yet he of malice, without her defaults,  
 Not onely her excluded late at night,  
 But also traiterously did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moued, there avoud,  
 That soone as he returned backe againe,  
 He would avenge th'abuses of that proud  
 And shamefull knight, of whom shee did complaine.  
 This wize did they each other entertaine,  
 To passe the tedious trauell of the way ;  
 Till toward night they came vnto a Plaine,  
 By which a little hermitage there lay,  
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stood,  
 Which beeing all with Yuy ouer-spread,  
 Deckt all the rooffe ; and shadowing the rood,  
 Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head :  
 Therein the Hermit, which his life here led  
 In straight obseruance of religious vow,  
 VVas wont his howres and holy things to bed ;  
 And therein he likewise was praying now, (howe ?  
 When-as these knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor

They stayd not there, but straight way in did pass,  
 VVhom when the Hermit present sawe in place,  
 From his deuotion straight he troubled was ;  
 VVhich breaking off, he toward them did pale,  
 With stayd steps, and graue befeeming grace :  
 For, well it seem'd, that whylome he had bene  
 Some goodly person and of gentle race ;  
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,  
 How each to entertaine with curteise well befeene.

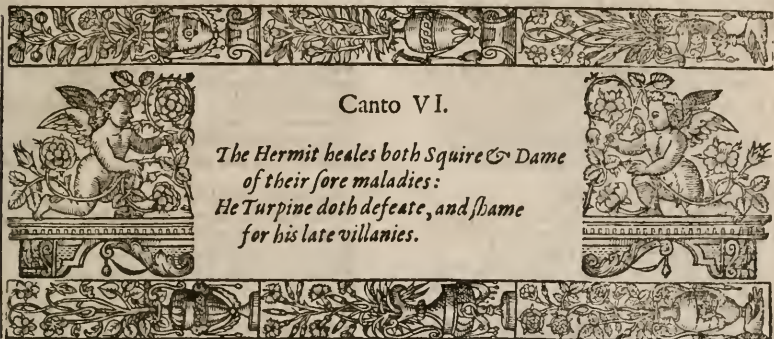
And soothly it was said by common fame,  
 So long agoe enabl'd him thereto,  
 That he had been a man of mickle name,  
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe :  
 But being aged now and weary to  
 Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,  
 The name of Enighthood he did disavow,  
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoile,  
 From all this worlds incombrouce did himselfe assoile.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,  
 Letting their steeds to graze vpon the Green ;  
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
 For his owne turne, yetinly neat and cleane,  
 Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay befeene.  
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine  
 Not with such forged shewes, as fitter been  
 For courting fooles, that courtesies would faune,  
 But with intire affection and appearance 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 gree,  
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
 But beeing well suffiz'd, them rested faine.  
 But faire *Serena* all night could take no rest,  
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine  
 Of their late wounds, the which the *Blasant Beaffe*  
 Had giuen the, whose griefe through suffrance sore increas'd.

So all that night they past in great dileafe,  
 Till that the morning, bringing early light  
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,  
 And some allwagement of their painfull plight.  
 Then vp they rose, and gan themselves to dight  
 Vnto their journey ; but that Squire and Dame  
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
 Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame : (lame)  
 Their harts were sick, their sides were sore, their feet were

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind  
 Would not permit to make there lenger stay,  
 Was forced there to leaue them both behind,  
 In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray  
 To tend them well. So forth he went his way,  
 And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere  
 Seeing his royall visage and array,  
 Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)  
 Would needs depart, as shall declared be else-where.



## Canto VI.

*The Hermit heales both Squire & Dame  
of their sore maladies:  
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame  
for his late villanies.*

**N**O wound, which warlike hand of enemy  
Infects with dint of sword, so sore doth light,  
As doth the poynous thing, 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 *Pedalyrius* did in it retaine,  
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beas*  
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;  
And beeing such, were now much more increast,  
For want of taking heed vnto the same,  
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:  
How-be that carefull Hermite did his best,  
With many kinds of medicines meet, to tame  
The poynous humour, which did most infest  
Their rankling wounds, & euery day them duely drest.

For, he right well in Leaches craft was seene;  
And through the long experience of his daies,  
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,  
And past through many perillous affaires,  
He knew the duertewent of mortall waies,  
And in the mindes of men had great in-sight;  
Which, with sage counsell, when they went astray,  
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,  
And all the passions beale, which wou'd the weaker spright.

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,  
As any one that liued in his daies,  
And proved oft in many perillous fight;  
In which he grace and glory won alwaies,  
And in all battels bore away the baies.  
But beeing now attacht with timely age,  
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,  
He tooke himselfe vnto this Hermitage,  
In which he lu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,  
He found that they had festred priuily,  
And rankling inward with vnruely stounds,  
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,  
That quite they seem'd past help of surgery;  
And rather needed to be diseip: liude  
With wholesome reede of sad tobricity,  
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blind:  
Giue salues to euery sore, but counsell to the mind.

So, taking them apart into his Cell,  
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,  
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
And eke could doe, as well as say the same;  
And thus he to them said, Faire daughter Dame,  
And you faire soone, which heere thus long now lie  
In pittious languor, since ye hither came,  
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you apply.

For, in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie,  
To heale your felces, 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 healt ye seeke, obserue this one;  
First, learne your outward senses to restrain  
From things that sture vp fraile offention;  
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talk restrain,  
From that they most affect, and in due termes contain.

For, from those outward senses ill affected,  
The seed of all this euill fruit doth spring,  
Which at the first before it had infected,  
Motte easie be suppress with litle thing:  
But beeing growen strong, it forth doth bring  
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine  
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering  
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,  
It neuer rest, till it haue wrought his finall bane.



9  
For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,  
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,  
Made all of rusty iron, rankling here,  
That where they bite, it booteeth not to weene  
VVith salue, or antidote, or other meane  
It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;  
For, that same beast was bred of hellish strene,  
And long in darksome *Stygian* den vp-brought,  
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

10  
*Echidna* is a Monster direfull dred,  
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;  
So hideous in her shape, so huge her head,  
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee  
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:  
Yet did her face and former parts professe  
A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee:  
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearfull vglinesse.

11  
To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face  
(In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie,  
And from the earth) appointed haue her place  
Mongst Rocks and Caves, where she enfold doth lie  
In hideous horour and obscurity,  
Waisting the strength of her immortall age.  
There did *Typhaon* with her company;  
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage  
Maketh heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes asswage.

12  
Of that commixtion they did then beget  
This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;  
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,  
And poures his poysonous gall forth, to infest  
The noblest wights with notable defame:  
Ne euer knight, that bore so lofty crest,  
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,  
But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

13  
In vaine therefore it were, with medicine  
To goe about to salue such kind of sore,  
That rather needs wise read and discipline,  
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.  
Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,  
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,  
If that no salues may vs to health restore?  
But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine,  
Aread good sere, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

14  
The best, said he, that I can you aduise,  
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:  
For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,  
Remoued is, th'effe & suite ceaseth still.  
Abstaine from pleasure, and restrain your will,  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,  
Vse scant diet, and forbear your fill,  
Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:  
So shall you sone repaire your present euill plight.

15  
Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients  
Did gladly harken to his graue behest,  
And kept so well his wise commaundements,  
That in short space their malady was ceast;  
And eke the byting of that harmefull Beast  
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceau  
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,  
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,  
And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue.

16  
But each the other vow'd t'accompany:  
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,  
Now left alone in great extremity;  
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.  
So both together traueled, till they met  
With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,  
Vpon a mangy Iade vniectly set,  
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17  
But by what meanes that shame to her befell,  
And bow thereof her selfe she did acquite,  
I must awhile forbear to you to tell;  
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite  
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,  
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whyleare,  
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;  
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,  
So lowly had abus'd, as ye did lately beare.

18  
The Prince, according to the former token,  
Which faire *Serene* to him delinere had,  
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken  
Of all the vile demeaner, and vjage bad,  
With which he had those two to ill bestad:  
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,  
But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,  
Yet for no bidding, nor for beeing shent,  
Would he restrained be from his attendment.

19  
Arriuing there, as did by chance befall,  
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,  
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:  
Where toft dismounting like a weary lode,  
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,  
As he vnable were for very need  
To moue one foot, but there must make ahode;  
The whiles the saluage man did take his steed,  
And in some stable necre did fet him vp to feed.

20  
Ere long, to him a homely groome there came,  
That in rude wise him asked what he was,  
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.  
To whom, the Prince (him fainting to embasse)  
Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,  
The which was fall'n into this feeble case,  
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,  
Receiued had, and prayd to pity his ill plight.

21  
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 bade him packe away,  
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;  
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,  
To thrust him out of doore, dooing his worst assay.

22  
VWhich, when the Saluage comming now in place  
Beheld, efloones he all enraged grew;  
And running straight vpon that villaine base,  
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,  
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view  
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:  
So, miserably him all helpelesse stew,  
That with the noyle, whilst he did loudly rore,  
The people of the house rofe forth in great vp-rore.

23  
Who, when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,  
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,  
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,  
And on them laid so huge and horribly,  
As if they would haue slaine them presently.  
But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
And their assault withstood so mightily,  
That maugre all their might, he did repell  
And beat them back, whilst many vnderneath him fell.

24  
Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,  
That few of them he leittalie, which fled,  
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.  
Who hearing how his people badly sped,  
Came forth in haste: where, when-as with the dead  
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight  
And Saluage with their blood fresh steaming red,  
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,  
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on high;

25  
Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile  
Hast slaine my men in this vmanly manner,  
And now triumphest in the pittious spoile  
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor  
And soule defame; doe deck thy bloudy banner  
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.  
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;  
So did his forty yeomen, wchich there with him came.

26  
With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,  
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,  
That on his shield did rattle like to halle  
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,  
He wist not to which side him to adresse,  
And euer more that crauen toward Knight,  
Vvas at his back with hartlesse hee diuine,  
Waiting if he vnwares him murder might:  
For, cowardize doth full in villany delight.

27  
VWhereof when-as the Prince was well aware,  
He to him turnd with furious intent,  
And him against his powre gan to prepare;  
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing bullic bent  
To fight with many foes about him ment,  
Feeling some cure behind his heeles to bite,  
Turnes him about with fell auengement:  
So likewise turnd the Prince vpon the Knight,  
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28  
Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,  
Durst not the fury of his force abide,  
But turnd aback, and to retire him hasted  
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.  
But when the Prince had once him plainly cyde,  
He foot by foot him followed alway,  
Ne would him suffer ooce to shake aside;  
But ioyning close, huge lead at him did lay:  
Who flying still did ward, and warding fire away.

29  
But, when his foe he still so eager saw,  
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,  
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:  
Ne would the Prince him euer foote forsake,  
Where-so he went, but after him did make.  
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
Whilst every ioynt for dread of death did quake,  
Still looking after him that did him chale:  
That made him euer more increate his speedy pace.

30  
At last, he vp into the chamber came,  
VWhere-as his Loue was sitting all alone,  
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.  
There did the Prince him over-take anone,  
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;  
And with his sword him on the head did smite,  
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swoone:  
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lye,  
The tempered Steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31  
VWhich when the Lady saw, with great affright  
She starting vp, began to shriek aloud;  
And with her garment couering him from sight,  
Secm'd vnder her protection him to shroud;  
And falling lowly at his feet, her bow'd  
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace.  
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;  
That with the ruth of her to wretched case,  
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abase.

32  
Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discover:  
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rise,  
But still did he as dead, and quake and quere,  
That euen the Prince his batensse did despise;  
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guile,  
Gan him recomfort, and froin ground to reare,  
VWho rising vp at last in ghastly wise,  
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,  
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom

<sup>33</sup>  
 VVhom when the Prince fo deadly saw difmaid,  
 He for fuch basenefle shamefully him fhent,  
 And with fharp words did bitterly vpbraid ;  
 Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,  
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,  
 Whereof thou cautiue fo vnworthy art ;  
 That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,  
 And eke thy foile, for want of manly hart, (part.  
 And eke all Knights haft fhamed with this knightlefle

<sup>34</sup>  
 Yet further haft thou heaped fame to shame,  
 And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare,  
 For, firft it was to thee reprochefull blame,  
 To erect this wicked cufome, which I heare,  
 Gainft errant Knights and Ladies thou dooft reare ;  
 Whom when thou maift, thou doft of armes de spoile,  
 Or of their vpper garment which they weare :  
 Yet dooft thou not with manhood, but with guile,  
 Maintaine this euill vfe, thy foes thereby to foile.

<sup>35</sup>  
 And laftly, in approuance of thy wrong,  
 To fhew fuch faintneffe and foule cowardize,  
 Is greateft fame : for oft it faller, that ftrong  
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,  
 Either for fame, or elfe for exercize,  
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight ;  
 Yet haue, through prowefle & their braue emprize,  
 Gotten great worfhip in this worldes fight. (right.  
 For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

<sup>36</sup>  
 Yet fith thy life vnto this Lady faire  
 I giuen haue, liue in reproche and fcorne ;  
 Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare  
 Hence to profefle : for, fhame is to adorne  
 VVith fo braue badges one fo bafely borne ;  
 But onely breathe, fith that I did forgiue.  
 So, hauing from his crauen foule torne  
 Thofe goodly armes, he them away did giue,  
 And onely fuffred him this wretched life to liue.

<sup>37</sup>  
 There, whilft he thus was fetling things about,  
 Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,  
 To whom his life he granted for her Loue,  
 He gan bethinke him to what perillous plight  
 He had behind him left that faluage wight,  
 Amongft fo many foes, whom fure he thought  
 By this quite flaine in fo vnequall fight :  
 Therefore, defcending back in hafte, he fought  
 If yet he were aliu, or to deftrution brought.

<sup>38</sup>  
 There he him found environed about  
 With flaughtered bodies, which his hand had flaine ;  
 And laying yet afrefh with courage flout  
 Vpon the reft that did aliu remaine ;  
 VVhom he likewile right forely did conftaine,  
 Like fcattered fheepe, to feeke for fafety,  
 After he gotten had with bufie paine  
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,  
 With which he layd about, and made them faft to flie.

<sup>39</sup>  
 VVhom when the Prince fo felly faw to rage,  
 Approching to him neere, his hand he ftaid,  
 And taught, by making fignes, him to afuage :  
 Who, him perceiuing, ftraight to him obaid,  
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,  
 As if he long had to his hearts been trained.  
 Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid  
 Into the chamber, where the Dame remained  
 With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

<sup>40</sup>  
 Whom, when the Saluage faw from danger free,  
 Sitting befide his Lady there at eafe,  
 He well remembered that the fame was hee,  
 Which lately taught his Lord for to difpleafe :  
 Tho, all in rage, he on him ftraight 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 ftraight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

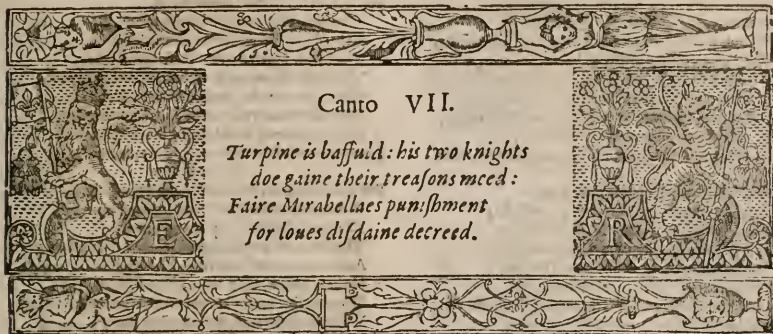
<sup>41</sup>  
 Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,  
 The Prince himfelfe there all that night did reft ;  
 VVhere him *Elandina* fairely entertained,  
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feaft,  
 The which for him fhe could imagine beft.  
 For, well fhe knew the waies to win good will  
 Of euery wight, that were not too infest ;  
 And how to pleafe the minds of good and ill, (skill.  
 Through tempering of her words & looks by wandrous

<sup>42</sup>  
 Yet were her words and looks but falfe and fained,  
 To fome hid end to make more eafie way,  
 Or to allure fuch fondlings, whom fhe trained  
 Into her trap vnto their owne decay :  
 There-to when needed, fhe would weepe and pray :  
 And when her lifted, fhe could fawne and flatter ;  
 Now fmiling fmoothly, like to fommers day,  
 Now glooming fadly, fo to cloke her matter ;  
 Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

<sup>43</sup>  
 VVWhether fuch grace were giuen her by kind,  
 As women wont their guilefull wits to guide ;  
 Or learn'd the art to pleafe, I doe not find,  
 This well I wote, that fhe fo well applide  
 Her pleafing tongue, that foone fhe pacifide  
 The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace :  
 VVho nathelefle, not there-with fatisfide,  
 His rancorous defpight did not releafe,  
 Ne lecretly from thought of fell reuenge furceafle.

<sup>44</sup>  
 For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did reft  
 In carelefle couch, not weeting what was ment,  
 He watcht in clofe await with weapons prent,  
 Willing to worke his villainous intent  
 On him that had fo shamefully him fhent :  
 Yet durft he not for very cowardize  
 Effect the fame, whilft all the night was spent.  
 The morrow next, the Prince did early rife,  
 And paffed forth, to follow his firft enterprize.





## Canto VII.

*Turpine is bafful'd: his two knights  
doe gaine their treasons meed:  
Faire Mirabellaes punishment  
for lones disdain decreed.*

**L**Ike as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,  
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:  
Euen so the bated mind it selfe displayes,  
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight,  
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vse shifting spight,  
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:  
Which what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,  
By such discourteous deeds discourting his bate kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,  
The coward *Turpine*, wherof now I treat;  
VVho notwithstanding that in former fight  
He of the Prince his life receiued late,  
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate  
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew  
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.  
Therefore, so soone as he was out of view,  
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursue.

VVell did he tract his steps as he did ride,  
Yet would not neere approche in dangers eye,  
But kept aloofe, for dread to be descide,  
Vntill hit time and place he mote espy,  
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.  
At last, he met two knights, to him vnknowe,  
The which were arm'd both agreeably,  
And both combin'd, what-euer chauce were blowne,  
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom false *Turpine* comming courteously,  
To cloke the mischief which he inly ment,  
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,  
Which a strange knight, that neere afore him went,  
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady shent:  
VVhich, if they would afford him ayd at need,  
For to avenge in time conuenient,  
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleu'd, that all he said, was trew;  
And being fresh, and full of youthly spright,  
VVere glad to heare of that aduenture new,  
In which they mote make tryall of their might,  
VVhich neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:  
And eke desirous of the offred meed:  
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,  
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

He rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,  
VVith a wilde man toft footing by his side,  
That if ye list to haste a litle more,  
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:  
Esloones they prick'd forth with forward pride;  
And ere that litle while they ridden had,  
The gentle Prince not farre away they spide,  
Riding a softly pace with portance sad,  
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger drad.

Then one of them aloud vnto him eride,  
Bidding him turne againe, false traytor knight  
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him descide.  
With that, they both at once with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
Against him ranne; but th'one did misse his marke:  
And being carried with his force forth-right,  
Glaunswt swiftly by; like to that hea: only sparke,  
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens

But th'other, ayming better, did him smite  
Full in the shield, with lo impetuous powre,  
That all his launce in peeces thiured quite,  
And (scattered all about) fell on the stowre.  
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly stowre  
Full on his beuer did him strike to fore,  
That the cold Reele, through-peacing, did deuoure  
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

9  
As when a cast of Faucons make their flight  
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
The whiles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
The wary fowle his bill doth backward wing;  
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
Her selfe quite through the body doth engore,  
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;  
But th'other, not so swift as she before,  
Failes of her soule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

10  
By this, the other which was passed by,  
Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight;  
Where, when he saw his fellow lifelesse fly,  
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;  
Yet nought abating of his former spight,  
Let drue at him with so malicious mind,  
As if he would haue passed through him quight:  
But the Steele-head no stedfast hold could find,  
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he desyn'd.

11  
Not so the Prince: for, his well learned speare  
Tooke surer hold, and from his horses backe  
Aboue a lannes length him forth did beare,  
And gainst the cold hard earth so fore him strake,  
That all his bones in peeces nigh hee brake.  
VVhere seeing him to lie, he left his steed,  
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take  
Of him, for all his former follies meed,  
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

12  
The fearefull swaine, beholding death so nie,  
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to saue;  
In lieu whereof, he would to him delcruy  
Great treason to him meant, his life to reane.  
The Prince soone harkned, and his life forgauē,  
Then thus, said he; There is a stranger Knight,  
The which for promise of great meed, vs draue  
To this attempt, to wreake his bid despight,  
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

13  
The Prince much mused at such villenie,  
And said; Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed:  
For, th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,  
Vnlesse to me thou hither bring with speed  
The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.  
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake  
The guilt on him, which did this mischiefe breed,  
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
He would surcease, but him, where-so he were, would seek.

14  
So, vp he rose, and forth straight way he went  
Back to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;  
There he him found in great astonishment,  
To see him so bedight with bloody gore,  
And grievly wounds that him appalled sore.  
Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir knight?  
What meaneth this which heere I see before?  
How fortuneth this foule vncomeely plight,  
So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in sight?

15  
*Perdy*, said he, in euill houre it fell,  
That euer I for meed did vndertake  
So hard a taskē, as life for hire to sell;  
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake,  
VVitnesse the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,  
Which yee may see yet all about me steeme.  
Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,  
My due reward; the which right well I deeme  
I earned haue, that life so dearly did redeeme.

16  
But where then is, quoth he, halfe wrathfully,  
Where is the booty which therefore I bought;  
That cursed caitiue, my strong enemy,  
That recreant knight, whose hated life I fought;  
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?  
*Helies*, said he, vp on the cold bare ground,  
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;  
VVhom afterwards, myselfe with many a wound  
Did sleie againe, as ye may see there in the stound.

17  
Thereof false *Turpine* was full glad and faine,  
And needs with him straight to the place would ride,  
VVhere he himselfe might see his foe-man slaine;  
For, else his feare could not be satisfide.  
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dide  
With streames of blood; which tracking by the traile,  
Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,  
That other *Iwaine*, like ashes deadly pale,  
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18  
Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,  
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;  
And, him bewailing with affection bale,  
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:  
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.  
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,  
VVhere-as the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
Loosly display'd vpon the grasse ground,  
Possessed of sweet sleepe, that luld him fast in swound.

19  
VVearie of trauell in his forner fight,  
He there in shade himselfe had laid to rest,  
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,  
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;  
The whiles his saluage Page, that wont be prest,  
VVas wandred in the wood another way,  
To doe some thing that seemed to him best,  
The whiles his Lord in siluer slumber lay,  
Like to the Euening starre, adorn'd with dewy ray.

20  
Whom when as *Turpine* saw so loosely layd,  
He weened well that he indeed was dead,  
Like as that other knight to him had said;  
But when he nigh approacht, he mote earead  
Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead.  
Where-at much grieu'd against that stranger knight,  
That him too light of eere did mislead,  
He would haue back retired from that sight,  
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

21  
But that same knight would not once let him start,  
But plainly gan to him declare the case  
Of all his mischief, and late lucklesse smart;  
How both he and his fellow there in place  
Vvere vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,  
And how that he in lect of life him lent,  
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace  
And follow through the world, where-to he went,  
Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

22  
He, there-with much abashed and affraid,  
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;  
And softly whispering him, entirely praid,  
T'advize him better, then by such a traine  
Him to betray vnto a stranger swaine:  
Yet rather counfeld him contrariwise,  
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,  
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuise,  
Whil'st time did offer means him sleeping to surprize.

23  
Nath'lesse, for all his speech, the gentle knight  
VWould not be tempted to such villeny,  
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;  
All were it to his mortall enemy,  
Then to entrap him by false treachery:  
Great shame in Lieges blood to be cmbrew'd,  
Thus, whilst they were debating duely,  
The Saluage forth out of the wood islew'd  
Back to the place, where-as his Lord he sleeping view'd.

24  
There, when he saw those two so neere him stand,  
Hee doubted much what mote their meaning bee:  
And th'owing downe his load out of his hand  
(To weete, great store of forrest fruite, which hee  
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)  
Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,  
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
Rent by the roote; which he so steroly shooke,  
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

25  
VVhere-at, the Prince awaking, when he spide  
The traitor *Turpine* with that other knight,  
He started vp; and snatching neere his side  
His trustie sword, the seruaut of his might,  
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,  
And his left hand vpon his collar laid.  
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,  
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him said,  
But holding vp his hands, with silence mercy praid.

26  
But he so full of indignation was,  
That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,  
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe  
Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repoe.  
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,  
He gan to him obiect his haينous crime,  
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,  
And, lastly, to depouile of knightly bannerall.

27  
And after all, for greater infamy,  
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,  
And baffuld so, that all which passed by,  
The picture of his punishment might see,  
And by the life ensample warned see,  
How euer they through treason doe trespassie.  
But turne we now back to that Lady free,  
Whom late we left riding vpon an Asse,  
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

28  
She was a Lady of great dignitie,  
And listid vp to honourable place,  
Famous through all the land of Faery,  
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,  
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,  
That all men did her person much admire,  
And praise the feature of her goodly face,  
The beames wherof did shinde louely here  
In th'hart of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29  
But shee thereof grew proud and insolent,  
That none she worthy thought to be her fere,  
But scorded them all that loue vnto her ment:  
Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere;  
Vnworthy she to be belov'd to dere,  
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.  
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,  
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,  
And noblest she, that serued is of noblest knight.

30  
But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,  
That such proud looks would make her praised more;  
And that the more she did all loue despise,  
The more would wretched Louers her adore.  
What cared she who sighed for her fore,  
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?  
Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;  
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,  
And to would euer lue, and lonch her owne delight.

31  
Through such her stubborne stiffnes, and hard hart,  
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,  
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,  
And at the last, the ough dreame dolour die:  
VVhil'st shee (the Lady of her liberty)  
Did boast, her beauty had such soueraine might,  
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,  
She could or laue, or spuil, whom she would hight,  
What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright?

32  
But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,  
Did worthily reuenge this Maidens pride;  
And nought regarding her to goodly hew,  
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,  
Whil'st she did weep, 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 doe resort,  
That of their loues successe they there may make report;



33  
 It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,  
 In which the names of all Loues folke were filed,  
 That many there were missing, which were dead,  
 Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,  
 Or by some other violence despoiled,  
 Which when as *Cupid* heat'd, he waxed wroth,  
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,  
 He had his eyes to be vnblindfold both,  
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34  
 Then found he many missing of his crew,  
 Which wont doe suit and seruice to his might;  
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.  
 Therefore a Iurie was in paneld straight,  
 To enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,  
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.  
 To whom foule *Infamy* and fell *Despight*  
 Gave euidence, that they were all betraid,  
 And murdered cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35  
 Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby  
 Of all those crimes she there indited was:  
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by  
 In great displeasure, will'd a *Capias*  
 Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull Lasse.  
 The Warrant straight was made, and there-withall  
 A Bailiffe errant forth in post did passe,  
 VWhom they by name their *Poramore* did call;  
 He which doth summo Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36  
 The Damzell was attach't, and shortly brought  
 Vnto the Barre, where-as she was arraigned:  
 But she there-to would plead nor answer ought  
 Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrained,  
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordained  
 In cases like; which when at last she saw,  
 Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdained,  
 Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,  
 Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37  
 The sonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind  
 But where he is prouok't with peccishnesse,  
 Vnto her prayers pittiously enclin'd,  
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse;  
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse  
 He vnto her penance did impose:  
 Which was, that through the worlds wide wildernes  
 She wander should in company of those,  
 Till she had sat'd so many Loues as she did lose.

38  
 So now shee had been wandring two whole yeares  
 Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,  
 VVaisting her goodly hew in heauy teares,  
 VVaiting her goodly hew in heauy teares,  
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:  
 Yet had she not, in all these two yeares space,  
 Sued but two; yet in two yeeres before,  
 Through her despiteous pride, whil'st loue lackt place,  
 She had destroyed two and twenty more. (foret)

Aye me! how could her loue make halfe amends there-

39  
 And now she was vpon the weary way,  
 When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,  
 Met her in such misceming foule array;  
 The whiles, that mighty man did her demeane  
 With all the euill tearmes and cruell meane  
 That he could make; And ecke that angry foole,  
 VWhich follow'd her, with curst hands vnclene  
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole  
 Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

40  
 Ne ought it mote auail her to entreat  
 The one or th'other, better her to vse:  
 For, both so wilfull were and obstinate,  
 That all her pittious plaint they did refuse,  
 And rather did the more her beat and bruse.  
 But most, the former villaine, which did lead  
 Her tyeling Iade, was bent her to abuse;  
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,  
 Yet would not let her lize, nor rest a litle stead.

41  
 For, he was sterne, and terrible by nature,  
 And eke of person huge and hideous,  
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
 And rather like a Giant monstrous.  
 For sooth he was defended of the house  
 Of those old Giants, which did warres datraine  
 Against the heauen in order battailous,  
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine  
 By *Arthur*, when as *Vinas* knight he did maintaine.

42  
 His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes  
 (Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,  
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies  
 He scorned in his overweening pride;  
 And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride  
 At every step vpon the tip-toes hie:  
 And all the way he went, on euery side  
 He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,  
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43  
 He wore no armour, ne for none did care,  
 As no whit dreading any liuing wight;  
 But in a iacket quilted richly rare,  
 Vpon checklaton, he was strangely dight,  
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
 Like to the Moores of Malaber he wore;  
 With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,  
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,  
 And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44  
 This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse  
 Through thick & thin, through mountains & through  
 Coppling her, where she would not by force (Plaines,  
 Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reines,  
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,  
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,  
 Her there-with yrks, and still when she complaines,  
 The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,  
 To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose

45<sup>t</sup>  
 Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,  
 And saw those villaines her so vilely vse,  
 His gentle hart with indignation sweld,  
 And could no longer beare so great abuse,  
 As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;  
 But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,  
 That fore't him th' halter from his hand to loofe,  
 And mauer all his might, backe to releat:  
 Elle had he surely thet beene slaine, or foully shent.

46  
 The villaine, wroth for greeting him so fore,  
 Gathered himselfe together soone againe;  
 And with his iron baton which he bore,  
 Let digne at him to dreadfully amaine,  
 That for his safety he did him constraîne  
 To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,  
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine:  
 For, bootlesse thing him seemed to abide  
 So mighty blowes, or proue the püssance of his pride.

47  
 Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay  
 A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes do threat  
 Desperate danger, if he them asty,  
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
 To spy where he may some aduantage get;  
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loundly röre:  
 So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,  
 And fume in his disdainfull mind the more.  
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore:

48  
 Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursew'd,  
 That at aduantage him at last he tooke,  
 When his foot slip (that slip he dearely rew'd)  
 And with his iron 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 himselfe captu'd, he was dismayd,  
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49<sup>t</sup>  
 Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,  
 Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;  
 Ne ought that foole for pity did him spare,  
 But with his whip him following behind,  
 Him often scourg'd and fore't his feet to find:  
 And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes  
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mind  
 Was much more greivous then the others blowes:  
 Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of scorning

50  
 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 speed she mought:  
 To seeke for safety, which long time she sought;  
 And past through many perils by the way,  
 Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought:  
 The which discourse as now I must delay,  
 Till *Mirabelles* fortunes I doe further say.

## Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur overcomes Disdain,  
 quiets Mirabell from dread:  
*Serena*, found of Salvages,  
 by *Calepine* is freed.

48  
 Gently Ladies, in whose loueaine powre  
 Loue hath the glory of his Kingdome reft,  
 And th' hart of men, as your eternal dower,  
 In iron chaynes, of liberty bereft,  
 Deliuered hath into your hands by gift,  
 Be well aware, how ye the same do vse,  
 That pride do not to wanny you lift,  
 Least if men you of cruelty accuse,  
 He from you take that etieredome which ye doe abuse.

49  
 And as ye soft and tender are by kind,  
 Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beaunes grace,  
 So he ye soft and tender eke in mind,  
 But cruelly and harden'd from you chace,  
 That all your other praises will deface,  
 And from you turne the loue of men, to hate,  
 Entangle eke of *Mirabelles* case,  
 Who from the high degree of happy state,  
 Fell into wretched woe, 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,  
That for her sake fell into misery:  
Which booted not for prayers, nor for threat,  
To hope for to release or mollifie;  
For, aye the more that she did them intreat,  
The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

So, as they forward on their way did pass,  
Him still reuiling and affliction fore,  
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Enias,  
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore)  
To whom as they approach't, they gan augment  
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
Scourging and baling him more vehement;  
As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire himselfe, when-as he saw his Lord,  
The witness of his wretchednesse, in place,  
Was much ashamed, that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captiue case;  
And did his head for bashtulnesse abate,  
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:  
Shame would be hid. But when-as Enias  
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
His manly mind was much emmoued there-withall,

And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,  
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw;  
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despite  
Abus'd, 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 leaue awhile,  
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The Prince assented: and then he straightway  
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,  
With which approaching, thus he gan to say;  
Abide ye captiue treacherous vntrew,  
That haue with treason thralled vnto you  
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;  
And now your crime with cruelty pursue.  
Abide, and from them lay your loathly bands;  
Or else abide the death; that hard before you stands.

The villaine staid not, answer to inuent,  
But with his iron club preparing way,  
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;  
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,  
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:  
No more then lightning from the lofty sky,  
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof to stay,  
Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,  
Vnwares defrauded his intenced 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 himselfe, but that he there him flew:  
Yet saw'd not so, but that the blood it drew,  
And gaue his loe good hope of victory.  
Who there-with fliest, vpon him set anew,  
And with the second stroke, thought certainly  
To haue supplid the first, and paid the vltury.

But Fortune answered not vnto his call;  
For, as his hand was heaued vp on high,  
The villaine met him in the middle fill,  
And with his club bet backe his brandiron bright  
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might  
Rebeaten backe vpon himselfe againe,  
He driuen was to ground in selfe despite;  
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
He in his necke did let his foote with fell diddaine.

With that, the foole, which did that end await,  
Came running in; and whilst on ground he lay,  
Laid heauy hands on him, and held so strait,  
That downe he kept him with his scornfull sway,  
So as he could not wield him any way.  
The whiles, that other villaine went about  
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;  
The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout, (flout,  
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courag

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his binde  
By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne steare,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde  
Till they him force the burome yoke to beare:  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare,  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
He left his lofty steed to aide him neare;  
And buckling soone himselfe gan fiercely fly  
Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from isopardie.

The villaine, leaving him vnto his mate  
To be captiue, and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,  
And with his club him all about to blif,  
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist;  
Some-times aloft he laid, some-times alowe;  
Now here, now there, and oft him neere he mist;  
So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe  
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

But yet the Prince so well coured was  
With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,  
That way to them he gaue forth-right to pass;  
Ne would endure the danger of their might,  
But wait advantage, when they downe did light.  
At last, the captiue after long discourse,  
When all his strokes he saw auoided quite,  
Resolv'd in one r'assemble all his force,  
And make one end of him without rushe or remorse.



15  
His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;  
And with his dreadfull instruments of iore,  
Thought sure haue powned him to powder soft,  
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:  
But Fortune did not with his will conspire,  
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,  
The noble child preventing his desire,  
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

16  
It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,  
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,  
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:  
But all that leg which did his body beare,  
It crak't through-out, yet did no bloud appeare;  
So as it was vnable to support  
So huge a burden on such broken gear,  
But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt;  
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

17  
Eftsoones the Princee to him full nimble slept,  
And, least he should recouer foot againe,  
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept,  
Which when the Lady sawe, she cride amaine;  
Stay, stay, Sir Knight for loue of God abstaine,  
From that vnwares yee weedelesse doe intend;  
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:  
For, more on him doth then himselfe depend;  
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18  
He staid his hand according her desire,  
Yet in them or him suffred to arise,  
But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,  
What meaning mote those vnough words comprize,  
That in that villaines health her safety lies:  
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,  
Which durst her dreaded reskew enterprize,  
Yet heauens themselves, that fauour feeble rights,  
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such depights.

19  
Then, bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast  
Like many water streames, awhile she staid;  
Till the sharpe passion beeing ouer-past,  
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said;  
Nor heauens, nor men, can me most wretched maid  
Deliu' from the doonie of my delart;  
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,  
And dainned to endure this dreffull smart,  
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20  
In prime of youthly yeeres, when first the flowre  
Of beauty gan to bud, and blootme delight,  
And Nature me endu'd with plencious dowe,  
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing fight,  
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,  
And lude and fought with all the seruice dew;  
Full many a one for me deep ground, and fight,  
And to the doore of death for lorrow drew,  
Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

21  
But let them loue that list, or liue or die:  
Me list not die for any Louers doole:  
Ne list me leaue my loued liberty,  
To pittie him that list to play the toole:  
To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole,  
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,  
And sitting careless on the leorners foole,  
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:  
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

22  
For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,  
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;  
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smart,  
Which I to others did inflict afore,  
Addeem'd me to endure this penance fore;  
That in this wife, and this vnmeet array,  
With these two lewd companions, and no more,  
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,  
Till I haue say'd for many as I erst did slay.

23  
Ceres, said then the Prince, the God is iust,  
That taketh vengeance of his peoples poyle:  
For, were no law in loue, but all that lust  
Might them oppresse, and painfully turmoyle,  
His kingdome would continue but a while,  
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
This bottle thus before you with such toyle,  
And eke this wallet at your backe areare,  
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

24  
Heere, in this bottle, said the fory Maid,  
I put the teares of my contention,  
Till to the burn I haue it full defaid:  
And in this bag which I behind me don,  
I put repentance for things past and gone:  
Yet is the bottle lake, and bag so torne,  
That all which I put in, falls out anon;  
And is behind me trodden downe of Scorne,  
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourne.

25  
The Infant harkned wisely to her tale,  
And wondred much at Cupids iudgement wife,  
That could so meekly make proud harts auale,  
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise,  
Then suffred he Disdaine vp to arise,  
Who was not able vp himselfe to reere,  
By means his leg, through his lare lucklesse prise,  
Was crackt in twaine; but by his foolish seere  
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

26  
But, beeing vp, he lookt againe aloft,  
As if he neuer had receiued fall;  
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,  
As if he would haue daunted him with-all:  
And, standing on his tip-toes to seeme tall,  
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,  
As if such pride the other could apall;  
Who was so far from being ought amazed,  
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraised.

27  
Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,  
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,  
Vnwilling to be knowne, or scene at all,  
Hee from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.  
But when approaching neare, he plainly found,  
It was his owne true groom, the gentle Squire,  
He theratwext exceedingly astound,  
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;  
Necould, with seeing, satisfie his great desire.

28  
Meane-while, the saluage man, when he beheld  
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,  
Whom with his weight vnwiely downe he held,  
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Kight  
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight:  
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth  
Gan him to hale and teare, and scratch, and bite;  
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with  
So fore him scourgeth, that the blood down followeth.

29  
And sure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry  
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,  
He would with whipping, him haue done to die;  
But beeing checkt, he did abstaine straightway,  
And let him rile. 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 chofe,  
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

30  
Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,  
But that I needs must by all means fulfill  
This peoance, 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 turn'd aside:  
But Arthur, with the rest, went onward still  
On his first quest: in which did him betide  
A great aduerture, which did him from them diuide.

31  
But first, it falleth me by course to tell  
Of faire *Serena*: who as earst you heard,  
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell  
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afraid  
Of villany to be to her inferd:  
So fresh the image of her former dread,  
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,  
That eery toot did tremble, which did tread;  
And eery body two, and two she foure did read.

32  
Through hills & dales, through bushes, & through breses  
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought:  
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,  
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,  
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;  
And sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought  
Of her long trauell, and turmoyling paine;  
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33  
And euermore, she blamed *Calepine*,  
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,  
As th' onely author of her wofull time:  
For being of his loue to her so light,  
As her to leaue in such a pitious plight.  
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his Make,  
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:  
Who all this while endured, for her sake,  
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

34  
Tho, when as all her plaints she had displayd,  
And well disburdened her enrieued brest,  
Vpon the grashe her selfe adowne he laid;  
Where being tyrd with trauell, and opprest  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.  
There, whil't in *Morpheus* bo some safe she lay,  
Farelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,  
Falle Fortune did her safety betray,  
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac't her decay.

35  
In these wilde deserts, where she the now abode,  
There dwelt a saluage Nation, which did liue  
Of stealth and spoyle, and making nightly rode  
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue  
Themselues to any trade (as for to drue  
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
Or by aduenturous merchandize to thrive)  
But on the Labours of poore men to feed,  
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

36  
There to they vs'd one most accursed order,  
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote find,  
And strangers to deuour, which on their border  
Were brought by error, or by wreckfull wind;  
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kind.  
They towards euening wandring eury way,  
To seeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)  
Where-as this Lady, like a sleepe astray,  
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all farelesse lay.

37  
Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee  
They made amongst themselues! but when her face  
Like the faire Tuory shining they did see,  
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,  
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace.  
Then gan they to deuise what course to take:  
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,  
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
And then her eate at once; or many meales to make.

38  
The best aduizement was of bad, to let her  
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:  
For, sleepe (they said) would make her battill better.  
Then, when she wak't, they all gave one consent,  
That sith by grace of God she there was sent,  
Vnto their God they would her sacrifice;  
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood they would present:  
But, of her dainty flesh they did deuize  
To make a common feast, and feed with garmandize.

39  
So, round about her they themselves did place  
Vpon the grasse, and diuersly dispose,  
As each thought best to spend the lingring space.  
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose;  
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;  
Some wheet their kniues, and strip their elbowed bare:  
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compole  
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care  
His bloody vessells wash, and holy fire prepare.

40  
The Damzell wakes: then all at once vp-start,  
And round about her flocke, like many flies,  
Whooping, and hollowing on euery part,  
As if they would haue rent the brazen skies.  
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eyes,  
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew  
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,  
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,  
And tends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embrew.

41  
But all boots not: they hands vpon her lay;  
And first they spoyle her of her iewels deare,  
And afterwards of all her rich array:  
The which amongst them they in peeces tear,  
And of the prey each one a part doth beare.  
Now being naked to their fordid eyes  
The goodly treasures of Nature appeare:  
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,  
Each witheth to himselfe, and to the rest enuies.

42  
Her yuory necke, her alabaster breast,  
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,  
For Loue in soft delight thereon to rest;  
Her tender sides, her belly white and cleare,  
Which like an Altar did it selfe vp-reare,  
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;  
Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare  
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon  
The Spoils of Princes hangd, which were in battell won:

43  
Those dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,  
Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,  
Those velleins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,  
And closely tempted with their crafty spies;  
And som of them gan amongst themselves deuise,  
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.  
But them the Priest rebuking did aduise  
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure,  
Vow'd to the gods: religion held euo the eues in measure.

44  
So being stayd, they her from thence directed  
Vnto a little groue not farre aside,  
In which an altar shortly they erected,  
To stay her on. And now the euentide  
His broad black wings had through the heauens wide  
By this dispred, that was the time ordained  
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hide:  
Of few greene turfes an altar loone they fayned,  
And deckt it all with flowres, w<sup>ch</sup> they nigh hand obtained.

45  
Tho, when-as all things ready were aright,  
The Damzell was before the Altar set,  
Being already dead with fearefull fright.  
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net  
Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,  
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,  
With other diuclish ceremonies met:  
Which doen, he gan aloft t' aduance his arme,  
Whereat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

46  
Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,  
And 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 chance, more then by choyce,  
The selfe same euening fortune hither droue,  
As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did roue.

47  
Long had he sought her, and through many a foyle  
Had traueld still on foot in heauy armes,  
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,  
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:  
And now all 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, (straight to the noise farth past.

48  
There by th' vncertaine glimse of starry night,  
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
He mote perceiue a little dawning sight  
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:  
Amongst whom, a woman spoyld of all attire  
He spide lamenting her vn lucky strife,  
And groning sore from grieued heart entire;  
Estfoones he sawe one with a naked knife  
Ready to lounce her breast, and let out loued life.

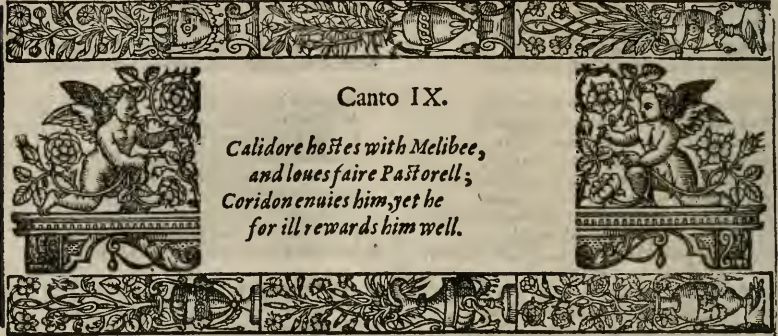
49  
With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,  
And euén as his right hand adowne descends,  
He him presenting, layes on earth along,  
And sacrificeth to th' infernall fiends.  
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends:  
Of whom he makes such haucke and such hew,  
That swaines of damned soules to hell he sends:  
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,  
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons view.

50  
From them returning to that Ladie backe,  
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,  
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke  
Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,  
He first her hands beginneth to vnbide;  
And then to question of her present woe;  
And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind.  
But shee, for nought that he could say or doe,  
One word durst speeke, or answer him whitthero.



So inward shame of her vncomely case  
 She did conceine, through care of womanhood,  
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,  
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,

Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.  
 So, all that night to him vnknown shee past,  
 But day that doth discouer baill and good,  
 Enswearing made her known to him at last:  
 The end whereof Ile keep vntill another cast.



## Canto IX.

*Calidore hostes with Melibee,  
 and loues faire Pastorell;  
 Coridon enuies him, yet he  
 for ill rewards him well.*

**N**ow turne again my teme thou iolly swain,  
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left;  
 I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (cleft:  
 Vnplough'd, the w<sup>th</sup> my couler hath not  
 Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful left,  
 As I it past; that were too great a shame,  
 That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;  
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,  
 Which should befall to *Calidore's* immortal name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*  
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last  
 Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I for bore  
 To finish then, for other present haste.  
 Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,  
 Through hills, through dales, through forrests & through  
 In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;  
 Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,  
 Reaping eternall glory of his restless paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursue,  
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest:  
 Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)  
 For dread of danger, not to be redrest,  
 If he for slouth forsackt so famous quest,  
 Him first from court he to the cities coursed,  
 And from the cities to the townes him prest,  
 And from the townes into the country forced,  
 And from the country back to priuate farms he scoursd.

From thence into the open fields he fed,  
 Whereas the Herds were keeping of their neat,  
 And shepherds singing to their flocks, that fed,  
 Layes of sweet loue and youthes delightfull beat;

Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)  
 He followed fast, and chased him so nice,  
 That to the foulds, where sheepe at night do feat,  
 And to the little cotes, where shepherds lie  
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to sie.

There on a day as he pursue'd the chace,  
 He chaunc't to spy a sort of sheheard groomes,  
 Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,  
 The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes  
 Beside them fed, and nip't the tender bloomes:  
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought,  
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,  
 And them to tell him curteously besought,  
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,  
 Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend  
 Their happy flocks, nor danger to them drawe:  
 But if that such there were (as none they kend)  
 They prayd high God him farre from them to send.  
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,  
 After his rusticke wife (that well he weend)  
 Offred him drioke, to quench his thirstie heat,  
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,  
 And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne  
 They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed  
 Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,  
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne.  
 Tho, hauing fed his fill, he there beside  
 Sawe a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne  
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,  
 Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dyde.

Vpon

8  
Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed  
Higher then all the rest, and round about  
Enuiron'd with a gurlond, goodly graced,  
Of louely lasses: and them all without  
The lusty shepheard swaines late in a rout,  
The which did pipe and sing her prayes dew,  
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,  
As if some miracle of heauenly hew  
Were downe to them defended in that earthly view.

9  
And soothly sure she was full faire of face,  
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;  
Which she did more augment with modest grace,  
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,  
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:  
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,  
Did for their foueraigne goddess her esteeme,  
And caroling her name both day and night,  
The fairest *Pasiforella* her by name did hight.

10  
Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepheards swaine  
But her did honour, and eke many a one  
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine  
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:  
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*  
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;  
Yet 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.

11  
Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,  
And markt her rare demeanour, which him seemed  
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,  
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,  
To be a Princes Paragon esteemed;  
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtil bands  
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed  
By any skill out of his cruell hands,  
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12  
So stood he still long gazing thereupon,  
Ne any will had thence to moue away,  
Although his quest were farre afore him gone:  
But after he had fed, yet did he stay;  
And late there still, vntill the flying day  
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuersly  
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;  
And euermore his speech he did apply  
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantastie.

13  
By this, the moystie night approaching fast,  
Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to shed,  
That ward' the shepheards to their homes to haste  
Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,  
For feare of wetting them before their bed.  
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,  
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and head,  
With shepheards hook in hand, and fir attire,  
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

14  
He was to weet by common voyce esteemed  
The father of the fairest *Pasiforell*,  
And of her selfe in very deed to 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 childe; for other he had none,  
That she in tract of time accounted was his owne.

15  
She at his bidding meekly did arise,  
And streight vnto her litle flocke did fare:  
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,  
And each his lundry sheep with feutrell care  
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:  
Whi't every one with helping hands did striue  
Amongst themselves, and did their Labours share,  
To helpe faire *Pasiforella*, home to driue  
Her fleecy flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16  
But *Meisbee* (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 fo  
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rorne.  
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,  
Being his hearts owne will, and home with him did goe.

17  
There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,  
And of his aged Beldame homely well;  
Who him belought himselfe to disattyre,  
And test himselfe, till supper time befell:  
By which, home came the fairest *Pasiforell*,  
After her flock she in th' eir fold had tyde:  
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell  
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,  
The which doth litle craue, contented to abide.

18  
Tho, when they had their hunger slaked well,  
And the faire mayd the table ta'ne away;  
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell  
In courtie, and well could doe and say,  
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,  
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;  
And drawing thence his speech another way,  
Gan highly to commend the happy life,  
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19  
How much, said he, more happy is the state,  
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate,  
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
Which tolle 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 enuie,  
And wish my lot were plac'd in such felicitie.

Surely

20  
Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)  
If happy, then it is in this intent,  
That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine  
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,  
But doe my selfe, with that I haue, content;  
So taught of Nature, which doth little need  
Of forreine helps to lifes due nourishment.  
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;  
No better do I weare, no better do I feed.

21  
Therefore I doe not any one enuy,  
Nor am enuide of any one therefore;  
They that haue much, feare much to lose thereby,  
And store of cares doth follow riches store.  
The little that I haue growes daily more  
Without my care, but onely to attend it.  
My lambs do euery yeare increase their score,  
And my stockes father daily doth amend it.  
What haue I, but to praise the Almighty, that doth send it

22  
To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leaue,  
And to great ones such follies do forgieue,  
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,  
And through ambition downe themselves do driue  
To sad decay, that might contented liue.  
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,  
Ne once my minds vnmooued quiet grieue;  
But all the night in slumber sleepe I spend,  
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

23  
Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe  
Vnto my lambs, and him dislodge away;  
Sometime the Fawne I practise, from the Doe,  
Or from the Goat her kiddes how to conuay;  
Another while I baits and nets display,  
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile;  
And when I weary am, I downe do lay  
My limbs in euery shade, to rest from toyle, (boile  
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth

24  
The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,  
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
That I disdain'd among mine e qual peeres  
To follow sheepe and shepheards bale attire:  
For further fortune then I would inquire,  
And leauing home, to royall court I sought;  
Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,  
And in the Princes garden daily wrought:  
There I beheld such vaineesse, as I neuer thought.

25  
With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded  
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,  
After I had ten yeares my selfe exclude  
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.  
Tho, backe returning to my sheep againe,  
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more  
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

26  
Whil'st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care  
Hong still vpon his melting mouth at ent;  
Whose sensefull words empiere't his heart so neare,  
That he was rapt with double raiusment,  
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,  
And also of the object of his view,  
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;  
That twice his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,  
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27  
Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his minde,  
And to infinate his hearts desire,  
He thus replide; Now surely syre I finde,  
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,  
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retire  
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,  
Fearelesse of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,  
Which toseth states, and vnder foot doth tread  
The mighty ones, affraid of euery changes dread:

28  
That euen I which daily do behold  
The glory of the great, mongst whom I won;  
And now haue prov'd, what happinesse ye hold  
In this small plot of your dominion,  
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;  
And with the heauers so much had graced me,  
As grant me liue in like content;  
Or that my fortunes might transpos'd be  
From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

29  
In vaine, said then old *Melibee*, doe men  
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse;  
Sith they know best, what is the best for them;  
For, they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
As they do knowe each can most aptly vse.  
For, not that, which men couet most, is best,  
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse:  
But fittest is, that all contented rest  
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his best.

30  
It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:  
For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;  
And other, that hath little, askes no more,  
But in that little is both rich and wise.  
For, wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore  
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,  
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

31  
Since then in each mans selfe, said *Calidore*,  
It is, to fashion his owne lifes estate,  
Giue leaue awhile, good father, in this shore  
To rest my barke, which hath been beaten late  
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,  
In seas of troubles and of toyle some paine;  
That whether quite from them for to retreat  
I shall resolute, or sicke to turne againe,  
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.



32  
Not that the burden of so bold a guest  
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;  
For, your meane food shall be my daily feast,  
And thus your eabin both my bowre and hall.  
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall  
You well reward, and golden gerdons giue,  
That may perhaps you better much withall,  
And in this quiet make you safer liue.  
So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue,

33  
But the good maide, nought tempted with the offer  
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,  
And thus bespake; Sir Knight, your bountious proffer  
Be farre from me, to whom ye ill display  
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
That mote payme my peace with dangers dread.  
But if ye algates couet to assy  
This simple sort of life, that Shepheards lead,  
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe arcad.

34  
So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,  
And long while after, whil't him list remaine,  
Daily beholding the faire *Pasorell*,  
And feeding on the bayt of his owne banck.  
During which time, he did her entertaine  
With all kinde courties, he could inuent;  
And every day her company to gaine,  
When to the field she went, he with her went:  
So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

35  
But she that neuer had acquainted berne  
With such quaint vntage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene  
(But being bred vnder bale Shepheards wings,  
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things)  
Did little whit regard his courtuous guise:  
But cared more for *Calins* carolings  
Then all that he could doe, or e'r deuize:  
His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despise.

36  
Which *Calidore* perceyuing, thought it best  
To change the manner of his lofty looke;  
And doffing his bright armes, him selfe address  
In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,  
In stead of Steele-head speare, a Shepheards hook;  
That who had seene him then, would haue bethought  
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,  
When he the loue of faire *Benone* fought,  
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

37  
So being clad, vnto the fields he went  
With the faire *Pasorella* euery day,  
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,  
Watching to driue the rauens Wolfe away,  
The whil't at pleasure she mote sport and play;  
And euery euening helping them to fold:  
And otherwhiles for need, he did assay  
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,  
And out of them to presse the milk: loue so much could,

38  
Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise  
Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,  
He much was troubled at that strangers guise,  
And many ialous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,  
That this of all his labour and long paine  
Should reap the harvest, ere it ripened were;  
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine  
Of *Pasorell* to all the shepheards there,  
That she did loue a stranger swaine then him more deere.

39  
And euer when he came in company,  
Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,  
And byte his lip, and euen for ialousie  
Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,  
Impatient of any Paramoure:  
Who on the other side did seeme so farre  
From malice, or grudging his good hour,  
That all he could, he grace'd him with her,  
Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

40  
And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought  
Or little sparrows, stolen from their nest,  
Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre sought,  
Or other dainty thing for her address;  
He would commend his gift, and make the best;  
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,  
Ne him could she see to fancy in her breast:  
This new come shepard had his market mad,  
Old loue is little worth, when new is more prefard.

41  
One day when as the shepard swaynes together  
Were met, to make their sports and metry glee,  
As they are wont in faire sun-shiny weather,  
The whiles their flockes in shadows shrouded be,  
They fell to dance: then did they all agree,  
That *Colin Clouts* should pipe, as one most fit;  
And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as he  
That most in *Pasorells* grace did sit,  
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

42  
But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,  
Took *Coridon*, and set him in his place,  
That he should lead the dance, as was his fashion;  
For, *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.  
And when as *Pasorella*, him to grace,  
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,  
And plac'd on his, he did it soone displace,  
And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:  
Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

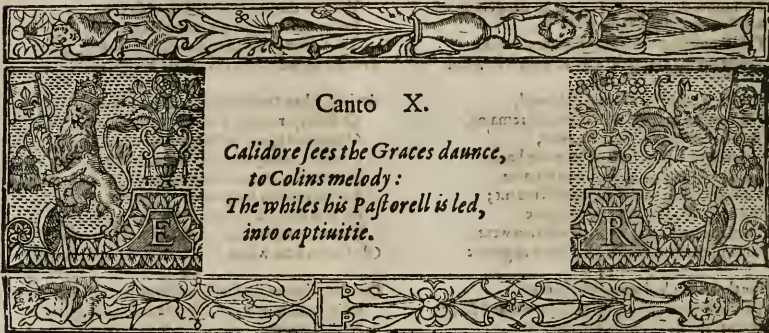
43  
Another time, when as they did dispose  
To practice games, and matters to trye,  
They for their Iudge did *Pasorella* chofe;  
A garland was the meed of victory,  
There *Coridon*, forth stepping openly,  
Did challenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:  
For, he through long and perfect industry,  
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same (shame.  
Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, & work his foe great  
But

44  
 But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;  
 For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,  
 That with one fall his necke he almost brake:  
 And had he not vpon him fallen light,  
 His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.  
 Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*  
 Given to *Calidore*, as his due right;  
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
 Gaue it to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.

45  
 Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abear  
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deede,  
 That euen they the which his riuals were,  
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:

For, courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
 Good will and fauour, So it surely wrought  
 With this faire Mayd, and in her mind the seeds  
 Of perfect loue did sowe, that last forth brough  
 The fruit of ioy & blis, though long time dearly bought.

46  
 Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,  
 To win the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;  
 Which hauing got, he vsed without crimo  
 Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,  
 That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,  
 Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.  
 But what strange fortunes vnto him be fell,  
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
 Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.



## Canto X.

*Calidore sees the Graces daunce,  
 to Colins melody:  
 The whiles his Pastorell is led,  
 into captiuitie.*

1  
**W**ho now does follow the foule *Blasant Beast*,  
 Whil'it *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,  
 Vnmindfull of his vowe and high becheaft,  
 Which by the Faery Queen was on him layd,  
 That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd  
 From chasing him, till he had it atchieued?  
 But now, entrap of loue, which him betrayd,  
 He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (griued);  
 With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath sore en-

2  
 That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew  
 His former quest, so full of toyle and paine;  
 Another quest, another game in view  
 He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:  
 With whom he mindes for euer to remaie,  
 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 alwayes in the port.

3  
 Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,  
 From so high step to stoupe vnto so lowe,  
 For, who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
 The happy peace, which there doth ouer-flowe,

And prov'd the perfect pleasures which do growe  
 Amongst poore hinds, in hils, in woods, in dales,  
 Would neuer more delight in painted shoue  
 Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,  
 T' entrap vniway fooles in their eternall bales.

4  
 For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
 Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?  
 The glauce 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  
 (Sauc onely *Glorianes* heavenly hew;  
 To which what can compare?) can it compare;  
 The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

5  
 One day as he did range the fields abroad,  
 Whil'it his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,  
 He chauc't to come, far from all peoples troad,  
 Vnto a place, whose pleasure did appeare  
 To passe all others, on the earth which were  
 For all that euer was by natures skill  
 Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,  
 And there by her were poured forth as fill,  
 As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.



6  
It was an hill, plac't in an open Plaine,  
That round about was bordered with a wood,  
Of matchlesse height, that seem'd th' earth to disdain;  
In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,  
Which in their lower branches fung aloud,  
And in their tops the soaring hauke did towre,  
Sitting like king of fowles, in maiestie and powre.

7  
And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud  
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,  
Vomard with ragged moule or filthy muds  
Ne mote wilde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne  
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:  
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,  
In the woods shades, which did the waters crowne,  
Keeping all noyome things away from it,  
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8  
And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine  
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,  
Eyther to daunce, when they to dance would faine,  
Or else to courtes about their bates light;  
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might  
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:  
So pleasantly the hill, with equall height,  
Did odours to ouer-look the lowly vale;  
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9  
They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose  
Her selfe to pleasure, vied to resort  
Vnto this place, and therein to repose  
And rest her selfe as in a gladlome 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 soneraine maiesty to sit,  
She in regard herof refused and thought vnfit.

10  
Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight  
Approach't, him seemed that the merry found  
Of a strill pipe he playing heard on bight,  
And many feet fast thumping th' hollow ground,  
That through the woods their Echo did rebound,  
He aigher drew, to weet what mote it bee;  
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found  
Full merrily, and making gla'sfull glee,  
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

11  
He durst not enter into th' open Greene,  
For dread of them vnto was to be desired,  
For breaking of their dance, if he were seene;  
But in the covert of the wood did bide,  
Beholding all yet of them vnespide:  
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,  
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,  
A hundred naked maydens lilly white,  
All ragged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12  
All they without were ragged in a ring,  
And danced round; but in the midst of them  
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,  
The whilst't the rest them round about did hemme,  
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:  
And in the midst of thofe fame there was plac'd  
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme  
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,  
That with her goodly presence all the rest much grac'd.

13  
Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore  
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day  
That *Theseus* her vnto his brideale bore  
(When the bold *Centaures* made that bloody fray  
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did him dismay)  
Being now plac'd in the firmament,  
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,  
And is vnto the stars an ornament,  
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14  
Such was the beauty of this goodly band,  
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:  
But she that in the midst of them did stand,  
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,  
Crown'd with a rosie girlond, that right well  
Did her besceme. And euer, as the crew  
About her dauoc't, sweet flowres, that far did smell,  
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw;  
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

15  
Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,  
Handmayds of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt  
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:  
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;  
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,  
Is borrow'd of them. But that faire one,  
That in the midst was plac'd parauant,  
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp't a bove,  
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16  
She was to weat that iolly Shepheards lasse,  
Which piped thre vnto that merry zout:  
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was  
Poore *Calin Clout* (who knowes not *Calin Clout*?)  
He pyp't apace, whilst't they him dauoc't about,  
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace  
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee lowe to lout;  
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,  
Thy Loue is there aduanc't to be another Grace.

17  
Much wondred *Caldore* at this strange sight,  
Whose hke before his eye had neuer seene:  
And standing long astonished in spright,  
And rap't with pleasure, with not what to weene;  
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,  
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted showe,  
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene,  
Therefore retoluing, what it was to knowe,  
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.



18  
But soone as he appeared to his view,  
They vanisht all away out of his sight,  
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew  
All saue the Shepheard, who for fell despight  
Of that displeasur, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
And in great mone for that vnhappy turne.  
But *Calidore*, though no lesse fory wight,  
For that mis-hap, yet seeing him to mourne,  
Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19  
And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake;  
Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes  
Here leade st in this goodly merry-make,  
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy loudly layes;  
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,  
Whish here with thee do make their pleasant playes?  
Right happy thou, that maist them freely see:  
But why, when I them sawe, fled they away from me?

20  
Nor I so happy, answerd then that swaine,  
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,  
Whom by no means thou canst recall againe.  
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,  
But whom they of themselves list so to grace.  
Right fory I, said then *Sir Calidore*,  
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.  
But since things past no more may now restore,  
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues, so

21  
Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;  
Then wote thou Shepheard, what soeuer thou be,  
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
Are *Penus* Damzels, all within her fee,  
But differing in honour and degree:  
They all are Graces which on her depend,  
Besides a thousand more, which ready be  
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend  
But those three in the midst do chiefe on her attend

22  
They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,  
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,  
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,  
As he this way comming from feastfull glee,  
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aceidee*,  
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weake,  
The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,  
Next faire *Aglaia* last *Thalia* merry,  
Sweet goddesses all three which me in mirth do chery.

23  
These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,  
That dekke the body or adorne the minde,  
To make them louely or well faououred shewe:  
As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,  
Sweet semblant, friendly offices that binde,  
And all the complements of courtisie:  
They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde  
We should our selues demeaue, to lowe, to hie  
To friends, to foes: which skill men call *Ciuitie*.

24  
Therefore they alway smoothly seeme to smile,  
That we likewise should milde and gentle be;  
And also naked are, that without guile  
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,  
Simple and true from couert malice free:  
And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,  
That two of them still froward seem'd to be,  
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;  
That good should from vs go, then com, in greater store

25  
Such were those goddesses, which ye did see;  
But that fourth Maid, which there amidst them stode,  
Who can aread, what creature mote she be,  
Whether a creature or a goddesse graced  
With heavenly gitts from heauen first enaced?  
But what so sure she was, she worthy was  
To be the fourth, with those three other placed:  
Yet was she certes but a country lasse,  
Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

26  
So farre as doth the daughter of the day,  
All other lesser lights in light excell,  
So farre doth she in beautifull array,  
Abooue all other lasses beare the bell:  
Ne lesse in vertue that becomes her well,  
Doth she exceed the rest of all herrace;  
For which, the Graces that be wont to dwell,  
Haued for more honour brought her to this place,  
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

27  
Another Grace she well deserues to be,  
In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
Excelling much the meane of her degree;  
Diuine resemblance, beauty so euaine rare,  
Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dare;  
All which she with such courtisie doth grace,  
That all her Peers caannot with her compare,  
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.  
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28  
Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,  
That all the earth do't lighten with thy rayes,  
Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maicesty,  
Pardon thy Shepheard moult so many layes,  
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
To make one minime of thy poore hand mayd,  
And vnderneath thy feet to place her praise;  
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd  
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

29  
When thus that Shepheard ended had his speech,  
Said *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,  
That to thy blis I made this lucklesse breach,  
As now the Authour of thy bale to be,  
Thus to becaue thy Loues deare sight from thee;  
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,  
Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see.  
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,  
And to recomf to him, all comely meanes did frame.

29  
In such discourses they together spent  
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;  
With which, the Knight himselfe did much content,  
And with delight his greedy fancie fed,  
Both of his words, which he with reason red;  
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare  
With such regard his senses ravished,  
That thence he had no will away to fate, (state.  
But wisht, that with that shepheard hee mote dwelling

30  
But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore,  
His poysonous point deep fixed in his heart  
Had left, now gan afresh to rankle sore,  
And to renew the rigour of his smart:  
VWhich to cure, no skill of Leaches art  
Mote him availe, but to returne againe  
To his wounds worker, that with loudly dart  
Disting his breast, had bred his restlesse paine,  
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies fro the maine.

31  
So, taking leave of that same gentle swaine,  
He back returned to his rustick wonne,  
VWhere his faire *Pasorella* did remaine:  
To whom in sort, as he at first begonne,  
He daily did apply himselfe to donne  
All dewfull seruice, void of thoughts impure:  
Ne any paines or perill did he shonne,  
By which he might her to his loue allure,  
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

32  
And euermore the Shepheard *Coridon*,  
VWhat-euerthing he did to her aggrate,  
Did striue to match, with strong contentation,  
And all his paines did closely emulate;  
VWhether it were to caroll, as they saie  
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,  
Or to present her with their labours late;  
Through which if any grace chaunc't to arise  
To him, the Shepheard straight with ialousie did frize.

33  
One day, as they all three together went  
To the greene wood, to gather strawberries,  
There chaunc't 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 *Pasorell*, her to surprize:  
Whom she beholding, now all desolate  
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

34  
VWhich *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haste  
To rescue her: but when he sawe the fend,  
Through coward feare he fled away as fast,  
Ne durst abide the danger of the end;  
His life he steemed dearer then his friend.  
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,  
When he the beast sawe ready now to rend  
His Looes deare spoile, in which his hart was praide,  
He ran at him corag'd, in stead of beeing fraide.

35  
Hee had no weapon, but his shepheard's hooke,  
To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull will;  
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,  
That to the ground astonish'd he fell:  
Whence ere he could receiv'r, he did him quell;  
And hewing off his head, it presented  
Before the feet of the faire *Pasorell*;  
VWho, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,  
A thousand times him thank, that had her death prevented.

36  
From that day forth the gan him to affect,  
And daily more her labour to augment;  
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,  
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for lous content:  
The gentle hart icornes bale disparagement.  
Yet *Calidore* did not despite him quight,  
But vnde him friendly for further intent,  
That by his fellowship, he colour might  
Both his estate, and loue, from skill of any wight.

37  
So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
With humble seruice, and with daily suite,  
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;  
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,  
And ioied long in clete felicity;  
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,  
That envies Louers long prosperitie,  
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduetsity.

38  
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 vnde to lue 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 shepheard's did invade,  
And spoild their houtes, and themselues did murder;  
And droue away their flocks with other much disorder.

39  
Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,  
They spoyld old *Melibæ* of all he had,  
And all his people captiue led away;  
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,  
Faire *Pasorella*, sorrowfull and lad,  
Most sorrowfull, most lad, that euer sigh'r,  
Now made the spoile of thieues and *Brigants* bad,  
Which was the corquest of the gentlest Knight,  
That euer liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

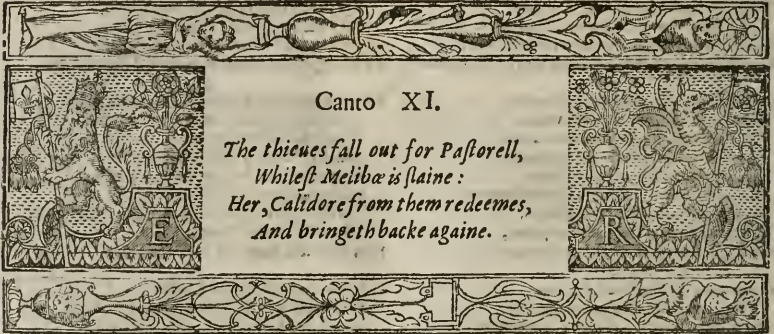
40  
With them also was taken *Coridon*,  
And caried captiue by thole thieues away;  
Who in the court of the night, that none  
Mote them delery, nor rescue from their prey,  
Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.  
Their dwelling in a little Island was,  
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way  
Appeard for people in nor out to passe,  
Nor any footing find for ouer-grown grasse.

41  
 For vnderneath the ground their way was made,  
 Through hollow Caves, that no man mote discouer  
 For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade  
 From view of luuing wight, and couered ouer:  
 But darknesse drad and daily night did houer  
 Through all the inner parts, wüerein they dwelt.  
 Ne lighted was with window, nor with louer,  
 But with continuall candle-light, which dealt  
 A doubtfull sense of things, not to well seene, as felt.

42  
 Hither those *Erigants* brought their present pray,  
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward;  
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,  
 For slauces 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 grieftly thieues, she thought her selfe in hell,  
 Where with such damnded fiends she should in darknesse  
 (dwell.)

43  
 But for to tell the dolefull dremment,  
 And pitifull complaints which there she made  
 (V Where day & night she nought did but lament  
 Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,  
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade  
 Like to a flowre, that feeles no heat of sunne,  
 V Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)  
 And what befell her in that the euish wonne,  
 V Will in another Canto better be begonne.



## Canto XI.

*The thieues fall out for Pastorell,  
 Whilſt Melibæ is ſlaine:  
 Her, Calidore from them redeemes,  
 And bringeth backe againe.*

1  
 He ioyes of loue, if they ſhould euer laſt,  
 V Without affliction or diſquietneſſe,  
 That worldly chanees do amongst the caſt,  
 Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,  
 Liker to heauen then mortall wretchedneſſe.  
 Therefore the winged god, to let men weer,  
 That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,  
 A thouſand ſowres hath tempered with one ſweet,  
 To make it ſeem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2  
 Like as is now beſalne to this faire maide,  
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my ſong:  
 V Who being now in dreadfull darknes layd,  
 Amongſt thoſe thieues, which her in bondage ſtrong  
 Detaind; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong  
 Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,  
 And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;  
 That who-ſo heares her heauienneſſe, would rew  
 And pity her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſant hew.

3  
 V Whilſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh denues remained,  
 Wrapp'd in wretched cares and hearts wrefeſt,  
 It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordain'd)  
 That he, which was their Capitaine profeſt,

And had the chiefe command of all the reſt,  
 One day as he did all his priloners view,  
 V With luſtfull eyes beheld that loucly gueſt,  
 Faire *Pastorella*; whoſe ſad mournfull hew  
 Like the faire Morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

4  
 At ſight whereof his barbarous hart was fired,  
 And inly burnt with flames moſt raging hot,  
 That her alone he for his part deſired  
 Of all the other prey, which they had got,  
 And her in minde did to him ſelſe allot.  
 From that day forth he kindenneſſe to her ſtewed;  
 And fought her loue, by all the meanes he more;  
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed;  
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

5  
 But all that euer he could doe or ſay,  
 Her conſtant mind could not a whit remoue,  
 Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,  
 To grant him fauour, or afford him lone,  
 Yet ceaſt he not to ſew and all waies proue,  
 By which he mote accompliſh his requelt,  
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue:  
 Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,  
 But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.



6  
 At last, when him she so importune sawe,  
 Fearing least he at length the reanes would lend  
 Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,  
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;  
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
 Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,  
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,  
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall;  
 A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7  
 So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,  
 VVith better teames shee did him entertaine:  
 Which gaue him hope, and did him balie perswade,  
 That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.  
 But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,  
 That further then she willing was, he prest;  
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faime  
 A sodaine sicknesse, which her fore opprest,  
 And made visit to serue his lawlesse minds becheast.

8  
 By meanes whereof, she would not him permit  
 Once to approach to her in priuities,  
 But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,  
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,  
 And seeking all things meet for remedy.  
 But she resolvd no remedy to finde,  
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,  
 Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbinde.  
 Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the minde.

9  
 During which space that she thus sick did ly,  
 It chaunc'd a sort of Merchants which were wont  
 To skim those coastes, for boodmen there to buy,  
 And by such traffique after gaines to hunt,  
 Arriu'd in this Ile (though bare and blunt)  
 To inquire for slaues; where beeing ready met  
 By some of these same thiues at th' instant brunt,  
 Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set  
 By his faire Patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10  
 To whom they shewed, how those Merchants were  
 Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy;  
 And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there  
 Mote to them for their most commodity  
 Be sold, and amongst them shared equally.  
 This their request the Captaine much appalled;  
 Yet could he not their iust demand deny,  
 And willed straight the slaues should forth be called,  
 And told for most advantage not to be forsalled.

11  
 Then forth the good old *Melibe* was brought,  
 And *Ceridon*, with many other moe,  
 Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:  
 All which he to the Merchants sale did shoue;  
 Till some, which did the fundry prisoners knowe,  
 Gan to inquire for the faire Shepherdesse,  
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,  
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse, (nes.  
 The more t'augment her price, through praise of comli-

12  
 To whom the Captaine in full angry wize  
 Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,  
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize:  
 VVith which none had to doe, ne ought partake,  
 But he himselfe which did that conquest make;  
 Little for him to haue one silly lasse:  
 Besides, through sicknesse now lo wan and weake,  
 That nothing meet in merchandise to passe.  
 So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was,

13  
 The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,  
 And eke but hardly seene by candle-light:  
 Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,  
 In doubtfull shadow of the darksome night,  
 VVith starry beames about her shining bright,  
 These Merchants fix'd eyes did lo amaze,  
 That what through wonder, & what through delight,  
 Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,  
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

14  
 At last, when all the rest them offred were,  
 And prices to them plac'd at their pleasure,  
 They all refus'd in regard of her,  
 Ne ought would buy, how-euer pri'd with measure,  
 VVithouten her, whoe worth about all threasure  
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold,  
 But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,  
 Bade them be still, his Loue should not be sold:  
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15  
 Therewith, some other of the chiefeft thiues  
 Boldly him bade such iniury forbear;  
 For, that same maid, how-euer it him grieues,  
 Should with the rest be sold before him there,  
 To make the prices of the rest more deare.  
 That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;  
 And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,  
 That whoe-so hardy hand on her doth lay,  
 It dearly shall aby, and death for handfell pay.

16  
 Thus as they words amongst them multiply,  
 They fall to strokes, the fruit of too much talke:  
 And the mad steele about doth freely flie,  
 Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,  
 But making way for death at large to walke;  
 Who, in the horror of the grieftly night,  
 In thousand dreadfull shapes doth amongst them stalke,  
 And makes huge hauck, whilst the candle light  
 Out-queech'd, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17  
 Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet  
 About some carcase by the common way,  
 Doe fall together, striving each to get  
 The greatest portion of the greedy prey;  
 All on confus'd heapes themselves assay,  
 And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear;  
 That whoe them sees, would wonder at their fray;  
 And whoe sees not, would be afraid to heare:  
 Such was the conflict of those cruell *Briagants* there.

18  
But first of all, their captiues they do kill,  
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,  
Or rise against the remnant at their will:  
Old *Melibæ* is slaine, and him beside  
His aged wife, with many others wide:  
But *Coridon*, escaping cravely,  
Creeps forth of dores, whilst darkness him doth hide,  
And flies away as fast as he can hie,  
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe die.

19  
But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,  
Was by the Capitaine all this while defended;  
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,  
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;  
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,  
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;  
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
Faith *Pastorell*, who with the selfe fame wound  
Lanc't through the arme, fell downe with him in drery

20 (swound.  
There lay she covered with confused preasse  
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.  
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,  
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.  
There to they all at once agreed well,  
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,  
How many of their friends were slaine, how many gone.

21  
Their Capitaine there they cruelly found killd,  
And in his armes the drery dying maid,  
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vp-held:  
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,  
VWith cloud of death vpon her eyes displaid:  
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light  
Seeme much more louely in that darknes layd:  
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,  
To sparke out little beames, like staries in foggy night.

22  
But when they mou'd the carcases aside,  
They found that life did yet in her remaine:  
Then all their helps they busily applide,  
To call the foule back to her home againe;  
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,  
That they to life recouered her at last.  
VWho fighting fore, as if her hart in twaine  
Had riuen been, and all her hart-strings brast,  
With drery drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23  
There she beheld, that fore her griev'd to see,  
Her father and her friends about her lying,  
Her selfe sole left, afecond spoile to be  
Of those, that hauing sued her from dying,  
Renew'd her death by timely death denying,  
What now is left her but to waile and weepe,  
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?  
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe  
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

24  
But when they saw her now reuiu'd againe,  
They left her to, in charge of one the best  
Of many worth, who with vnkind distance  
And cruell rigour her did much molest;  
Scarce yeelding her due foode, or timely rest,  
And scarcely suifring her infestred wound,  
That fore her payn'd, by any to be drest,  
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
And turne we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25  
Who when he backe returned from the wood,  
And saw his shepheards cottage spoiled quight,  
And his Loue rest away, he wexed wood,  
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;  
That euen his hurt for very fell despight,  
And his owne selfe he ready was to teare:  
He chauf, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he fight,  
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,  
Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26  
Ne might he found, to whom he might complaine,  
Ne might he found of whom he might inquire;  
That more increast the anguish of his paine.  
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:  
He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.  
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;  
The Plaines all waite and empty did appeare:  
Where wont the shepheards oft their pipes resound,  
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27  
At last, as there he romed vp and downe,  
He chanc'd one coming towards him to spy,  
That seem'd to be some sorry simple clowne,  
With ragged weeds, and locks vp-staring hie,  
As if he did from some late danger fle, e  
And yet his feare did follow him behind:  
VWho as he vnto him approached nie,  
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did finde,  
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepheards hind.

28  
Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay  
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;  
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh ditmay,  
And gulshing forth in teares, was to oppress,  
That he no word could speak, but smit his brest,  
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.  
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,  
But askt againe, what meant that ruefull hew:  
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29  
Ah well away, said he then sighing fore,  
That euer I did liue, this day to see,  
Thys ditmall day, and was not dead before,  
Before I sawe faire *Pastorella* die.  
Drest out alas then *Calidore* did cry:  
How could the death dare euer her to quell?  
But read thou shepheard, read what dost destroy,  
Or other dreffull hap from heauen or hell  
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

Tho

30  
 Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhile,  
 He thus began : VWhere shall I then commence  
 This wofull tale ? or how those *Bygones* vile,  
 With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence  
 Spoild all our eots, and carried vs from hence ?  
 Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue been sold  
 To Marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence ?  
 Or how those thieues, whi'ft one fought her to hold,  
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31  
 In that same conflict (woe is me) befell  
 This fatall chance, this dolefull accident,  
 Whose heavy tydings now I haue to tell.  
 First, all the captiues which they here had heat,  
 VVere by them slaine by generall content ;  
 Old *Melibæ*, and his good wife withall  
 These eyes sawe die, and dearely did lament :  
 But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,  
 Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall.

32  
 But what could he gainst all them doe alone ?  
 It could not boote ; needs more she die at last :  
 I onely leapt through great confusion  
 Of cries and elamers, which amongst them past,  
 In dreadfull darknes, dreadfully aghaft ;  
 That better were with them to haue been dead,  
 Then here to see all delolate and waste,  
 De spoiled of those ioyes and iolly head  
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

33  
 VWhen *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,  
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great.  
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught ;  
 That he his face, his head, his breast did beat,  
 And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat ;  
 Oft cursing th' heauens, that so cruell were  
 To her, whose name he often did repeat ;  
 And wishing o't, that he were present there,  
 VWhen she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

34  
 But after griefe awhile had had his course,  
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
 Began to mitigate his swelling 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 th'ing past ;  
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weeke,  
 Then for to die with her, & his liues threed to breake.

35  
 Tho, *Coridon* he pray'd, sith he well knew  
 The ready way vnto that thieuesish wonne,  
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew  
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.  
 But he, whose hart though feare was late fordonne,  
 Would not for ought be drawne to former dread ;  
 But by all meanes the danger knowne did shonne ;  
 Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,  
 And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

36  
 So, forth they goe together (God before)  
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,  
 And both with shepherds hooks : But *Calidore*  
 Had vnderneath, him armed pruuely.  
 Tho, to the place when they approached nie,  
 They chaunc't vpon an hill, not farr away,  
 Some flocks of sheepe and shepheards to cipy ;  
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

37  
 There did they find, that which they did not feare,  
 The selfe same flocks, the which those thienes had rest  
 From *Melibæ* and from themselves while, ere,  
 And certaine of ite thieues there by them left,  
 The which for want of heards themselves then kept.  
 Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,  
 And seeing them, for tender pity wept :  
 But when he saw the thieues which did them keepe,  
 His hart gau faile, albe he law them all asleepe.

38  
 But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,  
 Though not his feare : for, nought may feare disswade ;  
 Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thiefe  
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,  
 Whom *Coridon* him counsel'd to invade  
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away :  
 But he, that in his mind had cloely made  
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,  
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39  
 Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,  
 Of sundry things he purpose gan to saie,  
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene  
 Of *Pastorell*, were she alue or slaine.  
 Mongst which, the thieues them questioned againe,  
 What misther men, and eke from whence they were.  
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (ere  
 That they were poore heard-grooms, the which whil-  
 Had frō their maisters fled, & now sought hire elsewhere.

40  
 Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made  
 To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe :  
 For, they themselves, were enill groomes, they said,  
 Vnwornt with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,  
 But to forray the Land, or secure the deepe.  
 There-to they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,  
 To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe :  
 For, they for better hire did shortly looke :  
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forooke.

41  
 Tho, when-as towards darke some night it drew,  
 Vnto their hillish deepes those thieues the brought ;  
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
 And all the secrets of their entrails sought.  
 There did they find (contrary 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 blithe did rest,  
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had most possit.



At length, when they occasion fittest found,  
 In dead of night, when all the theues did rest  
 After a late forray, and slept full sound,  
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,  
 Having of late (by diligent inquest)  
 Provided him a sword of meanest fort:  
 With which he straight went to the Captaines nest,  
 But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,  
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

VWhen to the *Cauce* they came, they found it fast:  
 But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,  
 The dores assailed, and the locks vp-braut.  
 With noyse where of the theseawaking light,  
 Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight  
 Encountering him with small resistance flew;  
 The whiles faire *Passorell* through great asight  
 Vvas almost dead, mildoubting least of new  
 Some vp-rore were like that, which rarely she did view.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,  
 And gan aloud for *Passorell* to call:  
 Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)  
 She suddaine was reuiued there-withall,  
 And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:  
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,  
 Locking each howre into death's mouth to fall,  
 At length, espies at hand the happy coast,  
 On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past  
 Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,  
 Began some smack of comfort now to taste,  
 Like life full heat to nummed senses brought,  
 And life to feele, that long for death had sought:  
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*  
 When he her found; but like to one distraught  
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore,  
 A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late vp-rore,  
 The hue and cry was raised all about:  
 And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store,  
 Vnto the *Cauce* gan preace, noight hauing doubt  
 Of that was done, and entred in a rout,  
 But *Calidore*, in th'entry close did stand,  
 And enterntaining them with courage stout,  
 Still flew 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 approche,  
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:  
 Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,  
 Through the dead carcasses he made his way;  
 Mongst which he found a sword of better say,  
 With which he forth went into th'open light;  
 Where all the rest for him did ready stay,  
 And fierce assailing him, with all their might  
 Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight,

How many flies in hottest Sommers day  
 Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,  
 That all the place with swarmes doe ouer-lay,  
 And with their little stings right felly fare;  
 So many thieues about him swarming are,  
 All which doe him assaile on euery side,  
 And fore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:  
 But hee doth with his raging brand diuide  
 Their thickest troups, and round about him scattereth  
 (wide.

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of Dere,  
 Disperseth them to catch his choicest pray;  
 So did he flie amongst them here and there,  
 And all that neere him came, did bewe and slay,  
 Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way;  
 That none his danger daring to abide,  
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselves conuay  
 Into their *Cauces*, their heads from death to hide,  
 Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

Then back returning to his dearest Deare,  
 He her gan to recomfort all he might,  
 With gladfull speeches, and with louely cheare;  
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,  
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,  
 Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to drine  
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.  
 So, her vneath at last he did reuiue,  
 That long had lien dead, and made againe aliuie.

This doen, into those theeuish dennes he went,  
 And thence did all the spoiles and treasures take,  
 Which they from many long had robd and reat,  
 But fortune now the Victors meed did make;  
 Of which the best he did his Loue betake;  
 And also all those flocks, which they before  
 Had rest from *Melibae*, and from his Make,  
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.  
 So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.

Canto



## Canto XII.

*Faire Pastorella, by great hap,  
her parents vnderstands:  
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast  
subdew, and bind in bands.*

**L**ike as a ship, that through the Ocean wide  
Directs her course vnto one certaine coast,  
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,  
With which her winged speed is let & crost,  
And she her selfe in stormie luges tost;  
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,  
Shall winneth way, ne hath her compass lost:  
Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
Whose course is often staid, yet neuer is astray.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid  
This gentle Knight, from sewing his first quest,  
Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-laid,  
To shew the courtesie by him profest,  
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.  
But now I come vnto my course againe,  
To his atchiement of the *Blatant Beast*;  
Who all this while at will did range and raine,  
Whil'st none was him to stop, nor done him to restraine.

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught  
Faire *Pastorella* from those *Erigants* powre,  
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,  
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamour*;  
Who whylome was in his youths freshes flowre  
A lustie Knight, as euer wielded speare,  
And had endured many a dreadful floure  
In bloody battell for a Lady deare,  
The fairest Lady then of all that liuing were.

Her name was *Caribell*: whose father bright  
The Lord of *Mary Islands*, farre renownd  
For his great riches, and his greater might.  
He, through the wealth whereto he did abound,  
This daughter thought in wedlock to haue bound  
Vnto the Prince of *Piteland*, bordering nere;  
But shee, whose sides before with secret wound  
Of loue to *Bellamour* empearced were,  
By all means stund to match with any forraine feere.

And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased,  
With daily seruice and attendance dew,  
That of her loue he was entirely seized,  
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few;  
Which when her father vnderstood, he grew  
In so great rage, that them in dungon deepe  
VVithout compassion cruelly he threw;  
Yet did he straightly them stunder keepe,  
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

Nath'lesse, Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace  
Or secret gifts, so with his Keepers wrought,  
That to his Loue sometimes he came in place;  
VVhetof, her wombe vnwilt to wight was fraught,  
And in due time a maiden child forth brought,  
Which she straight way (for dread least if her Sire  
Should know thereof, to sleie he would haue sought)  
Deliu'rd to her handmaid, that (for hire)  
She should it cause be fostred vnder strange attire.

The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad  
Into the empty fields, wher churing wight  
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,  
She forth gan lay vnto the open light  
The little babe, to take thereof a light.  
VVhom, whil'st she did with wary eye behold,  
Vpon the little breast (like crystal bright)  
She mote perceine a little purple mold,  
That like a Rose, her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

VVell she it markt, and pittied the more,  
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;  
But closing it againe like as before,  
Bedew'd with teares there left it in the place:  
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space  
Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,  
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace  
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,  
For which it loudly calld, and pitifully cride.

At length, a Shepheard, <sup>9</sup> which there-by did keepe  
His fleecie flock vpon the Plaines around,  
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,  
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found  
Th'abandon'd spoile, he softly it vnbound:  
And seeing there that did him pity sore,  
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;  
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,  
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd <sup>10</sup> Claribell a thrall,  
And *Bellamoure* in bands, till that her sire  
Departed life, and left vnto them all.  
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire  
Vvere turn'd, and they to freedome did retire.  
Thence-ferth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,  
And liued long in peace and loue entire,  
Without diiquet or dislike of eicher,  
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaing;  
For, *Bellamoure* knew *Calidore* right well,  
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine  
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*,  
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,  
Secing her weake and wan, through durance long.  
There they awhile together thus did dwell  
In much delight, and many ioyes among,  
Vntill the damzell gan to weex more found and strong.

Tho, gan *Sir Calidore* him to aduise  
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;  
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprise,  
The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had fo fore;  
That much he feared, least reprocheful blame,  
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;  
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,  
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore resolving to retorne in haste  
Vnto so great achieuement, he bethought  
To leaue his Loue, now perill beeing past,  
VWith *Claribell*, whilst he that monster sought  
Throughout the world, & to destruction brought,  
So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*  
(Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)  
VWith thanks to *Bellamoure* and *Claribell*,  
He went forth do his quest, and did that him besell.

But first, ere I doe his aduertures tell,  
In this exploit, me needeth to declare  
VWhat did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,  
During his absence left in heavy care,  
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfere:  
Yet did that auncient Matrone all the might,  
To cherish her with all things choise and rare;  
And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,  
Appointed to attend her ducly day and night.

VWho, in a morning, when this Maiden faire  
Was dighting her (hauing her snowie breast  
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire  
Into their comely tresses duely dress'd)  
Chaunc'd to espy vpon her Iuorie chest  
The rose marke, which she remembered well  
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,  
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,  
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

VWhich well auizing, straight she gan to cast  
In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,  
Was that same infant, which so long since past  
Shee in the open fields had loofely laid  
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to aide.  
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste  
Vnto her Mistress, beeing halfe distmaid,  
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,  
To saue her child, which in misfortunes inouth was

The sober mother, seeing such her mood <sup>17</sup>  
(Yet knowing not what meant that suddaine thro)  
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,  
And what the matter was that moou'd her so.  
My life, said she, ye know, that long ygo,  
Whil'it yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue  
A little maid, the which ye child'd tho:  
The same againe if now ye list to haue,  
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speech,  
And gan to question straight how she it knew.  
Most certain marks, said she, doe me it teach;  
For, on her breast I with these eyes did view  
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,  
VWhere-of her name ye then to her did giue.  
Besides, her countenances, and her likeley hew,  
Matched with equal yeeres, doe surely proue,  
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth

The Matron said no lenger to enquire,  
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;  
VWhom catching greedily for great desire,  
Rent vp her breast, and bosome open layd;  
In which that Rose she plainly saw displaid.  
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,  
She long so held, and softly weeping said;  
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?  
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did saue?

Tho, further asking her of findry things,  
And times comparing with their accidents,  
She found at last, by very certain signes,  
And speaking markes of passed monuments,  
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,  
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.  
Tho, wondering long at those so strange cunctes,  
A thousand times she her embraced deare,  
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

VVho



21  
 VWho euer is the mother of one child,  
 Which hauing thought long dead, the findes aliue,  
 Let her by prooffe of that which she hath hidde  
 In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descryue:  
 For, other none such passion can conyue  
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
 When she so faire a daughter sawe linnue,  
 As *Psiforella* was, that nigh she twelt  
 For passing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

22  
 Thence coming foorth vnto her loued Lord,  
 She vnto him recounted all that tell:  
 Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,  
 Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Psiforell*.  
 There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell  
 Of *Calidore*: who seeking all this while  
 That monstrous Beast by small force to quell,  
 Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile  
 Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

23  
 Through all estates he found that he had past,  
 In which he many massacres had leit,  
 And to the Clergie now was come at last;  
 In which such spoile, such hauck, and such theft  
 He wrought, that thence all goodnes he bereft,  
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,  
 Who now no place besides vntought had leit,  
 At length into a Monastere did light,  
 Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24  
 Into their Cloysters now he broken had,  
 Through which the Monkes he chased here & there,  
 And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,  
 And searched all their Cels and secreters neare;  
 In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,  
 VVere irksome to report; Yet that foule Beast,  
 Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
 And ransack all their dennes from most to least,  
 Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

25  
 From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,  
 And robd the Chancel, and the desks downe threw;  
 And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;  
 And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,  
 Did cast to ground, whil' st none was there to rew;  
 So all confounded and disordered there.  
 But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,  
 Knowing his fatal hand by former feare;  
 But he him fast pursuing, soone approached neare.

26  
 Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,  
 And fierce assaying, fore't him turne againe:  
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke  
 VVith his sharpe flecke, and ran at him amaine  
 VVith open mouth, that seem'd to containe  
 A full good peck within the vmo'st brim,  
 All fet with iron teeth in ranges twaine,  
 That terrifie his loce, and armed him,  
 Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27  
 And therein were a thousand tongues empier,  
 Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality:  
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;  
 And some of Beares, that grownd continually;  
 And some of Tigers, that did seeme to gree,  
 And in at all, that euer passed by:  
 But most of them were tongues of mortall men,  
 Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28  
 And them amongst, were mingled here and there,  
 The tongues of Serpents, with three forked flings,  
 That spit out poison and gore bloody gree  
 At all that came within his rauemings;  
 And spake licentious words, and hatefull things  
 Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;  
 Ne Ketur spared hea a whit, nor Kings,  
 But either bletted them with infamy,  
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of inury.

29  
 But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,  
 Re'countured him with lo impetuous might,  
 That sp' outrage of his violence he said,  
 And bet abacke, threaming in vaine to bite,  
 And spetting forth the poison of his spite,  
 That fomed all about his bloody iawes.  
 Tho, tearing vp his former feet on hight,  
 He ramp't vpon him with his rauenus pawes,  
 As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

30  
 But he, right well aware his rage to ward,  
 Did cast his shield atweene; and there-withall,  
 Putting his puillance forth, pursu'd lo hard,  
 That backward he enforced him to fall:  
 And beeing downe, ere he new helpe could call,  
 His smel'd he on him throw, and fast downe held;  
 Like as a bullock, that in bloody stall  
 Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,  
 Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31  
 Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rere,  
 To be downe held, and mastrea lo with might,  
 That he gain' first and some out bloody gore,  
 Straining in vaine to reach his teile vp-right.  
 For, still the more he strove, the more the Knight  
 Did him surp'se, and forcibly subdew;  
 That made him almost mad for teile despoight.  
 He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim throw,  
 And fared like a hend, nigh horrible in hew.

32  
 Or like the hell-horne *Hydra*, which they faine  
 That great *Atides* whylome overthrew,  
 After that he had labourd long in vaine,  
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new  
 Forth budded, and in greater number grew.  
 Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
 Whil' *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;  
 Who had but more his heavy load releas;  
 But as the more he rag'd, the more his powre increas.

33  
Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availle  
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
And sharply at him to revile and raile,  
With bitter tearmes of shamefull infamy;  
Of interlacing many a forged lie,  
VWhose like he never once did speake, nor heare,  
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:  
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,  
But strained him so straightly, that he choakt him neare.

34  
At last, when-as he found his force to shrinke,  
And rage to quaille, he tooke a muzzell strong  
Of surest iron, made with many a linke;  
There-with he mured vp his mouth along,  
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,  
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,  
Or any lovely Lady dooing wrong:  
And there-vnto a great long chaine he tight,  
With which he drew him forth, euen in his own despight.

35  
Like as whylome that strong *Tyrinthian* swaine,  
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,  
Against his willfast bound in iron chaine;  
And roring horribly, did him compell  
To see the hatefull sunoe; that he might tell  
The grieftly *Pluto*, what on earth was done,  
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell  
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth shonne:  
So led this Knight his captiue, with like conquest wonne.

36  
Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those  
Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,  
Ne euer any durst till then impose,  
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more  
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:  
Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand  
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,  
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,  
And like a fearfull dog him followed through the land.

37  
Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,  
As if he learned had obedience long,  
That all the people where-so he did goe,  
Out of their townes did round about him throng,

To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;  
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:  
And all such persons, as he east did wrong,  
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight,  
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38  
Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might  
Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tamed,  
That neuer more he mote endamage wight  
VWith his vile tongue, which many had defamed,  
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:  
So did he eke long after this remaine,  
Vntill that (whether wicked fate so framed,  
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,  
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39  
Thence-forth, more mischief & more feate he wrought  
To mortall men, then he had done before;  
Ne euer could by any more be brought  
Into like bands, ne maistrd any more:  
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,  
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;  
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,  
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;  
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40  
So now he raungeth through the world againe,  
And rageth fore in each degre and state;  
Ne any is that may him now restraine,  
He growen is so great and strong of late,  
Barking, and byting all that him doe bate,  
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:  
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,  
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,  
But rends without regard of person or of time.

41  
Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,  
Hope to escape his venemous despite,  
More then my former writs, all were they clearest  
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite  
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,  
And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,  
That neuer so deserued to endite.  
Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure, (sure,  
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threa-

The end of the Sixt Booke.

TWO



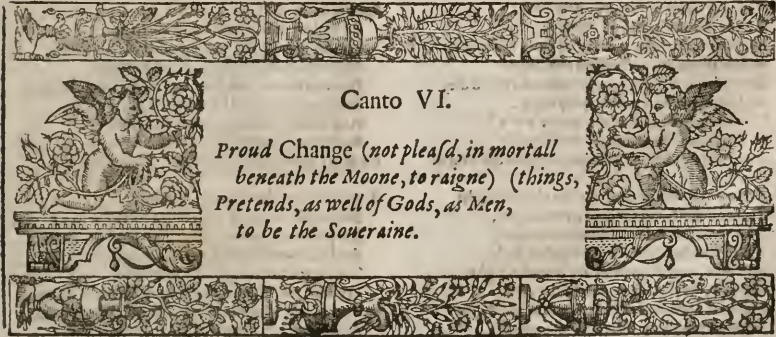
# TWO CANTOS OF

## MUTABILITIE:

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare  
to be parcell of some following Booke of the  
*Faerie Queene,*

VNDER THE LEGEND OF  
*Constancie.*

Neuer before imprinted.



### Canto VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd, in mortall  
beneath the Moone, to raigne) (things,  
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,  
to be the Soueraine.*

**W**Hat man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,<sup>1</sup>  
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth  
But that thereby doth find, & plainly feele, (say,  
How MUTABILITIE in them doth play  
Her cruell spouts, to many mens decay?  
VVhich that to all may better yett appeare,  
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How shee at first her selfe began to reate, (beare.  
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

<sup>2</sup>  
But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold  
Her antique race and linage ancient,  
As I haue found it registred of old,  
In Faery Land mongill records permanent:  
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent  
Of those old Titans, that did whylome strue  
With Saturnes sonne for heuens regiment,  
Whom, though high Ioue of kingdome did deprue,  
Yet many of thre sturme long after did suruiue.

And



And many of them afterwards obtain'd  
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;  
As *Heccatè*, in whose almighty hand,  
He plac't all rule and principallitie,  
To be by her dispos'd diuersly,  
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:  
And drad *Bellona*, that doth founnd on hie  
VVares and allarums vnto Nations wide,  
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;  
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,  
And heauenly honors yeeld, as to them twaine,  
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;  
Where shee such proofe and sad examples shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,  
That not men onely (whom shee soone subdewd)  
But eke all other creatures, her bad doings rewed.

For, shee the face of earthly things so changed,  
That all which Nature had establish't first  
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,  
Shee did pervert, and all their statutes burst:  
And all the worlds fair frame (which none yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
Shee alter'd quite, and made them all accurst  
That God had blest, and did at first prouide  
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,  
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;  
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,  
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:  
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,  
And all this world is woxen daily worse.  
O pitious worke of M Y T A B L I T Y!  
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,  
And death in stead of life haue lucked from our Nurse.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought  
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,  
Shee gan to cast in her ambitious thought,  
T'attemp't the empire of the heauens hight,  
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.  
And first, shee past the region of the ayre,  
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,  
Made no resistance, ne could her coo'traire,  
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone shee clamb'd,  
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory:  
To whose bright shining palace straight shee came,  
All fairely deckt with beaueus goodly storie;  
Whose siluer gates (by which there late an hoy  
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,  
Hight *Time*) shee entred, were hee life or sory:  
Ne staide till shee the highest stull did scand,  
Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer stull did stand.

Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,  
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,  
Envirowd with tenne thousand starrs around,  
That duly her attended day and night:  
And by her side, there ran her *Page*, that hight  
*Vesper*, whom we the Evening-starre intend,  
That with his Torch, still twinkling like twilight,  
Her lightened all the way where shee should wend,  
And ioi to weary wandring traauilers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld  
The goodly building of her Palace bright,  
Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held  
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge hight,  
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,  
And t'envy her that in such glory raigned,  
Eftsoones shee cast by force and tortious might,  
Her to displace, and to her selfe to haue gain'd  
Thekingdome of the Night, and waters by her waied.

Boldly shee bid the Goddesse downe descend,  
And let her selfe into that Iuory throne;  
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
And better able it to guide alone:  
Whether to men, whose fall shee did bemoene,  
Or vnto Gods, whose state shee did maligne,  
Or to th'infernal Powers, her need giue lone  
Of her fairelight, and bounty most benigne,  
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat  
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare  
Nights burning lampe, regarded not her threat,  
Ne yeelded ought for fauour or for feare;  
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheere,  
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:  
And boldly blaming her for comming there,  
Bade her atonce from heauens coast to pack,  
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbore:  
But boldly preacing-on, rought forth her hand  
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;  
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,  
Threatned to strike her if shee did with-stand.  
Where-at the starrs which round about her blazed,  
And eke the Mooones bright wagon, still did stand,  
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,  
And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew  
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;  
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew  
Of happy wights, now vnpurvaid of light,  
VVere much afraid, and wondred at that sight;  
Feearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,  
And brought againe on them eternal night:  
But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,  
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

15

All ran together with a great out-cry,  
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens bight;  
And beating at his gates full earnestly,  
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,  
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.  
The father of the Gods when this he heard,  
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,  
Or other his old foes, that once him forely fear'd.

16

Esfoones the sonne of *Mais* forth he sent  
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
And why she did her wonted course forslowe;  
And if that any were on earth belowe  
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,  
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:  
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest  
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

17

The wing-foot God, so fast his plumies did beat,  
That soone he came where-as the *Titanesse*  
Was struing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:  
At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,  
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.  
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
At last, he bade her (with bold steadfastnesse)  
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
Or come before high *Ioue*, her doings to discharge.

18

And there-with-all, he on her shoulde'r laid  
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power  
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid;  
Where-at the *Titanesse* did sternly lower,  
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower  
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,  
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia's* siluer bower;  
Sith sice his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought, (fought,  
No more then *Cynthia's* selfe; but all their Kingdoms

19

The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,  
But past away, his doings to relate  
Vnto his Lord; who now in th' highest sky,  
Was placed in his principall Estate,  
With all the Gods about him congregated:  
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,  
It did them all exceedingly amate, (bold,  
Sauer *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance  
Did vnto them at length these speeces wise vnfold;

20

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers,  
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed  
Sought to assaile the heauens eternal towers,  
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:  
But how we then defeated all their deed,  
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;  
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed  
An off-spring of their blood, which did alite  
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despise.

21

Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,  
That now with bold presumption doth aspire  
To thrust faire *Thabe* from her siluer bed,  
And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,  
If that her might were match to her desire:  
Wherefore, it now behoues vs to aduise  
What way is best to driue her to retire;  
Whether by open force, or counsell wife,  
Areed ye sonnes of God, as best ye can deuide.

22

So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow  
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded becke  
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,  
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)  
Made signe to them in their degrees to speak:  
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wife.  
Mean-while, th' Earths daughter, though she nought did  
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now aduise, (reck  
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

23

Esfoones she thus resolu'd; that whil'ft the Gods  
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)  
Were troubled, and amongst themselues at odds,  
Before they could new counsels re-allie,  
To set vpon them in that extatic;  
And take what fortune time and place would lend:  
So, forth she rofe, and through the purest sky  
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,  
To prosecute her plot: Good on-let boads good end.

24

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass;  
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,  
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.  
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,  
In great amaze, newist what way to chose,  
But *Ioue*, all fearlessse, forc't them to aby;  
And in his foueraine throne, gan straight dispose  
Himselfe more full of grace and Maielty,  
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

25

That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,  
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,  
Yet with the sight thereof was almost quell'd;  
And inly quaking, seem'd as rett of senie,  
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;  
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:  
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,  
Whence art thou, & what doost thou here now make?  
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansioo to forsake?

26

She, halfe confus'd with his great command,  
Yet gathering spirit of her naures pride,  
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand:  
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,  
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide  
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:  
But by the fathers (be it not cauide)  
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)  
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully fro heauen exil'd.

Hh

For,

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)  
 Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;  
 Both, *sonnes of Pranus*: but by vnjust  
 And guilefull meanes, through *Corybant*s flight,  
 The younger thrust the elder from his right:  
 Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriously hast held  
 The Heauens rule from *Titans* *sonnes* by might;  
 And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:  
 Witnesse ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue told.

28

Whil'ft she thus spake, the Gods that gaue good eare  
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
 Becing of stature tall as any there  
 Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,  
 As any of the Goddesses in place,  
 Stood all astonish'd, like a sort of Steeres,  
 Mongst whom, some beast of strange & forraine race,  
 Vnwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:  
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus bespake;  
 Will neuer mortall thoughts cease to aspire,  
 In this bold fort, to Heauen claime to make,  
 And touch celestia'll seats with earthly mire?  
 I would haue thought, that bold *Prociustes* hire,  
 Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,  
 Or great *Promethus*, tasting of our ire,  
 Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to refraine;  
 And wate'd all men by their example to refraine:

30

But now, this off-seum of that curfed fry,  
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,  
 And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;  
 Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise  
 Should handle as the rest of her allies,  
 And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he shooke  
 His Neckar-deawed locks, with which the skyes  
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,  
 And est his burning leui-brond in hand he tooke.

31

But, when he looked on her louely face,  
 In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,  
 That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace  
 (Such sway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)  
 He staid his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,  
 He thus againe in milder stile began;  
 But ah! if Gods should striue with flesh yfere,  
 Then shortly should the progeny of Man  
 Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should do still what he can.

32

But these faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,  
 Through some vaine error or inducement light,  
 To see that mortall eyes haue neuer scene;  
 Or through ensample of thy sisters might,  
*Bellona*; whole great glory thou doost spight,  
 Since thou hast scene her dreadfull power, belowe,  
 Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)  
 To baidie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe:  
 And sure thy worth, no less then hers, doth seem to showe.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanisse*,  
 That not the worth of any liuing wight  
 May challenge ought in Heauens interesse;  
 Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right:  
 For, we by conquest of our foueraine might,  
 And by eternall doome of Fates decree,  
 Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;  
 Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee  
 Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

34

Then cease thy idle claime thou foolish gerle,  
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
 That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;  
 There-to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine  
 Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraine.  
 So, hauing said, he thus to him replide;  
 Ceasse *Saturnes* sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine  
 Of idle hopes 't allure me to thy side,  
 For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall I deeme  
 Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;  
 That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:  
 But to the highest him, that is beight  
 Father of Gods and men by equall might;  
 To weete, the God of Nature, I appeale.  
 There-at *Ioue* waxed wroth, and in his spight  
 Did idly grudge, yet did it well conceale,  
 And bade *Dan Phabus* Scribe her Appellation seale.

36

Effsoones the time and place appointed were,  
 Where all, both heauenly Powers, & earthly wights,  
 Before great Natures presence should appeare,  
 For triall of their Titles and best Rights:  
 That was, to weete, vpon the highest heights  
 Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill*?)  
 That is the highest head (in all mens fights)  
 Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepherds quill  
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural skill.

37

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,  
 To sing of hill's & woods, mongst warres & Knights,  
 I would abate the sterencesse of my stile,  
 Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;  
 And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianes* spights  
 (Becing of old the best and fairest Hill  
 That was in all this holy-Islands heights)  
 Was made the most vopleasant, and most ill  
 Meane while, O *Clie*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

38

Whylome, when *IRELAND* florished in fame  
 Of wealths and goodnesse, far about the rest  
 Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,  
 The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
 Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best:  
 But none of all there-in more pleasure found,  
 Then *Cynthia*; that is foueraine *Queene* profest  
 Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,  
 Sprinkled w<sup>th</sup> wholsom waters, more the most on ground

But



But amongst them all, as fittest for her game,  
 Eyt her for chace of beas wild or bowe,  
 Or for to shrowde in shade from *Phœbus* flame,  
 Or bathe in fountaines that do fishly flowe,  
 Or from high hills, or from the dales belowe,  
 She chose this *Arctis* where she did resort  
 With all her Nymphes engaged on a rowe,  
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort  
 For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight  
*Molanna*; daughter of old father *Mole*,  
 And sister vnto *Mulla* faire and bright;  
 Vnto whose bed false *Bryges* whylome stoye,  
 That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,  
 And made her lullabye loues will knowe to be,  
 But this *Molanna*, were the not for shole,  
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee,  
 Yet as she is, a fayer flood may no man see.

For, first the springs out of two marble Rocks,  
 On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes;  
 There as a gulfond seemes to deek the locks,  
 Of some faire Bride, brought forth with pompous  
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:  
 So, through the flowry Dales the tumbling downe,  
 Through many woods, and shady courtis flowe,  
 (That on each side her siluer channell crowne)  
 Till to the Plains she come, whose Valleys she doth

In her sweet streames, *Diana* voyd of  
 (After her sweaty chace and toyl some play)  
 To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soile  
 And downy grasse, her dainty lumbes to lay  
 In court shade, where none behold her may:  
 For, much she hated sight of hoing eye,  
 Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day  
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly  
 To see her naked amongst her Nymphes in priuaty.

No way he found to compass his desire,  
 But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,  
 Her to discover for some secret hire;  
 So, her with flattering words he first assaid;  
 And after, pleasing guits for her pursuit,  
 Queene-apple, and red Cherries from the tree,  
 With which he her allured & betrayd,  
 To tell what time he might her Lady see  
 When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

There, to be promis'd, if shee would him pleasure,  
 With this small boone, to quit her with a better;  
 To weete, that where-as shee had out of measure  
 Long lou'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did let her,  
 That he would undertake, for this to get her  
 To be his Loue, and of him liked well:  
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter  
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell;  
 The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple mayd did yield to him anon;  
 And (him placed where he dole might wiew)  
 That neuer any saw, save only one;  
 Who, for his burt to foole, hardy dewe  
 Was of his handes deuout in *Hutches* hand  
 Tho, as her manner was in lunny day,  
*Diana*, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
 To this sweet spring; where, doings her away,  
 She bath'd her louely limbes for some a likely pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,  
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,  
 That for great ioy of some, what he did spy,  
 He could him not containe in silent rest,  
 But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest  
 His foolish thought, (A foolish *Faunus* indeed)  
 That couldst not hold thy selfe to hidden best,  
 But wouldst needs thine owne conceit exceed,  
 Babblers vnworthy, beene of to diuine a meed.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,  
 In hast forth started from the guilty brooke;  
 And running straight, where-as he heard his voyce,  
 Enclod'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
 Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke  
 On her whose sight before so much he fought,  
 Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & flooke  
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;  
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care  
 Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,  
 Finding where-as some wicked beast wate  
 That breaks into her Dairy house, there doth draine  
 Her streaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;  
 Hath in some place or gin set close behind,  
 Entrapp'd him, and caught into her traine,  
 Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,  
 And thousand deaths deueth in her vengefull miud.

So did *Diana* and her maydens all  
 Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:  
 They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;  
 Some by the nose him plucke, some by the taile,  
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile:  
 Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;  
 For, sought against their will might countervaille:  
 Ne ought he said what euer he did here;  
 But hanging downe his head, did like a Moone appeare.

At length when they had flouted him their fill,  
 They gan to cast what penance him to giue,  
 Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill  
 The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue;  
 Others would through the riuier him haue drue,  
 And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penance light;  
 But most agreed and did this sentence giue,  
 Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight,  
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe sue how hee

But *Cynthia's* selfe more angry then the rest,  
Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,  
And of her shame to make a gamefome jest;  
But gan examine him in straighter sort,  
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
Him thither brought; and hereto him betraid:  
He, much affraid, to her confessed short,  
That 't was *Molanna* which her so bewrayd:  
Then all at once their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

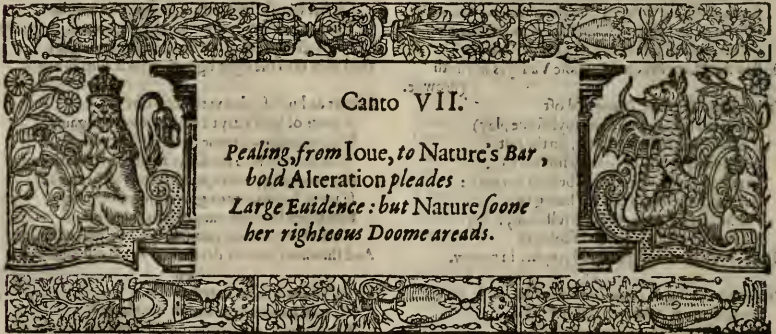
But him (according as they had decreed)  
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chafte  
With all their hounds; that after him did speed;  
But he more speedy, from them fled more fast:  
Then any Deere: so sore him dread aghast,  
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
Shouting as they the heavens would haue braide:  
That all the woods and dales where he did stie,  
Did ring againe, and loud recho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;  
When, back returning to *Molann's* againe,  
They, by commandment of *Diana*, there  
Her whelm'd with fones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)

Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,  
That her he would receiue vnto his bed:  
So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,  
Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe do wed,  
And (both combin'd) themselues in one faire riuert spread.

Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,  
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;  
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,  
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:  
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
All those faire Forrests about *Arlo* hid,  
And all that Mountaine, which doth ouer-look  
The richest champain that may elle be rid,  
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thoufsand Salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,  
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,  
There-on an heauy haplesse curle did lay,  
To weat, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,  
Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,  
And Thicues should rob and spoile that Coast around,  
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chafe,  
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thicues abound:  
Wh<sup>ch</sup> too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found



H! whither dost thou now thou greater Muse  
Me frō these woods & pleasing Forrests bring?  
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse  
This too high sight, vnfit for her weak wing)  
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King  
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate luccesse,  
And victory, in bigger notes to sing,  
Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,  
That him of heauens Empire fought to dispossesse?

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,  
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
Fit for this tune; and in my fable brest  
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire,

Which learned minds inflameth with desire  
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,  
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,  
Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone;  
So farre past memory of man that may be knowe.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,  
The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;  
As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,  
As those that all the other world do fill,  
And rule both sea and land vnto vnto their will:  
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;  
Afwell for horror of their count'nance ill,  
As for th' vntuly fiends which they did feare;  
Yet *Pisno* and *Proserpina* were present there.

And



- 4  
And thither also came all other creatures,  
What-euer life or motion do retaine,  
According to their sundry kinds of features;  
That *Ariô* fearfully could them all containe;  
So full they filled euerie hill and Plaine;  
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)  
Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
And raunged faire abroad in euerie border,  
They would haue cauked much confusion and disorder.
- 5  
Then forth issued (great goddess) great dame *Nature*,  
With goodly port and gracious Maieesty;  
Being far greater and more tall of stature  
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:  
Yet eertes by her face and physnomy,  
Whether she man or woman inly were,  
That could not any creature well defery:  
For, with a veile that wimpled euerie where,  
Her head and face was hid, that more to none appeared.
- 6  
That some do say was so by skill deuised,  
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,  
From mortal eyes that should be sore agrized;  
For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
That eye of wight could not indure to view:  
But others tell that it so beauteous was,  
And round about such beames of splendor threw,  
That if the Sunne a thousand times did pass,  
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glass.
- 7  
That well may seemen true: for, well I weene  
That this same day, when she on *Ariô* sat,  
Her garment was so bright and wondrous shene,  
That my fraile wix can not deuize to what  
It to compare, nor find like stuffe to that,  
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,  
Yet on mount *Toader* quite their wits forgot,  
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise  
Transfigur'd saw; his garments lo did daze their eyes.
- 8  
In a faire Plaine vpon an espiall Hill,  
She plac'd was in a pavilion;  
Not such as Craftsmen by their idle skill  
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:  
But th' earth her selfe of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,  
Did seeme to bow their blooming heads full lowe  
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shewe.
- 9  
So hard it is for any thing to write,  
All her array and vestments to tell,  
That old *Dan Giffrey* (in whose gentle spright  
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)  
In his *Foules* parley durst not with it mel;  
But it transferd to *Alane*, who be thought  
Had in his *Plaine of Hesperes* descry'd it well:  
Which who will read let forth he as it ought,  
Go seeke he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.
- 10  
And all the earth far vnderneath her feete  
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew  
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,  
Tenne thousand mores of lundry tent and hew,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view:  
The which, the *Nymphes*, from all the brooks thierby  
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;  
That richer seem'd then any tapettry,  
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.
- 11  
And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,  
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,  
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes bare  
With hardened frosts of former winters ire,  
He with an *Oaken* girlond now did tirc,  
As if the loue of some new *Nymph* late seene,  
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
And made him change his gray attire to greene;  
Ah gentle *Mole*! such ioyance hath thee well becom.
- 12  
Was neuer so great ioyance since the day  
That all the gods whylome assembled were,  
On *Hemus* hill in their diuine array,  
To celebrate the solemne bid all cheare,  
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;  
Where *Plutus* selfe that god of Poets hight,  
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,  
That all the gods were ravish'd with delight  
Of his celestiall song, and *Musicks* wondrous might.
- 13  
This great Grandmother of all creatures bred  
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of ead,  
Still mouing, yet vnmooued from her sted;  
Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;  
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue told,  
Before her came dame *Misability*;  
And being loue before her presence feld,  
With meeke obeysance and humilitie,  
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie:
- 14  
To thee O greatest goddess, onely great,  
An humble suppliant loe, I lowly fly  
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;  
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently;  
Dammning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,  
Which any of thy creatures do to other  
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)  
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,  
And knitte each to each, as brother vnto brother.
- 15  
To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine,  
And of his fellow gods that faue to be,  
That challenge to themselues the whole worlds raige;  
Of which, the greatest part is due to me,  
And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:  
For, heauen and earth are both alike to deeme,  
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;  
And gods no more then men shou do esteeme:  
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.



16  
Then weigh, O soueraigne goddesse, by what right  
These gods do claime the worlds whole soueraintie;  
And that is onely due vnto my might  
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:  
As for the gods owne principality,  
Which *Ioue* vsurpes vnjustly; that to be  
My heritage, *Ioue's* selfe cannot denie,  
From my great Grandfire *Titan*, vnto mee,  
Deriu'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

17  
Euermaugre *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,  
I do possesse the world most regiment;  
As, if ye please it into parts diuide,  
And euery parts inholders to conuen;  
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent,  
And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)  
That only seemes vnmou'd and permanent,  
And vnto *Mutabilis* not thrall;  
Yet is she chang'd in part, and ecke in generall.

18  
For, all that from her Springs, and is ybredde,  
How-euer faire it flourish for a time,  
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,  
To turne againe vnto their earthly slime;  
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,  
We daily see new creatures to arise;  
And of their Winter Spring another Prime,  
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:  
So turne they still about, and change in restless wise.

19  
As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,  
The beasts we daily see mallacred dy,  
As thralls and vassals vnto mens bechests:  
And men themselves do change continually;  
From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,  
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.  
Ne doe their bodies onely flit and fly:  
But ecke their minds (which they immortall call)  
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

20  
Ne is the water in more constant case;  
Whether those lame on high, or these belowe,  
For, th' Ocean mouth still, from place to place;  
And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:  
Ne any Lake, that seemes most still and flowe,  
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,  
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;  
With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;  
Now like great Hills; & streight, like sluices, them vnfold.

21  
So likewise are all watry living wights  
Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,  
Neuer abiding in their stedfast plights.  
The fish, still floating, doe at random range,  
And neuer rest; but euer more exchange  
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:  
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,  
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead to tarry;  
But sitting still do flie, and still their places vary.

22  
Next is the Ayre: which feels not by sense  
(For, of all sense it is the middle meane)  
To sit still; and, with subtile influence  
Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,  
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane  
On thing so tickle as th' vnsteady ayre;  
Which euery howe is chang'd, and altdre cleane  
With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:  
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

23  
Therein the changes infinite beholde,  
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;  
Now, boyling hot; streight, frizing deadly cold:  
Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:  
Streight, bitter stormes and balefull courtenace,  
That makes them all to shuer and to shake:  
Raine, haille, and snowe do pay them sad penance,  
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)  
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes  
(make.

24  
Last is the fire: which, though it liue for ener,  
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,  
We see his parts, so soone as they do leuer,  
To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;  
So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.  
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:  
But all, that are of others bred, doth he slay;  
And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;  
Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25  
Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee  
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)  
To thousand sorts of change we subiect see:  
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous sights)  
Into themselves, and lose their natie nighs;  
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water there,  
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights  
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth approaching nere:  
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26  
So, in them all raignes *Mutabilis*;  
How-euer these, that Gods themselves do call,  
Of them do claime the rule and soueraintie:  
As, *Vesfas*, of the fire xthereall;  
*Vulcan*, of this, with vs so vsuall;  
*Ops*, of the earth; and *Inno* of the Ayre;  
*Neptune*, of Seas; and *Nymphes*, of Riuers all.  
For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:  
And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27  
Which to approuen true, as I haue told,  
Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call  
The rest which doe the world in being hold:  
As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall:  
Of all the which, demand in generall,  
Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,  
Whether to me they are not subiect all.  
*Nature* did yield theeto; and by-and-by,  
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

28

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;  
 First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues or flowres  
 That freshly budded and new bloomes beare  
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,  
 That sweetly sung, to call forth *Paramours*):  
 And in his hand a iaculin he did beare,  
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
 A gilt engrauen morion he did weare;  
 That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

29

Then came the iolly *Summer*, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassocke coloured greene,  
 That was valyned all, to be more light:  
 And on his head a girland well esene  
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been  
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
 A boawe and shafts as he in Forrest greene  
 Had hunted: are the *Libbard* or the *Bore*,  
 And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated fore.

30

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,  
 As though he joyed in his plectious store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
 That he had banisht hunger, which to fore  
 Had by the belly oft him pined to re.  
 Vpon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
 With eares of corne of euery sort, he bore:  
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31

Lastly came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,  
 Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adowne distill.  
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still:  
 For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;  
 That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

32

These, marching softly, thus in order went,  
 And after them, the Months all riding came;  
 First, sturdy *March* with brow: full sternly bent,  
 And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,  
 The same which ouer *Hellepontus* swam:  
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,  
 Which on the earth he fruitfull as he went,  
 And filld her wombe with frised hope of nourishment.

33

Next came fresh *April* full of lusty bed,  
 And wanton as a Kid whose bore new buds:  
 Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
*Europa* floating through th' *Argolick* fluds:  
 His horoes were gilden all with golden studs  
 And garnished with garlands goodly dight  
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds  
 Which th' earth brings forth, & wet he seem'd in sight  
 With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

34

Then came faire *May*, the fairest maid on ground,  
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,  
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:  
 Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,  
 The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side  
 Supported her like to their soueraigne Queene.  
 Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,  
 And leapt and daunc'd, as they had rauisht bene!  
 And *Cupid* selfe about her flattered all in greene.

35

And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd  
 All in greene leaues, as he a *Player* were;  
 Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,  
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:  
 Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare  
 With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pace,  
 And backward yode, as *Bargemen* wont to fare  
 Bending their force contrary to their face,  
 Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

36

Then came hot *Iuly*, boyling like to fire,  
 That all his garments he had cast away:  
 Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
 He boldly rode and made him to obay:  
 It was the bea't that whylome did foiray  
 The *Nemæan* Forrest, till th' *Amphytrionide*  
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array:  
 Behinde his backe a sithie, and by his side  
 Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

37

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd  
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground:  
 Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd  
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround  
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;  
 That was the righteous *Virgin*, which of old  
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;  
 But, after *Wrong* was lov'd and Iustice sold,  
 She left th' vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38

Next him, *September* marched ecke on foot;  
 Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle  
 Of haruests riches, which he made his boot,  
 And him enrich with bounty of the foyle:  
 In his ope hand, as fit for haruests toyle,  
 He held a knife-hooke; and in th' other hand  
 A paire of waightes, with which he did assayle  
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,  
 And equally gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

39

Then came *October* full of merry glee:  
 For, yet his neule was totty of the must,  
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,  
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
 Made him so fit to lyeck and so full of lust:  
 Vpon a dreadfull *Scorpion* he did ride,  
 The same which by *Dianæs* doom vnjust  
 Slew great *Orion*: and ecke by his side  
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next

40

Next was *November*, he full grosse and fat,  
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;  
For, he had been a fatting hoggs of late,  
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,  
And yet the season was full flarp and breem;  
In planting ecke he tooke no small delight:  
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;  
For it a dreadfull *Centaur* was in sight,  
The feed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

41

And after him, came next the chill *December*:  
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:  
Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,  
They say, was nourisht by th' *Taan* mayd;  
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares;  
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42

Then came old *January*, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keepe the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,  
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:  
For, they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:  
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood; (flood,  
From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the Roman

43

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;  
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly glide:  
And swim away: yet had he by his side  
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,  
And toles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of *bafting* Prime did make them burgein round:  
So past the twelue months forth, & their dew places found

44

And after these, there came the *Day* and *Night*,  
Riding together both with equall pace,  
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;  
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face  
With a blacke velle, and held in hand a mace:  
On top whereof the moon and stars were plight,  
And sleep and darknesse round about did traie:  
But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,  
The goodly Sun, encompass't all with beames bright

45

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Towre*,  
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed  
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;  
But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed  
That might softlacke the charge to them fore-slewed  
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make  
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)  
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake  
By euen turnes; ne cuer did their charge forsake.

46

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;  
Death with most grim and grieufully visage scene,  
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;  
Ne ought to feare, but like a shade to weene,  
Vnbodied, vnclou'd, vnheard, vnseene,  
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,  
Such as they faime *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,  
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,  
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

47

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;  
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,  
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse  
*CHANCE* doth not raig'n & bear the greatest sway:  
For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?  
But *Time* do change and moue continually.  
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay:  
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny  
But to be subiect & fill to *Mutability*?

48

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these  
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell  
Are chang'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise  
Of being; But, who is it (to me tell)  
That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell  
To keepe his course? Is not that namely we  
Which possit that vertue from out heauenly cell,  
That mones them all, and makes them changed be?  
So them we gods do tute, and in them also thee.

49

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things  
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,  
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,  
And say they by your secret powre are made:  
But what they see not, who shall vs perswade?  
But were they so, as ye them faime to be,  
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;  
Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee  
Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

50

And first, concerning her that is the first,  
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make  
*Ioue*s dearest darling, she was bred and nurs't  
On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:  
Then is the mortall borne, how-so ye craike;  
Besides, her face and countenance eury day  
We changed see, and sundry formes partake, (gray:  
Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now browae and  
So that as changefull as the *Moon* men vse to say.

51

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare  
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;  
Yet, he his course doth alter eury yeare,  
And is of late far out of order gone:  
So *Venus* ecke, that goodly Paragone,  
Though faire all night, yet is the darke all day;  
And *Phaebus* selfe, who a light some is alone,  
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,  
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now



53  
Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most:  
For, he sometimes so far runnes out of square,  
That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,  
And cleare without his viall sphere to fare;  
That euē these star-shedets Romish are  
At fight thereof, and aduise their lying bookes:  
So likewise, grim *Sil Saturne* old doth spare  
His stern aspect, and calme his crabb'd lookes:  
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

54  
But you *Dan Ioue*, that onely constant are,  
And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,  
Are you not subiect ecke to this misfare?  
Then let me aske you this without blame,  
Where were ye borne? Some say in *Crete* by name,  
Others in *Thebes*, and others other where:  
But where soeuer they comment the same,  
They all consent that ye begotten were,  
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

55  
Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,  
Vnlesse the Kingdome of the sky ye make  
Immortall, and vchangeable to be;  
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,  
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,  
And your owne natures change: for, each of you  
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,  
Is checke and charged from his naturetrew,  
By others opposition or obliquid view.

56  
Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheres,  
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes saie,  
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;  
What is the same but alteration plain?  
Onely the starry skie doth still remaine:  
Yet doe the Starres and Signes therin still moue,  
And euen it selfe is mo'ed, as wizards saie,  
But all that moueth, doth mutation lone:  
Therefore both you and them to mee I subiect proue.

56  
Then since within this wide great *Vniuers*  
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,  
But all things tost and turned by transiurie:  
What then should let, but *Lob* should reare  
My *Trophee*, and from all, the triumph beare?  
Now iudge then (O thou greatest goddesse trew!)  
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,  
And vnto mee addoom that is my dew;  
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57  
So hauing ended, silence long enswewd,  
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,  
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed,  
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,  
Expecting th' end of this to doubtfull case,  
Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,  
To whether side should fall the soueraine place:  
At length, the looking vp with chearefull view,  
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

58  
I well consider all that ye haue said,  
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate  
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd  
They are not changed from their first estate;  
But by their change their being do dilate:  
And turning to themselves at length againe,  
Do worke their owne perfection fo by fate:  
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and trainge;  
But they raigne ouer change, & do their states maintaine.

59  
Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee:  
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;  
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
And from thenceforth, none no more change shal see.  
So was the *Titanesse* put downe and whist,  
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.  
Then was that whole assembly quite difmist,  
And *Natur's* selfe did vanish; whither, no man wist.

The VIII. Canto, vnpersite.



1  
Hen I thinke me on that speech whylcare,  
Of *Mutabilitie*, and well it way:  
Me fecmes, that though she all vworthy were  
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very foorth to say,  
In all things else she beares the greatest sway.  
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,  
And loue of things so vaine and cast away;  
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so sickle,  
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

2  
Then gin I thinke on that which *Nature* said,  
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,  
But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd  
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,  
That is contrary to *Mutabilitie*:  
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:  
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of *Sabaoth* hight: (sight.  
O that great *Sabaoth* God, graunt me that *Sabaoths*

FINIS.



There is a great variety of...  
The first is the...  
The second is the...  
The third is the...  
The fourth is the...  
The fifth is the...  
The sixth is the...  
The seventh is the...  
The eighth is the...  
The ninth is the...  
The tenth is the...  
The eleventh is the...  
The twelfth is the...  
The thirteenth is the...  
The fourteenth is the...  
The fifteenth is the...  
The sixteenth is the...  
The seventeenth is the...  
The eighteenth is the...  
The nineteenth is the...  
The twentieth is the...  
The twenty-first is the...  
The twenty-second is the...  
The twenty-third is the...  
The twenty-fourth is the...  
The twenty-fifth is the...  
The twenty-sixth is the...  
The twenty-seventh is the...  
The twenty-eighth is the...  
The twenty-ninth is the...  
The thirtieth is the...  
The thirty-first is the...  
The thirty-second is the...  
The thirty-third is the...  
The thirty-fourth is the...  
The thirty-fifth is the...  
The thirty-sixth is the...  
The thirty-seventh is the...  
The thirty-eighth is the...  
The thirty-ninth is the...  
The fortieth is the...  
The forty-first is the...  
The forty-second is the...  
The forty-third is the...  
The forty-fourth is the...  
The forty-fifth is the...  
The forty-sixth is the...  
The forty-seventh is the...  
The forty-eighth is the...  
The forty-ninth is the...  
The fiftieth is the...  
The fifty-first is the...  
The fifty-second is the...  
The fifty-third is the...  
The fifty-fourth is the...  
The fifty-fifth is the...  
The fifty-sixth is the...  
The fifty-seventh is the...  
The fifty-eighth is the...  
The fifty-ninth is the...  
The sixtieth is the...  
The sixty-first is the...  
The sixty-second is the...  
The sixty-third is the...  
The sixty-fourth is the...  
The sixty-fifth is the...  
The sixty-sixth is the...  
The sixty-seventh is the...  
The sixty-eighth is the...  
The sixty-ninth is the...  
The seventieth is the...  
The seventy-first is the...  
The seventy-second is the...  
The seventy-third is the...  
The seventy-fourth is the...  
The seventy-fifth is the...  
The seventy-sixth is the...  
The seventy-seventh is the...  
The seventy-eighth is the...  
The seventy-ninth is the...  
The eightieth is the...  
The eighty-first is the...  
The eighty-second is the...  
The eighty-third is the...  
The eighty-fourth is the...  
The eighty-fifth is the...  
The eighty-sixth is the...  
The eighty-seventh is the...  
The eighty-eighth is the...  
The eighty-ninth is the...  
The ninetieth is the...  
The ninety-first is the...  
The ninety-second is the...  
The ninety-third is the...  
The ninety-fourth is the...  
The ninety-fifth is the...  
The ninety-sixth is the...  
The ninety-seventh is the...  
The ninety-eighth is the...  
The ninety-ninth is the...  
The hundredth is the...

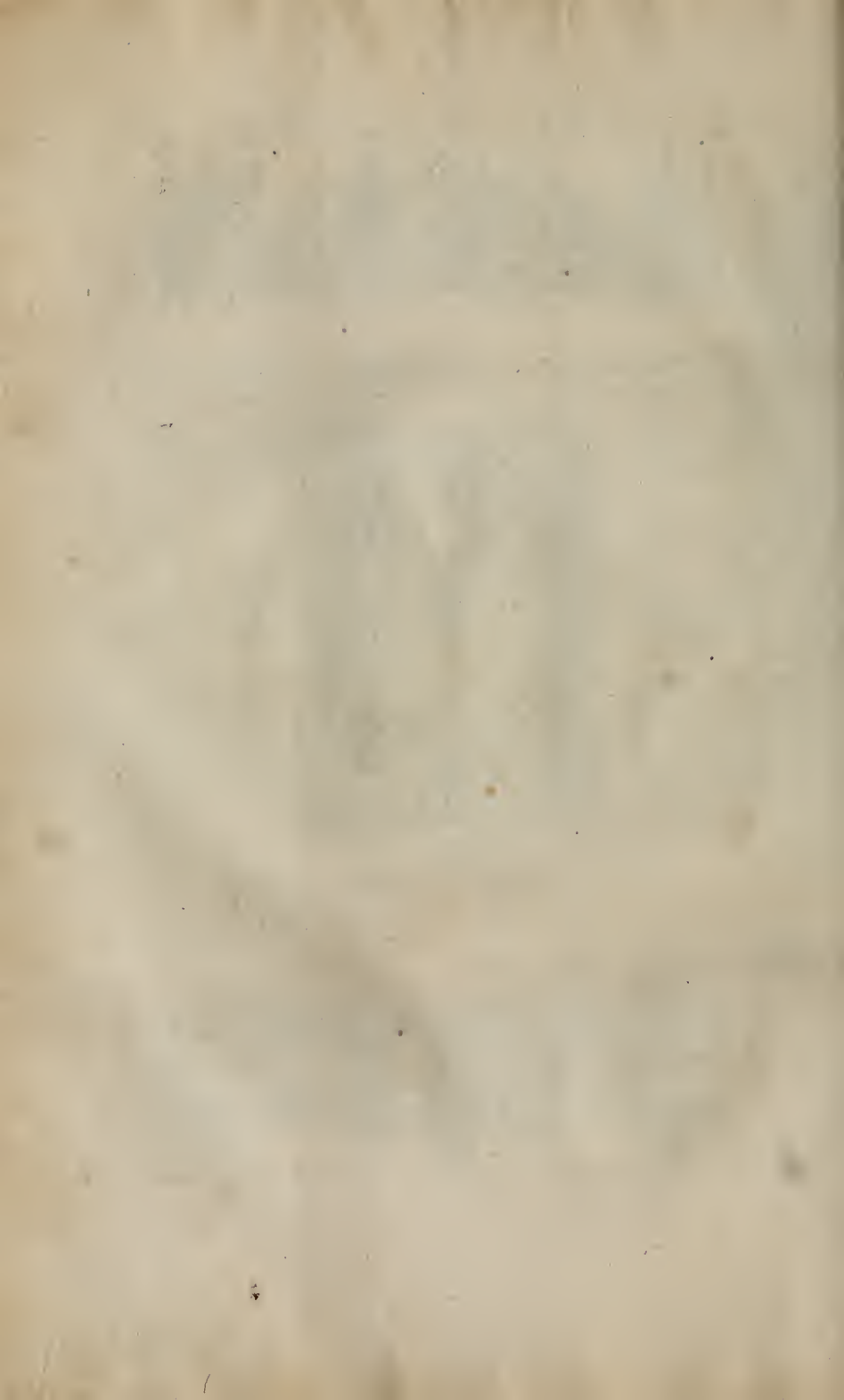


LONDON,  
Printed by H.L. for Matthew Lownes.









THE  
SHEPHERDS  
CALENDER:

CONTAINING  
TWELVE ÆGLOGUES, PRO-  
PORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE  
MONETHS.

ENTITLED,  
To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most  
*worthy of all titles, both of learning and chi-  
ualrie, Master Philip Sidney.*



AT LONDON,  
Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes, and are to  
*be sold at the signe of the Bishops head in  
Paules Church-yard. 1611.*



## TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little Booke: thy selfe present,  
As child whose parent is vnkent,  
To him that is the president  
Of noblenesse and chiuallrie:*

*And if that Enuy barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee  
Under the shadow of his wing.*

*And, asked who thee forth did bring,  
As shepherds swaine say did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde;  
And when his honor hath thee redde,  
Craue pardon for thy hardy-head.*

*But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For why thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past ieopardie,  
Come tell me what was said of mee,  
And I will send more after thee.*

Immeritò.





TO THE MOST EXCELLENT  
and learned, both Oratour and Poet, master  
*Gabriel Haruey*, his verie speciall and singular good friend, *E. K.*  
commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the  
patronage of the new Poet.



*Vncouth, vnkiſt*, ſaide the old famous Poet *Chaucer* ;  
whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in ma-  
king, his ſcholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy ſcholler of ſo ex-  
cellent a maſter, calleth the loadſtarre of our language :  
and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Ty-  
tirus*, the God of Shepheards ; comparing him to the  
worthineſs of the Roman *Tytirus*, *Virgil*. Which pro-  
uerbe, mine owne good friend *M. Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it ſerued  
well *Pindarus* purpoſe, for the bolſtering of his bawdie brocage, ſo very wel  
taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as ſaid *Chau-  
cer*) is vnkiſt ; and vnknown to moſt men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I  
doubt not, ſo ſoone as his name ſhall come into the knowledge of men, and  
his worthineſſe be ſounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he ſhall be not  
onely kiſt, but alſo beloved of all, embraced of the moſt, and wondered at of  
the beſt. No leſſe, I thinke, deſerueth his wittineſſe in deuifing, his pittineſſe  
in vttering, his complaint of loue ſo louely, his diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo plea-  
ſantly, his paſtorall rudeneſſe, his morall wiſeneſſe, his due obſeruing of *De-  
corum* euerie where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeech, and ge-  
nerally, in all ſeemelic ſimplicite of handling his matters, and framing his  
words : the which of many things that in him be ſtrange, I know will ſeeme  
the ſtrangeſt ; the wordes themſelues beeing ſo ancient, the knitting of them  
ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole period and compaſſe of his ſpeech ſo  
delightſome for the roundneſſe, and ſo graue for the ſtrangeneſſe. And firſt  
of the words to ſpeake, I grant they be ſomething hard, and of moſt men vn-  
vſed, yet both Engliſh, and alſo vſed of moſt excellent Authours, and moſt  
famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath bene much trauailed  
and throughly read, how could it be (as that woorthy Oratour ſaid) but that  
walking in the Sunne, although for other cauſe hee walked, yet needes hee  
muſt be ſunne-burnt ; and hauing the ſound of thoſe ancient poets ſtill ring-  
ing in his eares, hee mought needs in ſinging, hit out ſome of their tunes.  
But whether hee vſeth them by ſuch caſualtie and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe  
and

THE EPISTLE.

and choise, as thinking the fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of Shepheards; either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall: or else because such old and obsolete words are most vsed of Country folke; sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of *Valla*, against *Luue*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer-much studie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set foorth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the stile seeme grave, and as it were reuerend, no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray haire, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it seeme disorderlie and ruinous. But as in most exquisite pictures, they vse to blaze and portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadow the rude thicketts and craggie cliffs; that by the balenesse of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order): euen so doe those rough and harsh tearmes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So, oftentimes, a discord in musicke maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well-shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, either of witleffe headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion, it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as haue been long time out of vse, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our mother tongue, which trulie of it selfe is both full enough for prose, & stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default, when as some endeoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and raggies of other languages; borrowing heere of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches.

Other





## THE EPISTLE.

of writing, beeing both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newlie crept out of the nest, by little and little first prooue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue hee was already full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuanus*, as not beeing full somd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.

Now, as touching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I mind not to say much, himselfe labouring to cōceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his pascion, or else to warne (as hee saith) the young shepheards [his equals and companions] of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these twelue Aeglogues; which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Heerevnto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion, for the exposition of old wordes, & harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuises, both in words and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsaile & secret meaning in thē, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, himselfe being for long time far estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put foorth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, & sundry others, whose cōmendation to set out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet beeing knowne to few. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister *Haruey*, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, & otherwise vpon some particular & speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with

## THE EPISTLE.

---

with your good will, as you ought, against the malice & outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good & so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily farewell, & commit you & your commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to be  
commaunded, E. K.*

---

*Post scr.*

**N**OW I trust, *M. Harney*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets doings, or else for enuie of so many worthy *Quidams*, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknes, those so many excellent English poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring them foorth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe them great wrong, in depriviing them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in with-holding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and superexcellēt. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good *M. Harney*. From my lodging at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.





## The generall Argument of the whole Booke.

**L**ittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of *Aeglogues*, hauing already touched the same. But, for the word *Aeglogues*, I knowe is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called *Aeglogas*, as it were, *Aegon*, or *Aeginomonlogi*, that is *Goatheardes* tales. For although in *Virgil* and others, the speakers be more *Shepherd*s, then *Goatheard*s, yet *Theocritus*, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in *Virgil*, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head & well-spring the whole inuention of these *Aeglogues*, maketh *Goatheard*s the persons and *Authors* of his tales. This beeing, who seeth not the grosseesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue, that they are more rightly tearmed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of vn-necessarie matter: which definition, albe in substance and meaning is agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the *Analysis* & interpretation of the word. For they be not tearmed *Eglogæ*, *Aeglogues*: which sentence this Authour verie well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fewe *Goatheard*s haue to doe herein, neuertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowne name. Other curious discourses heereof I referue to greater occasion.

These twelue *Aeglogues* euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue *Moneths*, may be well diuided into three formes or ranks. For either they be *Plaintiue*, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth: or *Recreatiue*, such as all those be, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of speciall personages: or *Morall*, which for the most part be mixed with some *Satyricall* bitternesse; namely, the second of reuerence due to old age, the fifth of coloured deceit, the seauenth and ninth of dissolute *Shepherd*s and *Pastors*, the tenth of contempt of *Poetrie* and pleasant wits. And to this diuision may euerie thing heerein be reasonably applied: a fewe onely except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not pricke to. And thus much generally of these twelue *Aeglogues*.



## THE ARGUMENT.

*Aeglogues.* Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme sowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March: for then the sunne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, now worne away, reneweth.

This opinion maintaine the old Astrologers and Philosophers, namelic, the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius, in his holy daies of Saturne: which account also was generally obserued, both of Grecians & Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue: that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour, & eternall Redeemer the Lord Christ, who as the renewing the state of the decayed World, and returning the compasse of expired yeeres, to their former date, and first commencement, left to vs his Heires a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall & onument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooffe of speciall iudgement.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæsar, they beganne to tell the Moneths from Marches beginning; and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) comanded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar, who first obserued the leape yeere, which he called Bissextile Annum, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring daies, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the tearmes of the learned) the Moneths haue bene numbred twelue, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but 304 daies in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie: wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate & enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the god Ianus: to which god, for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeere. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Not withstanding,

## THE ARGUMENT.

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he cōmaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to beginne with Iannarie; weening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe in-sight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and so continueth hee throughout.

---





## ☞ *Aegloga prima.*

### ARGVMENT.

**I**N this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepherds boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country Lasse called *Rosalind*: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee comparcth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-bearen flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, & casteth himselfe to the ground.

### COLIN. CLOVT.

**A** Shepherds boy (no better doe him call)  
When Winters wastefull spight was almost spent,  
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,  
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.  
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold,  
That now vanethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepherds looke,  
Fet pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)  
M:y leeme he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:  
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.  
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,  
And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,  
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie :)  
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And bow your cares vnto my dolefull dittie.  
And P:AN thou shepherds God, that once did loue,  
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proude.

Thou barren ground wh6 Winters wrath hath wasted,  
Art made a mirrou, to behold my plight:  
Whilom thy fresh spring flow'd, and after hasted  
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffidylies dight.  
And now is come thy Winters stormie fate,  
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mask edst late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,  
My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:  
Such stormie stoures, doe breed my balefull smart,  
As if my yeeres were waste, and woxen old.  
And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,  
And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shade leaves are lost,  
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,  
And now are cloath'd with mosse and hoarie frost,  
In stead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flowre,  
I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,  
Whose drops in drerie yficles remaine.

Also



Alfo my luftfull leafe is dry and feare,  
My timely buds with wailing all are wafted:  
The bloffome, which my branch of youth did beare,  
With breathed fighs is blowne away, and blafted,  
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend,  
As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weake, through faft, and euill fare:  
Maift witeffe well by thy ill gouernment,  
Thy Maifters mind is ouercome with care.  
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,  
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thoufand fithes I curfe that carefull loure,  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to fee:  
And eke ten thoufand fithes I bleffe the ftoure,  
Wherein I faw to faire a fight as thee.  
Yet all for nought: fuch fight hath bred my bane:  
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine!

It is not *H O B B I N O L*, wherefore I plaine,  
Albe: my loue he fecke with daily fuit:  
His clownifh gifts and curtefies I difdaine,

His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
Ah, foolifh *H O B B I N O L*, thy gifts been vaine:  
*C O L I N* them giues to *R O S A L I N D E* againe.

I loue thilke Laffe, (alas, why doe I loue?)  
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne?)  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprocue,  
And of my rural muſtck holdeth ſcorne.  
Shepheards deufe ſhe hateth as the ſnake, (make.  
And laughes the ſong, that *C O L I N C L O U T* doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude *P A N* thou pleaſe,  
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,  
And thou vnluckie Muſe, that woontſt to eaſe  
My muſing minde, yet canſt not, when thou ſhould,  
Both Pipe and Muſe, ſtall fore the while abide.  
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked *P H O E B Y S* gan auail  
His wearie waine, and now the froſtic *N I G H T*,  
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.  
Which ſcene, the penſue boy halfe in deſpight  
Aroſe, and homeward droue his funned ſheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did ſeem his careful eaſe to weepe.

### Colins Embleme.

*Anchora ſperme.*

## G L O S S E.

*Colin Clout*, is a name not greatlie vſed, and yet haue I ſeene a poeſie of *M. Skeltons*, vnder that title. But indeede the word *Colin* is French, and vſed of the French poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a poet) in a certaine *Æglogue*. Vnder which name this poet ſecretly ſhadoweth himſelfe, as ſometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tyrtius*, thinking it much fitter then ſuch Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

*Onnerbes*, ſcarcely.

*Conub*, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to knowe, or to haue ſkill. A ſwel interpreteth the ſame, the worthy ſir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kiſman, and my very ſingular good friend, *M. Gabriel Haruey*, as alſo of ſome other his moſt graue and excellent writings.

*Sith*, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expreſſing the Latine, *Vicinia*.

*Stoure*, a fit.

*Seare*, withered.

His clowniſh gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

*Ruſticus eſt Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.*

*Hobbmol*, is a ſained country name, wherby, it being ſo common & vſuall, ſeemeth to be hidden the perſon of ſome his very ſpeciall & moſt familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peraduenture ſhall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place ſeemeth to be ſome fauour of diſorderly loue, which the learned call *Paderafice*: but it is gathered beſide his meaning. For who that hath

read

read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrus* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially fo meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued *Alcibiades* extreanly; yet not *Alcibiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcibiades* owne selfe. And so is *Pederastice* much to bee preferred before *Gynerastice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward womankinde. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelish disciple *Vnico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

*I lone*: a pretie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, *I lone thilke Lasse, classe, &c.*

*Rosalinde*, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Stutius* in his *Eptbalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cælia*, in her letters, enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Belloshia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaiing the names of secret personages.

*Anaile*, bring downe.

*Ouerhaile*, draw ouer.

### Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere vnder added in Italian, *Anchora sperme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



B.

Februarie,



· 3 · *Aegloga secunda.*

ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustfulnesse, is scorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeere, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose, the old man telleth a tale of the *Qake* and the *Breere*, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our cies, more plainly could not appeare.

**CYDDY.**

**A**H for pittie, will ranke Winters rage  
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'asswage?  
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,  
All as I were through the body gride,  
My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,  
As done high towers in an earthquake:  
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tiales,  
Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it auales.

**THENOT.**

Lewdly complainest, thou lasie ladde,  
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.  
Must not the world wend in his common course,  
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
From worse, vnto that is worst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormie time,  
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?  
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeeres,

**THENOT.**

Some in much ioy, many in many teares:  
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,  
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:  
Ne neuer was to Fortune foe-man,  
But gently tooke, that vngently came,  
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,  
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

**CYDDY.**

No matuaile **THENOT**, if thou can bear  
Cheerefully the Winters washtfull cheare.  
For age and winter accord full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:  
And as the lowring weather lookes downe,  
So seemest thou like good-Friday to frowne.  
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,  
My ship vnwont in stormes to be tost.

**THENOT.**

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,



That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe,  
 So loyting liue you little-heard-groomes,  
 Keeping your beasts in the budded broomes,  
 And when the shining sunne laugheth once,  
 You deemen, the Spring is come at once.  
 Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,  
 And crowing in Pipes made of greene corne,  
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare:  
 But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,  
 Comes the breeme Winter with chamfred browes,  
 Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,  
 Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,  
 Which cruelles the blood, and prickes the heart,  
 Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,  
 Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.  
 Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,  
 With weeping, and wayling, and miserie.

## CYDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,  
 That wouldst me, my springing youth to spill.  
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee,  
 Through rustie eild, that hath rotted thee:  
 Or siker thy head very tottie is,  
 So on thy coise shoulder it leanes amisse.  
 Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,  
 Als my budding branch thou wouldst crop:  
 But were thy yeeres greene, as now been mine,  
 To other delights thy would incline.  
 Tho wouldst thou learne to caroll of loue,  
 And hery with hymnes thy Lasses gloue.  
 Tho wouldst thou pipe of PHILLIS praise:  
 But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.  
 I wonne her with a girde of gelt,  
 Embost with bugle about the belt.  
 Such an one shepheards would make full faine:  
 Such an one would make thee young againe.

## THENOT.

Thou art a foa, of thy loue to boft:  
 All that is lent to loue will be lost.

## CYDDY.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,  
 So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?  
 His hornes been as brade, as rainebowe bent,  
 His dewlap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent.  
 See how he venteth into the winde,  
 Weenest of loue is not his minde?  
 Seemeth thy focke thy counsell can,  
 So lustlelle beu they, so weake, so wan,  
 Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,  
 Thy flocks father his courage hath lost.  
 Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bags,  
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags.  
 The rather Lambes been starued with cold,  
 All for their master is lustlelle and old.

## THENOT.

CYDDY, I wot thou kenst little good,  
 So vainly to aduance thy headlelle hood.  
 For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,  
 Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wape is death,  
 Whose way is wildernesse, whose inne Penance,  
 And floore gallant Age the host of Greuance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,  
 Which I cond of TYRIVS in my youth,  
 Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

## CYDDY.

To nought more, THENOT, my mind is bent,  
 Then to heare novels of his deule:  
 They been so well thewed, and so wife,  
 What euer that good old man bespake.

## THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,  
 And some of loue, and some of chiuallrie:  
 But none fitter then this to apply.  
 Now listen awhile and harken the end.

Here grew an aged Tree on the greene,  
 A goodly Oake sometime had it beene,  
 With armes full strong and largely displaide,  
 But of their leues they were desaraid:  
 The body big and mightily pight,  
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height:  
 Whilome had been the king of the field,  
 And mochel mast to the husband did yeld,  
 And with his nuts larded many swine.  
 But now the gray mosse marred his rine,  
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
 His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,  
 His honour decayed, his branches tere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,  
 Which proudly thrust into th'element,  
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.  
 It was embellisht with blossoms faire:  
 And thereto aye wonned to repair  
 The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,  
 To paint their garlonds with his coloures,  
 And in his small bushes used to strowde  
 The sweet Nightingale singing fo lowde:  
 Which made this foolish Breere sece fo bold,  
 That or a time he cast him to scold,  
 And inebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?  
 Nor for fruite, nor for shadow scrues thy stocke:  
 Seest how fresh my flowres been spered,  
 Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,  
 With leues engrained in lustie greene,  
 Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene,  
 Thy waste bignesse but cumbers the ground,  
 And dirkes the beautie of my blossoms round.  
 The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,  
 My Cinnamon smell too much annoyeth.  
 Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,  
 Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.  
 So spake this bold Breere with great daldaine:  
 Little him answered the Oake againe,  
 But yelded, with shame and greefe adawed,  
 That of a weede he was ouercrawed.

It chanced after vpon a day,  
 The husbandmans selfe to come that way,  
 Of custome to suruiue his ground,  
 And his trees of state in compass round.  
 Him when the spightfull Breere had espied,  
 Causelisse complained, and lowdly cried

Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife :

O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
Pleaseth you pond your suppliants plain,  
Caused of wrong, and cruell complaint,  
Which I your poore Vassall daily endure:  
And but your goodnesse the same recure,  
Am like for desperate dole to die,  
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this pitious plea,  
Him rested the good-man on the sea,  
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed,  
With painted words tho gan this proude weed,  
(As most ven ambitious folke)

His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,  
Thou plcer of plants both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the Primrose of all thy land.  
With flowing blossoms, to furnish the prime,  
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?  
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,  
Whose bodie is sere, whose branches broke,  
Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,  
Vnto such tyrannie dost aspire?

Hindring with his shade my lowly light,  
And robbing me of the sweet sunnes sight?  
So beate his old boughs my tender side,  
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:  
Vntimely my flowres foiced to fall,

That hec the honour of your Coronall.  
And oft hee lets his canker-wormes light,  
Vpon my branches, to worke me more spight:  
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,  
Wherewith my fresh florets been defaist.  
For this, and many more such outrage,  
Craving your goodly head to aswage  
The rancorous rigour of his might.  
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:  
Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
And praying to be garded from greuance.

To this, this Oake cast him to reply  
Well as he couth: but his enemy  
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
That the good man would stey his leisure,  
But home him hasted with furious heate,  
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,  
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,  
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)  
And to the field alone he speedeth,  
(Aye little help to harme there needeth)

Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
Enaunter his rage nought cooled bee:  
But to the root bent his sturdie stroake,  
And made many wounds in the waste Oake.  
The axes edge did oft ture againe,  
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:  
Seemed, the senselesse iron did feare,  
Or to wrong holy eld did feare.

For it had been an auncient tree,  
Sacred with many a mysterce,  
And often crost with the Priests crew,  
And often hallowed with holy water dew.  
But sike fantasies wercn foolerie,  
And broughten this Oake to this miserie.  
For nought mought they quiten him from decay:  
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.  
The blocke oft groned vnder the blowe,  
And sighed to see his neere ourthrowe.  
In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,  
Tho downe to the ground he fell forthwith.  
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
Th'earth shrunke vnder him, and seemed to shake.  
There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,  
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasure:  
But all this glee had no continuance,  
For estoones Winter gan to approach,  
The blustering Boreas did encroch,  
And beat vpon the solitarie Breere:  
For now no succour was him neere.  
Now gan he repent his pride ro late,  
Yore naked left and disconsolate.  
The byting frost nippt his flanke dead,  
The watric wet weighed downe his head,  
And heaped snowe burnd him so sore,  
That now vpright he can stand no more:  
And being downe, is trode in the durt,  
Of catell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.  
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,  
For scorning Eld.

#### CYDDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth;  
Heere is a long tale, and little worth.  
So long haue I listened to thy speech,  
That grassed to the ground is my breed:  
My heart blood is well nigh frome I feele,  
And my galage growne fast to my heele:  
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted,  
Hie thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.  
*Iddio perche è vecchio,  
Fa suoi al suo effempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.  
*Niuno vecchio,  
Spauenta Iddio.*

## GLOSSE.

*Keene*, sharpe.

*Gride*, pierced: an old word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.

*Rorts*, young bullocks.

*Wracke*, ruine or violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

*Foman*, a foe.

*Thenot*, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his *Æglogues*.

*The Soueraigne of Seas*, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Atimus Publianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse:

*Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*

*Heardgroomes*, *Chaucers* verse almost whole.

*Fond flies*, He compareth carelesse sluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that so soone as the Sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when suddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

*But est when*: a very excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.

*Breme*, Chill, bitter.

*Chamsfred*, chapt, or wrinkled.

*Accoied*, plucked downe and daunted.

*Surquedrie*, pride.

*Eld*, old age.

*Siker*, sure.

*Tottie*, wavering.

*Corbe*, crooked.

*Herie*, worship.

*Phyllis*, the name of some maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie* (whose person is secret) loued. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuan*.

*Belt*, a girdle, or walle band.

*A son*, a foole.

*Lythe*, soft and gentle.

*Venteth*, snuffeth in the wind.

*Thy flocks father*, the ram.

*Craes*, necks.

*Rather Lambes*, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

*Youthis*, a verie morall and pichy Allegoric of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

*Tytirus*, I suppose he meanes *Chaucer*, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of poetrie shall endure.

*Well throwed*, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wifensse.

*There grew*. This tale of the Oake and the Brecre, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æsops* fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, beeing altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainefull yonkers. *Embellish*, beautified and adorned.

*To wonne*, to haunt or frequent.

*Sneb*, checke.

*Woy standst*, the speech is scornefull and verie presumptuous.

*Engrained*, died in graine.

*Adawed*, daunted and confounded.

*Accloierb*, accumbreth.

*Trees of state*, taller trees, fit for timber wood:

*Sterne strife*, said *Chaucer*,

fell and sturdie.

*O my liege*, a manner of supplication, wherein is kindlie

coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

*Coronall*, garland.

*Flourets*, young blossoms.

*The Primrose*, the chiefe and worthiest.

*Naked armes*, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

*The blood*, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and



(as they say) *Kai' exochen.*

*Hoarie lockes*, metaphorically for withered leaues.

*Hent*, caught. *Nould*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

*Wounds*, gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

*The Priests crew*, holy-water pot, wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

*The blocke oft groaned*: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt gaudo*, &c.

*Boreas*, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

*Glee*, Cheare and iollitic.

*For scorning eld*, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

*Galage*, a startup or clownish shooe.

### Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so blesse. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fulnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that being ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and aduerities, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in *Aesops* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first fore agast, and dismayd at the grimmett and austeritie of his countenance; but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

March,



## Ægloga tertia.

### ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue, two shepherds boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleaſance, which to Spring-time is moſt agreeable. The ſpeciall meaning heereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to knowe *Cupid*, the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the perſon of *Thomalin*, is meant ſome ſecret friend, who ſcorned loue and his Knights ſo long, till at length himſelfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of ſome beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

**T**HOMALIN, why ſitten wee ſo,  
As wren ourwent with wo,  
Vpon ſo faire a morrow?  
The ioyous time now nigheth faſt,  
That ſhall alodge this bitter blaſt,  
And ſlike the Winter ſorrow.

T HOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warneſt well:  
For Winters wrath begins to quell,  
And pleaſant Spring appeareth.  
The graſſe now ginnes to be reſreſht:  
The Swallow peepes out of her neſt,  
And clowde Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seeſt not thilke ſame Hawthorne ſtudde,  
How bragly it begins to budde,  
And vtter his tender head?

F L O R A now calleth forth each flower,  
And bids make ready MAIAS bower,

T HOMALIN.

That new is vprift from bed,  
Tho ſhall we ſporten in delight,  
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,  
That ſcornefully lookes aſkaunce:  
Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That now ſleepeth in LETHE lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

T HOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be aſſot:  
For luſtic Loue ſtill ſleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenſt thou that he is awoke?  
Or haſt thy ſelfe his ſlumber broke?  
Or made priuie to the fame?

T HOMALIN.

No, but happily I him ſpide,  
Where in a bulbe he did him hide,  
With wings of purple and blew.

And

And were not, that my sheepe would stray,  
The priuie markes I would bewray,  
Whereby by chance I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,  
My selfe will haue a double eye,  
Ylike to my flocke and thine:  
For als at home I haue a fyre,  
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,  
That duly adaires cowots mioc.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,  
My sheepe for that may chance to siverue,  
And fall into some mischiefe.  
For shens is but the thir'd morrow,  
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow;  
And waked againe with grieffe:  
The while thilke lame vnhappy Ewe,  
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth stiew,  
Fell headlong into a dell,  
And there vnoynted both her bones:  
Mought her necke been ioynted atones,  
Shee should haue need no more spell.  
Th'elce was so wanton and so wood,  
(But now I trowe can better good)  
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is past:  
That is to come, let be forecast.  
Now tell vs what thou hast seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day,  
When shepherds groomes han leaue to play,  
I cast to goe a shooting:  
Long wandring vp and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in either hand,  
For birds in bushes tooting:  
At length, within the Ivie todde,  
(There shrouded was the little God)  
I heard a busse bustling:  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Lifting if any thing did rush,  
But then heard no more rustling.  
Tho peeping clofe into the thicke,  
Might see the moouing of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared not:  
But were it facric, fend, or snake,  
My courage carnd it to awake,  
And manfully therat shot.  
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,  
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,  
And laughing lope to a tree,  
His gildeo quiuer at his backe,  
And siluer bowe which was but slacke,  
Which lightly he bent at mee.  
That seeing, I leuld againe,  
And shot at him with might and maine,  
As thicke, as it had hailed.  
So long I shot, that all was spent,  
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,  
And threw: but nought auailed.  
He was so wimble and so wight,  
From bough to bough he leaped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.  
Therewith affraid, I raone away:  
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,  
A shaft in earnest snatched,  
And hit me running, in the heele:  
For then I little smart did feele,  
=But soone it fore increased.  
And now it rankleth more and more,  
And inwardly it festreth sore,  
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,  
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:  
I know him by a token.  
For once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught vpon a day,  
(Whereof he will be wroken)  
Entangled in a fowling net,  
Which he for carrion crows had set,  
That in our Peare-tree haunted:  
Tho said, he was a winged lad,  
But bowe and shafts as then none had:  
Else had he fore be daunted.  
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,  
And stouping PHEBV'S steepes his face:  
Its time to haste vs homeward.

### Willies Embleme.

*To be wise, and eke to loue,  
Is granted scarce to God above.*

### Thomalins Embleme.

*Of honie and of gawl, in loue there is store.  
The honie is much, but the gawl is more.*



## G L O S S E.

This *Æglogue* seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischief to come.

*Ouerwent*, ouergone.

*Alegg*, to lessen or allswage.

*To quall*, to abate.

*Welkin*, the skie.

*The Swallow*, which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

*Flora*, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddesse of all flowers, and dooing ycerely to her soleimne sacrifice.

*Maia's bower*, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

*Lettice*, the name of some Country Lasse.

*Afcaunce*, askew, or askuint.

*For thy*, therefore.

*Lethe*, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulnesse: (For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnesse) wherein the soules beeing dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth hee was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of Winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

*Allotte*, to dote.

*His slumber*: to breake Loues slumber, to exercise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

*Wings of purple*, so is he fained of the poets.

*For als*, he imitateth *Virgils* verse:

*Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca, &c.*

*A dell*, a hole in the ground.

*Spell*, is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer euery thing that they would haue preferred: as the night-tspell for theeues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospel, or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

*Gang*, goe.

*An Iuietodde*, a thicke bush.

*Swaine*, a boy: For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boy. f. alwaies fresh and lustie, biindfolded, because hee maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, f. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. Hee is said also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrow for the loue that is disdaind or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene, amongst other of this poets dooings, very well translated also into English rimes.

*Wimble and wight*, quicke and deliuer.

*Latched, caught.*

*In the heele,* is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing washed all ouer saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was fained to be shot with a poysoned arrow in the heele, while he was busie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which mysticall fable *Enstathius* vnfoldeing, saith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Physitions) to the priuie parts, there passe certaine veines and slender sinewes, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pipes behind the eares: so that (as saith *Hypocrates*) if those veines there be cut asunder, the partie straight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepheards boy of purpose to be wounded in the heele.

*Wroken, reuenged.*

*For once.* In this tale is set out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of loue.

*Stouping Phœbus,* is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

### Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvalloveth, bee but follie mixt with bitternesse, and sorrowe sawced with repentance. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearinesse all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, & finding that we would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time, and change of riper yeeres, which also there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasure.



April,



## Ægloga quarta.

### ARGUMENT.

**T**His Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor & praise of our most gracious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The speakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in loue, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby hee taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said *Colin* sometime made in honour of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Elisa*.

#### THENOT.

**T**ell me good **HOBBINOLL**, what gars thee greet?  
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambs ytorne?  
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?  
Or art thou of thy loued Lasse forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempted to the yeere,  
Quenching the gasping furrowes this with raine?  
Like April showre, so streames the trickling teares  
Adowne thy cheek, to quench thy thirstie paine.

#### HOBBINOLL.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,  
But for the lad, whom long I loued so deere,  
Now loues a Lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:  
He plung'd in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

#### HOBBINOLL.

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forswear.  
His pleasant Pipe, which made vs merriment,  
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
His wonted songs, wherein he all out-went.

#### THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?  
Is loue such pinching paine, to them that proue?  
And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

#### HOBBINOLL.

**COLIN** thou kenst the Southerne shepheards boy:  
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.  
Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,  
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But



But now from me his madding mind is starr,  
And woos the widowes daughter of the glenne:  
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his smart,  
So now his friend is changed for a fien.

THE NOT.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,  
I pray thee HOBBEINOLL record some one,  
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in fight,  
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

HOBBEINOLL.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,  
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:  
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,  
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,  
doe bathe your breast,  
For sake your watric bowres, and hither looke,  
at my request.

And kee you virgins that on Parnasse dwell,  
Whence floweth *Helicon*, the learned Well,  
Helpe me to blaze

Her worthy praise,  
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of faire ELISA be your siluer song,  
that blessed wight:  
The floure of Virgins, may she flourish long,  
in princely plight.  
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot:  
Which PAN the shepheards God of her begot:  
So sprung her grace  
Of heavenly race,  
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,  
(O seemely sight)  
Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,  
and Erimines white,  
Vpon her head a Crimofin Coronet,  
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:  
Bayleaves betweene,  
And Primroses greene,  
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee seene her angel-like face,  
like PHOEBE faire?  
Her heaucoly haniour, her princely grace,  
can you well compare?  
The Red rose medled with the White yfere,  
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere:  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie,  
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden hed,  
vpon her to gaze:  
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spread  
it did him amaze.  
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,  
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:

Let him, if he dare,  
His brightnesse compare  
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Show thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,  
and be not abasht:  
When she the beames of her beautie displaies,  
O how art thou dasht?  
But I will not match her with LATONAS feede:  
Such follie, great sorrow to NOBE did breede,  
Now she is a stone,  
And makes daily monce,  
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be proude, that euer he begot,  
such a Bellibone,  
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot  
to beare such an one.  
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,  
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:  
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,  
And I her shepheards swaine,  
Albee forswonke and forswat I am.

I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,  
where my Goddesse shines:  
And after her the other Muses trace  
with their Violines.  
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,  
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?  
So sweetly they play:  
And sing all the way,  
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote  
to the Instrument:  
They dauncen deffily, and singen soote,  
in their meriment.  
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euert?  
Let that rowme to my Lady be yuen.  
Shee shall be a Grace  
To fill the fourth place,  
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe?  
They been all Ladies of the Lake beight,  
that vnto her goe.  
CHLORIS, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,  
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:  
Oliues been for peace,  
When warres doe surecace:  
Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
hie you there apace:  
Let none come there but that Virgins been,  
to adorne her grace.  
And when you come, whereas she is in place,  
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:  
Bind your filets fast,

And

And gird in your waste,  
For more fineness with a tawdrie lace.  
Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,  
with Gilliflowres:  
Bring Coronations, and Sops in vine,  
worne of Paramours.  
Strowe me the ground with Daffidownillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:  
The prettie Pawnce,  
And the Cheuifauce,  
Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.  
Now rise vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,  
in royall ray:  
And now ye daintie Damfels may depart

each one his way.  
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:  
Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her song.  
And if you come heather,  
When Damsins I gather,  
I will put them all you among.  
THE NOT.  
And was thilke same song of COLINS owne making?  
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:  
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,  
For naught caren, that been so lewdly bent.  
HOBBINOLL.  
Siker I hold him for a greater son,  
That loues the thing he cannot purchase.  
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,  
And twinkling startes the daight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo!*

Hobbinols Embleme.

*O dea certe.*

## GLOSSE.

*Gars thee greet*, causeth thee vweep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken.

*Attempted to the yeere*, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is most bent to flowres and seasonable rainie: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinesse of March winds.

*The Lad*, Colin Clout. *The Lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, vwithered and curled.

*Is he for a lad?* A strange maner of speaking, f. vvhath manner of lad is he?

*To make*, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our old English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord *Poicin*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

*Colin thou kenst*, knowest. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, because he so often nameth the Kentish downes: and before, *As lithe*, as lasse of Kent.

*The vvidowes*. He calleth Rosalind the vvidowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor ended with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and maners: but such indeed, as need neither *Colm* be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieued that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then either *Myrio* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the vvorthy poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, hee scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, hee is said by vengeance of the gods, (thereat beeing offended) to haue lost both his eyes.

*Frenne*, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and aftervvard vsed in common custome of speech for *ferrenne*.

*Dight*, adorned.

*Laye*, a song, as Roundelayes, or Virelayes.

C.

In

In all this song, is not to be respected what the vvorthinelfe of her Maieftie de-ferueth, nor what to the highneffe of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moft comely for the meannesse of a shepherds wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elifa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepherds daughter; it beeing very vnfit, that a shepherds boy, brought vp in the sheepfold, should know, or euer seeme to haue heard of a *Queenes* royaltie.

*Te daintie*, is as it were an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

*Virgins*, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, vvwhose abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnassus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

*Helicon*, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnassus*, and also of a mountaine in *Boætia*, out of the vvwhich floweth the famous spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvwhich spring it is said, that vvhen *Pegasus* the vvinged horse of *Perseus* (vv hereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) strooke the ground with his hooffe, suddainly thereout sprang a vvell of moft cleare and pleasant vvater, vvwhich from thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

*Your siluer song*, seemeth to imitate the like in *Hesyodus argurion melos*.

*Syrinx*, is the name of a Nymph of *Arcadia*, vv whom when *Pan* being in loue pursued, the flying from him, of the Gods vvvas turned into a reed. So that *Pan* catching at the reeds, in stead of the *Damosell*, and puffing hard, (for hee was almost out of vvinde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; vv which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the shepherds plainly meant those poetickall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortal (so as the *Paynims* were vvont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to *Homers* saying;

*Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos basileos.*

*Time d'ek dias esti, philes de emetieteta Zen,*)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vvorthy for her, as *Pan* the shepherds God, and his best beloued *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is heere meant the moft famous and victorious king, her highnesse father late of vvooorthie memorie, King *Henrie* the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as heereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie potentates: And in some place, *Christ* himselfe, who is the verie *Pan* and God of shepherds.

*Crimosin Coronet*: he deuifeth her crowne to bee of the finest and moft delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherevvith Princes diademes vse to be adorned and embossed.

*Embellisht*, beautified and set out. *Phebe*, the Moone, vv whom the Poets feigne to be sister vnto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne. *Mixed*, mingled.

*Yfire*, together; By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vvniting of the two principall houses of *Lancaster* & *Yorke*: by vv whose long discord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vvvas sore trauailed, and almost cleane decayed: Till the famous *Henry* the seauenth, of the line of *Lancaster*, taking to wife the moft vertuous princeesse *Elizabeth*, daughter to the fourth *Edward* of the house of *Yorke*, begat the moft royall *Henrie* the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first vvnion of the White rose, and the Redde.

*Calliope*, one of the nine Muses: to vv whom they assigne the honour of all poetickall inuention, & the first glory of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddess of *Rhetoricke*: but by *Virgil* it is manifest, that they mistake the thing. For  
there



there is in his Epigrams, that Art seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying :

*Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.*

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both speciall parts of Rhetoric: beside that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhinnia, of her good finging.

*Bay branches*, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets.

*Arbor victoriosa triumphale,  
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

*The Graces*, be three sisters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (vvhose names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Pasithea*) otherwise called *Charities*, that is, thanks. VVhom the Poets fained to be goddesses of all beautie & comlineffe; vvhich therefore (as saith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked (as they vvere indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her back tovvards vs, and her face fromvvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two tovvard vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefite we haue done.

*Deffly*, finely and nimbly. *Sootie*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

*Beuie*. A beuie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troupe, the tearm is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of Larks, euen as a couey of Partridges, or an eye of Phefants.

*Ladies of the lake*, be Nymphs, For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many yeares since, by means of certain fine fables, & loude lyers, such as were the authors of king Arthur the great, & such like, vvho tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, signifieth vvell-water; or otherwife, a Spouse or Bride.

*Behight*, called or named.

*Chloris*, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse: of vvhom is said, that Zephyrus the VVestern wind being in loue with her, & coucting her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntie of all flovvres, and green hearbs, growving on the earth.

*Oliues beene*. The Oliue was wont to be the Ensigne of peace and quietnesse, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else, for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growve neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares, and other instruments of vvarre. VVhcrevpon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the City of Athens, Neptune striking the ground vvith his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war; but at Mineruaes stroke, sprung out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, & such peaceable studies.

*Bind your*, spoken rudely, and according to shepherds simplicitie.

*Bring*: all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine; a flower in colour much like to

a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they vse to mistearme, flowre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*.

*A bellibone*, or a *Bonibcl*, homely spoken for a faire maid, or bonilasse.

*For swolke, and for sweat*, ouer-laboured and sunne-burnt.

*I saw Phœbus*, the Sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

*Cynthia*, the Moone, so called of *Cinthus* a hill, vvhether she was honoured.

*Latonaes seede*, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vvhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith displeased, commaunded her son *Phœbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vvhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause, the Shephcard saith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

*Now rise*, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellencie of her maiestie.

*When Damfins*, A base reward of a clownish giuer.

*Tblent*, Y is a pocticall addition, blent, blended.

### Embleme.

This poeie is taken out of *Uirgil*, & there of himselfe vsed in the person of *Æneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianaes* damosels, beeing there most diuinely set foorth. To which similitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the vvorthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, ouercome with the hu genesse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) beeing otherwise vnable, then by sudden silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceit. Whom *Tbenot* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of vvho the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certè*.



May.



☞ *Aegloga quinta.*

ARGUMENT.

**I**N this fifth Aeglogue, vnder the person of two shepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE.

PIERS.

**I**S not this the merrie month of May,  
When loue-lads masken in fresh aray?  
How falls it then, we no merrier beene,  
Ylike as others, girt in gawdie greene?  
Our blonket liueries been all too fad  
For thiske same season, when all is yclad  
With pleasance, the ground with grasse, the woods  
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming buds.  
Youths folke now flocken in euery where,  
To gather May-baskets, and smelling Breere:  
And home they hasten the posts to night,  
And all the Kirke pillars ere day light,  
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantiac,  
And girlonds of Rofes, and Sops in wine.  
Such merrie-make holy Saints doth queme:  
But we heere sitten as drown'd in a dreame.

PIERS.

For yonkers PALINODE such follies fit,  
But we tway becomen of elder wit.

**PALINODE.**  
Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,  
I saw a shole of Shepheards out go  
With singing, and showing, and merrily cheere:  
Before them yode a lustie Tabret,  
That to the meynie a horne-pipe plaid,  
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.  
To see these folkes make such iouissance,  
Made my harrafter the pipe to daunce.  
Tho to the greene wood they speeden them all,  
To fetchen home May with their musticall:  
And home they bringen in a royall throne,  
Crowned as king; and his Queene at throne  
Was Ladie FLORA, on whom did attend  
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend  
Of louchly Nympts. (O that I were there,  
To helpen the Ladies their May-bush beare!)  
Ah PIERS, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
How great sport they gaynen with little swinke?



## PIERS.

Perdie, so farre am I from eniue,  
 That their fondnesse inly I pittie:  
 Those sayrons little regarden their charge,  
 While they letting their sheepe runoe at large,  
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
 In lustinesse, and wanton merriment,  
 I wilke same been shepheards for the diuels stedde,  
 That playen while their flocks be vsfede.  
 Well it is seene their sheepe is not their owne,  
 That letten them runne at randon alone.  
 But they been hired for litle pay,  
 Of other, that caren as litle as they,  
 What fallen the stock, so they han the fleece,  
 And get all the gainc, paying but a peece.  
 I mule, what account both thete will make,  
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
 And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,  
 When great P A N account of shepheards shall aske.

## PALINODE.

Siker, dow I see thou speakest of pight,  
 All for thou lackest somelede their delight.  
 I (as I am) had rather be eniued,  
 All were it of my foe, then fondly pittied:  
 And yet, if need were, pittied would be,  
 Rather then other should scorne at me:  
 For pittied, is mishap, that nas remedie,  
 But scorned, been deeds of fond foerie.  
 What shoulde shepheards other thing send,  
 Then sith their God his good does them send,  
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,  
 The while they hereluden, at ease and leasure?  
 For when they be dead, their good is ygoe,  
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:  
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
 But what they left behind them, is lost.  
 Good is no good, but if it be spend:  
 God giueth good for none other end.

## PIERS.

Ah PALINODE, thou art a worlds childe:  
 Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.  
 But Shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say)  
 Mought not liue ylike, as men of sheylay.  
 With them it sits to care for their heire,  
 Epauiter their heritage, doe impaire:  
 They must prouide for yncanes of maintenance,  
 And to continue their wont countenance.  
 But shepherd must walke another way,  
 Sike worldly founaunce he must fore-lay.  
 The sonne of his loynes why should he regard,  
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?  
 Shoulde not thinke God, that gaue him that good,  
 Eke cherish his chylde, if in his waies he stood?  
 For if he onslue, in lewdnesse and lust,  
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,  
 That his father left by inheritance,  
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.  
 But through this, and other their misceance,  
 They makeen many a wrong cheuance,  
 Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,  
 The floods whereof shall them ouerflowe.

Sike mens follie I cannot compare  
 Better, then to the Apes foolish care,  
 That is so enamoured of her young one,  
 (And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)  
 That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,  
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.  
 So often times, when as good is ment,  
 Euill ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,  
 (For oft may happen that hath been beforen)  
 When shepheards had none inheritance,  
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance:  
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.  
 Well ywis was it with shepheards tho:  
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,  
 For P A N himselfe was their inheritance,  
 And litle them serued for their maintenance.  
 The shepheards God so well them guided,  
 That of nought they were vnprouided:  
 Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,  
 And their flock fleeces them to array.  
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,  
 (That, nource of vice, this of insolenie)  
 Lulled the Shepheards in such feautie,  
 That not content with loyall obeyance,  
 Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance,  
 And match themselfe with mightie potentates,  
 Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.  
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,  
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to hogge soft.  
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some-while,  
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,  
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,  
 And often the shepheards that did them keepe.  
 This was the first fourde of shepheards sorrow,  
 That now will be quit with bale, nor borrow.

## PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,  
 But the fourth to forbeare, is outrageous.  
 Women that of loues longing once lust,  
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:  
 So when cholere is enflamed with rage,  
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to assuage.  
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,  
 With patience to forbeare the offered boole?  
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare,  
 Most is, a foolles talke to beate and to heare.  
 I wene the giant has nor such a weight,  
 That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.  
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,  
 And buidest strong watke vpon a weake ground.  
 Thou railest on right, without reason,  
 And blamest hem much, for small offences.  
 How woulden shepheards liue, if not for  
 What, should they pyngen in paine and woe,  
 Nay, say I thetore, by my deare borrow,  
 If I may rest, I will liue in sorrow.  
 Sorrow neede to be liffened on it  
 For he will come without calling anone,  
 While times enduren of tranquillite.

Vlen we freely our felicitie:  
 For when approachen the stornie flowres,  
 We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe  
 And foote to faine, nought seemeth sike strife, (showres.  
 That shepherds so twinen each others life,  
 And layen their faults the world before,  
 The while their foes done each of them storne.  
 Let none mislike of that may not be amended:  
 So conteck, soone by concord, mought be ended.

## PIERS.

Shepherd, I list no accordance make  
 With shepherd, that does the right way forsake,  
 And of the twaine, if choise were to me,  
 Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.  
 For what concord han light and darke sam?  
 Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
 Such fautors, when their falshe harts been hid,  
 Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

## PALINODE.

Now P I E R S, of fellowshipp, tell vs that saying:  
 For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from straying,

## PIERS.

**T**Hilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)  
 Was too very foolish and vovise,  
 For, on a time, in Sommer season,  
 The Goat her dame, that had good reason,  
 Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,  
 To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:  
 But, for she had a motherly care  
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,  
 She set her youngling before her knee,  
 That was both fresh and loully to see,  
 And full of fauour, as Kidde mought bee.  
 His veluet head began to shoote out,  
 And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:  
 The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,  
 And sprung forth rankly vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:  
 (For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)  
 God blesse thee poore Orphan, as he mought me,  
 And fend thee ioy of thy illotie.  
 Thy father (that word she spake with paine,  
 For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)  
 Thy father, had he liued this day,  
 To see the branches of his body display,  
 How would he haue ioyced at this sweet sight?  
 But ah, false Fortune such ioy did him spight,  
 And cut off his daies with vntimely wo,  
 Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.  
 Now I a waillefull widow bechicht,  
 Or my old ago haue this one delight,  
 To see thee succede in thy fathers stead,  
 And flourish in flowers of lustie head.  
 For euen to thy father his head ypheld,  
 And to his hantie hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,  
 A thralling throb from her hart did arise,  
 And interrupted all her other speech,  
 With some old sorrow that made a new breach:  
 Seemed she saw (in her younglings face)  
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last, her fullen silence she broke,  
 And gan his new budded beard to stroke.  
 Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,  
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,  
 Which many wilde beasts ligen in waite,  
 For to intrap in thy tender state:  
 But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:  
 For he has vowed thy last confusion.  
 For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,  
 And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:  
 And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,  
 Spare the yate fast, for feare of fraude,  
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,  
 Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the Goate her wanton sonne,  
 That answered his mother, all should be done.  
 Tho went the peniue Dame out of doore,  
 And chauntit to stumble at the threshold floore:  
 Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,  
 (For such as signes of ill lucke hath been dispraised)  
 Yet forth she yode, thereat halfe agast,  
 And Kiddie the doore parted after her fast.  
 It was not long after she was gone,  
 But the false Foxe came to the doore anon.  
 Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,  
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend:  
 Beating a truffle of trifles at his back,  
 As belles, and babies, and glasses in his pack.  
 A biggen he had got about his braine,  
 For in his headpeece he felt a fore paine.  
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,  
 For with great cold he had got the gout.  
 There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,  
 And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:  
 Ah deere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,  
 That some good body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,  
 And longed to know the cause of his complaint:  
 Tho creeping close, behind the Wickets clinke,  
 Priuily he peeped out through a chinke:  
 Yet not to priuily but the Foxe him spied,  
 For deceitfull meaning is double cyed.  
 Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)  
 Iesus blesse that sweet face I espie,  
 And keepe your corps from the carefull stounds  
 That in my carrion carkas abounds.

The Kidde, pitying his beauiouesse,  
 Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
 And also who, and whence that he were.  
 Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,  
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare:  
 Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,  
 But I be relieued by your beastlie head.  
 I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:  
 For with long traualle I am brent in the sunne.  
 And if that my Grandfire me said, be true,  
 Siker I am very sybbe to you:  
 So be your goodlihead doe not disdaine  
 The base kindred of so simple swaine.  
 Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,  
 With your ayde to forestall my weere decay.

Tho

Tho out of his packe a glasse he rooke:  
Wherein while Kiddie vnwares did looke,  
Hee was so enamoured with the newel,  
That nought he deemed deare for the Jewel.  
Tho opened he the dore, and in came  
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,  
His taile he clapt betwix his legs twaine,  
Left he should be defcried by his traine.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,  
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.  
After his cheare, the Pedler gan chat,  
And tell many lesings of this, and that:  
And how he could shew many a fine knack.  
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
Allsaue a bell, which he left behind  
In the basket, for the Kidde to find.  
Which when the Kidde stouped downe to catch,  
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:  
Ne stayed he once, the doore to makefast,  
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,  
She mought see the dore stand open wide.  
All agast, lowly she gan to call

Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.  
Tho on the flore she saw the marchandise,  
Of which her sonne had set too deare a price.  
What helpe? her Kidde she knew well is gone:  
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.  
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be  
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:  
And such end pardie does all hem remaine,  
That of such fallers friendship beene faime.

PALINODE.

Truly P I E R S, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.  
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow  
For our fir I O H N, to say to morrow,  
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:  
For well he meanes, but little can say.  
But and if Foxes beene so craftie, as so,  
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

P I E R S,

Of their falshood more could I recount,  
But now the bright sunne ginneth to dismount:  
And for the deawie night now draw thine,  
I hold it best for vs home to hic.

Palinodes Embleme.  
*Pas men apistos apistei.*

Piers his Embleme.  
*Tis d'ara pistis apisto.*

## G L O S S E.

*Thuks*, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselves with the pleasure of fields, and gardens and garments.

*Blanket lineries*, gray coats. *Tclad*, arrayed. *Y*, redowndeth, as before.

*In every where*, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

*Baskets*, a diminutiue. i. little bushes of hawthorne.

*Kirke*, Church.

*Queme*, please.

*A shoole*, a multitude: taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shoole.

*Yode*, vvent.

*Iouisfaunce*, ioy.

*Swinks*, labour.

*Inly*, entirely.

*Faytours*, vagabonds.

*Great Pan*, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (mee thinks) applied to him, for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius*, in his fift booke *De preparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceasing of miracles: and of *Lauantere* translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling from Italic to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Isles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamius, Thamius*, (now *Thamius* was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pylot



Pylof of the ſhip) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhhen hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that whē he came to *Palodes* there ſuddenly was ſuch a calme of vvind, that the ſhip ſtood ſtill in the ſea vnmooued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* vvas dead: vvherev vith- all, there was heard ſuch pitious outcries, and dreadfull ſhrieking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhich *Pan*, though of ſome be vvnderſtood the great *Sathanas*, vvhoſe kingdome vv as at that time by *Chriſt* conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and Death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee ſaith, all Oracles ſurceaſed; and enchanted ſpirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and alſo at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould be, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of *Mercurie*, and *Peſeiope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of *Chriſt*, the onely and verie *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flocke.

*I as I am*, ſeemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mibi omnes, quàm miſereſcere.*

*Nas*, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

*Tho with them*, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalus*, which he cauſed to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke: which verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tullie*.

“*Hac habui quæ edi, quæque exaurata libido*

“*Hauſit: at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh.

“All that I eate, did I eoy; and all that I greedily gorged:

“As for thoſe many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonſhire, which though much more vvifedome bewraith then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe; the imes be theſe:

“Ho, ho, who lies heere?

“I the good Earle of Deuonſhire,

“And Mauld my wife that was full deare:

“We liued together lv. yeare.

“That we ſpent, we had:

“That we gaue, we haue:

“That we left, we loſt.

*Algrind*, the name of a ſhepherd.

*Men of the lay*, Lay men.

*Enanter*, leaſt that.

*Miscreance*, diſpraiſe, or miſbeliefe.

*Chenifauſſance*, ſometimes of *Chaucer* vſed for gaine: ſometime of other, for ſpoile, or bootie, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefedome.

*Pan himſelfe*, *God*: according as is ſaid in *Deuteronomie*, that in diuiſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui* no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, for *God* himſelfe was their inheritance.

*Some gan*, meant of the *Pope*, and his Antichriſtian prelates, which vſurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with *Peters* counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickedneſſe and inſolent government. Nought heere ſpoken, as of purpoſe to denie fatherlie rule and gouernance (as ſome maliciously of late haue done, to the great vnreſt and hinderance of the Church) but to diſplay the pride & diſorder of ſuch, as in ſtead of feeding their ſheepe, in deed feed of their ſheepe.

*Source*, vvell-ſpring and originall.

*Borrow*, pledge or ſuretie.

*The*

*The Giant*, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heaven on his shoulders: beeing indeede a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming pearceth the cloudes, & seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable vvas meant of one Atlas, King of the same country, vvhom (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden course of the starres, by an excellent imagination; vvhence the poets fained, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other conceits needlesse be told heereof.

*Warke*, vvorke.

*Encheasion*, cause, occasion.

*Deare borrow*, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

*Twiten*, blame.

*Nought seemeth*, is vnseemely.

*Contecke*, strife, contention.

*Her*, their, as vseth Chaucer.

*Hau*, for haue.

*Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in *Æsops* fables: but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the *Kidde*, may be vnderstood the simple sort of the faithful and true Christians. By his damme, *Christ*; that hath alreadie vwith carefull vwatch-vvords (as heere doth the *Gote*) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the *Fox*, the false and faithlesse *Papists*, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

*The Gate*, the *Gore*: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

*Yode*, went, afore said.

*She fet*, A figure called *Fictio*, vvhich vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speeches, to vnreasonable creatures.

*The blossomes of lust*, be the young and mossie haire, vvhich then begin to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heart beginneth to kindle.

*And with*, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

*Orphane*, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

*That word*, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

*The branch of the fathers body*, is the child.

*For euen so*, alluded to the saying of *Andromache* to *Afcanius* in *Virgil*.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

*A thrilling throb*, a piercing sigh.

*Liggen*, lie.

*Master of collusion*, i. coloured guile, because the *Foxe* of all beasts is most wylie and craftie.

*Sparre the yate*, shut the doore.

*For such*: the *Gotes* stumbling, is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the least of the *Lord* *Haftings* in *King Richard* the third his daies. For beside his dangerous dreame (which was a shrewd prophesie of his mishap that followed) it is said, that in the morning riding towards the tower of *London*, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled twice or thrice by the way: vvhich of some, that (riding vwith him in his company) were priuy to his neere destinie, vvas secretly marked, and afterwarde noted for memorie of his great mishappe that ensued. For, beeing then as merrie as man might be, & least doubting any mortall danger, he vvas vwith in two houres after, of the *Tyrant* put to a shamefull death.

*As belles*: by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, vvhich put no small religion in *Belles*, and babies. i. *Idoles*, and *glaisses*, s. *Paxes*, & such like trumperies.

*Great cold*, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarie sufferance,

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleness.

*Sweet S. Charitie*, the Catholiques common oath, and onely speech, to haue charitie alwaies in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

*Clinke*, a key-hole: vvhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a key.

*Stounds*, fittes: aforesaid.

*His lere*, his lesson.

*Medled*, mingled.

*Beastlihead*, a greeting to the person of a beast.

*Sibbe*, akinne.

*Newell*, a new thing.

*To forest-all*, to prevent.

*Glee*, cheare: aforesaid.

*Deare a price*, his life which he lost for those toys.

*Such end*, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whose purpose is to warnethe Protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: vvhereof we haue daily proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all, practised of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

*Faine*, glad or desirous.

*Our sir Iohn*, a popish priest. A saying fit for the grossnesse of a shepherd; but spoken to taunt vnlearned priests.

*Dismount*, descend or set.

*Nie*, draweth neere.

### Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust, is most false. For such experience in falshood, breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no lesse guile to lurk in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhath faith then is there in the faithlesse? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily false, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they say.



Iune.





3 Aegloga sexta.

ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill successē in his loue. For beeing (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a cōuntry Lassē, *Rosalinde*, and hauing (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his stead, *Menalcas* another shepheard receiued disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

**L**O COLIN, heere the place, whose pleasant sight  
From other shades hath weand my wandring mind:  
Tell me, what wants mee heere, to worke delight?  
The simple aire, the gentle warbling wind,  
So calme, so coole, as no where else I find:  
The grassie ground with daintie Daisies dight,  
The Bramble bush, where Birds of euery kind  
To th'waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I blesse thy state,  
That Paradise hast found which ADAM lost.  
Here wander may thy stocke early or late,  
Withouten dread of Wolves to been ystot:  
Thy louely layes heere maist thou freely bofst:  
But I, vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,  
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can no where finde, to shroud my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,  
Forfake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:  
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,  
Nor holy-bush, nor brece, nor winding witch.

COLIN CLOVT.

And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,  
And fruitfull flocks been euery where to see:  
Heere no night Ravens lodge, more black then pitch,  
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gasty Owles doe see.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,  
With heydeguius, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,  
Do make them musick, for their more delight:  
And PAN himselfe to kisse their crystall faces,  
Will pipe and daunce, when PHOEBE shineth bright:  
Such pietlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLIN.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,  
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,  
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:  
But ripper age such pleasures doth reproue,  
My fausie eke from former follies moue  
To stayed steps: for time in passing weares  
(As garments doen, which wexen old about)  
And draweth new delights with hoarie haies.

The couth I sing of loae, and tune my pipe  
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:  
Tho would I seeke for *Queene-apples* vnripe,  
To giue my *ROSALINDE*, and in Sommer shade  
Dight gaudie *Girlonds*, was my common trade,  
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more ripe,  
And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,  
Those weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelaiies,  
Which thou wert wont on wastefull hills to sing,  
I more delight, then *Larke* in Sommer dayes:  
Whose *Eccho* made the neighbour groues to ring,  
And laught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
Did shroude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,  
Frame to thy song their cheerfull chersping,  
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I sawe *CALLIOPE* with *Muses* moe,  
Soone as thy *Oaten pipe* began to sound,  
Their *Iuoric Lutes* and *Timburins* forgoe:  
And from the fountaine, where they fate around,  
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound.  
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shoue,  
They drewe aback, as halfe with shame confound,  
Shepherd to see, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of *Muses* *HOBBINOLL*, I conne no skill,  
For they been daughters of the highest *LOVE*,  
And holden scorn of homely shepherds quill:  
For sith I heard, that *PAN* with *THOEBVS* stroue,  
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,  
I neuer list presume to *Par-nisse* hill,  
But piping lowe, in shade of lowly groue,  
I play to please my selfe, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,  
Ne strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:  
With shepherd sits not, followe flying fame:  
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.

I wote my rimes been rough, and in they best;  
The fitter they, my carefulle care to fame:  
Enough is me to paint out my vnt. ft,  
And poure my pitious plaints out in the same.

The God of Shepheards *TITVRVS* is dead,  
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:  
He, whilst he liued, was the loueraigne head  
Of shepheards all, that been with loue ytake  
Well couth he waile his woes, and lightly flake  
The flames, which loue within his hart had bredde,  
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,  
The while our sleepe about vs lifey fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discorde see,  
As messengers of my painfull plight,  
Fly to my loue, where euer that the bee,  
And pearce her heart with point of worthy wight:  
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.  
And thou *MENALCAS*, that by treeherie  
Didt vnderfong my lasse, to weare so light,  
Shouldst well be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wisht I were,  
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe see,  
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,  
Beare witness all of this wicked deede:  
And tell the Lasse, whose flowre is wore a weed,  
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feere,  
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleed,  
That lines on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBBINOLL.

O carefulle *COLIN*, I lament thy case,  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.  
Ah faithlesse *ROSALINDE*, and void of grace,  
That art the roote of all this iustfull woe.  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
Then rise ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing stepes do you forefloe,  
And wet your tender Limbes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.  
*Gia speme spenta.*

## GLOSSE.

*Syte*, situation and place.

*Paradise*, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant country in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in th' historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betwene the two famous Ri- uers (vvhich are said in Scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

*For sake the soyle.* This is no poeticall fiction, but vnfainedly spoken of the  
D. Poet

Poet selfe, vvho for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I have been partlie of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

*Those hills*, that is, in the North country, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

*The dales*. The South parts, vvhere he now abideth; vvhich though they be full of hills and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvwoody, and therefore so called: (for *Kantsh* in the Saxons tongue, signifieth vvwoody) yet in respect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher country.

*Night Ravens, &c.* By such hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (vvhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

*Friendly Faeries*. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet sticketh verie religiously in the minds of some. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so fained; vvhich as in other things, so in that, sought to nouell the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time smell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Masse-peny religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distract into the factions of the Gueltes and the Gibelyns, beeing tvvo famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes & many outrages, to be so odious, or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they vvould say to them that the Guelte or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Gueltes and Gibelynes, vve say Elfes and Goblyns. No othervvise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, aftervvard Earle of Shrewsbury, vvho of noblenesse bred such a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: Inso much that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

*Many Graces*, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charites* (as afore is said) or at the vtmost but foure; yet in respect of many gifts of bountie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eye there sate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritic, this same Poet in his Pageants, saith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid sate. &c.

*Haydegues*, A country daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke, all night by Moone-light. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

*Peeres*, Equals and fellow shepheards.

*Queene-apples vnripe*, immitating Virgils verse:

*Ipse ego canalem tenera lanugine mala.*

*Neighbour groues*, a strange phraze in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine, *vicina nemora*.

*Spring*, not of vvater, but of young trees springing.

*Calliope*, afore said.

This staffe is full of very poeticall inuention.

*Tamburines*, an old kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

*Pan* vvith *Phœbus*. The tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo strutting for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their Iudge: vvho being corrupted vvith partiall affection, gaue the vvictory to Pan, vvnderferued: for vvhich, Phœbus set a paire  
of



of Alles cares vpon his head, &c.

*Tityrus*: that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already sufficiently said, & by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he told merie tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellencie: so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ sue*. f. the God of his life.

To make, to versifie.

O why, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

*Discurtise*: he meaneth the falleness of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him, had chofen another.

*Point of vvorthy wit*, the pricke of deserued blame.

*Mencius*, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknowne and secret, against vvhom he often bitterly inuyceth.

*Vnderfong*, vndermine and deceiue by false suggeltion.

*Embleme.*

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poeste was *Anchorspeme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished & turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come: which is all the meaning of this Embleme.

## IVLY.



### *Aegloga septima.*

#### ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proude & ambitious Pastors; Such as Morrèll is heere imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

I S not thinke same a Gotcheard prowde  
that sits on yonder banke :  
Whose fraying heard themselfe doth shrowde  
among the buflies ranke ?

MORREL.

What ho, thou jolly shepheards swaine,  
come vp the hill to mee :  
Better is, then the lowly plaine,  
als for thy flocke, and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,  
and learne to looke aloft :

This read : is rife, that oftentime  
great c mbers fall vnsoft.

In humble dales is footing fast,  
the trode is not so tickle :

And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
yetis his misle not mickle.

And now the sun hath reared vp,  
his siene-footed teme,

Making his way betwene the Cup  
and golden Diademe :

The rampant Lion hunts he fast,  
with dogges of noisome breath,

Whose balefull barking brings in hast,  
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.

Against his cruell scorching heate  
where thou hast courture :

The wastfull hilles vnto his threat  
is a plaine ouerture.

But if thee lust, to holden chat  
with feely shepheards swaine :

Come downe, and learne the little what,  
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORREL.

Siker, thous but a laesie loord,  
and rekes much of thy swinke,

That with fond termes, and witleffe words  
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.

In euill houre thou hentst in hond  
thus holy hills to blame,

For sacred vnto Saints they stond,  
and of them han their name.

S. Michels mount who does not knowe,  
that wards the Westerne coast ?

And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,  
all Kent can nghly boast :

And they that con of Muses skill,  
saime most what, that they dwell

(As Gotcheards wont) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned vrell.

And wanned not the great God PAN,  
vpon mount *Oliuet* :

Feeding the blessed flocke of DAN,  
which did himselfe beget ?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,  
that bought his flocke so deare :

And them did saue with bloudie sweat,  
from Wolues that would them teare.

MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,  
there is a holy place :

Where TITAN riseth from the maine,  
to ren his daily race.

Vpon whose top the starres been staied,  
and all the skie doth leane,

There is the caue where PHORBE laied,  
the shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there vsed shepheards all  
to feed their flocks at will,

Till by his folly one did fall,  
that all the rest did spill.

And sithence shepheards beene foreclaid  
from places of delight :

Forthy, I ween thou be afraid,  
to clime this hilles hight.

Of *Synns* can I tell thee more,  
and of our Ladies bowre :

But little needs to strowe my store,  
suffice this hill of our.

Heere han the holy FAVNES recourse,  
and SYLVANES haunten rathe,

Heere has the salt Medway his soure,  
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe :

The salt Medway that trickling streames  
adowne the dales of Kent,

Till with the elder brother Themes,  
his brackish waues be meyn.

Here growes *Melampode* euery where,  
and *Teribinth*, good for Gotes :

The one, my madding Kids to smere,  
the next, to heale their throtes.

Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,  
and thence the passage ethe :

As well can proue the peacing leuin,  
that feldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,  
of heauen to deemen so :

How be I am but rude and borrell,  
yet nearer waies I know.

To Kirke the narre, to God more farre,  
has been an old said saw,

And he that strues to touch a starre,  
oft stumbles at a straw.

Alsoone may shepheards clime to skie,  
that leades in lowly dales :

As Gotcheards proud that sitting hie,  
vpon the mountaine sailes,

My feely sheepe like well belowe,  
they need not *Melampode*,

For they been hale enough, I trowe,  
and liken their abode.

But if they with thy Gotes should yede,  
they soone might be corrupted :

Or like not of the frowie fede,  
or with the weeds be gluttered.

The hills where dwelled holy Saints,  
I reuerence and adore :

Not for themselfe, but for the Saints,

which

which haue been dead of yore.  
 And how they been to heauen forewent,  
 their good is with them go:  
 Their sample onely to vs lent,  
 that as we mought do fo.  
 Shepherds they weren of the best,  
 and liued in lowly leas:  
 And sith their soules be now at rest,  
 why done we them diseafe?  
 Such one he was, as I haue heard  
 old ALGRIND, often saine  
 That whilome was the first shepheard,  
 and liued with little gaine:  
 And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,  
 simple, as simple sheepe,  
 Humble, and like in each degree  
 the flock which he did keepe.  
 Often he vsed of his sheepe,  
 a sacrifice to bring,  
 Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,  
 the Altars hallowing.  
 So loured he vnto the Lord,  
 Such fauour couth he find,  
 That neuer sithens was abhord  
 the simple shepherds kind.  
 And such I weene the brethren were,  
 that came from *Canaan*:  
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere  
 the flocks of mighty PAM.  
 But nothing such thilke shepheard was,  
 whom *Ida* hill did beare,  
 That left his flock to fetch a Lasse,  
 whose loue he bought too deare:  
 For he was proud, that ill was paid,  
 (no such mought shepherds bee)  
 And with lowd lust was ouer-laid:  
 tway things doen ill agree:  
 But shepherds mought be meeke and mild,  
 well eyed, as ARGVs was,  
 With fleshly follies vndeafilde,  
 and stout as steed of brasse.  
 Sike one (said ALGRIND) MOSES was,  
 that saw his Makers face,  
 His face more cleare, then a cryfall glasse,  
 and spake to him in place.  
 This had a brother, (his name I knowe)  
 the first of all his cote:  
 A shepheard true, yet not so true,  
 as he that erst I hote.  
 Whilome all these were lowe, and leese,  
 and loued their flocks to feede,  
 They neuer strouen to be chiefe:  
 and simple was their weede.  
 But now (thanked be God therefore)  
 the world is well amend:  
 Their weeds bene not so nightly wore,  
 such simpleesse nought them shend.  
 They been vclad in purple and pall,  
 so hath their God them blist:  
 They raigne and rulen ouer all,

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* Morrels Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

and Lord it as they list:  
 Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,  
 (mought they good shepherds been)  
 Their PAM their sheepe to them has fold,  
 I say, as some haue seene.  
 For PALINODE (if thou him ken)  
 yode late on pilgrimage  
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then  
 he saw thilke misvisege.  
 For shepherds (said he) there doen lead,  
 as Lords done otherwhere:  
 Their sheepe han crufts, and they the bread:  
 the chips, and they the cheere:  
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
 (O silly sheepe the while)  
 The corae is theirs, let others thresh,  
 their hands they may not file.  
 They han great store, and thrifric flocks,  
 great friends, and feeble foes:  
 What need hem caren for their flocks,  
 their boyes can looke to thofe.  
 These Wisards welter in wealths waues,  
 pamped in pleasures deepe:  
 They han fat kerues, and leany knaues,  
 their salting flocks to keepe.  
 Sike niister meo been all misgone,  
 they heapeu hilles of wrath:  
 Sike sike shepherds han we none,  
 they keepeu all the path.

MORRELL.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,  
 lost for lacke of telling:  
 Now sike I see thou doost but clatter:  
 harme may come of melling.  
 Thou meddest more then shall haue thanke  
 to witen shepherds wealth:  
 When folke been fat, and riches ranke,  
 it is a signe of health.  
 But lay me, what is ALGRIND, he  
 that is so oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree,  
 but hath been long ypent:  
 One day he sate vpon a hill,  
 (as now thou wouldest mee,  
 But I am taught by ALGRIND ill,  
 to loue the lowe degree.)  
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
 an Eagle sored his,  
 That weening his white head was chalke  
 a shell fish downe let sike.  
 She weend the shell fish to haue broke,  
 but therewith bruzde his braine:  
 So now asloned with the stroke,  
 he lies in lagring paine.

MORRELL.

Ah good ALGRIND, his hap was ill,  
 but shall be better in time:  
 Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill  
 thou hast such doubt to chime.



## GLOSSE.

*A Goteheard*, by Gotes in scripture bee represented the vicked and reprobate, vvhose Pastour also must needs be such.

*Banke*, is the seate of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of ambition.

*Great climbers*, according to Seneca his verse,

*Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.*

*Mickle*, much.

*The sunne*: a reason vvhich he refused to dwell on the mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hottest moneth of all.

*The Cup and Diademe*, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

*Lion*, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning vvhich of is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time, the Dog starre, which is called Sirius, or Canicula, raigneth, vvhith immoderate heate causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

*Ouerture*, an open place: the vvorde is borrowd of the French, and vsed in good Writers.

*To holden chat*, to talke and prate.

*A loorde*, vvas wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans. i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation vvas so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, vvhich vvas no lesse then present death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-Lurdane.

*Recks much of thy swinke*, counts much of thy paines.

*Weetlesse*, not vnderstood.

*S. Michaels mount*, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

*A hill*, Parnassus aforesaid.

*Pan*, Christ.

*Dan*, one tribe is put for the whole nation, per Synecdochen.

*Where Titan*, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riseth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

*The shepheard*, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets faine to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe. i. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept asleepe in a caue by the space of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

*There*, that is, in Paradise; vvhich, through error of the shepheards vnderstanding, he saith, that all shepheards did vse to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his offspring to be debarred, and shut out from thence.

*Sinab*, a hill in Arabia, vvhich God appeared.

*Our Ladies bowre*, a place of pleasure so called.

*Faunes, or Syluanes*, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the vvhod.

*Medway*,

*Medway*, the name of a riuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth vwith Thames: vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both becaufe he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

*Meint*, mingled. *Melampode*, and *Terebinth*, he hears good to cure discaised Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

*Terminthou tragoon eikaton acremonia.*

*Nigher heauen*: note the shepheards simplenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hills is nigher vway to heauen.

*Leuis*, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, becaufe the lightning dorth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the saying of the Poet:

*Feriantque summos fulmina montes.*

*Lorrell*, a losell.

*A borrell*, a plaine fellow.

*Narre*, nearer.

*Hale*, for hole.

*Yede*, go.

*Frowye*, multie or mossie.

*Of yore*, long ago.

*Forewent*, gone afore.

*The first shepheard*, vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

*His keepe*, his charge. i. his flocke. *Lorsted*, did honour and reuerence.

*The brethren*, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmasters, and liued onely thereupon.

*Whom Ida*, Paris, which (being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vwith child of him, dreamed she brought forth a fire-brand, that set the towne of Ilium on fire) vvas cast forth on the hill Ida; where beeing fostred of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

*A Lasse*, Helena, the vwife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris: vvhom thereupon, with a sort of lustie Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vvas the cause of the tenn yeeres warre in Troy, and the most famous Citie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and defaced.

*Argus*, vvas of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: so called, becaufe that in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

*His name*, he meaneth Aaron: vvhose name, for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith hee hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, should seeme to exceed the meannesse of the person.

*Not so true*: for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatrie.

*In purple*, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vvhich vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

*Belts*, girdles.

*Glitter and*, glittering; a participle, vsed sometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

*Their Pan*, that is, the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

*Palmode*, a shepheard, of vvvhose report he seemeth to speake all this.

*Wizards*, great learned heads.

*Welter*, vvalloy.

*Kerne*, a Churle or Farmer.

*Sike misser men*, such kind of men.

*Surly*, stately and proude.

*Melling*, medling.

*Bett*,

*Bett, Better.**Benempt, named.**Gree, for degree.*

*Algrind*, the name of a shepheard aforesaid, vvhose mishappe he alludeth to the chauce that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

*Embleme.*

By this poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in his former speech by sundry reasons he had prooued: for beeing both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the meane & lowly state, as that wherein is safetic without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of old Philosophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midst, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For, they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaseth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: vvhich saying, a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat backe againe with a like saying of another Doctor, as he said, *Suorum Deus altissimus*.

## AVGVST.



## Aegloga octava.

## ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third & seauenth Aeglogue. They chose, for Vmpere of their strife, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was Author.

WILLY.



WILLY. PERIGOT. CVDDY.

**T**ell me PERIGOT, what shall be the game,  
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?  
Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?  
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benumd with ach?

PERIGOT.

Ah WILLY, when the hart is ill affaide,  
How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apaide?

WILLY.

What the foule euill hath thee fo bestad?  
Whilome thou wast peregall to the best,  
And wont to make the iolly shepheards glad,  
With pyping and dawning, did passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah, WILLY, now I haue leard a new daunce:  
My old musick made by a new mischaunce.

WILLY.

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,  
That fo hath rait vs of our meriment:  
But rede me, what paine doth thee so appall?  
Or louest thou, or been thy younglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings and mee:  
I pine for paine, and they my plaint to see.

WILLY.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thriue:  
Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight:  
But and if times with me thou dare striue,  
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I doe, though mochel worse I fared:  
Neuer shall be said that PERIGOT was dard.

WILLY.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plighte,  
A mazer wrought of the Maple warre:  
Wherein is enchaft many a faire sight,  
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warre:  
And ouer them spred a goodly wilde Vine,  
Entrailed with a wanton Iuic twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:  
But see, how fast renneith the shepheards swaine,  
To saue the innocent from the beasts pawes:  
And heere with his sheepooke hath him slaine.  
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer seene?  
Well mought it be seene any haerest Queene.

PERIGOT.

There to will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,  
Of all my stocke there nis sike another:  
For I brought him vp without the Dumbe:  
But COLIN CLOYT raft me of his brother,  
That he purchaft of me in the plaine field:  
Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.

WILLY.

Siker make like account of his brother,  
But who shall iudge the wager womne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgroomc, and none other,  
Which ouer the pouffe hitherward doth post.

WILLY.

But for the Sunne beame fo sore doth vs beate,

Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILLY: then sit thee downe swaine:  
Sike a song neuer heardst thou, but COLIN sing.

CVDDY.

Ginne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards twaine:  
Sike a iudge, as CVDDY, were for a king.

PER. **I**T fell vpon a holy cue,

WILL. hey ho holiday,

PER. When holy fathers wont to shriue:

WILL. now ginneth this roundelay.

PER. Sitting vpon a hill fo hie,

WILL. hey ho the high hill,

PER. The while my stocke did feede thereby,

WILL. the while the shepheard selfe did spill

PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibose:

WILL. hey ho Bonibell,

PER. Tripping ouer the dale alone,

WILL. she can trip it very well.

PER. Well decked in a frock of gray,

WILL. hey ho gray is greet,

PER. And in a kirtle of greene Say,

WILL. the greene is for maidens meet.

PER. A chaplet on her head she worc,

WILL. hey ho chapelet,

PER. Of sweet Violets therein was store,

WILL. she sweeter then the Violet.

PER. My sheepe did leaue their wonted foodc,

WILL. hey ho sheely sleepe,

PER. And gazde on her, as they were wood,

WILL. wood as he, that did them keepe.

PER. As the bonilasse passed by,

WILL. hey ho bonilasse,

PER. She rowde at me with glauncing eye,

WILL. as cleare as the crystall glasse:

PER. All as the sunny beame fo bright,

WILL. hey ho the sunne beame,

PER. Glauceeth from P H O E B Y S face forthright,

WILL. so loue into thy hart did streame:

PER. Or as the thunder cleaues the cloudes,

WILL. hey ho the thunder,

PER. Wherein the lightsome lewin shroudes,

WILL. fo cleaues thy soule afunder:

PER. Or as Dame C Y N T H Y A S siluer ray,

WILL. hey ho the Moone light,

PER. Vpon the glittering waue doth play:

WILL. such play is a pittious plight.

PER. The glance into my heart did glide,

WILL. hey ho the glider,

PER. Therewith my soule was sharpy gride,

WILL. such wounds soone wexen wide.

PER. Hasting for such the arrowc out,

WILL. hey ho PERIGOT,

PER. I left the head in my hart roote:

WILL. it was a desperate shot.

PER. There it rankledt aye more and more,

WILL. hey ho the arrow,

PER. Ne can I find silue for my sore:

WILL. loue is a carelesse forow.

PER. And though my bale with death I bought,

WILL.

WILL. hey ho heauy cheere,  
 PER. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought:  
 WILL. so you may buy gold too deere.  
 PER. But whether in painfull loue I pine,  
 WILL. hey ho pinching paine,  
 PER. Or thriu in wealth, he shalbe mine,  
 WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.  
 PER. And if for gracelesse grieffe I die,  
 WILL. hey ho gracelesse grieffe,  
 PER. Witnesse, hee slue me with her eye,  
 WILL. let thy folly be the prife.  
 PER. And you that saw it, simple sheepe,  
 WILL. hey ho the faire flock,  
 PER. For prife thereof, my death shall weepe,  
 WILL. and none with many a mock.  
 PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,  
 WILL. hey ho holy day,  
 PER. That euer since my hart did grieue,  
 WILL. now endeth our roundelay.

## C V D D Y.

Siker, sike a roundle neuer heard I none,  
 Little lacketh P E R I G O T of the best,  
 And W I L L I E is not greatly ouer-gone,  
 So weren his vnder-songs well adrest.

## W I L L Y.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye,  
 Arecde vprightly, who has the victorie?

## C V D D Y.

Faith of my soule, I deeme each haue gained.  
 For thy, let the Lambe be W I L L Y his owne:  
 And for P E R I G O T so well hath him pained,  
 To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

## P E R I G O T.

P E R I G O T is well pleased with the doome:  
 Ne can W I L L Y wite the witlecke heardgrome.

## W I L L Y.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene,  
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beauties Queene.

## C V D D Y.

Put tell me shepheards, shoud it not ystend  
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse  
 Of R O S A L I N D E, (who knowes not R O S A L I N D E?)  
 That C O L I N made: ylike can I ouerhear.

## P E R I G O T.

Now say it C V D D Y, as thou art a ladde:  
 With mery thing its good to meddle sad.

## W I L L Y.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrownd be  
 In C O L I N s steed, if thou this song adrest:  
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,  
 As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

## C V D D Y.

Then listen each vnto my leaue lay,  
 And tunc your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

Y E wastfull woods beare witnesse of my woe,  
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:  
 Ye carelesse birds are pruuie to my cries,  
 Which in your songs were wont to make apart:  
 Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft asleep,  
 Whose streams my trickling teares did oft augment.  
 Refort of people doth my grieues augment,  
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:  
 The Forrest wide is fitter to resound  
 The hollow Echo of my careful cries,  
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,  
 Whose wastefull wants debars mine eyes of sleepe.  
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
 Let all that sweet is, void: and all that may augment  
 My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,  
 Beene the wilde woods, my sorrowes to resound,  
 Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,  
 When I them see to waste, and find no part  
 Of pleasure past. Heere will I dwell apart  
 In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe  
 Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
 With sight of such a change my restless woe:  
 Helpe me ye banefull birds, whose shrieking sound  
 Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries  
 Most ruthfully to tunc. And as my cries  
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craweth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your yrkesome yelles augment.  
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,  
 I vowed haue to waste, till safe and found  
 She home returne, whose voices siluer sound  
 To cheerfull songs can change my cheerelesse cries.  
 Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,  
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleepe  
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment  
 The memory of his misdeed, that bred her woe.  
 And you that feele no woe, when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,  
 Let breake your fonder sleepe, and pittie augment.

## P E R I G O T.

O C O L I N, C O L I N, the shepheards ioy,  
 how I admire each turning of thy verse:  
 And C V D D Y, fresh C V D D Y, the liefeft boy,  
 how dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse.

## C V D D Y.

Then blow your pipes shepheards, till you be at home:  
 The night higheth fast, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria victi.*

Willies Embleme.

*Vinto non vitto.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chi puo.*

GLOSSE.

## G L O S S E.

*Bestadde*, disposed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *W'illome*, once.  
*Rast*, bereft, depriued. *Misuent*, gone allray. *Ill may*, according  
to Virgill:

*Infelix ò semper ouis pecu.*

*A Mazer*. So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.

*Enchased*, engrauen. Such prettie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeed, he by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greeke, signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Gotcheards in them.

*Entrailed*, vvrought betweene.

*Haruest Queene*, The manner of countrey folke in haruest time.

*Pouffe*, Peafe.

*It fell vpon*. Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his Loue, to whom Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot, vvho is meant, I cannot vvrightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deserueth no lesse praise, then hee giueth her.

*Greet*, vvweeping and complaint.

*Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland like a crowne.

*Leuin*, Lightning.

*Cynthia*, vvvas said to be the Moone.

*Gryde*, pearced.

*But if*, not vnlesse.  
so saith Virgil:

*Squint eye*, partiall iudgement.

*Each hane*,

*Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.*

*Dooome*, iudgement.

*Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

*Write the witelesse*, blame the blamelesse.

*The shepheard of Ida*, vvvas said to be Paris.

*Beauties Queene*, Venus, to vvhom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

## Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeie claiming the conquest, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cause, and Patron: of his ovvne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due: saying, that he is happie vvhich can: so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vv in the best, or moderate himselfe beeing best, and leaue off with the best.

September.





*Aegloga nona.*

ARGUMENT.

**H**erein Diggon Davie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his sheepe into a farre country. The abuses whereof, & loose liuing of popish Prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demand, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE.

**D**IGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:  
Or DIGGON her is, or I mislay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was day light,  
But now her is a most wretched wight.  
For day that was, is wightly past,  
And now at eart the darke night doth hast.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee lo dight?  
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.  
Where is the fure flocke, thou wait wont to leade?  
Or been they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee most lesse,  
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:  
Sike question rippeth vp cause of new woe;  
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but sorrow close shrowded in hart,  
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart,  
Each thing imparted is more eath to beare:  
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wax cleare.  
And now sithence I saw thy head last,  
Thrice three Moones been fully spent and past:

Since when thou hast measured much ground,  
And wandred wecle about the world round,  
So as thou can many things relate:  
But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

DIGGON.

My sheepe been wasted, (woe is me therefore)  
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,  
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.  
In forreine coasts men said, was plentie:  
And so there is, but all of misery.  
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,  
But such eeking hath made my hart fore.  
In tho countries where I haue been,  
No beeing for those, that truly meane:  
But for such as of guile maken gaine,  
No such country as there to remaine.  
They lettene to sale their shops of shame,  
And maken a muket of their good name.  
The shepheards there robben one another,  
And layen baites to beguile her brother.  
Or they will buy his sheepe forth of the cote,  
Or they will cauen the shepheards throte.  
The shepheards swaine you cannot well ken,  
But it be by his pride, from other men:

They

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bate,  
And bearen the cragge fo stiffe and so state,  
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I am so stiffe and so stanke,  
That vinegh may I stand any more:  
And now the Westerne wind bloweth fore,  
That is in his chiefe soueraigntee,  
Beating the withered leafe from the tree:  
Sit we downe heere vnder the hill:  
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,  
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:  
Now say on DIGGON what euer thou hast.

DIGGON.

HOBBIN, ah HOBBIN, I curse the found,  
Thar euer I callt to haue lorne this ground.  
Wele-away the while I was so fond,  
To leaue the good, that I had in hand,  
In hope of better that was vncouth:  
So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.  
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)  
That heereby there I whilome vnde to keepe,  
All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,  
Been all sterued with pine and penurie:  
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,  
Driuen for neede to come home againe.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,  
That feldome change the better brought.  
Content who liues with tried state,  
Need feare no change of frowning fate:  
But who will seeke for vnkowne gaine,  
Off liues by losse, and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitcht,  
With vaine desire, and hope to be enritch.  
But siker so it is, as the bright starre,  
Seemeth a greater, when it is farr:  
I thought the foyle would haue made me rich:  
But now I wote it is nothing siche.  
For either the shepheards been idle and still,  
And led of their sheepe, what way they will:  
Or they been false, and full of couetise,  
And callen to compasse many wrong Emprise.  
But more been fraught with fraude and spight,  
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:  
But kindle coales of conteeke and yre,  
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:  
Which when they thinke againe to quench,  
With holy water they doen hem all drench:  
They say they con to heauen the high way:  
But by my soule I dare vnder say,  
They neuer set foote in that same trode,  
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.  
They boast they han the diuell at commaund:  
But aske them, therefore what they haue pound.  
Marry that great PAN bought with great borrow,  
To quite it from the blacke bowte of sorrow.  
But they han sold thilke same long agoe:  
For they would draw with hem many moe.

But let hem gaug alone a Gods name:  
As they han trowed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I pray thee speake not so dirke,  
Such myster lying me seemeth to miske.

DIGGON.

Then plaioly to speake of shepheards most what;  
Bad is the best (this English is flat)  
Their ill hauour garres men mislay,  
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.  
They say the world is much war then it woont,  
All for her shepheards is beasly and bloont,  
Other saine, but how truly I note,  
All for they holden shame of their cote.  
Some stick not to say (hote cole on her tongue)  
That sike mischiefe graeth hem emong,  
All for they casten too much of worlds care,  
To dekke her Dame, and enrich her heire:  
For such cucheaton, if you goe nie,  
Few chimnyes reeken you shall espie:  
The fat Oxe that woont ligg in the stall,  
Is now fast staled in her crumennall.  
Thus charrten the people in their steads,  
Ylike as a Monster of many heads,  
But they that shooten nereest the prick,  
Saime, other the fat from their beards doe licke.  
For big Buls of Basin brace hem about,  
That with their hornes butten the more stoute:  
But the leane foules treaden vnder foote,  
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:  
For liker been they to pluck away more,  
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.  
For they been like foule wagmoires ouergraft,  
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,  
The more to winde it out thou dost swinke,  
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke.  
Yet better leaue off with a little losse,  
Then by much wresling to lese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Now DIGGON, I see thou speakest too plaine:  
Better it were, a litle to saine,  
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.  
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured,  
But of sike Pastors how done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheards, sike been her sheepe,  
For they will listen to the shepheards voice:  
But if he call hem, at their good choice,  
They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,  
And to their folds yead at their owne leasure.  
But they had be better come at their call:  
For many han vnto mischiefe fall,  
And been of rauenous vvoules yrent,  
All for they could be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy soule leasing,  
Well is knowne that since the Saxon king,  
Neuer was Woolfe secne, many nor some,  
Nor io all Kent, nor in Christendome;  
But the fewer Wolues (the sooth to saine,  
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine,

DIGGON.

## DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wife,  
And with sheeces clothing doen hem disguise.  
They talke not widely as they were wont,  
For feare of raungers and the great hoozt:  
But priuily prolling to and fro,  
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

## HOBBINOLL.

Or priuic or pert if any bin,  
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

## DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,  
And could make a iolly hole in their fur.  
But not good dogs hem needeth to chase,  
But heedly shepheards to discern their face:  
For all their craft is in their countenance,  
They been so graue, and fall of maintenance.  
But shall I tell thee what my selfe know,  
Chaunced to R O F F Y not long ygoe?

## HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, D I G G O N, what euer it hight,  
For not but well moughte him betight,  
He is so meeke, wife, and merciable,  
And with his word his worke is conuenable.  
C O L I N C L O V T I weene be his selfe boy,  
(Ah for C O L I N he whilome my ioy)  
Shepheards sich, God mought v many send,  
That doen so carefully their flocks tead.

## DIGGON.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:  
He has a dogge to bite or to barke,  
Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,  
That waketh, and if but a leasefur.  
Whilome there wounde a wicked Wolfe,  
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,  
And euer at night wont to repaire  
Vnto the flock, when the Welkin shone faire,  
Yclad in clothing of feely sheepe,  
When the good old man vsed to sleepe:  
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,  
(For he had eue learned a curre call)  
As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe,  
With that the shepheard would breake his sleep,  
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)  
To raunge the fields with open throte.

Tho when as Lowder was farre away,  
This woluishe sheepe would catchen his pray,  
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast:  
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.  
Long time he vsed this slippery pranke,  
Ere R O F F Y could for his labour him thanke.  
At end, the shepheard his practise spied,  
(For R O F F Y is wife, and as A R E V reied)  
And when at euen he came to the flock,  
Fast in their folds he did them locke,  
And tooked out the Woolfe in his countesfeit cote,  
And let out the sheeces blood at his throte.

## HOBBINOLL.

Marry D I G G O N, what should him affray

To take his owne where euer it lay?

For had his weasand been a litle widder,  
He would haue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

## DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,  
Too good for him had been a great deale wurse:  
For it was a perillous beast about all,  
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:  
And oft in the night came to the sheepecote,  
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
As if the old mans selfe had been,  
The dogge his maisters voice did it ween,  
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,  
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.  
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
Fast by the hilde the Wolfe Lowder caught:  
And had not R O F F Y renne to the steuen,  
Lowder had been flaine thilke same euen.

## HOBBINOLL.

God shield mee, he should so ill haue thrice,  
All for he did his deuoure bestie.  
If sike been Wolues, as thou hast told,  
How mought we, D I G G O N, hem behold.

## DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulnesse,  
Forfallen hem of their wilnesse?  
For thy with shepheard sittes not play,  
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:  
But euer ligger in watch and ward,  
From suddaine force their flocks for to gard.

## HOBBINOLL.

Ah D I G G O N, thilke same rule were too straight,  
All the cold season to watch and waite.  
We beene of flesh, men as other be,  
Why should we be bound to such miserie?  
What-euer thing lacketh changeable rest,  
Mought neede decay, when iris is at best.

## DIGGON.

Ah, but H O B B I N O L L, all this long tale  
Nought caseth the eare, that doth me forhaile,  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My pitious plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good H O B B I N O L L, mought I thee pray,  
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

## HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule, D I G G O N, I lament  
The haplesse mischiefe, that has thee hent:  
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,  
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.  
But were H O B B I N O L L, as God mought please,  
D I G G O N should soone find fauour and ease.  
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can, I will thee comfort:  
There maist thou ligger in a vetchy bed,  
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

## DIGGON.

Ah H O B B I N O L L, God mought it thee requite,  
D I G G O N on few such friends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

*Inopem me copia fecit.*

*GLOSSE.*



G L O S S E.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomewhat to differ from the common. The cauſe vvhereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the partie heerein meant, vvho beeing verie friend to the Authour heereof, had bene long in forcine countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvchich he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

*Biddle her*, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, vvhereof cometh beads for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bidde his beads. ſ. to ſay his prayers.

*W.ghtly*, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaffred*, fold. *Dead at miſchiefe*, an vnſuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

*Leefe*, Deare. *Ethe*, ealie. *Thrice three Mooches*, nine Moneths, *Meſured*, for trauailed.

*Wae*, vvoe. Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Carnen*, cut.

*Kenne*, knowe. *Crugge*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, vvuarie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvchich is in the end of harueſt, vvchich they call the fall of the leafe: at vvchich time the vvclterne wind beareth moſt ſway.

*A mocke*, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

*Lorne*, left. *Soote*, ſvvet. *Vncouth*, vnknowne. *Heerby*, there, heere and there.

*As the bright*, translated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterpriſe. Per Syn- copen.

*Contecke*, ſtriſe. *Trade*, path.

*Murrie that*, that is, their ſoules, vvchich by Popiſh Exorcifmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

*Blacke*, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe.

*Crumenall*, purſe. *Braue*, compaſſe. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Quaygraſt*, ouergrowne vvith graſſe. *Galage*, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the vvhole.

*Buxome and bent*, meeke and obedient.

*Saxon King*. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. VVchich King cauſed ali the vvulues, vvhereof then vvvas ſtore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroied. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue been vvulues heere found, vnleſſe they vvere brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying that there be vvulues in Eng- land.

*Nor in Chriſtendome*. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeed it vvvas vvour to be an old proverbe and common phraſe. The originall where- of vvvas, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert vvvas chriſ- tened, Kent onely except, vvchich remained long after in miſbeliefe, and vnchriſte- ned: So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

*Great bent*. Executing of lawes and iuſtice.

*Enawater*, leaſt that. *Inly*, inwardly: aforeſaid.

*Priny or pert*, openly ſaith Chaucer.

*Roffy*, the name of a ſhepherd in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Whõ he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernaunce of his flock.

*Colm Clout*. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authors ſelfe, vvhoſe ſpecial good friend Hobbinoll ſaith hee is, or more rightly Maſter

Gabriell Haruey: of vvhose especial commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but specially in his *Musarum Lachryma*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*: vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie; afterward, presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeit names: as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Old Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy, seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But vvhat, I certainly know not.

*Woned*, haunted.

*Welkin*, skye, afore said.

*A weaned waste*, a weaned youngling.

*Hidder and shidder*, he and she, Male and Female.

*Stenen*, noise.

*Beline*, quickly.

*What euer*, Quids verse translated:

*Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.*

*Forebaile*, draw or distresse.

*Vetchie*, of Pease straw.

### Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, hee cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But Diggon vseth it to other purpose; as who that by triall of many waies, had found the worst, & through great plenty was fallen into penury. This Poëtie I know, to haue been much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.



October.



☞ *Aegloga decima.*

ARGVMENT.

**I**N Cuddy is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially hauing beene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and beeing indeed so worthy and comendable an art; or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthousiasmos*, and celestiall inspiration, as the Author heereof elswhere at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet: which booke beeing lately come to my hands, I mind also by Gods grace, vpon further aduement to publish.

PIERS.

CVDDY.

**C**VDDY, for shame hold vp thy heauic head,  
And lets cast with what delight to chace,  
And wearie this long lingring *PHOEBVS* race.  
Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to lead,  
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe:  
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDY.

**PIERS**, I haue piped carit so long with paine,  
That all mine Outen reedes been rent and wore:  
And my poore Muse hath spent her spare d store,  
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.  
Such pleasure makes the Grashopper so poore,  
And ligge so laid, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,  
To feed youthes fanfie, and the stocking fry,

Delighten much: what I the bett for thyt  
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.  
I beat the bush, the birds to them doe sit:  
What good thereof to CVDDY can arise?

PIERS.

**CVDDY**, the praise is better, then the price,  
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:  
O what an honour is it, to restraine  
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?  
Or pricke them forth with pleasure of thy vaine,  
Whereto thou list their trained willes enuice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,  
O how the rurall routs to thee do cleave!  
Seemeth tho doost their soule of sense bereaue,  
All as the shepherd, that did fetch his dame

E 3.

From



From PLYTOES balefull Bowre withouten leaue:  
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CVDY.

So prayfen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,  
And wouiden at bright ARGVs blazing eyes:  
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?  
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?  
Sike praise is smoke, that smeddeth in the skye,  
Sike words been winde, and waften soone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,  
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:  
And sing of bloody MARS, of warres, of gusts,  
Turne thee to those, that weld the awfull crowne,  
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,  
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen daily browne.

There may thy Muse displyer her fluttering wing,  
And stretch her selfe ar large from East to West:  
Whither thou list in faire ELISA rest,  
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,  
Aduance the worthy whom the loueth best,  
That first the white Beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger founds,  
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:  
Of loue and lustthead tho maist thou sing,  
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,  
All were ELISA one of thilke same ring,  
So mought our CVDIES name to heauen found.

CVDY.

Indeed the Romish TITIVS, I heare,  
Through his MECOENAS left his Outen reed,  
Whereon he carst had taught his flocks to feed,  
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely care,  
And est did sing of warres and deadly dreed,  
So as the heuens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! MECOENAS is yelad in clay,  
And great AVGVSTVS long ygoe is dead:  
And all the Worthies ligger wrapt in lead,  
That matter made for Poets on to play,  
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,  
The lostie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to floupe,  
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of ease:  
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,  
To put in preace among the learned troupe:  
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,  
And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poëtic,  
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote againe:

Or it mens follies mote to force to faine,  
And roll with rest in rimes of ribaudry:  
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:  
Tom Piper makes vs better melodic.

PIERS.

O peerlesse poëtic, where is then thy place?  
If not in Princes palace thou doost sit  
(And yet is Princes palace the most fit)  
Ne brest of baster birth doth thee embrace:  
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,  
And, whence thou camst, flie back to heauen apace.

CVDY.

Ah PERCY, it is all too weake and wanne,  
So high to fore and make so large a flight:  
Her peeced pinecons been not so in plight,  
For COLIN fits such famous flight to scanne:  
He, were he not with loue fo ill bedight,  
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,  
And listis him vp out of the louthsome mire:  
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,  
Would raise ones minde about the starry skie,  
And cause a caitiue courage to aspire:  
For lostie loue doth lothe a lowly eye.

CVDY.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell:  
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,  
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,  
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:  
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse waightie prise,  
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:  
Let powre in lawissh cups and thrifric bits of meate.  
For BACCHVS fruit is friend to HOEBVS wise:  
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,  
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not PERCIE how the rime should rage.  
O if my temples were distaind with wine,  
And girt in Girmonds of wilde Iuic twine,  
How I could reare the Muse on stately itage,  
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,  
With queint BELONA in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,  
For thy content vs in this humble shade:  
Where no such troublous tides han vs affaide,  
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide,  
CVDY shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante calefcimus illo, &c.*

GLOSSE.

## GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16 Idilion wherein hee-proued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardlife toward Poets, in vvhom is the povver to make men immortall for their good deedes, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

*Cuddy*. I doubt vvhether by Cuddy be specified the Authours (else, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person vvas brought in, singing a Cansion of Colins making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

*Whylome*, sometime.

*Oaten reedes*, Aucna.

*Ligge so laid*, lye so faint and vnlustie.

*Dapper*, pretie.

*Frye*, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning filices, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

*To restraine*. This place seemeth to conspire vwith Plato, vvhom in his first booke *de Legibus* saith, that the first inuention of Poetrie vvas of very vertuous intent. For at vvhattime an infinit number of youth vsually came to their great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vsed euery five yeares to hold, some learned man beeing more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of vvit and Musick, vould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitye, or suchlike. At vvhose v wonderfull gift all men beeing astonished, and as it were rauished vwith delight, thinking (as it vvas indeed) that he vvas inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: vvhich kinde of men aftervard, framing their verses to lighter musick (as of Musicke there be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroicall: and so diuersly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vwith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, & so were called Poets, or makers.

*Senfereane*. What the secret vworking of musick is in the minds of men, as well appeareth heereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers, and those the most vwise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvas made of a certain harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in the one and the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom vwhen as Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he vvas distraught vwith such vnwonted furie, that straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to vvar (for that musick is very vvar-like.) And immediatly, vwhen as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas so far from vvarring, that he sate as still, as if he had been in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fifth and seauenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvhich vseth to burne in our young breasts. So that it is not incredible vvhich the Poet heer saith, that the musick can bereaue the soule of sense.

*The sheheard that*, Orpheus: of vvhom it is said, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his vwise Eurydice from hell.

*Argus eyes*. Of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercurie with his musick lulling Argus asleep, sleuv him, and brought Io avay; whose eyes it is said that Iuno for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks taile, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

*Wound-*

*Woundlesse armour*, vnwounded in war, do rust through long peace.

*Display*. A poeticall metaphore, vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious Soueraigne, vvhom (as before) he calleth *Eliſa*. Or if matter of knight hood and chiuarly please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvorthy of his paines in their descrud praifes, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

*The worthy*, he meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honorable and renowned the Earle of Leiceſter, vvhiom by his cognifance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraith, being not likely that the names of vvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

*Slack*, that is, vvhen thou changeſt thy verſe to ſtately courſe, to matter of more pleaſance and delight.

*The Millers*, a kind of daunce.

*Ring*, company of dauncers.

*The Romiſh Tityrus*, vvell knevv noble Virgil, vvho by Mecenas meanes vvvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Auguſtus, and by him mocued to write in loſtier kind, then he earſt had done.

*Whereon*: in theſe three verſes are the three ſeueral vvorke of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Aeglogue. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In ſinging of vvvarres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

*In derring do*, in manhood and chiuallrie.

*For euer*. He ſheveth the cauſe vvhy Poets vvvere wont to be had in ſuch honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vvworthineſſe and valour ſhould through their famous poeſies be commended to all poſterities. Wherefore it is ſaid, that Achilles had neuer been ſo famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verſes, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And alſo that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vvith naturall teares hſelfed him, that euer it vvvas his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets vvorke, as ſo renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. VVhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe vvorthily ſet forth in a Sonnet.

*Giunto Aleſſandro à la famosa tomba,*

*Del ſero Achillo ſoſpirando diſſe*

*O fortunato che ſi chiaro tromba Trouaſti, &c.*

And that ſuch account hath been alway made of Poets, as vvell ſheweth this, that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvvarres againſt Carthage and Numantia, had cuer more in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good old Poet Ennius: as alſo that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, vvhen he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vvvas borne in that City, not onely commaunded ſtraightly, that no man ſhould vpon paine of death, do any violence to that houſe, or other vvife: but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly reuwarded that vvvere of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praife otherwiſe was in the ſame man no leſſe famous, then when he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookes of Homers vvorke, as laid vp there for ſpeciall Jewels & riches: vvhich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his boſome, and the other euery night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the ſight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well ſheweth, as elſe vvhere more notably.

*But after*: he ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of poetrie to be idleneſſe and baſeneſſe



nelle of mind.

*Pent*, shut vp in sloth, as in a coope or cage.

*Tom Piper*, an ironicall Sarcastimus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vv which make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

*Ne best*, the meaner sort of men.

*Her pecced pinions*, vnperfect skill :

Spoken vvith humble modestie.

*As soote as Swanne*. The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swan hath cuer vvonne small commendation for her vsweet singing: but it is said of the learned, that the Svvanne a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophcying by a secret instinct her neere destinie, as vvell saith the Poet elsewhere in one of his Sonets :

The siluer Svvan doth sing before her dying day,

As she that feeles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

*Immortall mirroure*, Beautie, vv which is an excellent obiect of poetickall spirits, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarch, saying :

*Floris facena il mio debile ingegno.*

*Ala sua ombra, & crescer ne gli affanni.*

*A carytie courage*, A base and abiect mind.

*For losie lone*. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as vvell in our English tongue, as it hath been alvvayes in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

*A vacant*, imitateth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Peseit.*

*Lauisb cups*, Remembreth the common verse, *Facundi calices que non fecere disertu.*

*O if my*: he seemeth heere to be rauished vvith a poetickall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse growveth so bigge, that it seemeth hee had forgot the meannesse of shepheards state and stile.

*Wild Iuie*: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is said, that the Mænades (that is, Bacchus frantick priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed stauces or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Iuie.

*In buskin*. It vv as the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vv ere buskins, as also in Comedies to vsse socks and light shoes. So that the buskin in poeetrie, is vsed for tragickall matter, as is said in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna coturno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique coturno.*

*Queint*, strange. Bellona the goddelle of battell, that is Pallas: vv which may therefore vv ell be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter her father vv as in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to heaw his head. Out of vv which leaped out lustily a valiant Damsell armed at all points: vv homi Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curtesie, vv which the Lady disdainig, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such strangenesse is vv ell applied to her.

*Equipage*, order.

*Tydes*, seasons.

*Charme*, remper and order. For charmes vv ere wont to be made by verses, as Ouid saith: *Aut si carminibus.*

*Embleme.*

Hecreby is meant, as also in the vv hole course of this Æglogue, that poeetrie is a diuine instinct, and vvnatural rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth *lipiphonematos*, as admiring the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

November.



*Aegloga vndecima.*

ARGUMENT.

**I**N this xi. Aeglogue hee bewailth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT.

**C**OLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissance?  
Thy Muse too long slumbrerh in sorrowing,  
Lulled asleep through loues misgouernance.  
Now some what sing, whose endlesse souenance,  
Among the shepherds swaines may aye remaine:  
Whether thee list thy loued Lasse aduance,  
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

**T**HENOT, now is the time of mery-make,  
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:  
Sike mirth in May is meett for to make,  
Or Sommer shade, vnder the cocked hay.  
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,  
And PHOEBVS weary of his yeerely taske,  
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,  
And taken vp his Inne in Fishes haske,  
Thulke fullen season sadder plighr doth aske,  
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doost praisē:  
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,  
As she was wont in yeaungth and sommer dayes,  
But if thou algat list light vrelayes,  
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?  
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepe long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is foueraigne of song,  
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:  
And I, vnit to thrust in skilfull throng,  
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?  
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
And han been watted at the Muses well:  
The kiadly dew drops from the higher tree,  
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
But if sad winters wrath, and season chill,  
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:  
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,  
And sing of sorrow and deaths decreiment.  
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and diant,  
DIDO the great shepheard his daughter sheene:  
The fairest May she was that ever went,  
Her like she has not left behind I weene.  
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,  
I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy paine:  
And if thy rymes as round and ruffull be,  
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complainē,

Much

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,  
Thea Kid or Colfer, which I thee beaempr:  
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine.  
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN.

THE NOT, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt,  
But ah! too vrell I wote my humble vaine,  
And how my rimes been rugged and vnckempt:  
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

VP then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muse of  
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore: (nine,  
Vp grisly ghosts, and vp my rusfull rime,  
Matter of mirth now shalt thou haue no more:  
For dead he is, that mirth thee made of yore,

DID O my deare, alas is dead,

Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:

O heaue herse,

Let streaming teares be poured out in store:

O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abide,  
Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke:  
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pride:  
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.  
The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night:

O heaue herse,

Breake we our pipes, that shrill as loude as Larke,

O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)

Whose better daies death hath shut vp in woe?

The fairest floure our girlond all among,

Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no mo

The songs that COLIN made you in her praise,

But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heaue herse:

Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,

O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?

Yet soone as Spring his mantle doth display,

It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer faile.

But thing on earth that is of moit auale,

As vertues branch and beauties bud,

Reliuen not for any good.

O heaue herse,

The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail.

O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saine)

For beauties praise and pleasance had no peere:

So well she couth the shepheards entertaine,

With cakes and cracknells, and such country cheere.

Ne would she scorn the simple shepheards swaine:

For she would call him often heame,

And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.

O heaue herse:

Als COLIN CLOYT she would not once disdaine,

O carefull verse.

But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heany chaunce,

Such pleasance now displast by dolors dint:

All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,

And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in blacke, the greace in gray is tint:

The gaudy girlonds deckt her graue;

The faded flowres her Corse embraue.

O heaue herse,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with teares besprent,

O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy

Where bin the nosegays that the dight for thee? (griefe)

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe;

The knotted rust-rings, and gilt Rosemarce?

For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah, they been all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herse,

Thereof nought remains but the memorie,

O carefull verse.

Aye me that dreerie death should strike so mortal stroke,

That can vndoe Dame Natures kindly course:

The faded locks fall from the lostic Oke,

The fouds do gaspe, for dryed is their soure,

And fouds of teares flowe in their stead perforce.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Their sundry colours tounne.

O heaue herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse,

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:

The beasts in Forrest waile as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:

Now thee is gone that safely did hem keepe:

The Turtle on the bared branch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch,

O heaue herse:

And PHILLOMEL her song with teares doth sleepe,

O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing & daunce,

And for her girlond Oliue branches beare,

Now balefull bougys of Cypres done aduance:

The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,

Now bringen bitter Eldre branches here:

The fatall sisters eke repent,

Her vitall threed so soone was spent.

O heaue herse,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with heaue cheare,

O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope

Of mortall men, that swinke and sweat for nought,

And



And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:  
 Now haue I leard (a lesſon deere bought):  
 That nis on earth aſſurance to be fought:  
 For what might be in earthly mould,  
 That did her buried body hold?  
 O heauie herſe,  
 Yet ſaw I on the beere when it was brought,  
 O carefull verſe.

But maugre death, and dreaded ſiſters deadly ſpight,  
 And gates of hell, and fieric furies force:  
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
 Her ſoule vn bodied of the burdenous corſe.  
 Why then weopes **L O B B E N** ſo without remorse?  
 O **L O B B E**, thy loſſe no longer lament,  
**D I D O** tis dead, but into heauen hent:  
 O happy herſe,  
 Cease now my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrowes ſourſe,  
 O ioyfull verſe.

Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with plaints,  
 As if ſome euill were to her betight?  
 Shee raignes a goddeſſe now among the Saints,  
 That whilome was the ſaint of ſhepheards light:  
 And is entalled now in heauens hight.  
 I ſee the bleſſed ſoule, I ſee,  
 Walke in *Elyſian* fields ſo free.  
 O happy herſe,  
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might)  
 O ioyfull verſe.

Vnwife and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,  
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill deſert:  
 But knew we fooles, what it vs brings vnill  
 Dic would we daily, once it to expert.  
 No danger there the ſhepherd can aſſert:  
 Faire fields and pleaſant layes there beene,  
 The fields aye freſh, the graſſe aye greene:  
 O happy herſe,  
 Make haſte ye ſhepheards, thither to reuert,  
 O ioyfull verſe.

**D I D O** is gone afore (whoſe turne ſhall be the next?)  
 There liues ſhe with the bleſſed Gods in bliſſe:  
 There drinks the *Nectar* with *Ambroſia* mixt,  
 And ioyes enjoyes, that mortall men doe miſſe.  
 The honour now of higheſt God ſhe is,  
 That whilome was poore ſhepheards pride:  
 While heere on earth ſhe did abide,  
 O happy herſe,  
 Cease now my long, my woe now waſted is,  
 O ioyfull verſe.

**T H E N O T.**

Aye franke ſhepherd, how been thy verſes meins  
 With dolefull pleaſance, ſo as I ne wotte,  
 Whether reioyce or weepe for great conſtraint?  
 Thine be the Coſſet, vvell haſt thou it gotte.  
 Vp **C O L I N**, vp, ynough thou mourned haſt:  
 Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

Colins Embleme.  
*La mort ny mord.*

**G L O S S E.**

*Ioyſaunce*, mirth. *Souenannce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.  
*Welked*, ſhortned or empayred. As the Moone beeing in the vbane, is ſaid  
 of Lidgate to vvelk.  
*In lowly lay*, according to the ſeaſon of the moneth of Nouember, when the Sunne  
 draweth louve in the South, toward the Tropick or returne.  
*In fiſhes haſke*, the Sun raigned, that is, in the ligne Piſces, all Nouember: a haſke  
 is a wicker ped, wherein they vſe to carry fiſh.  
*Virelayes*, a light kind of ſong.  
*Bewatred*: for it is a ſaying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muſes Well, *Ca-*  
*ſtalias*, vvhereof was before ſufficiently ſaid.  
*Dreeriment*, dreery and heauie cheere.  
*The great ſhepherd*, is ſome man of high degree, and not as ſome vainely ſuppoſe,  
 God Pan. The perſon both of the ſhepherd and of *Dido* is vnknowne, and cloſely  
 buried in the Authours conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not *Rofalinde*, as  
 ſome imagine: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.  
*Sheene*, faire and ſhining. *May*, for mayde. *Teene*, ſorrow.  
*Gnerdon*, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

*Coſſet*,

*Coffer*, a lambe brought vp without the damme.  
combed, that is, rude and vnhandfome.

*Vnkempt*, Incompti. Not

*Melpomene*. The sad and vvailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour & Tragedies:  
as saith Virgil;

*Melpomene tragico proclamat maesta boatu.*

*Vp grieufully ghosts*. The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies & damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

*Herse*, is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.

*Waste of*, decay of so beautifull a peece.

*Carke*, care.

*Ab woby*, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long ago.

*Florer*, a diminutiue for a little flowre. This is a notable and sententious comparison, *A minore ad maius*.

*Reline not*, liue not againe .i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen they receiue their due reward.

*The branch*. He meaneth Dido: vvho beeing as it vvere the maine branch now vvithered; the buds, that is, beautie (as he said afore) can no more flourish.

*With cakes*, fit for shepheards bankets.

*Heame*, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

*Tinct*, dyed or stained.

*The gaudie*. The meaning is, that the things which vvete the ornaments of her life, are made the honour of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.

*Lobbin*, the name of a shepheard, vvwhich seemeth to haue been the loue and deere friend of Dido.

*Rush-rings*, agreeable for such base gifts.

*Faded locks*, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

*Sourse*, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the sundry flowvers are like a mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.

*Philomele*, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue been a Lady of great beautie, till being rauished by her sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a birde of her name: whose complaints be very well set forth of M. George Gascoine a wittie gentleman, & the verie chiefe of our late rimers: who & if some parts of learning vvanted not (albe it is vvell knowne hee altogether vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For, gifts of vvit, and naturall promptnesse, appeare in him abundantly.

*Cypres*, vsed of the old paynims in the furnishing of their funerall pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrov and heauinesse.

*The fatall sisters*. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, vvhom the Poets faine to spinne the life of man, as it were a long thred, vvwhich they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come; but if by o-ther casualtie his daies be abridged, then one of the, that is, Atropos, is said to haue cut the thred in twaine. Heereof commeth a common verse.

*Clotho colum bairat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.*

*O trullisse*. A gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vvifedom, and passionate vvith great affection.

*Beere*, a frame, vvhereon they vse to lay the dead corps.

*Furies*, of Poets are fained to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, vvwhich are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischiefe.

F.

Eternall

*Eternall night*, is death, or darknesse of hell.

*Betight*, happened.

*I see*, A lively Icon or presentation, as if he saw her in heauen present.

*Elysian fields*, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, vvhether the happy soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

*Die vvorlde*, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

*Afert*, befall vnuvares.

*Nectar and Ambrosia*, be fained to be the drinke and food of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be vvhite like creame, vvhether of is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discourfed that at large in my Cōmentary vpon the dreames of the same Author.

*Meynt*, mingled.

### Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature vve be borne to die, and beeing ripened vwith age, as vwith timely haruest, we must be gathered in time, or else of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet said before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespassse of the first man brought death into the vvorlde, as the guerdon of sinne, yet beeing ouercome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth vvell vwith that vvas said, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.



December





☞ *Aegloga duodecima.*

ARGUMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan: wherein, as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeere, comparing his youth to the Spring time, vvhhen he was fresh and free from loues follie. His manhood to the Sommer, which he saith, was consumed with great heate & excessiue drouth, caused through a Comet or blazing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate, his ripest yeeres he resembleth to an vnseasonable haruest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and frostie season, now drawing neere to his last end.

**T**He gentle shepherd sate besides a Spring,  
All in the shadow of a bushie Breere,  
That COLIN hight, which well could pipe and  
For he of TITVS his songs did here. (sing,  
There as he sate in secret shade alone,  
Thus gan he make of loue his pitious mone.

O soueraigne PAN, thou God of shepherds all,  
Which of our tender Lambskins takest keepe:  
And when our flocks into mischance might fall,  
Dooft saue from mischief the vnwarie sheepe.  
Ales of their maisters hast no lesse regard  
Then of the flocks, which thou doost watch and ward:

I thee beseech (so be thou deigne to heare,  
Rude ditties, tunde to shepherds Oaten reed,  
Or if I euer Sonnet sung so cleare,  
As it with pleasure might thy fancie feed)  
Harken awhile from thy Greene Cabinet,  
The lawrell song of carefull COLINET.

Whilome in youth, when flou'd my youthfull Spring,  
Like swallow swift, I wandred here and there:  
For heat of heedlesse lust me so did sting,  
That I of doubted danger had no feare.  
I went the wastfull woods and Forrest wide,  
Withouten dread of Wolues to be enspide.

I went to range amid the mazine thicket,  
And gather nuts to make me Christmas game:  
And ioyed oft to chafe the trembling Pricker,  
Or hunt the hartlesse Hare, till she were tame.  
What reeked I of wintry ages wast?  
Tho deemed I my Spring would euer last.

How often haue I scal'd the craggie Oke,  
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nest?  
How haue I wearied with many a stroke,  
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest  
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife?  
For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

F 2.

And

And for I was in thilke same loofer yeeres,  
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth:  
Or I too much belieu'd my shepheard peeres )  
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

A good old shepheard, WRENOC was his name,  
Made me by art more cunning in the fame.

From thence I durst in derring to compare  
With shepheards swaine, what-euer fed in field:  
And if that HOBFINOLE right iudgement bare,  
To PAN his owne selfe pipe I need not yeeld.

For if the flocking Nymphes did follow PAN,  
The wifer Muses after COLIN ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaid,  
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
My hurdesse pleasure did meill vpbraid,  
My freedom lorne, my life he left to none.

Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,  
But better nought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely spring bid nie farewell,  
And summer season sped him to dispay  
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)  
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.

A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,  
That raigned (as men said) in VENVS seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,  
When choice I had to chuse my wandring way:  
But whither lucke and loues vnbridled lore  
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.

The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,  
The woods can witnesse many a wofull stoure.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,  
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:  
The grisly Todestoole growne there mought I see,  
And loathing Paddocks lording on the same.

And where the chaunting birds luld me asleep,  
The ghastly Owle her greivous Inne doth keepe.

Then as the spring giues placeto elder time,  
And bringeth forth the fruite of summers pride:  
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,  
To things of riper reason selfe applide:

And learn'd of lighter timber, cotes to frame,  
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,  
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:  
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,  
Was better seen, or hurtfull beasts to hunt?

I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,  
How PHOEBVS failes, where VENVS sits, & when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,  
The suddaine rising of the raging seas:  
The sooth of byrds by beating of their wings,  
The powre of hearbes, both which can hurt and ease:

And which be wont't enrage the restless sheepe,  
And which be wont to woike eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwife and widelce COLIN CLOVT,  
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed:  
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,  
Whose ranking wound as yet does rifestly bleed.  
Why liu'lt thou still, & yet hast thy deaths wound?  
Why dieft thou still, and yet aliae art found?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted:  
Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:  
The care that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,  
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to seathe.  
Of all the seed, that in my youth was sowne,  
Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughs and blossoms that crowned were at first,  
And promised of timely fruite such store:  
Are left both bare and barren now at crst,  
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,  
And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:  
My haruest waste, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,  
Been wither'd, as they had been gathered long:  
Their rootes been dried vp for lacke of dewes,  
Yet dewed with teares they han been euer among.  
Ah, who has wrought my ROSALIND this spight,  
To spill the flowers that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,  
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote:  
Sike follies now haue gathered, as too ripe,  
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnfoote.  
The loofer Lasse I cast to please no more,  
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope, I haue  
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care:  
Which, when I thought haue threstht in swelling sheaue,  
Cockle for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.  
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,  
All was blowne away of the waering winde.

So now my yeare drawes to my latter terme,  
My spring is spent, my summer burnt vp quite:  
My haruest hastes to stir vp winter sterne,  
And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right.  
So now he stormes with many a sturdie stoure,  
So now his bluftring blast each coast doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nip't my rugged rinde,  
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:  
My head besprent with hoarie frost I find,  
And by mine eye the crowe his claw doth wright.  
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,  
No sunne now shines, clouds han all ouer-cast.

Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glee,  
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:  
Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,  
Was neuer pipe of reed did better sound.  
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,  
And after winter decreie death does haft.

Gather

Gather ye together my little flocke,  
 My little flocke, that was to me most life:  
 Let me, ah let me in your folds ye lock,  
 Ere the breme vwinter breed you greater grieke.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the balcfull breath,  
 And after winter commeth timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me asleepe,  
 Adiew my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:  
 Adiew my little lambes and loued sheepe,  
 Adiew ye woods, that oft my vvitnesse were:  
 Adiew good H O B B I N O L L, that was so true,  
 Tell R O S A L I N D E, her C O L I N bids her adiew.

## Colins Embleme.

## G L O S S E.

*Tytirus*, Chaucer, as hath been oft said.

*Lamkins*, young lambes.

*Als of their*, seemely to expresse Virgils verse;

*P. in curat ones ouinumque magistrus.*

*Deigne*, vouchsafe.

*Cabinet*, *Colinet*, diminutives.

*Mazie*, for they belike to a maze, whence it is hard to get out againe.

*Peeres*, Fellowes and companions.

*Musicke*, that is, Poetrie, as Terence saith; *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poets.

*Derring doe*, aforesaid.

*Lions house*, he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote signe Leo, which is in midst of Sommer: a pretie allegory whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

*His ray*, vvich is Cupids beame of flames of loue.

*A comet*, a blazing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.

*Venus*, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is heere taken. So he meaneth, that beautie, vvich hath alway aspect to Venus, was the cause of his vvquietnesse in loue.

*Where I was*, a fine description of the change of his life and liking, for all thinges now seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.

*Lording*, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks & Frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not moouing or looking once aside, vnlesse they be stirred.

*Then as*, The second part, that is, his manhood.

*Cotes*, Shepcotes, for such be exercises of shepheards.

*Salc*, or fallow, a kind of vvood like vvillow, fit to wreathe and bind in heapes to catch fish vvithall.

*Phæbe sailes*, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwaies in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

*Venus*. i. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres, beeing conuenient for shepheards to knowe, Theocritus and the rest vse.

*Raging seas*, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea cometh of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waning and decreasing.

*Sooth of birds*. A kind of soothsaying vsed in the elder times, vvich they gathered by the flying of birds: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscans, & from them deriued to the Romans, vvho (as it is said in Liuius) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscane, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.



*Of herbes.* That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, vvell appeareth by the common working of the in our bodies, as also by the v wonderfull enchaunments and sorceries that haue been wrought by them: insomuch that it is said, that Circe a famous Sorceresse, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, & onely by herbes: as the Poet saith; *Dea sanapotentibus herbis, &c.*

*Kidst,* knowest.

*Eare,* of corne.

*Scathe,* losse, hinderance.

*Euer among,* Euer and anone.

*This is my,* The third part, vvhether

in is set forth his ripe yeeres, as an vt timely haruest that bringerh little fruit.

*The fragrant flowers,* sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, vvherein our Poet is seene: be they witness vvhich are priuie to his studie.

*So now my yeere.* The last part, vvherein is described his age, by comparison of vvintrie stormes.

*Carefull cold,* for care is said to coole the blood,

*Glee,* mirth.

*Hoarie frost,* A metaphor of hoarie haire, scattered

like a gray frost.

*Breeme,* sharpe and bitter.

*Adieu delights,* is a conclusion of all. Where in fixe verses hee comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse, his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalinde. In the third, the keeping of sheepe, vvhich is the argument of all the Æglogues. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the last vvo his professed friendship & good vwill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

*Embleme.*

The meaning vvhich is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but vworks of learned vvits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes (a vvorke though full indeed of great vvit and learning, yet of no so great vveight and importance) boldly saith;

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*

*Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.*

Therefore let not be enuid, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, hee made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace & Ouid in the like;

*Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.*

*Loe, I haue made a Calender for euery yeere,  
That seele in strength, and time in durance shall out-weare:  
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,*

*In shall continue till the woorlds dissolution.*

*To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraude his folded stocke to keepe.*

*Goe little Calender, thou hast a free passport:*

*Goe but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort.*

*Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,*

*Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:*

*But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,  
The better please, the worse displease: I aske no more.*

*Merce non mercede.*

FINIS.









PROSOPOPOIA.

OR

MOTHER HUB-  
BERDS TALE.

By *Edm. Sp.*

Dedicated to the right Honourable, the Lady  
*Compton and Mountegle.*



AT LONDON,  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*  
Anno Dom. 1613.

MOTHER HUB  
BIRDS TALES

By the Author

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady  
Catherine and her family



AT LONDON,  
Printed by M. L. for M. Allen Lane.  
Anno Dom. 1813.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
the Lady *Compton* and *Mountegle*.

**M**OST faire and vertuous Lady ; hauing often sought  
opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowne  
to your Ladiship, the humble affection and faithfull  
duetic, which I haue alwaies professed, and am bound  
to beare to that House, from whence ye spring, I haue  
at length found occasion to remember the same, by  
making a simple present to you of these my idle labors,  
which hauing long sithens composed in the raw con-  
ceit of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted  
vpon, and was by others, which liked the same, moued  
to let them forth. Simple is the deuice, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some  
delight, euen the rather, becaule of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The  
same I beleech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession vvhich I  
haue made to you ; and keepe vvith you, vntill vvith some other more worthy labour, I  
doe redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my vrmost duery. Till then, wishing  
your Ladiship all increase of honour and happiuesse, I humbly take leaue.

*Your La: euer*

humbly ;

*Ed: Sp.*

A 2.









## PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

*Mother Hubberds Tale.*

**I**T was the month, in which the righteous Maide,  
That for disdain of sinfull worlds vpbraide,  
Fled back to heauen, whence she was first conceived,  
Into her siluer bowre the Sunne receiued;  
And the hot *Syrian* dog on him awayting,  
After the chafed *Lions* cruell bayting,  
Corrupted had th'ayre with his noysome breath,  
And pour'd on th'earth plague, pestilence, and death,  
Emongst the rest, a wicked maladic  
Raign'd emongst men, that many did die,  
Depru'd of sense and ordinary reason;  
That it to Leaches seemed strange and reason.  
My fortune was mongst many other moe,  
To be partaker of their common woe;  
And my weake bodie set on fire with griefe,  
Was robd of rest, and naturall reliefe.  
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee  
Some friends, who sorry my sad case to see,  
Began to comfort me in chearefull wise,  
And meanes of glad some solace to deuise.  
But seeing kindly sleepe retule to doe  
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,  
They sought my troubled sense how to deceaue  
VVith talke, that might vnquiet fancies reauie;  
And sitting all on seats about me round,  
VVith pleasant tales (fit for that idle sound)  
They cast in course to waste the wearie bowres:  
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;  
Some of braue Knights, and their renowned Squires;  
Some of the Faeries and their strange atiries;  
And some of Giants, hard to be believed,  
That the delight thereof me much relieved.  
Amongst the rest, a good old woman was,  
Hight *Mother Hubberd*, who did far surpass  
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well;  
She when her turne was come her tale to tell,  
Told of a strange adventure, that berided  
Betwix the *Foxe* and th'*Ape* by him misguide d;  
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,  
All were my spirit heauie and diseased,  
He write in termes, as shee the same did say,  
So well as I her words remember may.  
No Mules ayde me needs heere-to to call;  
Bate is the style, and matter meane withall.  
¶ Whylome (said she) before the world was ciuill,  
The *Foxe* and th'*Ape* disliking of their euill  
And hard estate, determined to seeke  
There fortunes faire abroad, lycke with his lycke:  
For both were crafty and vnhappy witted;  
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.

The *Foxe*, that first this cause of griefe did finde,  
Gan first thus plain his case with words vnkinde.  
Neighbour *Ape*, and my *Gossip* eke beside  
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide)  
To whom may I more trustfully complaine  
The euill plight, that doth me fore constrain,  
And hope thereof to finde due remedy?  
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.  
Thus many yeeres I now haue spent and worne,  
In meane regard, and basest fortunes (corne,  
Dooing my Country seruice as I might,  
No lesse I dare say than the proudest wight;  
And still I hoped to be vp aduanced,  
For my good parts; but still it hath mischaunced,  
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,  
But froward fortune still to followe mee,  
And losels listd high, where I did looke;  
I meane to turne the next lease of the booke:  
Yeter that any way I doe betake,  
I meane my *Gossip* priuy first to make.

Ah! my deare *Gossip* (answer'd then the *Ape*)  
Deeply doe your sad words my wits awshape,  
Both for because your griefe doth great appaare,  
And eke because my selfe am touch'd neare:  
For I likewise haue wasted much good time,  
Still wayting to preferment vp to chime,  
Whil'st others alwaies haue before me slept,  
And from my beard the fat away haue swept;  
That now vnto despair I gin to growe,  
And meane for better winde about to throwe.  
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, adread  
Thy counsell: Two is better then one head.

Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise  
In some strange habit, after vnouth wize,  
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,  
Or like a Gipsen, or a Iuggeler,  
And so to wander to the worldes ead,  
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:  
For worse than that I haue, I cannot meet.  
Wide is the world I wote, and euery street  
Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,  
Continually iubic't vnto change.  
Say my faire brother now, if this deuice  
Doe like you, or may you to like entice.  
Surely (said th'*Ape*) it likes me wondrous well;  
And would ye not peere fellowship expell,  
My selfe would offer you t'accompany  
In this adventures chauncefull iopardie.  
For to wexe olde at home in idleness,  
Is disiducetous, and quite fortunelesse:

Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee.

The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree :  
So both resolu'd the morrow next ensuing,  
So soone as day appear'd to peoples viewing,  
On their intended journey to proceed ;  
And over night, what-so theyeto did need,  
Each did prepare in readinesse to bee,  
The morrow next, so foone as one might see  
Light out of heauens windowes forth to looke,  
Both their habiliments vnto them tooke,  
And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way:  
VVhen-as the Ape beginning well to wry  
This hard adventure, thus began't aduise ;  
Now read Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,  
VVhat course ye weene is best for vs to take,  
That for our felues we may a liuing make.  
VVhether shall we professe some trade or skill ?  
Or shall we vary our deuice at will,  
Euen as new occasion appears ?  
Or shall we tie our felues for certaine yeeres,  
To any seruice, or to any place ?  
For it behoues ere that into the race  
We enter, to resolute first herevpo.

Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)  
Ye haue this matter motioned in season :  
For euery thing that is begun with reason  
VVill come by ready meanes vnto his end :  
But things misconseled must needs miswend.  
Thus therefore I aduise vpon the case,  
That not to any certaine trade or place,  
Nor any man we should our felues apply ;  
For, why should he that is at liberty  
Make himselfe bond ? Sith then we are free borne,  
Let vs all seruile base subiection scorne ;  
And as we be sonnes of the world to wide,  
Let vs our fathers heritage diuide,  
And challenge to our felues our portions dew  
Of all the patrimony, which a few  
Now hold in huggier nuggier in their hand,  
And all the rest doe rob of good and land,  
For now a few haue all, and all haue nought,  
Yet all be brethren ylike dearely bought:  
There is no right in this partition,  
Ne was it so by institution  
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,  
But that the gaue like blessing to each creature  
As well of worldly liuelode as of life,  
That there might be no difference nor strife,  
Nor ought call'd mine or thine : thrice happy then  
Was the condition of mortall men.  
That was the golden age of Saturne old,  
But this might better be the world of gold :  
For, without gold now nothing will be got.  
Therefore (if please you) this shall be our plot,  
We will not be of any occupation,  
Let such vile vassalls borne to bale vocation  
Drudge in the world, and for their liuing droyle  
Which haue no wit to liue withouten toyle.  
But we will walke about the world at pleasure  
Like two free men, and make our eale a treasure.

Free men some beggers call ; but they be free,  
And they which call them so more beggers bee :  
For they doe swinke and swagat to feed the other,  
Who liue like Lords of that which they doe gather,  
And yet doe neuer thank them for the same,  
But as their due by Nature doe it claime,  
Such will we fashion both our felues to bee,  
Lords of the world, and so will wander free  
VVhere so vs listeth, vncontroll'd of any :  
Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so many)  
Light not on some that may our state amend ;  
Sildome but some good cometh ere the end.

VVell seem'd the Ape to like this ordinance :  
Yet well considering the circumstance,  
As pausing in great doubt a while he staid,  
And afterwards with graue aduise ment said ;  
I cannot my life brother like but well  
The purpose of the complot which ye tell :  
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest  
Of each degree) that Beggets life is best :  
And they that thinke themselves the best of all,  
Of-tims to begging are content to fall,  
But this I wote withall, that we shall runne  
Into great danger, like to be vndonne,  
Wildly to wander thus in the worlds eye,  
VVithout Passport or good warrantie,  
For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,  
And for care-marked beaits abroad be bruted :  
Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,  
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,  
And how we may with most securitie,  
Beg amongst those that beggers doe defie.

Right well, deare Gossip, ye aduised haue,  
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will laue  
For ere we farther passe, I will deuise  
A Passport for vs both in fittest wise,  
And by the names of Souldiers vs protect ;  
That now is thought a euile begging sect.  
Be you the Souldier, for you likest are  
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre :  
I will but waite on you, and as occasion  
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion.

The Passport ended, both they forward went,  
The Ape clad Souldier-like, fittor't intent,  
In a blew iacket with a crossie of red,  
And many sturs, as if that he had shed  
Much blood through many wounds therein receaued,  
Which had the vic of his right arme bereaued ;  
Vpon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,  
With a plume feather all to peeces tore :  
His breeches were made after the new cut,  
Al Portugese, looke like an empty gut ;  
And his hie broken high about the heeling,  
And his shooes beateu out with traueling,  
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,  
Seemes that no foes reuengement he did feare ;  
In stead of them a handstone bat he held,  
On which he leaned, as one farre in eld.  
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,  
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuson,

And



And that, which is the noblest myserie,  
 Brings to reproach and common infamie.  
 Long they thus trauald, yet neuer met  
 Adventure, which might them a working set:  
 Yet many waies they sought, and many tryed;  
 Yet for their purposes none fit espied.  
 At last, they chaunc't to meet vpon the way,  
 A simple husbandman in garments gray;  
 Yet though his vesture were but meane and base,  
 A good yeoman he was of honest place,  
 And more for thrift did care then for gay clothing:  
 Gay without good, is good butts greatest lothing.  
 The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight  
 To play his part, for loe he was in sight  
 That (if he em'd not) should them entertaine,  
 And yeeld them timely profit for their paine.  
 Eftsoones the Ape him selfe gan to vpreare,  
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,  
 As if good seruice he were fit to doe;  
 But little thrift for him he did it to:  
 And stoutly forward he his steps did fraine,  
 That like a handiome swaine it him became.  
 When-as they nigh approached, that good man  
 Seeing them wander loosely, first began  
 T'enquire of custome, what and whence they were;  
 To whom the Ape, I ama Souldiere,  
 That late in warres haue spent my dearest blood,  
 And in long seruice lost both limbs and good,  
 And now constrain'd that trade to ouer-giue,  
 I driuen am to seeke some meanes to liue:  
 Which might it you in pittie please t'afford,  
 I would be ready both in deed and word,  
 To doe you faithfull seruice all my daies.  
 This yron world (that fame he weeping saies)  
 Brings downe the stoutest hartts to lowest state;  
 For misery doth brauest mindes abate,  
 And makes them seeke for that they wont to scorne,  
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.

The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,  
 VVas grieu'd, as he had felt part of his paine;  
 And well dispos'd, him some reliefe to shoue,  
 Askt if in husbandry he ought did knowe,  
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,  
 To hedge, to ditch, to thresh, to tharch, to mowe;  
 Or to what labour else he was prepar'd;  
 For husbands life is labourous and hard.

When-as the Ape him heard so much to talke  
 Of labour, that did from his liking halke,  
 He would haue slip't the collar hard stormly  
 And to him said; Good Sir, full glad am I,  
 To take what paines may any liuing wight:  
 But my late maimed limbs lack wou'd might  
 To doe their kindly seruices, as needeth;  
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,  
 So that it may no painfull worke endure,  
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe endure.  
 But if that any other place you haue,  
 Which asks small paines, but thristineesse to saue,  
 Or care to ouer-lookke, or trust to gather,  
 Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father.

VVith that, the husbandman gan him avenge,  
 That it for him was fittest exercise  
 Cattell to keepe, or grounds to ouer-see;  
 And asked him if he could willing bee  
 To keepe his sheepe, or to attend his swine,  
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?  
 Gladly (said he) what euer such like paine  
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine:  
 But gladdest I of your fleecie sheepe  
 (Might it you please) would take on mee the keepe.  
 For ere that vnto a mes I me betooke,  
 Vnto my Fathers sheepe I vs'd to looke,  
 That yet the skill thereof I haue not los'te:  
 There-to right well this Curdog by his coste  
 (Meaning the Foxe) will serue, my sheepe to gather,  
 And drue to follow after their Belwether.

The Husbandman was meanelly well content,  
 T'nal to make of his endeuourment,  
 And home him leading, lent to him the charge  
 Of all his flock, with libertie full large,  
 Giuing account of th'annual increase  
 Both of their Lambs, and of their woolly fleeces.  
 Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,  
 And the false Fox, his dog (God giue them paine)  
 For, ere the yeere haue halfe his courte out-run,  
 And doe retaine from whence it first begun,  
 They shall him make an ill account of thrist.

Now, when-as Time flying with wings swift,  
 Expired had the terme, that these two iawels  
 Should render vp a reckning of their trauels  
 Vnto their master, which it of them sought,  
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,  
 Ne wist what answer vnto him to frame,  
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,  
 For their false treason and vyle cuerie.  
 For, not a lambe of all their flocks supply  
 Had they to slue: but euer as they bred,  
 They slew them, and vpon their fleshes led:  
 For that disguised doe lov'd blood to spill,  
 And drew the wicked shepheard to his will.  
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,  
 And when lambses say'd, the old sheeps liues they rest;  
 That how t'acquire themselves vnto their Lord,  
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.  
 The Fox then counsell'd th'Ape, for to require  
 Relpite till morrow, t'answer his desire:  
 For times delay new hope of help still breeds.  
 The Goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,  
 And bad, next day that all should ready be.  
 But they more subtil meaning had then he:  
 For the next morrowes need they closely meet,  
 For feare of afterclaps for to prevent.  
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were  
 In caselesse sleepe, they without care or feare,  
 Cruelly sell vpon their flock in folde,  
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde:  
 Of which, when-as they feasted had their fill,  
 For a full complement of all their ill,  
 They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,  
 Carried in cloudes of all-concealing night.

So was the husbandman left to his losse,  
 And they vnto their fortunes change to tosse.  
 After which fort they wandered long while,  
 Abusing many through their cloaked guile;  
 That at the last they gan to be defetied  
 Of euery one, and all their sleights espied.  
 So as their begging now them failed quite;  
 For none would giue, but all men would them wyte:  
 Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,  
 But seeke some other way to gaine by giuing,  
 Much like to begging, but much better named;  
 For many beg, which are thereof ashamed.  
 And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,  
 And th'Ape a callocke side-long hanging downe;  
 For their their occupation meant to change,  
 And now in other state abroad to range:  
 For, since their souldiers Pas no better spedd,  
 They for'g'd another, as for Clerks, booke-redd.  
 VVho passing forth, as their aduentures fell,  
 Though many hap, which needs not here to tell;  
 At length, chaunc't with a formall P. iest to meete,  
 VVhom they in ciuill manner first did greet,  
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue,  
 The man straight-way his choler vp did moue,  
 And with reproachfull termes gan them reuile,  
 For following that trade so base and vile;  
 And askt what Licence, or what Pas they had?  
 Ah (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)  
 It's an hard case, when men of good deserting  
 Must either driuen be perforce to steruing,  
 Or asked for their Pas by euery squib,  
 That list at will them to reuile or inib:  
 And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see  
 Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.  
 N the lesse, because you shall not vs misdeeme,  
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,  
 Yee shall our Passport at your pleasure see,  
 And then ye will (I hope) well moued bee.  
 Which when the Priest beheld, he view'd it nere,  
 As if therein some Text he studying were;  
 But little else (God wote) could thereof skill:  
 For, read he could not Evidence, nor Will,  
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,  
 Ne make one title worle, ne make one better:  
 Of such deepe learning little had he neede,  
 Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede  
 Doubts mongst Diuines, and difference of Texts,  
 From whence arise diuersitie of Sects,  
 And hatefull heresies of God abhor'd:  
 But this good Sir did follow the plaine Word,  
 Ne meddled with their controuersies vaine,  
 All his care was, his seruice well to saigne,  
 And to read Homelies on holidayes,  
 VVhen that was done, he might attend his playes;  
 An easie life, and hit high God to please.  
 He, hauing ouer-lookt their Pas at ease,  
 Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,  
 That no good trade of life did entertaine,  
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,  
 Seeing the world, in which they bootlesse bod,

Had waies enow for all therein to liue;  
 Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue.  
 Said then the Fox; Who hath the world not tride,  
 From the right way full eath may wander wide.  
 VVe are but Nouices, new come abroad,  
 VVe haue not yet the tract of any troad,  
 Nor on vs taken any state of life,  
 But ready are of any to make priefe. (proued,  
 Therefore, might please you, which the world haue  
 Vs to aduise, which forth but lately moued,  
 Of some good course, that we might vndertake:  
 Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.

The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,  
 And thereby willing to afford them ayde;  
 It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,  
 Both by your witty words, and by your werkes.  
 Is not that name enough to make a liuing  
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giuing?  
 How many honest men see yee arise  
 Daily thereby, and growe to goodly prize?  
 To Deacons, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,  
 To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;  
 All iolly Prelates, worthy rule to beare,  
 Who euer them envie: yet spight bites nere.  
 Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise  
 Might vnto some of those in time arise?  
 In the meane time to liue in good estate,  
 Louing that loue, and hating those that hate;  
 Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker,  
 Content with little in condition sicker.

Ah! but (said th'Ape) the charge is wondrous great,  
 To feede mens soules, and hath an heauy treat.  
 To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:  
 For, they must feede themselves, doe what we can.  
 We are but charg'd to lay the meat before:  
 Eate they that list, we neede to doe no more.  
 But God it is that feeds them with his grace,  
 The bread of life pour'd downe from heauenly place.  
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod  
 Did rule the Jewes, *All shall be taught of God.*  
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him taught,  
 By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught:  
 He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;  
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.  
 Therefore here-with doe not your selfe dismay;  
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;  
 For not so great as it was wont of yore,  
 It's now adayes, ne halfe so straight and sore.  
 They whylome vsed duly euery day  
 Their seruice and their holy things to say,  
 At noone and euen, besides their Anthem's sweet,  
 Their peny Masses, and their Complices meet;  
 Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their sturits,  
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.  
 Now all those needlesse works are laid away;  
 Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,  
 It is enough to doe our small deuotion,  
 And then to follow any merry motion.  
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,  
 Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,

But with the finest silks vs to aray,  
That before God we may appeare more gay,  
Resembling *Aarons* glory in his place:  
For farre vntil it is, that person base  
Should with vile clothes approach Gods maiestie,  
Whom no vncleannes may approach nic:  
Or that all men which any master serue,  
Good garments for their seruice should deserue;  
But he that serues the Lord of hostis most high,  
And that in highest place, t' approach him nigh,  
And all the peoples prayers to present  
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent  
Both to and fro, should not detruce to weare  
A garment better, than of wooll or haire.  
Beside, we may haue lying by our sides  
Our louely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:  
VVe be not tyde to wilfull chastitee,  
But haue the Gospell of free libertie.

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,  
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson;  
And of the Priest elsfoones gau to enquire,  
How to a Benefice he might aspire.  
Maiee there (said the Priest) is an indeede.  
Much good deepe learning one thereout may reede,  
For, that the ground-woke is, and end of all,  
How to obtaine a Beneficall.

First therefore, when ye haue in hand some wife  
Your selfe attired, as you can deuise,  
Then to some Noble man your selfe apply,  
Or other great one in the worldes eye,  
That hath a zealous disposition  
To God, and so to his religion:  
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,  
Such as no carpers may contrayre reucale:  
For, each thing fained ought more warie bee.  
There thou must walke in sober grauities,  
And seeme as Saint-like as Saint *Katharine*:  
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowely on the ground,  
And vnto euery one doe earnestly meeke:  
These lookes (nought lasing) doe a Benefice seeke,  
And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long.  
But if thee list vnto the Court to throng,  
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,  
Then must thou thee dispose another way:  
For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,  
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,  
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle flock  
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:  
So must thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,  
Vnlesse thou canst one coniuere by deuce,  
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick:  
And if one could, it were but a schoole-trick.  
These be the waies, by which without reward  
Liuing is Court be gorten, though full hard.  
For nothing there is done without a fee:  
The Courtier needs must recompenced bee  
With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage  
The *Primitiue* of your Patronage:  
Scarce can a Bishoprick for pas them by,  
But that it must be gelt in priuie.

Doe not thou therefore seeke a liuing there,  
But of more priuate persons seeke elsewhere,  
Where-as thou maist compound a better penie,  
Ne let thy learning question'd be of any.  
For some good Gentleman that hath the right  
Vnto his Church for to present a wight,  
Will cope with thee in reasonable wize;  
That if the liuing yearly doe arise  
To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne  
Shall twenty haue, and twenty thou list wouine:  
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gite,  
And he will care for all the rest to stut;  
Both, that the Bishop may admit of thee,  
And that therein thou maist maintaine bee.  
This is the way for one that is vnlearn'd  
Liuing to get, and not to be discern'd.  
But they that are great Clerks, haue neerer wayes,  
For learning sake to liuing them to raise:  
Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driuen,  
T'accept a Benefice in peeces riuen.  
How list thou (friend) haue I not well discourt  
Vpon this Common place (though plaine, not wourt):  
Better a short tale, then a bad long flourish.  
Needes any more to learne to get a liuing?  
Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)  
Ye a great master are in your degree:  
Great thanks, I yeeld you for your discipline,  
And doe not doubt, but duly to enchie  
My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly heare.  
The Priest him wish'd good speed, and well to fare.  
So parted they, as eithers way them led.  
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long to well their sped,  
Through the Priests whosome counsell lately taught,  
And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,  
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;  
And *Anderley Reynold* was a Priest ordained;  
And th' Ape his Parish *Clarke* procur'd to bee.  
Then made they reuell roure and goodly glee.  
But ere long time had passed, they lo ill  
Did order their affaires, that th' enill will  
Of all their Parishners they had constrain'd;  
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,  
How fouly they their offices abus'd,  
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd;  
That Pursuants he often for them sent:  
But they negl'ging his commaundement  
So long persist'd obstinate and bold,  
Till at the length he published to hold  
A Visitation, and them eyed thither:  
Then was high time their wits about to gather;  
VWhat did they then, but made a composition  
With their next neighbour Priest for light condition,  
To whom their liuing they resigned quight  
For a few pence, and ran away by night.  
So passing through the Country in disguise,  
They fled far off, where none might thinke surprize,  
And after that long staid heere and there,  
Through euery field and forest farre and nere;  
Yet neuer found occasion for their tourne,  
But almost staru'd, did much lament and mourne.



At last, they chaunc't to meet vpon the way  
 The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,  
 VVith bells and bosses, that full lowly rung,  
 And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.  
 And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.  
 Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise:  
 But he through pride and faines gan despise  
 Their meannesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.  
 Whereat the Fox deepe groning in his sprite,  
 Said, Ah! fir Mule, now blest be the day,  
 That I see you so goodly and so gay  
 In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde  
 Fill'd with round flesh, that every bone doth hide.  
 Seemes that in fruitfull pastures you doe lue,  
 Or Fortune doth you secret fauour giue.

Foolish Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched need  
 Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.  
 For well I weene, thou canst not but envie  
 My wealth, compar'd to thine owne misery,  
 That art so leane and meagre waken late,  
 That scarce thy legs vphold thy feeble gate.  
 Ay me (said then the Fox) whom euill hap  
 Vnworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,  
 And makes the scorne of other beasts to be:  
 But read (saie Sir, of grace) from whence come yee?  
 Or what of rydings you abroad doe heare?  
 Newses may perhaps some good vnweeting beare.

From royall Court I lately came (said he)  
 VVhere all the brauerie that eye may see,  
 And all the happinesse that hart desire,  
 Is to be found; he nothing can admire,  
 That hath not seene that heauens portraiture:  
 But rydings there is none I you assure,  
 Saue that which common is, and knowne to all,  
 That Courtiers as the tyde doe rise and fall.

But, yet vs (said the Ape) we doe you pray,  
 Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway.  
 That if such fortune doe to vs befall,  
 VVe may seeke fauour of the best of all.

Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,  
 Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chace;  
 For in their speedie course and nimble flight  
 The Lion now doth take the most delight:  
 But chiefelic, ioyes on foote them to behold,  
 Enchaste with chaine and circulet of gold:  
 So wilde a beast so tame y taught to bee,  
 And buxome to his bands is ioy to see,  
 So well his golden Circlet him becometh:  
 But his late chaine his Liege vnmeest esteemeth;  
 For so braue beasts hee loueth best to see  
 In the wilde Forrest raunging fresh and free.  
 Therefore if fortune thee in Court to lue,  
 In case thou euer there wilt hope to thrue,  
 To some of these thou must thy selfe apply:  
 Else, as a thistle-downe in th'ayre doth flie,  
 So, vaineelic shalt thou to and fro be tost,  
 And lose thy labour and thy fruitlesse cost.  
 And yet full few that follow them I see,  
 For vertues bare regard aduanced bee,  
 But either for some gainfull benefir,  
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fir.

Nath'lesse, perhaps, ye things may handle so,  
 That ye may better thrue then thousands mo.

But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,  
 That after we may fauour seeke to win?

How else (said he) but with a good bold face,  
 And with big words, and with a stately pace,  
 That men may thinke of you in generall,  
 That to be in you, which is not at all:  
 For, not by that which is, the world now deemeth  
 (As it was wont) but by that same it seemeth.  
 Ne doe I doubt, but that ye well can fashion  
 Your selues there-to, according to occasion:  
 So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee;  
 So proudly neighing, from them parted hee.

Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,  
 How for the Court themselves they might aguize:  
 For thither they themselves meant to addressse,  
 In hope to finde there happier successe;  
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon  
 Him selfe had clothed like a Gentleman,  
 And the slie Fox, as like to be his groomme,  
 That to the Court in seemely fort they come.  
 VVhere the fond Ape himselfe vpreparing hy  
 Vpon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,  
 As if he were some great *Magnifico*,

And boldly doth amongst the boldest go.  
 And his man Reynold with fine counterseuaunce  
 Supports his credite and his countenance.  
 Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euery side,  
 And stare on him, with big lookes baten wide,  
 Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence:  
 For he was clad in strange accoutrements,  
 Fashion'd with quaint deuises neuer seene  
 In Court before, yet there all fashions beene:  
 Yet he them in newfanglednesse did pass:  
 But his behauiour altogether was

*Alla Turchesca*, much the more admyr'd,  
 And his lookes lustie, as if he apyr'd  
 To dispoite, and disdain'd the lowe degree;  
 That all which did such strangenesse in him see,  
 By secret meanes gan of his state enquire,  
 And priuily his seruant thereto hire:  
 VVho, throughly arm'd against such couerture,  
 Reported vnto all, that he was sure  
 A noble Gentleman of high regard,  
 Which through the world had with long trauell far'd,  
 And seene the manners of all beasts on ground;  
 Now heere arriu'd, to see if like he found.

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,  
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine  
 VVith gallant shoue, and daily more augment  
 Through his fine feats and Courtly complement;  
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,  
 And all that else pertaines to reuelling,  
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his toynts.  
 Betides, he could doe many other poynts,  
 The which in Court him serued to good stead:  
 For, he amongst Ladies could their fortunes read  
 Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,  
 And iuggle finely, that became him well;

But he so light was at legier-demaine,  
 That what he toucht, came not to light againe;  
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,  
 And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.  
 So would he teesse them out with mockerie,  
 For he therein had great felicitie;  
 And with sharpe quips joy'd others to deface,  
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:  
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,  
 And made to laugh, his hart was greatly ealed.  
 But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,  
 To heare the Iauell so good men to nip:  
 For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,  
 And comm. on Courtiers loue to gybe and feare  
 At every thing, which they heare spoken ill,  
 And the best speeches with ill meaning spill;  
 Yet the braue Courtier, in whose beauntous thought  
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,  
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite  
 Anies good name for envie or despite:  
 He stands on termes of honourable mind,  
 Ne will be carried with the common wind  
 Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,  
 Ne after euery tattling fable stie;  
 But heares, and sees the follies of the rest,  
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:  
 He will not creepe, nor crouch with fained face,  
 But walks vpright with comely stedfast pace,  
 And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie;  
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,  
 As that faine Apsthruc is wont to doe:  
 For he disdaines himselfe to embasse there-to.  
 He hates foule leasings, and vile flatterie,  
 Two filthy blots in noble Gentrie;  
 And lothefull idleness he doth detest,  
 The canker-worme of euery gentle breast:  
 The which to banish with faire exercise  
 Of knightly feates, he daily doth deuise:  
 Now menaging the mouthes of stul borne sledes,  
 Now practising the prooue of warlike deedes,  
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,  
 Now the nigh-aymed ring away to beare;  
 At other times he casts to lew the chace  
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,  
 To enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most needful)  
 Or else by wrestling to wax strong and heedful,  
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,  
 And manly legs, still passing to and fro,  
 VVithout a powned beast him fall beside;  
 A vaine ensample of the *Persian* pride,  
 VVho after he had wonne th' *Assyrian* foe,  
 Did euer after scoone on foote to goe.  
 Thus when this Courty Gentleman with toyle  
 Himselfe hath weared, he doth reioyce  
 Vnto his rest, and there with sweet delight  
 Of Musicks skill reuies his toyled spight;  
 Or else with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,  
 The ioy of youth, himselfe he reconforts:  
 Or lastly, when the body list to pause,  
 His minde vnto the Mules he with-drawes;

Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight,  
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light:  
 With whom he close confers with wile discourse,  
 Of Natures workes, of heauens continuall course,  
 Of forsaie lands, of people dissentent,  
 Of kingdoms change, of diuers government,  
 Of dreadfull batailles, of renowned Knights;  
 With which he kindly his ambitious spights  
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,  
 The only vp-shot where-to he doth aime:  
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,  
 To which he leuels all his purposes,  
 And in his Princes seruice spends his daies,  
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise  
 Himselfe to high degree; as for his grace,  
 And in his liking to winne worthy place,  
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,  
 In what-so please employ his persionage,  
 That may be matter meet to gaine him praise;  
 For he is fit to vse in all assaies,  
 Whether for Armes and warlike ameouance,  
 Or else for wise and euill gouernance.  
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,  
 And there-to doth his courting most apply:  
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,  
 To marketh intent of Counsellis, and the change  
 Of states, and eke of priuate ment (some-while,  
 Supplanted by his falsehood and faire guile;  
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit  
 To enrich the storehoue of his powerfull wit,  
 Which through wise speeches, and graue conference  
 He daily ceakes, and brings to excellencie.

Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kind:  
 But vnto such the Ape lent not his mind;  
 Such were for him no fit companions,  
 Such would delcye his lewd conditions:  
 But the young lustie gallants he did chose  
 To follow, meet to whom he might disclose  
 His wiselike pleasure, and ill-pleasing vaine.  
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,  
 With all the thriftlesse games that may be found,  
 With mumming and with masking; all around,  
 VVith dice, with cards, with balliards far and neere,  
 VVith shuttlecocks, miskenning manly wite,  
 VVith courtizans, and costly ratiue,  
 VVhere of stull some what to his thare did rize:  
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes loorne  
 A Pandars coate (so basely he borne);  
 There-to he could fine louing vertes frame,  
 And play the Poet oft. But ah! for shame,  
 Let not sweet Poets praise, whose onely pride  
 Is vertue to aduance, and vice deride,  
 Be with the worke of losels wite defamed,  
 Ne let such vertes Poetry be named:  
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take,  
 Mangle the sacred Muses, and it make  
 A seruant to the vile affection  
 Of such, as he depended most vpon,  
 And with the slegy sweet thees of all iue  
 Chaste Ladies eares to fantasies impure.

To such delights the noble wits he led  
 Which him relieu'd, and their vaine humors fed  
 VVith fruitlesse follies, and vnfound delights.  
 But if perhaps into their noble sprights  
 Desire of honour, or braue thought of armes  
 Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes  
 And strong conceits he would it drue away,  
 Ne suffer it to houle there half a day.  
 And when to loue of letters did inspire  
 Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire  
 That chiefly doth each noble mind adorne,  
 Then he would seeke at learning, and eke scorn  
 The Sectaries thereof, as people base,  
 And simple men, which neuer came in place  
 Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,  
 Muttred of matters, as their bookes them shewd,  
 Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,  
 But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine.  
 From them he would his impudent lewd speach  
 Against Gods holy Ministers oft reach,  
 And mock Diuines and their profession:  
 VVhat else then did he by progression,  
 But mock high God himselfe, whom they profess?  
 But what car'd he for God or godlines?  
 All his care was himselfe how to aduance,  
 And to vphold his courtly countenance  
 By all the cunning meanes he could deuise;  
 Were it by honest waies, or otherwise,  
 He made small choice: yet sure his honestie  
 Got him small gaines, but shamelesse flattery,  
 And filthy brocage, and vnseemly shifts,  
 And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:  
 But the best help, which chiefly him sustain'd,  
 Was his man Reynolds purchase which he gain'd.  
 For he was school'd by kind in all the skill  
 Of close conuoyance, and each practise ill  
 Of coosinage and cleanly knauerie,  
 Which oft maintin'd his masters brauery.  
 Besides, he vs'd another slippery flight,  
 In taking on himselfe in common sight,  
 False personages; fit for euery sted,  
 With which he thousands cleanly coosined:  
 Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue,  
 With whom his credite he did often leaue  
 In gage, for his gay Masters hopelesse dett:  
 Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,  
 Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,  
 Which he had neuer, nor ought like the same:  
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw in  
 Both wares and mooney, by exchange to win:  
 Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell,  
 Bargaines of woods, which he did lately sell,  
 Or corne, or cattle, or such other wares,  
 There-by to coosin men not well aware;  
 Of all the which there came a secret fee  
 To th' Ape, that he his countenance might see.  
 Besides all this, he vs'd oft to beguile  
 Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while:  
 For he would learne their busines secretly,  
 And then informe his Master hastily,

That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,  
 And beg the sute the which the other meant;  
 Or otherwise, false Reynold would abuse  
 The simple Suter, and with him to chuse  
 His Master, being one of great regard  
 In Court, to compas any fate not hard,  
 In case his paines were recompenc't with reason:  
 So would he worke the silly man by treason  
 To buy his Masters frivulous good will,  
 That had not power to doe him good or ill,  
 So pittifull a thing is Suters state.  
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate  
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for bad-wifft,  
 That few haue found, and many one hath mist;  
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,  
 VVhat hell it is, in suing long to bide:  
 To loose good dayes that might he better spent;  
 To waste long nights in pensie discontent:  
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;  
 To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;  
 To haue thy asking, yet waite many yeeres;  
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;  
 To eate thy hart through comfortlesse despair;  
 To fawne, to crouche, to wait, to ride, to ranne;  
 To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne.  
 Vnhappy wight, borne to delectous end,  
 That doth his life in so long tennance spend.  
 Who euer leaues sweet home, where meane estate  
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate,  
 findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;  
 And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,  
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe a daw will try:  
 That curse God send vnto mine enemy.  
 For none but such as this bold Ape vnblest,  
 Can euer thrice in that vn lucky quest;  
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,  
 That by his shifts his Master furnish can.  
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide  
 His crafty feates, but that they were descride  
 At length, by such as fate in iustice feat,  
 VVho for the same him foully did entreat;  
 And hauing worthily him punished,  
 Out of the Court for euer banished,  
 And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,  
 That wont prouide his necessaries, gan  
 To growe into great lack, ne could vp-holde  
 His countenance in those his garments olde;  
 Ne new ones could he easily prouide,  
 Though all men him vncafed gan deride,  
 Like as a Puppit placed in a play,  
 Whose part once past, all men bid take away:  
 So that he driuen was to great distresse,  
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.  
 Then closely as he might, he cast to leaue  
 The Court, not asking any Pas or leaue;  
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,  
 Ne euer stayd in place, ne spake to wight,  
 Till that the Foxe his copemate he had found,  
 To whom complayning his vnhappy found,



At last againe with him in trauell joynd,  
 And with him far'd some better chauce to finde.  
 So in the world long time they wandered,  
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;  
 That them repeated much to foolishly  
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,  
 And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,  
 Though eating hips, and drinking watry forme.

Thus as they them complained to and fro,  
 VVhil'ft through the forest reebleffe they did goe,  
 Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,  
 The Lion sleeping lay in secret shade,  
 His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,  
 And hauing doft for hear his dreadfull hide:  
 VVhich when they sawe, the Ape was sore afraide,  
 And would haue fled with terror all dismaide.  
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,  
 And bad him put all cowardize away:  
 For now was time (if euer they would hope)  
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,  
 And them for euer highly to aduaunce,  
 In case the good which their owne happy chauce  
 Them freely offred, they would wisely take.

Scarce could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake,  
 Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,  
 Where nought but dread & death do seeme in stowe.

Now (said he) whiles the Lion sleepeth sound,  
 May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,  
 And eke his skinnie, the terror of the wood,  
 Where-with we may our selues (if we thinke good)  
 Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests all,  
 Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.

Ah I but (said th' Ape) who is so bold a wretch,  
 That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch;  
 VVhen as he knowes his meed, if he be spide,  
 To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?

Fond Ape (said then the Foxe) into whose brest  
 Neuer crept thought of honour, nor braue gest,  
 VVho will not venture life a King to bee,  
 And rather rule and raigne in soueraigne see,  
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,  
 Where none shall name the number of his place?  
 One ioyous houre in blisfull happinels,  
 I chuse before a life of wretchednes.  
 Be therefore counselled here in by me,  
 And shake off this vile-barted cowardree.  
 If hee awake, yet is not death the next,  
 For we may couler it with some pretext  
 Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime:  
 Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clime,  
 And I creepe vnder ground; both from his reach:  
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doe teach.

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,  
 Now gan some courage vnto him to take,  
 And was content to attempt that enterprife,  
 Tickled with glory and rash couetise;  
 But first gan question, whether should assay  
 Those royall ornaments to steale away.

Mary that shall your selfe (quoth he thereto)  
 For ye be fine and numble it to doo;

Of all the beasts which in the forests bee,  
 Is not a fitter for this ruce than yee:  
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good hart,  
 And euer thinke a kingdom is your part.

Loath was the Ape (though praised) to adventure,  
 Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,  
 Afraid of eury lease that stir'd him by,  
 And eury slick, that vnderneath did ly;  
 Vpon his tiptoes oicly he vp went,  
 For making noyse, and still his care he lent  
 To eury sound, that vnder heauen blew,  
 Now went, now step, now crept, now backward drew,  
 That it good sport had been him to haue cyde:  
 Yet at the last (so well he him applyde)  
 Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,  
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,  
 And with the Foxes help them borne aside,  
 Into a secret corner vncspide.

VVhither when as they came, they fell at words,  
 VVhether of them should be the Lord of Lords:  
 For th'Ape was stryfull, and ambitious;  
 And the Foxe guilefull, and most couetous,  
 That neither pleased was, to haue the raine  
 Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,  
 But either (algates) would be Lords alone:  
 For Loue and Lordship bid no paragone.

I am most worthy (said the Ape) with I  
 For it did put my life in iopardy:  
 There-to I am in person and in stature  
 Most like a man, the Lord of eury creature,  
 So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,  
 And borne to be a kingly Soueraigne.

Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray:  
 For though to steale the Diademe away  
 Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I  
 Did first deuise the plot by policie;  
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit:  
 For which also I claime my selfe more fit  
 Than you, to rule: for government of state  
 Will without wisdom soone be ruinate.  
 And where you claime your selfe for outward shape  
 Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape  
 In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirit;  
 But I therein most like to him doe merite  
 For my sly wyles and subtil craftinesse,  
 The title of the kingdom to possesse.  
 Nath'lesse (my brother) since we passed are  
 Vnto this poynt, we will appeare our iarre,  
 And I with reason meet will rest content,  
 That ye shall haue both crowne and government,  
 Vpon condition that ye ruled bee  
 In all affaires, and counselled by mee;  
 And that ye let none other euer drawe  
 Your minde from mee, but keepe this as a lawe:  
 And herevpon an oath vnto me plight.

The Ape was glad to end the litte so light,  
 And there-to swore: for who would not oft swear,  
 And oft vnswear, a Diademe to beare?  
 Then freely vp those royall spoyles hee tooke,  
 Yet as the Lions skin heinly quooke;

But it dissembled, and vpon his head  
 The Crowne, and on his back the skin he did,  
 And the false Foxe him helped to array.  
 Then when he was all dight, he tooke his way  
 Into the forest, that he might be seene  
 Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.  
 There the two sit, whom he encountered, were  
 The Sheepe and th' Ayle, who striken both with feare  
 At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,  
 But vnto them the Foxe aloud did cry,  
 And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,  
 Vpon the paine that thereof follow may.  
 Hardly nath'lesse were they restrained so,  
 Till that the Foxe forth toward them did go,  
 And there dissuaded them from needlesse feare,  
 For that the King did fauour to them beare;  
 And therefore dreadlesse bad them come to Corte:  
 For no wilde beasts should doe them any torte  
 There or abroad, ne would his maiestie  
 Vie them but well, with gracious clemencie,  
 As whom he knew to him both fast and true;  
 So he perfwaded them with homage due  
 Themselues to humble to the Ape prostrate,  
 V who gently to them bowing in his gate,  
 Received them with chearfull entertaine.

Thence, forth proceeding with his princely traine,  
 He shortly met the Tygte, and the Bore,  
 Which with the simple Camell rag'd fore  
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,  
 Vpon his fleshy corps to make invasion:  
 But soone as they this mock-King did espy,  
 Their troublous strife they stinnyd by and by,  
 Thinking indeede that it the Lion was.  
 He then to proue whether his power would pass  
 As currant, sent the Foxe to them straight way,  
 Commanding them their cause of strife bewray;  
 And if that wrong on either side there were,  
 That he should warrne the wronger to appeare  
 The morrow next at Court, it to defend;  
 In the meane time vpon the King t'attend.

The subtle Foxe so well his message said,  
 That the proud beafts him readily obeyd:  
 Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomach woxe,  
 Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe;  
 That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,  
 And all the beafts him feared as they ought:  
 And followed vnto his Palace he,  
 Where taking Conge, each one by and by  
 Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,  
 Full of the feared sight which late they sawe.

The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,  
 Estfoones by counsell of the Foxe alone,  
 Gan to provide for all things in assurance,  
 That to his rule might longer haue endurance.  
 First, to his Gate he pointed a strong guard,  
 That none might enter but with iustice hard:  
 Then for the safeguard of his personage,  
 He did appoint a warlike equipage  
 Of forraine beafts, nor in the forest bred,  
 But part by land, and part by water fed;

For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported,  
 Then vnto him all monstrous beafts resorted  
 Bred of two kindes; as Griffons, Minotaures,  
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:  
 With those him selfe he strengthened mightilie,  
 That feare he need no force of enemy,  
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,  
 Like as the Foxe did guide his gracelesse skill,  
 And all wilde beafts made vassals of his pleasures,  
 And with their spoyles enlarg'd his priuate treasures,  
 No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason,  
 No temperance, nor no regard of reason  
 Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,  
 But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,  
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogance;  
 Such follows those whom fortune doth aduance.

But the false Fox most kindly plaid his part:  
 For, what'ocuer mother wit, or arte  
 Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practise lie,  
 No counterpoint of cunning policie,  
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,  
 But he the same did to his purpose wing,  
 Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,  
 But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.  
 All offices, all Leases by him lept,  
 And of them all what-so he likte, he kept.  
 Iustice he solde in iustice for to buy,  
 And for to purchase for his progeny.  
 Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was:  
 But so he got it, little did he pass,  
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,  
 And with the sweet of others sweating toyle,  
 He cramm'd them with crumbs of Benefices,  
 And fill'd their mouths with meeds of malfeices,  
 He clothed them with all colours saue white,  
 And loaded them with Lordships and with might,  
 So much as they were able well to beare,  
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;  
 He chaffed Chayres in which Churchmen were set,  
 And breach of lawes to priue ferme did let.  
 No statute so established might be,  
 Nor ordinance so needfull, but that he  
 VVould violate, though not with violence,  
 Yet vnder colour of the confidence  
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,  
 And reckned him the kingdoms corner-stone,  
 And euer when he ought would bring to pass,  
 His long experience the platforme was:  
 And when he ought nor pleasing would put by,  
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,  
 For to encrease the common treasures store;  
 But his owne treasure he encreased more,  
 And lifted vp his lofty wares thereby,  
 That they began to threar the neighbour sky;  
 The whiles the Princes Palaces fell fast  
 To ruine: (for what thing can euer last  
 And with't the other Peeres for pouertie  
 VVere forc't their ancient houles to let lie,  
 And their old Costies to the ground to fall,  
 VVhich their forefathers famous ouer all)



Had founded for the Kingdoms ornament,  
 And for their memories long monument.  
 But he no count made of Nobilitie,  
 Nor the wilde beasts whom Armes did glorifie,  
 The Realmes chiefe strength & girlond of the Crowe;  
 All these through faigned crimes he thrust adowne,  
 Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:  
 For none, but whom he list might come in place.  
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,  
 But kept them lowe, and streightned very hard.  
 For men of learning little he esteemed;  
 His wisdom he aboue their learning deemed.  
 As for the rescall Commons least he cared;  
 For not so common was his bounty shared;  
 Let God (said he) if please, care for the many,  
 I for my selfe must care before else any:  
 So did he good to none, to many ill,  
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,  
 Yet none durst speak, nor none durst of him plaine;  
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gaioe.  
 Ne would he any let to haue access  
 Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addressse:  
 For all that else did come, were sure to faile,  
 Yet would he further none but for auail.  
 For, on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore  
 The Fox had promised of friendship store,  
 VVhat time the Ape the kingdome first did gaioe,  
 Came to the Court, her care there to complaine,  
 How that the Wolfe her mortal enemy  
 Had sithence flaine her Lambe most cruelly;  
 And therefore crād'd to come vnto the King,  
 To let him knowe the order of the thing.  
 Soft goodly Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not so;  
 Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe,  
 He is with greater matter busied,  
 Than a Lamb, or the Lambs owne mothers hed;  
 Ne certes may I take it well in part,  
 That ye my cousin Wolfe so foully thwart;  
 And seeke with flander his good name to blot:  
 For there was cause, else doe it he would not.  
 Therefore surcease good Dame; and hence depart,  
 So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.  
 So many moe, for euery one was wred,  
 That to giue largely to the boxe refused.

Now when high Ioue, in whose almighty haud  
 The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,  
 Sitting one day within his turret hie,  
 From whence he viewes with his black-lidded eye,  
 VVhat-so the heauen in his wide vawte contains,  
 And all that in the deepest earth remains,  
 And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts beheld,  
 Whom not their kindly Soueraigne did weld,  
 But an vsurping Ape with guile suborn'd,  
 Had all subwert, he disdainfully it scorn'd  
 In his great hart, and hardly did reframe,  
 But that with thunder-bolts he had him laide,  
 And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed:  
 But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed  
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame  
 Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name

Vnto the world, that neuer after any  
 Should of his race be voyd of infamy:  
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,  
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,  
 From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stall'd,  
 Forth with he *Mercurie* vnto him call'd,  
 And bad him fide with neuer-resting speed  
 Vnto the forest, where wilde beasts doe breed,  
 And there enquire priuily, to learne,  
 VVhat did of late chauce to the Lion stearne,  
 That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;  
 And whence were all those plaints vnto him brought  
 Of wrongs and spoiles, by saluage beasts committed;  
 VVhich done, he bad the Lion be remitted  
 Into his seat, and those same treachours vile  
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.  
 The sonne of *Mars* soone as he receiud  
 That word, straight with his azure wings he cleand  
 The liquid cloudes, and lucid firmament;  
 Ne said, till that he came with sleepe descent  
 Vnto the place, where his prescript did showe.  
 There stooping like an arrowe from a bowe,  
 He fast arrived on the grassie Plaine,  
 And fairly passed forth with easie paine,  
 Till that vnto the Palace nigh he came.  
 Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,  
 And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,  
 Which wonts to deck the Gods in mortall crew,  
 And beautifie the thine firment,  
 He doft, vnfit for that rude rabblement.  
 So standing by the gates in strange disguise,  
 He gan enquire of some in secret wise,  
 Both of the King, and of his gouernment,  
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:  
 And euermore he heard each one complaine  
 Of foule abuses both in realme and raigne,  
 Which yet to proue more true, he meant to see,  
 And an eye-witnes of each thing to bee.  
 Tho, on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,  
 VVhich maketh him invisible in sight,  
 And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,  
 Making them thinke it but a vision. (swords;  
 Through power of that, hec runnes through enemies  
 Through power of that, he passeth through the herds  
 Of rauenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile  
 Their greedie mouths of the expected poile;  
 Through power of that, his cunning theecuries  
 He wouts to worke, that none the same espies;  
 And through the power of that, he putteth on,  
 VVhat shape he list in apparition.  
 Tbat on his head he wore: and in his hand  
 He tooke *Caduceus* his snake wand,  
 With which the damned ghosts he gouerneth,  
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.  
 VVith that he causeth sleepe to seize the eyes,  
 And teare the parts of all his enemies;  
 And when him list, an vninterall night  
 Throughout the world he makes on euery wight;  
 As when his Sire with *Alcumena* lay,  
 Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,



Both through the gard, which neuer him deseride,  
 And through the watchmen, who him neuer spide:  
 Thence, forth he past into each secret part,  
 Whereas he (sawe that sorely grieu'd his hart)  
 Each place abounding with foule iniuries,  
 And hid with treasure rackt with robberyes:  
 Each place dcilde with blood of guiltles beasts,  
 Which had bene flaine to serue the Apes bechalls;  
 Gluttony, malice, pride, and couetize,  
 And lawlesnes raigning with rrotize;  
 Besides the infinite extortions,  
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,  
 That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.  
 VWhich when he did with lothfull eyes behold,  
 He would no more endure, but came his way,  
 And cast to seeke the Lion where he may,  
 That he might worke the auengement for this shame,  
 On those two caytiues, which had bred him blame.  
 And seeking all the Forrest busily,  
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly:  
 The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,  
 From vnderneath his head he tooke away,  
 And then him waking, forced vp to rise.  
 The Lion looking vp, gan him auize,  
 As one late in a trance, what had of long  
 Become of him: for fantasie is strong.  
 Arise (said *Mercurie*) thou sluggish beast,  
 That heere liest senselesse, like the corpse deceast,  
 The whist thy kingdome from thy head is rent,  
 And thy throne royall with dishonor bent:  
 Arise, and doe thy selfe redeeme from shame,  
 And be aueng'd on those that breed thy blame.  
 There-at enraged, soone he gan vp-flart,  
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,  
 And rousing vp himselfe, for his rough hide  
 He gan to reach; but no where it espide.  
 There-with he gan full terribly to rore,  
 And chaunt at that indignity right fore,  
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted  
 Lord how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd and panted;  
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours  
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours  
 With that in haste, disroabed as he was,  
 He toward his owne Palace forth did pass;

And all the way he roared as he went,  
 That all the Forrest with astonishment  
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein  
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.  
 At last, he came vnto his mansion,  
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,  
 And many warders round about them stood.  
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,  
 That all the Palace quaked at the sound,  
 As if it quite were risen from the ground,  
 And all within were dead and hartlesse left;  
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were rest,  
 Fled heere and there, and euery corner sought,  
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.  
 But the false Fox, when he the Lion heard,  
 Fled closely forth, straight-way of death afraid,  
 And to the Lion came full lowly creeping,  
 With fained face, and warty eene halfe weeping,  
 T'excuse his former treason and abusion,  
 And turning all vnto the Apes confusion:  
 Nath'lesse, the royall Beast forboore beleueing,  
 But bad him stay at ease till further preueing.  
 Then when he sawe no entrance to him granted,  
 Roaring yet lower that all harts it daunted,  
 Vpon those gates with force he fiercely flew,  
 And reeding them in peeces, felly flew  
 Those warders strange, and all that clew he met.  
 But th' Ape still flying, be no where might get:  
 From roume to roume, from beame to beame he fled  
 All breathlesse, and for feare now almost ded:  
 Yet him at last the Lion spide, and caught,  
 And forth with shame vnto his iudgement brought.  
 Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,  
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see.  
 The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,  
 He did vnface; and then abroad let flee.  
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight  
 Cut off, and both eares pared of their height;  
 Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,  
 And of their tailles are vtrely bereft.

So *Mother Hubberd* her discourse did end;  
 VWhich pardon me, if I amille haue pend;  
 For, wake was my remembrance it to hold,  
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly sold.

FINIS.





COLIN CLOVTS  
**COME HOME**  
AGAIN.

By *Edm. Spencer.*



AT LONDON,  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*



THE GOLDEN CLOVE  
COME HOME  
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By Edm. Spenser.



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Printed by H. E. for M. A. S. & Co. in Strand.





TO THE RIGHT WORTHY  
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Ralcigh*, Captaine  
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-  
neries, and Lieutenant of the Countie  
of *Cornwall*.



IR, that you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull, though not precisely officious; I make you present of this simple Pastorall, vnworthy of your higher conceipt for the meanenesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The vvchich I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden vnto you (for your singular fauours, and sundry good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenance protect against the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

*Yours euer humbly.*

Ed. Sp.



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# COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

**T**HE shepherds boy (best known by that name)  
 That after **T I R Y R V S** first sung his lay,  
 Laies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,  
 Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,  
 Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,  
 The shepheard swaines that did about him play :  
 Who all the while with greedy listfull cares,  
 Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,  
 Like hartlesse Deare, dismayd with thunders found.  
 At last, when as he piped had his fill,  
 He rested him: and sitting then around,  
 One of those groomes (a iolly groomer was hee,  
 As euer piped on an oaten reed,  
 And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,  
 Hight **H O B B I N O L L**) gan thus to him areed :  
**C O L I N**, my life, my life, how great a losse  
 Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke ?  
 And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest ofrosse :  
 That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back  
 Was heard to sound as she was wont on hie,  
 Hast made vs all so blessed and so flythe.  
 Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:  
 The woods were heard to waille full many a fythe,  
 And all their birds with silence to complaine :  
 The fields with faded flowers did seeme to mourne,  
 And all their flocks from feeding to refrain :  
 The running waters wept for thy returne,  
 And all their fish with languour did lament :  
 But now both woods, and fields, and floods reuiue,  
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,  
 That vs late dead, hast made againe aliue :  
 But were it not too painefull to reapeate  
 The passed fortunes which to thee befell  
 In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,  
 Now at thy leisure them to vs to tell.  
 To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,  
**H O B B I N**, thou temptest me to that I couet:  
 For of good passed, newly to discus,  
 By double vsurie doth twise renew it.  
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eye,  
 Her worlds bright sun, her heauens fairest light,  
 My mind full of my thoughts satietie,  
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight :  
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,  
 Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,  
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright,

My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure,  
 Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Muse awake,  
 Till I haue told her praises lasting long :  
**H O B B I N** desires, thou maist it oot forsake,  
 Harke then ye iolly shepherds to my song.  
 With that, they all gan throng about him neare,  
 With hungry eares to heare his harmonie :  
 The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,  
 Did round about them feede at libertie.  
 One day (quoth he) I fate (as was my trade)  
 Vnder the foote of **M O L E**, that mountaine bore,  
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,  
 Of the Greene alders by the **M V L L A S** shore :  
 There a strange shepheard chaunt to find me out,  
 Whether allured with my pipes delight,  
 Whose pleasing sound yshuffled far about,  
 Or thither led by chauce, I know nor right :  
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,  
 And how he hight : himselfe he did yecepe,  
 The shepheard of the **O C E A N** by name,  
 And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.  
 He fitting me beside in that same shade,  
 Prouoked me to play some pleasant fit.  
 And when he heard the musick which I made,  
 He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it :  
 Yet, smiling my pipe, he tooke in hand  
 My pipe, before that I was of many,  
 And plaid thereon : (for well that skill hee cond)  
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.  
 He pip't, I sing : and when hee sang, I piped,  
 By change of turnes, each making other mery,  
 Neither enuyng other, nor enuid,  
 So pip'd we, vntill we both were wearie.  
 There interrupting him, a bonny swaine,  
 That **C Y D D Y** hight, him thus arwene bespake :  
 And should it not thy ready course restraine,  
 I would request thee **C O L I N**, for my sake,  
 To tell what thou dost sing, when hee did play.  
 For well I weene it worth recounting was,  
 Whether it were some hymne, or morall lay,  
 Or caroll made to praise thy loued Lasse.  
 Nor of my loue, nor of my Lasse, quoth he,  
 I then did sing, as then occasion fell :  
 For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,  
 That made me in that desert choise to dwell.  
 But of my riuier **B R E G O S** loue I soong,



## Colin Clouts come home againe.

Which to the stony M V L L A he did beare,  
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long  
As water doth within his banks appeare.

Of fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,  
Record to vs that louely lay againe:  
The stay whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,  
Who all that C O L I N makes, do couet faire.

Hear then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,  
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:  
No leasing new, nor Gramdens fable stale,  
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

Old father M O L E, (M O L E hight that mountain gray  
That wall's the Northside of A R M V L L A dale)  
He had a daughter fresh as flowre of May,  
Whose name that name vnto that pleasant vale:  
M V L L A the daughter of old M O L E, so hight  
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,  
That springing out of M O L E, doth run downe right  
To B Y T E V A N T, where spreading forth at large,  
It giueth name vnto that ancient Citie,  
Which K I L N E M V L L A H cleped is of old:  
Whose cragg'd ruines breed great ruth and pittie,  
To trauellers, which it from farre behold.

Full faire she lou'd, and was belou'd full faire.  
Of her owne brother riuer, B R E G O G hight,  
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,  
Which he with M V L L A wrought to win delight.  
But her old sire, more careful of her good,  
And meaning her much better to preferre,  
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,

Which A L L O hight, Broad-water called farre:  
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,  
That he that riuer for his daughter womne:  
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,  
The place appointed where it should be donne.  
Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held;  
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,  
And B R E G O G did so well her fancie weld,  
That her good will he got, her first to wedde.  
But for her father sitting still on hie,  
Did warily still watch which way she went,  
And eke from farre obseru'd with iecalous eye,  
Which way his course the wanton B R E G O G bent,  
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,  
The wily louer did devise this flight:

First into many parts his streame he shar'd,  
That whilst the one was watcht, the other might  
Pass vncspide to meet her by the way:  
And then besides, those little streames so broken,  
He vnder ground so closely did conuay,  
That of their passage doth appeare no token,  
Till they into the M V L L A S water slide.

So, secretly did he his loue enjoy:  
Yet not so secret but it was descride,  
And told her father by a shepherds boy.  
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,  
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill  
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might  
His passage, and his water-courses spill.  
So of a Riuer, which he was of old,  
He none was made, but leaured all to nought,

And lost among those rocks into him rold,  
Did lose his name: so deare his loue he bought.

Which hauing said, him T H E S T Y L I S bespake,  
Now by my life, this was a merry lay:  
Worthy of C O L I N S selfe, that did it make,  
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,  
What ditie did that other shepheard sing?  
For I doe couet most the same to heare,  
As men vs most to couet forraine thing.  
That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.  
His song was all a lamentable lay,  
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,  
Of C Y N T H I A the Lady of the Sea,  
Which from her presence, faultlesse him debar'd.  
And euer anon with singules rise,  
He cried out, to make his vnder-song,  
Ah my loue Queene, and Goddesse of my life,  
Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?

Then gan a gentle bonny lass to speake,  
That M A R T I N hight, Right well he sure did plaine,  
That could great C Y N T H I A S fore displeasure break;  
And moue to take him to her grace againe.  
But tell on further C O L I N, as besell  
T'wixt him and thee, that thee did hence disswade.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,  
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,  
He gan to cast great liking to my lore,  
And great disliking to my lucklesse lot,  
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,  
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.

The which to leaue, thenceforth he counfeld mee,  
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,  
And wend with him, his C Y N T H I A to see:  
Whose grace was great, & bountie most rewardfull.  
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,  
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,  
Such as all woman-kind did farre excell:  
Such as the world admur'd, and praised it:  
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,  
He me perwaded forth with him to fare:  
Nought tooke I with me, but mine owen quill,  
Small needments else need shepherds to prepare.  
So to the sea we came; the sea? that is,  
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,  
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,  
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry.

And is the sea, quoth C O R I D O N, so fearefull?  
Fearefull much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:  
Thousand wilde beasts, with deep mouthes gaping dire-  
Therin still wait, poore passengers to teare. (full,  
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,  
Before he die, already dead with feare,  
And yet would liue with heart halfe stony cold,  
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.  
And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,  
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,  
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring streames  
Seeke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to hell.  
For as we stood there waiting on the strand,  
Behold, an huge great vessell to vs came,  
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,

## Colin Clouts come home againe.

As if it found the danger of the same;  
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,  
 Glewed together with some subtle matter,  
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,  
 And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.  
 Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,  
 That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,  
 Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe  
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.  
 The same aboard vs gently did receiue,  
 And without harme, vs farre away did beare,  
 So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,  
 And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.  
 Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,  
 That shepheard I besought to me to tell,  
 Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,  
 In which I saw no liuing people dwell.  
 Who me recomforting all that he might,  
 Told me that that same was the Regiment  
 Of a great shepheardesse, that CYNTHIA hight,  
 His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.  
 If then, quoth I, a shepheardesse she be,  
 Where be the flocks and heards, which she doth keepe?  
 And where may I the hills and pastures see,  
 On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?  
 These be the hills, quoth he, the ferges hie,  
 On which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:  
 Her heards be thousand fishes with their frise,  
 Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.  
 Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,  
 Is TRITON, blowing loud his wretched horne:  
 At sound whereof, they all for their reliefe  
 Wend to and fro at euening and their morne.  
 And PROTEVS ke with him does driue his heard  
 Of stinking Seales and Porpises together,  
 With hoaty head and deawie dropping beard,  
 Compelling them which way he list, and whither.  
 And I among the rest of many least,  
 Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:  
 Where I will liue or die at her behest,  
 And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.  
 Besides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,  
 And of immortal race, do still attend, (shorne,  
 To wash faire CYNTHIAES sheepe, when they be  
 And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.  
 Those be the Shepherds which my CYNTHIA serue,  
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:  
 For land and sea my CYNTHIA doth deserue  
 To haue in her commandment at hand.  
 Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more  
 And more, at length we land far off descride:  
 Which sight much gladded me; for much afore  
 I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde:  
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,  
 As if the way she perfectly had knowen.  
 We LVNDAY passe; by that same name is ment  
 An Island, which the first to West was showne.  
 From thence another world of land we kend,  
 Floating amid the sea in leopardie,  
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,  
 Against the seas encroching crueltie.

Those same the shepheard, told me, were the fields  
 In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heards fed,  
 Faire goodly fields, then which ARMYLLA yeelds  
 None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.  
 The first to which we nigh approched, was  
 An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,  
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,  
 Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:  
 There did a lustie mount at first vs greet,  
 Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,  
 That seemd amid the ferges for to siet,  
 Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:  
 There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,  
 And put vs all ashore on CYNTHIAS land.  
 What land is that thou meanst, then CYDDY said,  
 And is there other, then whereon we stand?  
 Ah CYDDY, then quoth COLIN, thou'st a son,  
 That hast not seene least part of Natures worke:  
 Much more there is vnkend, then thou doost know,  
 And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.  
 For that same land much larger is then this,  
 And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:  
 There fruitfull come, faire trees, fresh herbage is  
 And all things else that liuing creatures need.  
 Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,  
 No whit inferiour to thy FYNCHINS praise,  
 Or vnto ALLO, or to MYLLA cleare:  
 Nought hast thou foolishly boy seene in thy daies.  
 But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,  
 And is their heauen likewise there all one?  
 And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,  
 Like as in this same world where we doon?  
 Both heauen and heauenly graces do much more,  
 Quoth he, abound in that same land, then this,  
 For there all happy peace and plentious store  
 Conspire in one to make contented blisse:  
 No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,  
 No bloodie issues, nor no leprosy,  
 No grieufully famine, nor no raging sword,  
 No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries:  
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,  
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:  
 No rauinous Wolves the good mans hope destruy,  
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest ranger.  
 There learned Arts do flourish in great honor,  
 And Poets wits are had in peerelesse price:  
 Religion hath liy powre to rest vpon her,  
 Advaucing vertue, and suppressing vice.  
 For end, all good, all grace there firely growes,  
 Had people grace it gratefully to vie:  
 For Gods gifts there plentiously bestowes,  
 But gracelesse men then greatly do abuse.  
 But say on further, then said CORYLAS,  
 The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.  
 Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,  
 Quoth he, as that same shepheard still vs guided,  
 Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS presence came:  
 Whose glory, greater then my simple thought,  
 I found much greater then the former fame;  
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:  
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would

## Colin Clouts come home againe.

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,  
 Vpon a virgin brides adored head,  
 With Roses dight, and Goulds and Daffadillies  
 Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,  
 In which all colours of the Rainbowe bee;  
 Or like faire P H O E B E S garland shining new,  
 In which all pure perfection, one may see.  
 But vaie it is to thinke by paragone  
 Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:  
 Her power, her mercy, & her wisdom, none  
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define,  
 Why then do I bafe shepheard bold and blind,  
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane?  
 More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,  
 The image of the heauens in shape humane.  
 With that, A L E X I S broke his tale afunder,  
 Saying, By wondering at thy C Y N T H I A E S praise:  
 C O L I N, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,  
 And her vpraising, doost thy selfe vpraise.  
 But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,  
 And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduanced?

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)  
 Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced:  
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,  
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,  
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,  
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.  
 For not by measure of her owne great mind,  
 And wondrous worth she mou'd my simple song,  
 But ioyd that country shepheard ought could find  
 Worth harkening to, emongst that learned throng.

Why? said A L E X I S then, what needeth thee  
 That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,  
 And hath so many shepheards in her see,  
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?  
 Or be the shepheards which doe serue her laefie?  
 That they list not their mery pipes apply,  
 Or be their pipes vtunable and crackie,  
 That they cannot her honour worthily?

Ah nay, said C O L I N, neither so, nor so.  
 For better shepheards be not vnder skie,  
 Nor better able, when they list to blow  
 Their pipes aloude, her name to glorifie.  
 There is good H A R P A L V S, now woxen aged,  
 In faithfull seruite of faire C Y N T H I A,  
 And there is C O R I D O N, but meanely waged,  
 Yet ablest wit of most I knowe this day.  
 And there is sad A L C Y O N, bent to mourne,  
 Though fit to frame an eu'lasting dittie,  
 Whose gentle spright for D A P H N E S death doth tourn  
 Sweet layes of loue, to endlesse plaints of pitue.  
 Ah pensiu' boy pursue that braue concept,  
 In thy sweet Eglantine of M E R I F L V R E,  
 Lift vp thy notes vnto their wanted height,  
 That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.  
 There eke is P A L I N, worthy of great praise,  
 Albe he enue at my rusticke quill:  
 And there is pleasing A L C O N, could he aife  
 His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.  
 And there is old P A L E M O N, free from spight,  
 Whose careful pipe may make the heart reu:

Yet he himselve may rewed be more right,  
 That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.  
 And there is A L B A S T E R thoroughly taught  
 In all his skill, though known yet to few:  
 Yet were he knowne to C Y N T H I A as he ought,  
 His Elfe's would be redde ancw.  
 Who liues that can match that heroick song,  
 Which he hath of that mightie Princeesse made?  
 O dreaded Dread, doe not thy selfe that wrong,  
 To let thy fame lie in hidden shade:  
 But call it forth, & call him forth to thee,  
 To end thy glory, which he hath begun:  
 That when he finish hath as it should be,  
 No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.  
 Nor P O N O R T Y B V R S swans, so much renowned,  
 Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,  
 Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crowned,  
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.  
 And there is a new shepheard late vp sprung,  
 The which doth all afore him far surpass:  
 Appearing well in that well tuned song,  
 Which late he sung vnto a scornfull Lasse,  
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flic,  
 As daring not too rashly mount on high,  
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,  
 In loues soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.  
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly D A N I E L L,  
 And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance:  
 But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell,  
 In Tragickie plaints and passionate mischance.  
 And there that shepheard of the O C E A N I S,  
 That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:  
 Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,  
 That can emperice a Princes mightie hart.  
 There also is (ah no, he is not now)  
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,  
 A M Y N T A S quite is gone and lies full lowe,  
 Hauing his A M A R I L L I S left to mone.  
 Helpe, ô ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,  
 Helpe A M A R I L L I S this her losse to mourne:  
 Her losse is yours, your losse A M Y N T A S I S,  
 A M Y N T A S, floure of shepheards pride forlorne:  
 He, whilst he liued, was the noblest swaine,  
 That euer piped on an oaten quill:  
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintain,  
 And eke could pipe himselve with passing skill.  
 And there, though last not least is A E T I O N,  
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found:  
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts inuention,  
 Doth like himselve heroically found.  
 All these, and many others moe remaine,  
 Now after A S T R O F E L L I S dead and gone.  
 But while as A S T R O F E L L I D did liue and raise,  
 Amongst all these was none his Paragone:  
 All these do flourish in their sundry kind,  
 And doe their C Y N T H I A immortal make:  
 Yet found I liking in her royall mind,  
 Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.  
 Then spake a louely Lasse, bright L V C I D A:  
 Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,  
 Which fauour thee, and honour C Y N T H I A,



## Colin Clouts come home againe.

But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold  
In her retinue, thou hast nothing said,  
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,  
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,  
That none of all their due deserts reuondest.

Ah far be it, quoth COLIN CLOUT, from me,  
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deferue:  
For that my selfe I doe profess to be  
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue.  
The beame of beautie sparkled from aboute,  
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie:  
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,  
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie,  
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,  
To her my hart I nightly martyrizate:  
To her my loue I lowely do prostrate,  
To her my life I wholly sacrifice,  
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee:  
And I hers euer onely, euer one:  
One euer I, all vowed hers to bee,  
One euer I, and others neuer none.

Then thus MELISSA said; Thrice happy Mayd,  
Whom thou doost fo enforce to desire:  
That woods, and hills, and valleyes, thou hast made  
Her name to echo vnto heauen hie.

But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?

They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,  
That all I praise: but in the highest place,  
VRANIA, sister vnto ASTROFELL,  
In whose braue mind, as in a golden coffe,  
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are,  
More rich then pearles of INDEE, or gold of OPPER,  
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare,

Ne lesse praise worthy I THEANEA read,  
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer-dight  
With mourning stole of carefull widowhead,  
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright.  
She is the vuell of bonnie and braue mind,  
Excelling most in glorie and great light:  
She is the ornament of woman-kind,  
And Courts chiefe garland, with all vertues dight.  
Therefore great CYNTHIA her in chiefest grace  
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,  
Well worthie she of so honourable place:  
For her great worth and noble gouernance.  
Ne lesse praise-worthy is her sister deare,  
Faيرة MARIAN, the Muses onely darling:  
Whose beautie shineth as the morning cleare,  
With siluer deawe vpon the Roses pearling.  
Ne lesse praise-worthy is MANSLIA,  
Best knowne by bearing vp great CYNTHIAES traine:  
That same is she to whom DAPHNAIDA  
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.  
She is the patterne of true womanhead,  
And onely mirrhor of feminitee:  
Worthy next after CYNTHIA to tread,  
As she is next her in nobilitie.

Ne lesse praise-worthy GALATHEA seemes,  
Then best of all that honourable crew,  
Faيرة GALATHEA with bright shining beames,  
Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe vieu.

She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,  
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs  
About the borders of our rich COSMMA,  
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.  
Ne lesse praise-worthy faيرة NEABRAIS,  
NEABRA, ours, not theirs, though there she be,  
For of the famous SHYRE, the Nymph free is,  
For high desert, aduauit to that degre.  
She is the blossome of grace and curtesie,  
Adorned with all honourable parts:  
She is the branch of true nobilitie,  
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull hartis.  
Ne lesse praise-worthy STELLA do I read,  
Though nought my praises of her needed are,  
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead  
Hath praised and raide about each other starre.  
Ne lesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,  
The honour of the noble familie:  
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,  
And most, that vnto them I am for nie,  
PHYLIS, CHARILLIS, & sweet AMARILLIS,  
PHYLIS the faيرة is eldest of the three:  
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.  
But thy youngest is the highest in degre.  
PHYLIS, the floure of rare perfection,  
Faيرة spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,  
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,  
Bereau of sense each rash beholders sight,  
But sweet CHARILLIS is the Paragone  
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,  
Admyr'd of all, yet enuid of none,  
Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.  
Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble swaine,  
The which art of so rich a spoise possest,  
And it embracing deare without disdain,  
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:  
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,  
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,  
Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see)  
A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:  
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,  
Made by the Maker selfe to be admyred:  
And like a goodly beacon high adrest,  
That is with sparks of heauenly beautie fired.  
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,  
Or else vnfortunate may I read,  
That freed is from CYPIDS yoke by fate,  
Since which, he doth new bands aduerture dread.  
Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be  
In this or that prayd diuersly apart,  
In her thou maist them all assembled see,  
And seald vp in the treasure of her hart,  
Ne thee lesse worthy gentle FLAYIA,  
For thy chastelife and vertue I esteeme:  
Ne thee lesse worthy courteous CANDIDA,  
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.  
Besides yet many mo that CYNTHIA serue,  
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended.  
But if I all should praise as they deserue,  
This sun would faile me ere I hylfe had ended.  
Therefore in closure of a thankfull mind,

## Colin Clouts come home againe.

I deeme it best to hold eternally,  
Their boundious deeds & noble fauours shrynd,  
Then by discourse them to indignifie.

So hauing said, A G L A V R A him bespake:  
C O L I N, well worthy were those goodly fauours  
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doost make,  
And them requit with thy thankfull labours.  
But of great C Y N T H I A E S goodnesse and high grace  
Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.

More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case,  
How to begin, thea knowe how to haue done.  
For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,  
Which she on me bestowd, demands a day;  
And euery day, in which she did a deed,  
Demands a yeere, it duly to display.

Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,  
The which doth softly trickle from the hieue,  
Able to mele the hearers hart vnweeting,  
And eke to make the dead, againe alieue.  
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,  
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:  
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,  
And fill the same with store of timely Wine.  
Her looks were like beames of the morning Sunne,  
Forth-looking through the windowes of the East:  
When first the fleecie cattell haue begun  
Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.  
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,  
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise:  
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence  
In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies.  
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,  
The cradle of her owne creation:  
Amongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,  
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.

C O L I N, said C Y D D Y then, thou hast forgot  
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:  
Such lostie flight, base shepheard seemeth not,  
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True, answered he: but her great excellence,  
Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:  
That being filld with furious insolence,  
I feele my selfe like one yrap in spight.  
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,  
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:  
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,  
I cannot thinke according to her worth.  
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,  
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,  
And when as death these vital bands shall breake,  
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.  
Her name in euery tree I will endosse,  
That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe:  
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,  
And fill with stones, that all men may it knowe.  
The speaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,  
Her name Ile teach in knowne termes to frame:  
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,  
Ile teach to call for C Y N T H I A by name.  
And long while after I am dead and rotten,  
Amongst the shepherds daughters dauncing round,

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,  
But sung by them with flowrie gyrdons crownd.  
And ye, who by ye be, that shall suruiue,  
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,  
Be witness of her bountie here alieue,  
Which she to C O L I N her poore shepheard shewed.

Much was the whole assembly of those heards  
Moo'd at his speech, bo feelingly he spake:  
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,  
Till T H E S T Y L I S at last their silence brake,  
Saying, Why C O L I N, since thou foundst such grace  
With C Y N T H I A, and all her noble crew:  
Why didst thou euer leaue that happy place,  
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew?  
And backe returnedst to this barren soile,  
Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,  
Here to keepe sheepe, with hunger and with toile:  
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.

Happy indeed, said C O L I N, I him hold,  
That may that blessed presence still enioy,  
Of fortune and of enuy vncontrolld,  
Which still are wont most happy states t' annoy:  
But I by that which little while I proued,  
Some part of those enormities did see,  
The which in Court continually houed,  
And followd those which happy seemd to bee.  
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes  
Had in rude fields beene altogether spent,  
Durst not aduenture such vnknowen waies,  
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,  
But rather chose backe to my sheepe to tourne,  
Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tride,  
Then hauing leard repentance late, to mourne  
Emongst those wretches which I there deseride.

Shepheard, said T H E S T Y L I S, it seemes of spight  
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,  
Which thou enuieest, rather then of right  
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spie.

Cause haue I none, quoth he, of cancred will  
To quite them ill, that me demand so well:  
But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,  
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,  
And eke to warne young shepherds wandring wit,  
Which through report of that lifes painted blisse,  
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,  
And leaue their lammes to losse, mistled amisse.  
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,  
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,  
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,  
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,  
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise  
That best can handle his deceitfull wit,  
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights deuise,  
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,  
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie:  
Or else, by breeding him some blot of blame,  
By creeping close into his secrecie;  
To which him needs, a greivous hollow hatt,  
Masked with faire fustembling curtesie,  
A filed tongue, furnisht with teares of art;  
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.

## Colin Clouts come home againe.

For arts of schoole haue there small countenance,  
 Counted but toyes to busie idle braines:  
 And there professors find small maintenance,  
 But to be instruments of others gaines.  
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,  
 Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can apply:  
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shrit,  
 As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.  
 For each mans worth is mesur'd by his weede,  
 As Harts by hornes, or Asses by their eares:  
 Yet Asses been not all whose eares exceed,  
 Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the highest beares.  
 For highest lookes haue not the highest mind,  
 Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:  
 But are like bladders blownen vp with wind,  
 That beeing prickt doe vanish into nougths.  
 Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,  
 Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away:  
 Such is their glorie that in simple eye  
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.  
 So they themselues for praise of fooles doe sell,  
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall  
 With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,  
 And purchase highest roomes in bower and hall:  
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie  
 Do wander vp and downe despyrd of all;  
 Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry  
 Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.

Ah COLIN, then said HOBBIOL, the blame  
 Which thou imputeest, is too generall,  
 As if not any gentle wit of name,  
 Nor honest mind might there be found at all.  
 For well I wote, sith I my selfe was there,  
 To wait on LOBBIN (LOBBIN well thou knewest)  
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,  
 As euer els in Princes Court thou viewest.  
 Of which, among you many yet remaine,  
 Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:  
 Those that poore Suters papers doe retaine,  
 And those that skill of medicine professe.  
 And those that do to CYNTHIA expound  
 The leden of strange languages in charge:  
 For CYNTHIA doth in Sciences abound,  
 And giues to their professors stipends large.  
 Therefore vnjustly thou doost wite them all,  
 For that which thou mistakedst in a few.

Blame is, quoth he, more blamelesse generall,  
 Then that which private errors doth persw:  
 For well I wote, that there amongst them be  
 Full many persons of right worthy parts,  
 Both for report of spotlesse honestie,  
 And for profession of all learned artes,  
 Whose praise heereby no whit impaired is,  
 Though blame doe light on those that faultie be:  
 For all the rest doe most what fare amis,  
 And yet their owne misfaring will not see:  
 For either they be puffed vp with pride,  
 Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe swell,  
 Or they their daies to idlenesse diuide,  
 Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,  
 In which like Moldwarps nouthing still they lurke,

Vnmodfull of chiefe parts of manlienesse,  
 And doe themselues for want of other worke,  
 Vaine votaries of laesie loue professe,  
 Whose seruice high so basely they entwe,  
 That CYPID selfe of them ashamed is:  
 And mustring all his men in VENVS view,  
 Denies them quite for fernitors of his.

And is loue then, said CORYLAS, once knowne  
 In Court, and his sweet lore professe I there?  
 I weened sure he was our God alone:  
 And onely woond in fields and forests here.

Not so, quoth he, loue most aboundeth there.  
 For all the walls and windowes there are writ,  
 All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,  
 And all their talke and studie is of it.

Ne any there doth braue or vniuant seeme,  
 Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares:  
 Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,  
 Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.  
 But they of Loue and of his sacred here,  
 (As it should be) all otherwise deuse,  
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,  
 And him doe sue and serue all other wise.

For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,  
 His nightie mysteries they doe prophane,  
 And vic his idle name to other needs,  
 But as a complement for courting vaine.  
 So him they do not serue as they professe,  
 But make him serue to them for fordid vies.  
 Ah my dread Lord, that doost liege harts possesse,  
 Auenge thy selfe on them for the r abuses.

But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,  
 Or through our rudenesse into error led,  
 Do make religion how we rashly go,  
 To serue that God, that is so greatly dred:  
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,  
 Borne without Syre or couples, of one kind:  
 For VENVS selfe doth solely couples seeme,  
 Both male and female, through commixture ioynd.

So pure and spotlesse CYPID forth he brought,  
 And in the gardens of ADONIS nurst:  
 Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,  
 And shortly was of all the Gods the first.  
 Then got he bowe and shafts of gold and lead,  
 In which so fell and pissant he grew,  
 That IOVA himselfe his powre began to dread,  
 And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.

From thence he shootes his arrows euery where  
 Into the world, at random as he will,  
 On vs fraile men, his wretched affalls heere,  
 Like as himselfe vs pleaseth saue or spill.  
 So we him worship, so we him adore,  
 With humble harts to heauen vp-listed he,  
 That to true loues he may vs euermore  
 Preserue, and of their grace vs dignifie:  
 Ne is there sheheard, ne yet shepheards fwaine,  
 What-euer feeds in forest or in field,  
 That dare with euill deed or leasing vaine,  
 Blaspheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.

Sheheard it seemes that some celestiall rage  
 Of loue, quoth CYPID, is breath'd into thy breast,

That



## Colin Clouts come home againe.

That powreth forth these oracles so sage,  
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art posselt.  
But neuer wilt I till this present day,  
Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deemed,  
That he was such an one, as thou doost say,  
And so religiously to be esteemed.  
Well may it seeme by this thy deepe insight,  
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee:  
So well thou wotst the mysterie of his might,  
As if his godhead thou didst present see.  
Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,  
Or of his nature rightly to define,  
Indeed, said COLIN, pastheir reasons reach,  
And needs his priest t'expresse his powre diuine.  
For long before the world he was y' bore,  
And bred about in VENVS bosome deare:  
For by his powre the world was made of yore,  
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.  
For how should elie things so far from attone,  
And so great enemies as of them bee,  
Be euer drawne together into one,  
And taught in such accordance to agree?  
Through him the cold began to couct heate,  
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,  
And th'heaue downe to peize; the hungry t'eat,  
And voidnesse to seeke full satietie.  
So being former foes, they waxed friends,  
And gan by little learne to loue each other:  
So being knit, they brought forth other kinds  
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.  
Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread  
For to appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:  
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,  
Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.  
And shortly after, euery liuing wight  
Crept forth like wormes out of their slimie nature,  
Soone as on them the Suns like giuing light,  
Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature,  
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,  
And like himselfe desire for to beget,  
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue  
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:  
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,  
More then the rest to rule his passion,  
Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,  
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.  
For beautie is the bayt which with delight  
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,  
Beautie, the burning lampe of heuens light,  
Darting her beames into each feeble mind:  
Against whose power, nor God nor man can find  
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,  
But being hurt, seeke to be medicin'd  
Of her that first did stir that morall stownd.  
Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,  
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,  
Whence he them heares, & when he list shew grace,  
Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.  
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,  
And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw:  
All being made the vassalls of his might,

Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw.  
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to decme:  
And with chaste heart to honour him alway:  
But whoo else doth otherwise esteeme,  
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe disobay.  
For their desire is base, and doth not merit  
The name of loue, but of dissolayl lust:  
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,  
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.

So hauing said, MELISSA spake at will,  
COLIN, thou now full deeply hast diuin'd  
Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,  
Hast CYPID selfe depainted in his kind.  
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,  
That doost their cause for mightily defend:  
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,  
That doost their bountie still so much commend.

That ill, said HOBBI NOLL, they him requite:  
For hauing loued euer one most deare,  
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,  
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.

Indeed, said LYCID, I haue often heard  
Faire ROSALINDE of duets fowly blam'd:  
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,  
That her bright glorie else hath much defam'd.  
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd  
To vse him so that loued her so well?  
Or who with blame can iustly her vpbraid,  
For louing not? for who can loue compell?  
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,  
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,  
For demigods they be, and first did spring  
From heauen, though graft in frailnesse feminine.  
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,  
How one that fairest HELEN did reuile:  
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,  
Lost both his eyes, and so remain'd long while,  
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,  
And made amends to her with trebble praise:  
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,  
How rashly blame of ROSALINDE ye raise.

Ah shepherds, then said COLIN, ye ne weet  
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:  
To make so bold a doome with words vamect,  
Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw.  
For she is not like as the other crew:  
Of shepherds daughters which emongst you bee,  
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,  
Excelling all that euer ye did see.  
Not then to her, that scorned thing so base,  
But to my selfe the blame, that looke to lie:  
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,  
And loath each lowly thing with lesstie eye.  
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant  
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:  
Yet that I may her honour parauant,  
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboute.  
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieft,  
And long affliction which I haue endured.  
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some relieft,  
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see  
 And heare the languours of my too long dying,  
 Vnto the world for euer witness bee,  
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying,  
 This simple trophee of her great conquest.

So, having ended, he from ground did rise,  
 And after him vprose eke all the rest:  
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,  
 Wound them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.  
 FINIS.



ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble  
 and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED

To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the  
 Countesse of *Essex*.

ASTROPHEL.

**S**hepheards that went on pipes of oaten reede,  
 Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed sinart:  
 And with your pitious Iayes haue learnd to breed  
 Compulsion in a country-lilles hart;  
 Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,  
 And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this moufnfull verse,  
 The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:  
 To you whose softned hearts it may empierse,  
 With dolours dart, for death of *Astrophel*:  
 To you I sing, and to none other wight:  
 For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they beene, if any nyceer wit  
 Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:  
 Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,  
 Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.  
 And if in him found pittie euer place,  
 Let him be mou'd to pittie such a case.

B.

A gentle

## Colin Clouts comehome againe.

**A** Gentle Shepheard borne in **A R C A D Y**,  
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:  
About the grasie banks of **H A E M O N Y**,  
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and store.  
Full carefully he kept them day and night,  
In fairest fields, and **A S T R O P H E L** he height.

**Y O U N G A S T R O P H E L**, the pride of shepherds praise,  
**Y O U N G A S T R O P H E L**, the rusticke Lasses loue:  
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,  
In all that seemely shepheard might behoue.  
In one thing onely fayling of the best,  
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother  
Him forth did bring, and taught her lames to feed,  
A slender swaine, excelling farre each other,  
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,  
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,  
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,  
With gentle vsage, and demeanure mild:  
That all mens harts with secret ravishment  
He stole away, and weetingly beguild.  
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,  
Found ought in him, that she could lay was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,  
Sweet without sowe, and honny without gall:  
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,  
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.  
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,  
When **A S T R O P H E L** so-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,  
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast:  
As Sommers larke, that with her song doth greet  
The dauning day, forth comming from the East.  
And layes of loue he also could compose.  
Thrice happy she, whom he to practise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,  
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,  
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,  
For her that did his hart with loue inflame.  
For which they promised to dight, for him,  
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,  
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:  
Both crytall vrells and shadie groues forfooke,  
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.  
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,  
Or mellow fruite, if it were harvest time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,  
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:  
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,  
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.  
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh't,  
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

**S T E L L A** the faire, the fairest starre in skie,  
As faire as **V E N U S**, or the fairest faire:  
(A fairer starre saw neuer liuing eye)  
Shot her sharpe pointed beames through purest ayre.  
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,  
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,  
On her he spent the riches of his wit:  
For her he made hymnes of immortal praife,  
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.  
Her, and but her, of ioue he worthy deemed,  
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,  
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)  
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,  
And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.  
For both in deeds and words he nourted was,  
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;  
In shooting, steddie; and in swimming, strong:  
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,  
And all the sports that shepherds are emong.  
In euery one, he vanquisht euery one,  
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,  
Or rather, infelicitie he found:  
That enery field, and forest farre away,  
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.  
No beast so salvage but he could it kill,  
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,  
Did pricke him forth with proud desire of praife:  
To seeke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,  
His Mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.  
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,  
Sith round about vs, it doth make abroad?

It fortun'd, as he that perilous game  
In forraine soile pursued far away:  
Into a forest wide and waste he came,  
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.  
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,  
Nor famous **A R D E Y N**, nor foule **A R L O** is.

There his wel-woven toyles and subtill traines  
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:  
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,  
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.  
Full happy man (misweeing much) was hee,  
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Estfoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,  
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,  
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,  
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst,  
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,  
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.

His



## Colin Clouts come home againe.

His care was all, how he them all might kill,  
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)  
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,  
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.  
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,  
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout,  
A cruell beast of most accursed brood:  
Vpon him turn'd (despaire makes cowards stout)  
And with fell tooth, accusloned to blood,  
Launched his thigh with so mischicuous might,  
That it both bone and muscles riued quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,  
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,  
That he endured not the direfull sound,  
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw:  
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,  
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,  
To whom aliuie was nought so deare as hee:  
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,  
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?  
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,  
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the shape of drerie head,  
And sad ensample of mans sudden end:  
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,  
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or friend.  
Whilst none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to close,  
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of Shepheards sewing of the chace,  
As they the Forrest ranged on a day:  
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,  
Whereas the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay:  
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,  
Had not good hap those shepheards thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)  
And in their armes then softly did him reare:  
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,  
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.  
The dolefullst beare that euer man did see,  
Was **A S T R O P H E L**, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,  
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:  
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,  
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,  
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,  
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,  
As sunny beames in fairest summers day:  
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong  
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.  
And her faire breast, the treasure of ioy,  
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impietured with death,  
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:  
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,  
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and soft.  
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,  
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient requeer,  
And pitious mone the which she for him made,  
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can see,  
But he whose hart like sorrow did invade.  
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,  
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not awlhit,  
But after him did make vntimely halte:  
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,  
And followed her make, like Turtle chaste:  
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide,  
Which liuing were in loue fo firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,  
And pitying this paire of flouers tiew,  
Transformed them there lying on the field,  
Into one flower, that is both red and blew.  
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,  
Like **A S T R O P H E L**, which thereto was made.

And in the midd thereof a starre appears,  
As fairly form'd as any starre in skyes:  
Resembling **S T E L L A** in her freshest yeeres,  
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,  
And all the day it standeth full of dew,  
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That heare of some, Starlighte is call'd by name,  
Of others, **P E N T H I A**, though not so well:  
But thou, where euer thou doost find the same,  
From this day forth doe call it **A S T R O P H E L**.  
And when soeuer thou it vp doost take,  
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heereof when tydings far abroad did paffe,  
The shepheards all which loued him full deare  
(And sure full deare of all he loued was)  
Did thither flocke, to see what they did heare.  
And when that pitious spectacle they viewed,  
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,  
With inward anguish, and great griefe opprest:  
And euery one did weepe, and waile, and mone,  
And meanes deuis'd to shew his sorrow best:  
That from that hour since first on grassie greene  
Shepheard kept sheepe, was not like mourning scene.

But first, his siter, that **C L O R I N D A** hight,  
The gentlest shepheardesse that liues this day:  
And most resembling both in shape and sight  
Her rother deare, began this dolefull lay.  
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,  
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

# Colin Clouts come home againe.

**A**Y me! to whom shall I my case complaine,  
That may compassion my impatient grieft  
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,  
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?  
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it show?  
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,  
And workers of my vnremedied wo:  
For they foresee what to vs happens here,  
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be fo.  
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,  
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,  
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:  
Bound to abide what euer they decree.  
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance,  
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,  
The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrowe mourne,  
Sith none aliue like sorrowfull remains:  
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,  
To pay their vsury with double paines.  
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound  
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are desolate,  
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:  
And all the fields do waile their widow state,  
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.  
The fairest flowre in field that euer grew,  
Was **A S T R O P H E I**; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,  
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?  
Vntimely cropt, before it were growne,  
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.  
Great losse to all that euer him did see,  
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, ô ye shepheards lasses,  
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:  
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,  
Nouer againe let Lasse put girlond on.  
In stead of girlond, weare sad Cypres now,  
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made:  
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee?  
Ne euer read the riddles, which he said  
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.  
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,  
Your mery maker now alas is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,  
Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my ioy:  
Both you and me, and all the world he quight  
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.  
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,  
Shepheards hope, neuer like againe to see.

Oh Death that hast vs of such riches rest,  
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done?  
What is become of him whose flowre here left  
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.  
Scarfe like the shadow of that which he was,  
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt  
With all the downies of celestially grace:  
By soueraine choice from th' heauenly quires select,  
And licually deriu'd from Angels rare,  
O what is now of it become, aread,  
Aye me! can so diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,  
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradise:  
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,  
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wif,  
And compact all about with Roses sweet,  
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestially brood,  
To him doe sweetly caroll day and night:  
And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,  
Lull him asleepe in Angel-like delight:  
Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee  
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure  
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,  
And kindling loue in him about all measure,  
Sweet loue, still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.  
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,  
He may enjoy from icalous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,  
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:  
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,  
Ne fearing sauge beasts more crueltie.  
Whilst we heere wretches waile his priuate lack,  
And with vaine voves doe often call him back.

But liue thou there still happy, happy spirit,  
And giue vs leaue thee heere thus to lament:  
Not thee that doost thy heauens ioy inherit,  
But our owne selues, that heere in dole are drent.  
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,  
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine,  
Of gentle wit, and daintie sweet deuce:  
Whom **A S T R O P H E I** full deare did entertaine,  
Whilst heere he liu'd, and held in passing price;  
Hight **T H E S T Y L E S**, began his mournfull tourne,  
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,  
And eury one in order lou'd him best,  
Gan dight themselves t'expresse their inward woe,  
With dolefull layes vnto the time addrest.  
The which I here in order will rehearse,  
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.



## The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

**C**ome forth ye Nymphs, come forth,  
for sake your watry bowres,  
For sake your molty caues,  
and help me to lament:  
Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes  
to gurgling found  
Of **L I F F I E S** tumbling streames:  
Come let salt teares of ours,  
Mixe with his waters fresh.  
o come, let one consent  
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailfull plaints  
the deadly wound  
Which fatal clap hath made;  
decreed by higher powres.  
The dreery day in which  
they haue from vs yrent  
The noblest plant that might  
from East to West be found.  
Mourne, mourne, great **P H I L I P S** fall,  
mourne we his wofull end,  
Whom spightfull death hath pluckt  
vntimely from the tree,  
Whiles yet his yeares in flower  
did promise worthy fruite.  
**A h** dreadfull **M A R S**!  
why didst thou not thy knight defend?  
What wrathfull mood,  
what fault of ours hath moued thee  
Of such a shining light  
to leaue vs destitute?  
Thou with benigne aspect  
sometime didst vs behold,  
Thou hast in **B R I T O N S** valour  
tane delight of old,  
And with thy presence oft  
vouchsafst to attribute  
Fame and renouwe to vs  
for glorious martiall deeds.  
But now their irefull beames  
haue chill'd our harts with cold,  
Thou hast estrang'd thy selfe,  
and deigaest not our land:  
Farre off to others now,  
thy fauour honour breeds,  
And high disdain doth cause  
thee shunne our Clime (I feare)  
For hast thou not been wroth,  
or that time neere at hand,  
Thou wouldst haue heard the cry  
that wofull **E N G L A N D** made,

Eke **Z E L A N D S** pitious plaints,  
and **H O L L A N D S** toren haire  
Would haply haue appeald  
thy diuine angry mind:  
Thou shouldst haue seene the trees  
refuse to yeeld their shade,  
And wailing, to let fall  
the honour of their head,  
And birds in mournfull tunes  
lamenting in their kind:  
Vp from his tombe  
the mightie **C O R I N E Y** rose,  
Who curting off the Fates  
that this mishap had bred,  
His hoary locks he tare,  
calling the heauens vnkind.  
The **T H A M E S** was heard to roare,  
the **R E Y N E** and eke the **M O S E**,  
The **S C H A L D**, the **D A N O V V** selfe  
this great mischance did rue,  
With torment and with griefe;  
their fountaines pure and cleare  
Were troubled, and with swelling floods  
declar'd their woes.  
The Muses comfortlesse,  
the Nymphs with paled hie,  
The **S Y L V A N** Gods likewise  
came running farre and neare,  
And all with teares bedewd,  
and eyes cast vp on hie,  
O help, o help ye Gods,  
they ghastly gan to cry.  
O change the cruell fate  
of this so rare a wight,  
And grant that Natures course  
may measure out his age.  
The beasts their foode forsooke,  
and trembling fearefully,  
Each fought his caue or den,  
this cry did them so fright,  
Out from amid the waues,  
by storme then stir'd to rage,  
This crie did cause to rise  
th'old father **O C E A N** hoare,  
Who graue with eld,  
and full of maicstic in sight,  
Spake in this wise:  
Refraine, quoth hee, your teares & plaints,  
Cease these your idle words,  
make vaine requests no more.



## The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

No humble speccch nor mone,  
 may mouche the fixed flint  
 Of destinie or death :  
 Such is bis will that paints  
 The earth with colours fresh ;  
 the darkeſt ſkies with ſtore  
 Of ſtarry lights : And though  
 your teares a hart of flint  
 Might tender make,  
 yet nought heerein they will preuaile,  
 Whiles thus he ſaid,  
 the noble Knight, who gan to feele  
 His vitall force to faint,  
 and death with cruell dint  
 Of direfull dart  
 his mortall body to aſſaile,  
 With eyes liſt vp to hea'ns,  
 and courage franke as ſteele,  
 With cheerefull face,  
 where valour linely was expreſt,  
 But humble mind, he ſaid ;  
 O Lord, if ought this fraile  
 And earthly carkaſſe haue  
 thy ſeruiſe fought t' aduance,  
 If my deſire haue been  
 ſtill to relieue th' oppreſt :  
 If iuſtice to maintaine  
 that valour I haue spent  
 Which thou me gau'ſt ;  
 or if henceforth I might aduance  
 Thy name, thy truth,  
 then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt  
 Forbear theſe vnrpie yeeres.  
 But if thy will be bent,  
 If that prefixed time  
 be come which thou haſt ſet,  
 Through pure and ſeruent faith,  
 I hope now to be plaſt  
 In th' euerlaſting bliſſe,  
 which with thy precious blood  
 Thou purchaſe didſt for vs.  
 With that a ſigh he fet,  
 And ſtraight a cloudie miſt  
 his ſenſes ouer-caſt,  
 His lips waxt pale and wan,  
 like damaske roſes bud  
 Caſt from the ſtalke,  
 or like in field to purple ſlowre,  
 Which languiſheth beeing ſhred  
 by culter as it paſt.  
 A trembling chilly cold  
 ranne through their veines, which were  
 With eyes brim-full of teares  
 to ſee his fatal howre,  
 Whoſe bluſtring ſighes  
 at firſt their ſorrow did declare,  
 Next, murmuring enſide ;  
 at laſt they not forbear  
 Plaine out-cries, all againſt  
 the hea'ns, that enuioſly  
 Depriu'd vs of a ſpright

ſo perfect and ſo rare.  
 The Sun his lightſome beames  
 did ſhrowd, and hid his face  
 For grieſe, whereby the earth  
 feard night eternally :  
 The mountaines each where ſhooke,  
 the riuers turnd their ſreames,  
 And th' ayre gan winter-like  
 to rage and frer apace :  
 And griſly ghoſts by night were ſcene,  
 and ſieric gleames,  
 Amid the cloudes  
 with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme  
 To rent the ſkies,  
 and made both man & beaſt afraid :  
 The birds of ill preſage  
 this luckleſſe chance fore-told,  
 By dernfull noiſe, and dogs  
 with howling made man deeme  
 Some miſchiefe was at hand :  
 for ſuch they doe eſteeme  
 As tokens of miſhap,  
 and ſo haue done of old.  
 Ah that thou hadſt but heard  
 his louely S T E L L A plaine  
 Hergriuous loſſe,  
 or ſeene her beauiſe mourning cheere,  
 While ſhe with woe oppreſt,  
 her ſorrowes did vnfold.  
 Her haire hung looſe neglect,  
 about her ſhoulders twaine,  
 And from thoſe two bright ſtars,  
 to him ſometime ſo deere,  
 Her hart ſent drops of pearle,  
 which fell in ſoyſon downe  
 Twixt Lilly and the Roſe.  
 She wronge her hands with paine,  
 And pitiouſly gan ſay,  
 My true and faithfull pheere,  
 Alas, and woe is mee,  
 why ſhould my fortune frowne  
 On me thus frowardly  
 to rob me of my ioy ?  
 What cruell enuioſ hand  
 hath taken thee away,  
 And with thee my content,  
 my comfort and my ſtay ?  
 Thou onely waſt the cauſe  
 of trouble and annoy :  
 When they did me aſſaile,  
 in thee my hopes did reſt.  
 Alas, what now is left but grieſe,  
 that night and day  
 Afflicts this woſull life,  
 and with continual rage  
 Torments ten thouſand waies  
 my miſerable breſt ?  
 O greedie enuioſ hea'n,  
 what needed thee to haue  
 Enricht wiſh ſuch a Jewell  
 this vnhappy age,  
To

## The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

To take it backe againe so soone?

Alas, when shall  
 Mine eyes see ought that may  
 content them, since thy graue  
 My onely treasure hides  
 the ioyes of my poore hart?  
 As here with thee on earth I liu'd,  
 euen so equall  
 Me thinks it were with thee  
 in heau'n I did abide:  
 And as our troubles all  
 we heere on earth did part,  
 So reason would that there  
 of thy most happy state  
 I had my share.  
 Alas, if thou my trustie guide  
 Were wont to be,  
 how canst thou leaue me thus alone  
 In darknesse and astray;  
 weake, wearie, desolate,  
 Plung'd in a world of woe,  
 refusing for to take  
 Me with thee, to the place of rest  
 where thou art gone.  
 This said, she held her peace,  
 for sorrow tide hir toong;  
 And instead of more words,  
 seemd that her eyes a lake  
 Of teares had been, they flow'd  
 so plentifully therofro:  
 And with her sobs and sighes,  
 th'ayre round about her roong.  
 If VENVS when she waild  
 her deare ADONIS slaine,  
 Ought mou'd in thy fierce hart  
 compasion of her woe,  
 His noble sisters plaints,  
 her sighes and teares emong,  
 Would sure haue made thee mild,  
 and inly rue her paine:  
 AYRORA halfe so faire,  
 her selfe did neuer show,  
 When from old TITHONS bed,  
 shee weeping did arise.  
 The blinded archer-boy,  
 like Larke in showre of raine  
 Sate bathing of his wings,  
 and glad the time did spend  
 Vnder those crysfall drops,  
 which fell from her faire eyes,  
 And at their brightest beames  
 him proynd in louely wife.  
 Yet sorie for her griefe,  
 which he could not amend,  
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,  
 and cleere those lights,  
 Those lights through which  
 his glory and his conquests shine.  
 The Graces tuckt her haire,  
 which hung like threds of gold,  
 Along her Iuorie brest

the treasure of delights,  
 All things with her to weep,  
 it seemd, did encline,  
 The trees, the hills, the dales,  
 the caues, the stones to cold,  
 The ayre did helpe them mourne,  
 with darke clouds, raine and mist,  
 For bearing many a day  
 to cleare it selfe againe,  
 Which made them eestwoones feare  
 the dayes of PIRRA should,  
 Of creatures spoile the earth,  
 their fatall threds vntwist.  
 For PHOEBVS glad some raies  
 were wishd for in vaine,  
 And with her quicquing light  
 LATONAS daughter faire,  
 And CHARLES-VVAINE ke refus'd  
 to be the shipmans guide.  
 On NEPTVNE warre was made,  
 by AEOLYS and his traine,  
 Who letting loose the winds,  
 tost and tormented th'ayre,  
 So that on eu'ry coast  
 men shipwreck did abide,  
 Or else were swallowed vp  
 in open sea with waues,  
 And such as came to shoare,  
 were beaten with despaire.  
 The Medwaies siluer streames,  
 that wont so still to slide,  
 Were troubled now and wroth:  
 whose hidden hollow caues  
 Along his banks with fog  
 then shrowded from mans eye,  
 Aye PHILIP did refound,  
 aye PHILIP they did cry.  
 His Nymphs were scene no more  
 (though custome still it craues)  
 With haire spread to the wind  
 themselves to bathe or sport,  
 Or with the hooke or net,  
 barefooted wantonly  
 The pleasant daintie fish  
 to entangle or deceiue.  
 The shepheards left  
 their wonted places of resort,  
 Their bagpipes now were still;  
 their louing merry layes  
 Were quite forgot; and now  
 their flocks, men might perceiue  
 To wander and to stray,  
 all carelessly neglect.  
 And in the stead of mirth,  
 and pleasure, nights and dayes,  
 Nought els was to be heard,  
 but woes, complaints and mone.  
 But thou (O blessed soule)  
 doost haply not respect,  
 These teares we shead,  
 though full of louing pure aspect,

Hauing

## The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

Having affixt thine eyes  
on that most glorious throne,  
Where full of maiestie  
the high Creator raignes,  
In whole bright shining face  
thy ioyes are all complete,  
Whose loue kindles thy spright;  
where happy alwaies one,  
Thou liu'st in blisse  
that earthly passion neuer staines;  
Where from the purest spring  
the sacred Nectar sweet  
Is thy continuall drinke:  
where thou doost gather now  
Of well employed life,  
th' inestimable gaines.  
There VENUS on thee smiles,  
APOLLO giues thee place,  
And MARS in reuerent wise  
doth to thy vertue bow,  
And decks his fiery sphere,  
to doe thee honour most.  
In highest part whereof,

thy valour for to grace,  
A chaire of gold he lets to thee,  
and there doth tell  
Thy noble acts arew,  
whereby euen they that boast  
Themselues of auncient fame,  
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,  
SCIPJO and CAESAR,  
with the rest that did excell  
In martiall prowesse,  
high thy glory do admire.  
All haile therefore.  
ô worthy PHILLIP immortal,  
The flowre of SYDNEYS race,  
the honour of thy name,  
Whose worthy praise to sing,  
my Muses not aspire;  
But sorrowfull and sad  
these teares to thee let fall,  
Yet with their verses might  
so farre and wide thy fame  
Extend, that enuies rage,  
nor time might end the same.



A Pa





A Pastorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir  
Philip Sidney, Knight, &c.

(. . .)

*Lycon.*

**C**OLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,  
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complain  
This great mishap, this greuous losse of owres.  
Hear'st thou the **OROVVN**? how with hollow sound  
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,  
And fremes to say vnto the fading flowres,  
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;  
**PHILLISIDES** is dead. Vp iolly swaine,  
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,  
Helpe him to moune. My hart with griefe doth steepe,  
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part  
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,  
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,  
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart. (teach

**COLIN.** Ah **LYCON**, **LYCON**, what need skill to  
A grieued mind poure forth his plaints? how long  
Hath the poore **Turtle** gone to schoole (ween'st thou)  
To learne to moune her lost Make? No, no, each  
Creature by nature can tell how to waille.  
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?  
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes  
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile  
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.  
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seene, that prunes  
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note  
Come to thine eares, or gladome sight appeare  
Vnto thine eyes, since that same fat ill howre?  
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,  
And testified his griefe with flowing teares?  
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre  
Doth vs inuite to make a sad consort;  
Come let vs ioine our mournfull song with theirs,  
Griefe will enlute, and sorrow will enforce  
Thy voice, and Echo will our words report.

**LYC.** Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verses  
That others farre excell; yet will I force (frame,  
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,  
And honour my base words with his high name.  
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit  
In secret shade or caue; vouchsafe, O **PAN**,  
To pardon me, and heare this hard constraint  
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.  
And eke ye rural Muses, that doe dwell

*Colin.*

In these wild woods; If euer pitious plaint  
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind  
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,  
Instruēt me now. Now **COLIN** then goe on,  
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.

**COL. PHILLISIDES** is dead. O harmful death;  
O deadly harme. Vnhappy **ALBION**,  
When shalt thou see among thy shepheards all,  
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vncath  
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;  
Courteous, valiant, and liberrall.  
Behold the sacred **PALES**, where with haire  
Vntrust the sits, in shade of yonder hill.  
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send  
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there  
Doth call the heauens despitfull, enuious,  
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end  
Of that same life, well worthy to haue been  
Prolongd with many yeeres, happy and famous.  
The Nymphs and **ORADES** her round about  
Doe sit lamenting on the grassie greene;  
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,  
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out  
To giue the fatal stroke. The starres they blame,  
That deaf or carelesse seeme at their request.  
The pleasant shade of stately groues they shun;  
They leaue their crysfall springs, where they wont frame  
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell faire,  
To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.  
And now the hollowe caues where horror darke  
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladome aire  
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time  
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,  
And seeme to beare a burden to their plaint.

**LYC. PHILLISIDES** is dead. O dolefull rime.  
Why should my tongue expresse thee? who is left  
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faint,  
**LYCON** vnfortunate? What spightfull fate,  
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft  
Of thy chiefe comfort; of thy onely stay?  
Where is become thy wonted happy state,  
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,  
Through pleasant woods, & many an vnknowne way,

Along

## A Pastorall Aeglogue.

Along the banks of many silver streames,  
Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale  
The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and APPENNINE?  
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames  
Of vertue kindled in his noble breast,  
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?  
But (woe is me) they now quenched are  
All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.  
Loe father NEPTVNE, with sad countenance,  
How he sits mourning on the strand now bare,  
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waues  
The white fetce washeth (wayling this mischance)  
OF D O V E R-cliffes. His sacred skirt about  
The Sea-gods all are set; from their moist caues  
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.  
The THAMIS rich, the HVMBER rough & stout,  
The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the rest are come  
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see  
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall  
Of the dead coips passing through his kingdome.  
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd  
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.  
Eke wailfull Echo, forgetting her deare  
NARCISVS, their last accents, doth resound.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O lucklesse age;  
O widow world; ô brookes and fountaines cleere;  
O hills, ô dales, ô woods that oft haue rong  
With his sweet caroling, which could assuage  
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.  
Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that among  
These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,  
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden naire,  
That oft haue left your purest crytall springs  
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe  
Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts.  
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?  
When shall you heare againe like harmonic?  
So sweet a sound, who to you now imparts?

Loe, where engraue by his hand yet liues  
The name of SYLLA, in yonder Bay tree.  
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,  
And spred your sacred branch, which honour giues,  
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne,  
Vnhappy flocke that wander scattred now,  
What maruell if through grieffe ye woxen leane,  
Forake your foode, and hang your heads adowne?  
For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,  
Whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy sprite,  
That now in heau'n with blessed soules doost bide:  
Looke downe awhile from where thou sittest aboue,  
And see how busie shepherds be to endite  
Sad songs of grieffe, their sorrowes to declare,  
And gratefull memory of their kind loue.  
Behold my selfe with COLIN, gentle swaine  
(Whose learned Muse thou cherisht most whylere)  
Where we thy names recording, seeke to ease,  
The inward torment and tormenting paine,  
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;  
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.  
Behold the fountaines now left desolate,  
And withred grasle with Cypres boughes bespred,  
Behold these flowres which on thy graue westrew;  
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,  
Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and pure  
Whole onely comfort on thy welfare grew.  
Whose prayers importuoe shall the heau'ns for aye,  
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure:  
That learnedst shepherds honour may thy name  
With yeerely prailes, and the Nymphs alway  
Thy tombe may decke with fresh & sweetest flowres;  
And that for euer may endure thy fame.

COL. The Sun (so) hathnd hath his face to sleepe  
In Western waues: and th'ayre with stormic showres  
Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheepe,  
LYCON, let's rise, and take of them good keepe;

*Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.*

L. B.





AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PAS-  
sion, for his *Astrophell*.

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir  
*Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Governour*  
of Flushing.

**A**S then, no winde at all there blew,  
No swelling cloude, acloide the ayre,  
The skie, like grasse of watchet hew,  
Reflected **P H O E B V S** golden haire,  
The garosift tree, no pendant stird,  
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,  
The Lion King, the Elephant,  
The maiden Vnicorne was there,  
So was **A C T E O N S** horned plant,  
And what of wilde ortame are found,  
Were coucht in order on the ground.

**A L C I D E S** speckled Poplar tree,  
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,  
With loue-iuyce stained the Mulberie,  
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine;  
And **P H I L I S** philbert there away,  
Comparte with Myrleand the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,  
With stately height threatening the skie,  
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,  
The blacke & dolefull Ebonie,  
All in a circle compact were,  
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,  
The airie-winged people sit,  
Distinguished in od degrees,  
One sort is this, another that,

Here **P M I L O M E L L E**, that knows ful well,  
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,  
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue,  
The Turtle by him neuer stird,

Example of immortall loue:  
The Swan, that sings about to die,  
Leauing **M E A N D E R**, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,  
The Phoenix left sweet Arabia:  
And on a Ceader in this coast,  
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,  
As I coniecture by the fume,  
Prepare to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,  
I saw one groueling on the grasse:  
A man or stone, I knew not that,  
No stone: of man the figure was,  
And yet I could not count him one,  
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceiue him reare  
His body on his elbowe end:  
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,  
Vpon his knees he vppward tend,  
Seeming like one in vncouth stound,  
To be ascending out the ground.

A grieuous sigh forthwith he throwes,  
As might haue torne the vitall strings,  
Then downe his cheekes the teares so flowes,  
As doth the streame of many springs,  
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,  
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,  
He wofully gan to complaine,  
Such were the accents as might wound,  
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.  
After his throbs did some-what stay,  
Thus heauily he gan to say.



O sunne, said he, seeing the sunne,  
On wretched me why doost thou shine?  
My flarre is false, my comfort done,  
Out is the apple of mine eie,  
Shine vpon those possesse delight,  
And let me lue in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,  
As heauie as a mount of lead,  
The remnant of my life controll,  
Comfort me quickly with the dead,  
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,  
Dide in the brest of **ASTROPHILL**.

And you compassionate of my wo,  
Gentle birds, beasts, and shade trees,  
I am assurde ye long to know,  
What be the sorrowes me agreed,  
Listen ye then to that infirmitie,  
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not **ASTROPHILL**,  
(That I should lue to say I knew,  
And haue not in possession fill)  
Things knowne permit me to renewe  
Of him, you know his merite such  
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of **ARCADIE**,  
He chief delight and pleasure tooke,  
And on the mountaine **PARTHENIE**,  
Vpon the crySTALL liquid brooke,  
The Muses met him eu'ry day,  
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,  
His perfonage seem'd most diuine,  
A thousand graces one might count,  
Vpon his lonely cheerefull eie,  
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,  
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance giuen by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,  
I trow that count'nance cannot lie,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was neuer eye, did see that face,  
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,  
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,  
That euer thought the trauell long:  
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,  
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,  
In whom so rare defects did raigne,  
Desired thus, must leaues than,  
And we to wish for him in vaine,  
O could the starrs that bred that wit,  
In force no longer fixed sit?

Then being filld with learned dew,  
The Muses willed him to loue,  
That instrument can aptly shew,  
How finely our conceits will moue.  
As **BACCHVS** opens dissembled harts,  
So loue sets out our better parts.

**STELLA**, a Nymph within this wood,  
Most rare and rich of heau'nly blis,  
The highest in his fancie flood,  
And she could well demerite this,  
Tis likely they acquainted soone,  
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our **ASTROPHILL** did **STELLA** loue,  
O **STELLA** vaunt of **ASTROPHILL**,  
Albeithy graces gods may moue,  
Where wilt thou find and **ASTROPHILL**,  
The rose and lillie haue their prime,  
And lo hita beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe excede,  
In common sight of eu'ry eie,  
Yet in his Podies when we reede,  
It is apparant more thereby,  
He that hath loue and iudgement to,  
Sees more than any others do.

Then **ASTROPHILL** hath honord thee,  
For when thy body is extinct,  
Thy graces shall eterall be,  
And liue by vertue of his inke,  
For by his verses he doth giue,  
To short hude beautie, aye to liue.

About all others, this is hee,  
Which erst approud in his song,  
That loue and honour might agree,  
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.  
Sweet faine, it is no sinne nor blame,  
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath  
In any mortall brest before,  
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,  
A Poets braine with finer store:  
He wrote of loue with high conceits,  
And beautie reard abouether height.

Then **PALLAS** afterward attyrd,  
Our **ASTROPHILL** with her deuce,  
Whom in his armor heauen admyrd,  
As of the nation of the skies,  
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,  
As he were dight with fiery starrs.

The blaze whereof when **MARS** beheld,  
(An enuous eye doth see afar)  
Such maiestie, quoth he, is feld,  
Such maiestie my mart may mar,  
Perhaps this may a suter be,  
To set **MARS** by his deitie.

# An Epitaph.

In this surmize he made with speede  
An Iron cane, wherein he put  
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.  
The flame and bolt together shur,  
With priuie force burst out againe,  
And for our ASTROPHIL was slaine.

This word (was slain) straightway did moue,  
And natures inward life-strings twitch,  
The skie immediatly aboue,  
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,  
The wrastring winds frō out the ground,  
Fild all the ayre with rading found.

The bending trees exprest a grone,  
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,  
The forrest beafts made ruthfull mone,  
The birds did tunc their mourning call,  
And PHILOMELE for ASTROPHIL,  
Vnto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,  
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,  
Me thought she said, I tell the truth,  
Was neuer he that drew in breath,  
Vnto his loue more trustie found,  
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in presence heere,  
Began his funerall dirge to sing,  
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appeere,  
But passe away with speedy wing.  
This mortall life, as death is tride,  
And death giues life, and fo he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made  
Among the creatures of each kind,  
Fired the Phœnix where she laid,  
Her ashes flying with the wind,  
So as I might with reason see,  
That such a Phœnix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,  
May breed an offspring neere that kind,  
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,  
It cannot sinke into my mind,  
That vnder-branches ere can bee  
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with peacing fight,  
The mournfull habite of the place,  
And parted thence with mounting flight,  
To signifie to IOVE the case,  
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,  
For ASTROPHIL, by eniue slaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,  
The sight the Eagle vpward tooke,  
All things did vanish by and by,  
And disappeared from my looke,  
The trees, beafts, birds, & groue was gone,  
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,  
A deepe compassion in my spright,  
My molting hart iflude, me thought,  
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,  
And heere my pen is forst to shrinke,  
My teares dicolour fo mine inke.

## An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouvernour of Flushing.

**T**O praise thy life, or waile thy worthy death,  
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,  
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,  
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,  
And friendly care obscure in secret brest;  
And loue that eniue in thy life suppress,  
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,  
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,  
As one that fild the rising Sun hath fought,  
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,  
Nor lesse then such (by gifts that Nature gaue,  
The common mother that all creatures haue,  
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,  
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere

For this base world, and hath resumed it neere,  
To sit in skies, and fort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,  
The heauens made hast, and staid nor ycers, nor time,  
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy first prime,  
Thy will, thy words; thy words the scales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdome rare imployd thee thence,  
To treat from kings, with those more great then kings,  
Such hope men had to lay the highest things,  
On thy wife youth, to be transported hence.

Whence, to sharpe warres sweet honour did thee call,  
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:  
Of worthy men, the markes, the lues and ends,  
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,  
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:  
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,  
But past with praise, from off this worldly stage.

C.

Backe

# An Epitaph.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,  
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;  
Teares to the fouldiers, the proud *Cassilians* shame;  
Vertue exprest, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woo'd,  
Young yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnfire  
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,  
Oh happie race with fo great praises roun.

*England* doth hold thy limmes that bred the fame,  
*Flaunders* thy valure, where it last was tried,  
The Campe thy sorrow, where thy bodie died,  
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,  
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,  
In worthy harts forrow hath made thy tombe,  
Thy foule and spright enrich the heuens about.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull teares,  
Young sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes bewaile thy fall,  
Enuie her sting, and spright hath left her gall,  
Malice her selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their *HANNIBAL* died, our *SCIPIO* fell,  
*SCIPIO*, *CICERO*, & *PETRARCH* of our time,  
Whose vertues wounded by my worthlesse rime,  
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell.

## ☞ An other of the same.

Silence augmenteth griefe,  
writing increaseth rage,  
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,  
and lost, the wonder of our age:  
Yet quickned now with fire,  
though dead with frost ere now,  
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:  
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,  
and rigors teares abound,  
And enuie strangely rues his end,  
in whom no fault she found,  
Knowledge her light hath lost,  
valor hath slaine her knight,  
*SIDNEY* is dead, dead is my friend,  
dead is the worlds delight.

Place peniue wailes his fall,  
whose presence was her pride,  
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:  
his life was my spring tide,  
Fame mournes in that she lost  
the ground of her reports,  
Each liuing wight laments his lack,  
and all in sundry forts.

He was (wo worth that word)  
to each well thinking mind,  
A spotlesse friend, a matchlesse man,  
whose vertue euer shind,  
Declaring in his thoughts,  
his life, and that he writ,  
Highest conceits, longest foresights,  
and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe,  
was second vnto none,  
Whose death (though life) we rue, and  
and all in vaine doe mone, (wrong,  
Their losse, not him waile they,  
that fill the world with cnes,  
Death slew not him, but he made death  
his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorow I,  
who liue, the more the wrong,  
Who wishing death, whom death denies,  
whose thred is all too long,  
Who tied to wretched life,  
who looks for no reliefe,  
Must spend my euer dying dayes,  
in neuer ending griefe.

Harts ease and onely I,  
like parallels runne on,  
Whose equall length, keepe equall bredth,  
and neuer meet in one,  
Yet for not wronging him,  
my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,  
Shall not run out, though leake they will,  
for liking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes,  
my wonted waking dreames,  
Farewell sometimes enjoyed ioy,  
eclipsed are thy beames,  
Farewell false-pleasing thoughts,  
which quietnesse brings forth,  
And farewell friendships sacred league,  
vniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,  
the gift of guilelesse minds,  
And all sports, which for liues restore,  
varietie assignes,  
Let all that sweet is void;  
in me no mirth may dwell,  
*PHILIP*, the cause of all this woe,  
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the sonne of rage,  
which art no kin to skill,  
And endlesse griefe, which deads my life,  
yet knowes not how to kill,  
Go seeke that haplesse tombe,  
which if ye hap to find,  
Salute the stones, that keepe the limmes,  
that held so good a mind.

F I N I S.





# PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE

by *Edmunde Spenser,*

In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerset*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worcester*: and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, *M. Henry Gilford*, and *M. William Peter*, Esquires.



AT LONDON

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.

PROTHAL  
MION

A PROVERBIAL VERSE

In honor of the noble history of the two Houses  
and various other the same history of the same  
this work is dedicated to the same history of the same  
MAYOR OF LONDON



AT LONDON  
Printed by A. L. for W. B. Jones  
1711



# PROTHALAMION.

Calm was the day, & through the trembling ayre,  
 Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did softly play  
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay  
 Hot TITANS beames, which then did glyster faire:  
 When I, whom fullen care,  
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay  
 In Princes Court, and expectation vaine  
 Of idle hopes, which still doe flie away,  
 Like empty shaddowes, did afflicke my braine,  
 Walkt forth to ease my paine  
 Along the shoare of siluer streaming THEMES,  
 Whose rutty Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,  
 Was painted all with variable flowers,  
 And all the meades adorn'd with daintie gemmes,  
 Fit to decke maydens bowres,  
 And crowne their Paramours,  
 Against the Bridale day, which is not long:  
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,  
 A flock of Nymphes I chanced to espy,  
 All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,  
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntyde,  
 As each had been a Bryde,  
 And each one had a little wicker basket,  
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,  
 In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:  
 And with fine fingers, croopt full featously  
 The tender stalkes on hie.  
 Of eury sort, which in that Meadow grew,  
 They gathered some: the Violet pallid blew,  
 The little Dazie, that at evening closes,  
 The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,  
 With flore of vermeil Roses,  
 To decke their Bridegroomes postes,  
 Against the Bridale day, which was not long:  
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,  
 Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;  
 Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:  
 The snowe which doth the top of PONDVS strew,  
 Did neuer whiter shewe,

Nor IOVE himselfe when he a Swan would be,  
 For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:  
 Yet LEDA was (they say) as white as he,  
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;  
 So purely white they were,  
 That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,  
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might  
 Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,  
 And marre their beauties bright,  
 That shone as heuens light,  
 Against their Bridale day, which was not long:  
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Effsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their  
 Ran all in haste, to see that siluer broode, (fill,  
 As they came floting on the cryfall Flood.  
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,  
 Their wondrous eyes to fill,  
 Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,  
 Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme  
 Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre  
 Which through the Skie draw VENVS siluer Teeme,  
 For sure they did not seeme  
 To be begot of any earthly Seede,  
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:  
 Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they say,  
 In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weed  
 The earth did fresh aray,  
 So fresh they seem'd as day,  
 Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:  
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,  
 Great flore of Flowers, the honour of the field,  
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,  
 All which, vpon those goodly Birds they threw,  
 And all the Waues did strew,  
 That like old PENEVS Waters they did seeme,  
 Whe down along by pleasant TEMPS shore (stream,  
 Scattered with Flowers, through THESALY they  
 That they appeare through Lillies plentious store,  
 Like a Brides Chamber flore:



# PROTHALAMION.

Two of those Nymphes, mean-while two garlands bound,  
Of freshest Flowres, which in that Mead they found,  
The which presenting all in trim Array,  
Their snowie Forcheads therewithall they crownd,  
Whil' t' one did sing this Lay,  
Prepar'd against that Day,  
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,  
And heavens glorie, whom this happy hower  
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,  
Ioy may you haue, and gentle hearts content  
Of your loues complement:  
And let faire V E N U S, that is Queene of loue,  
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,  
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue  
All loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile  
For euer to assoile.  
Let endlesse Peace your stedfast hearts accord,  
And blessed Plentie waite vpon your bord,  
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,  
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,  
Which may your foes confound,  
And make your ioyes redound,  
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

So ended she; and all the rest around  
To her redoubled that her voder song,  
Which said, their Bridale day should not be long.  
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground,  
Their accents did resound.  
So forth, those ioyous Birdes did passe along,  
Adowne the Lecc, that to them murmurde low,  
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,  
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,  
Making his streame runne slow.  
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell  
Gan flocke about these twaine, that did excell  
The rest, so far, as C Y N T H I A doth shend  
The lesser starres. So they entranged well,  
Did on those two attend,  
And their best seruice lend,  
Against their wedding day, which was not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry L O N D O N came,  
To merry L O N D O N, my most kindly Nurse,  
That to me gaue this Lifes first native soure:  
Though from another place I take my name,  
An house of ancient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,  
The which on T H E M M E S brode aged back doth ride,  
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers,  
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,  
Till they decayd through pride:  
Next wherevnto there stands a stately place,  
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace  
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,  
Whose want too well now feeses my friendlesse care:  
But ah! heere fits not well  
Old woes, but ioyes to tell  
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,  
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,  
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thun-  
And H E R C U L E S two pillars standing neere, (des,  
Did make to quake and feare:  
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualrie,  
That fillest *England* with thy triumphs fame,  
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,  
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name  
That promiseth the same:  
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,  
Thy Country may be freed from forraine harmes:  
And great E L I S A B E T glorious name may ring  
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmes,  
Which some braue Muse may sing  
To ages following,  
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,  
Like radiant H E S P E R, when his golden haire  
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,  
Descended to the Riuers open viewing,  
With a great traine ensuing,  
Aboue the rest were goodly to be seene:  
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature  
Bebecing well the bower of any Queene,  
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,  
Fit for so goodly stature:  
That like the twinner of I O V E they seem'd in fight,  
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright.  
They two forth passing to the Riuers side,  
Receiu'd those two faire Brides, their Loues delight,  
Which at th' appointed tide,  
Each one did make his Bride,  
Against their Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

FINIS.



AMORETTI  
AND  
EPITHALAMION.

Written by *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*  
1611.

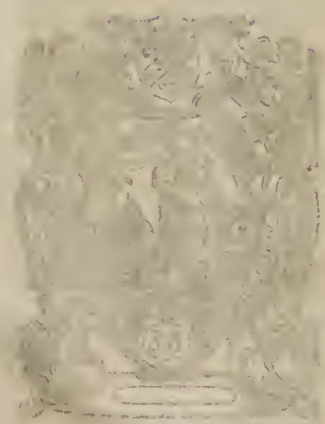
THE

AMORETTI

AND

EPITHALAMIA

BY



AT LONDON  
Printed by H. A. in the Strand





# AMORETTI.

G. W. Senior, to the Author.

**D** Arke is the day, when Phœbus face is shrowded,  
And weaker sights may wander soone astray:  
But when they see his glorious raies unclowded,  
With steady steps they keepe the perfect way:  
So while this Muse in forraine Land doth stay,  
Invention weepes, and penne are cast aside,  
The time like night, deprivd of chearfull day,  
And few doe write, but (ah) too soone may slide.  
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,  
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,  
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,  
That do for poesie, challenge chiefest name:  
So we that live, and ages that succeed,  
With great applause thy learned works shall reed.

**A** H Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,  
Piping to shepherds thy sweet rounde layes:  
Or whether singing in some loftie vaine,  
Heroicke deeds, of past, or present dayes:  
Or whether in thy lovely Mistresse praise,  
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill, (sic a/c,  
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to  
With rare invention, beautified by skill:  
As who therein can ever ioy their fill!  
O therefore let that happy Muse proceed  
To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,  
Where endlesse honour shal be made thy meed.  
Because no malice of succeeding daies,  
Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.  
G. W. I.

## SONNET I.

**H** Appye leaves, when as those lilly hands,  
which hold my life in their dead-doing might,  
shall handle you, and hold in loutes soft bands,  
like captives trembling at the victors sight.  
And happy lines, on which with starry light,  
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke  
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
written with teares in harts close bleeding booke  
And happy rimes bath'd in the sacred brooke,  
of H E L I O N whence she derivied is,  
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
my soules long lacked foode, my heavens blis.  
Eaues, lines, and rimes, seeke her to please alone,  
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

## SONNET II.

**V** Nquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,  
of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:  
and stithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,  
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:  
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
in which thou lutekest like to vipers brood:  
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart,  
and also to sustaine thy selfe with food.

But if in presence of that fairest proud  
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:  
and with meeke humbleesse and afflicted mood,  
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.  
Which if she grant, then live, and my loue cherish:  
If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

## SONNET III.

**T** He foueraigne beautie which I doe admire,  
witness the world how worthy to be praised:  
the light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire,  
in my fraile spirit, by her ston basenelle raised:  
That being now with her huge brightnes dazed,  
base thing I can no more endure to view:  
but looking still on her, I stand amazed,  
at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.  
So when my tongue would speake her praises dew,  
it stopp'd is with thoughts astonishment:  
and when my pen would write her titles true,  
it ravisht is with fancies wonderment:  
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write  
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

## SONNET IIII.

**N**ew yeare forth looking out of I A N V S gate,  
doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:

# SONNETS.

and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date  
bids all o'ld thoughts to die in dumpish spright.  
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,  
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:  
wils him awake, and soone about him dight  
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.  
For lustie Spring now in his timely howre,  
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:  
and warnes the Earth, with diuers colour flowre  
to decke her selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.  
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,  
Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

## SONNET V.

**R**Vdely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,  
in finding fault with her too portly pride:  
the thing which I doe most in her admire,  
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.  
For in those loftie lookes is close implide,  
scorne of base things, & sdeigne of foule dishonor:  
threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,  
that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.  
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,  
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:  
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,  
spreads in defiance of all enemies.  
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,  
Without some sparke of such selfe-pleasing pride.

## SONNET VI.

**B**E nought dismayd that her vn moued mind  
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:  
such loue not like to lusts of baser kind,  
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.  
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,  
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:  
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide  
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aspire.  
So hard it is to kinde new desire,  
in gentie brest that shall endure for euer:  
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire  
with chaste affects, that nought but death can seuer.  
Then thinke not long in taking little paine,  
To knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

## SONNET VII.

**F**Aire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,  
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,  
the which both life and death forth from you dart  
into the obiect of your mightie ioy?  
For when ye mildly looke with lowly hew,  
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:  
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,  
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.  
But since that life is more then death desired,  
looke euer lowely, as becomes you best,  
that your bright beams of my weak eyes admitted,  
may kinde liuing fire within my brest.  
Such life should be the honor of your light,  
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

## SONNET VIII.

**M**ORE then most faire, full of the liuing fire,  
kindled aboute vnto the maker neer:  
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conspire,  
that to the world nought else be counted deare.  
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest  
shoote out his darts to base affectious wound:  
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to rest  
in chaste desires, on heauenly beaurie bound.  
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within,  
you stop my tongue, and teach my hart to speake,  
you calme the storme that passion did begin,  
strong through your cause, but by your vertue weake.  
Darke is the world, where your light shined neuer;  
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

## SONNET IX.

**L**ONG-while I fought to what I might compare  
those powerfull eyes, which lighten my dark spright:  
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare  
resemble th' image of their goodly light.  
Not to the Sun: for they doe shine by night;  
nor to the Moone: for they are chang'd neuer;  
nor to the startes: for they haue purer sight;  
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer;  
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuer;  
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;  
nor vnto Crytall: for nought may them seuer;  
nor vnto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her.  
Then to the Maker selfe they liket bee,  
Whole light doth lighten all that heere we see.

## SONNET X.

**V**Nrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,  
that me thou makest thus tormented be?  
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse  
of her free-will, scorning both thee and me.  
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see  
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:  
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,  
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.  
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake  
and that high looke, with which she doth controll  
all this wordes pride bow to a baser make,  
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:  
That I may laugh at her in squall sort,  
As she doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her sport.

## SONNET XI.

**D**Aily when I doe seeke and sue for peace,  
and hostages doe offer for my truth:  
she cruell warriour doth her selfe addresse  
to battell, and the wearie war renew th.  
Ne will be mou'd with reason or with ruth,  
to grant small respite to my restlesse toile:  
but greedily her fell intent pursueth,  
of my poore life to make vn pittied spoile.  
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assioile,  
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:  
but then she seekes with torment and turmoile,  
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

# SONNETS.

All paine hath end, and euery war hath peace,  
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

## SONNET XII.

**O** Ne day I fought with her hart-thrilling eyes  
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:  
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,  
which fought me to entrap in treasons traine.  
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,  
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long,  
in the close couert of her guilefull eyes,  
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.  
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,  
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:  
who me captiuing straight with rigorous wrong,  
haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.  
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,  
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

## SONNET XIII.

**I** N that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,  
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:  
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaceth,  
most goodly temperature ye may descry,  
Mild humbleffe, mixt with awfull maiestie.  
for looking oo the earth whence she was borne,  
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,  
what so is fairest shall to earth returne.  
But that same loftie countenance seemes to scorne  
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may climbe:  
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,  
that hinders heavenly thoughts with drossie slime.  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,  
Such lowlinesse shall make you loffie be.

## SONNET XIII.

**R** eturne againe my forces late dismayd,  
vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite.  
great shame it is to leane, like one afraid,  
so faire a peece, for one repulse so light.  
Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might  
then those small forces, ye were wont belay;  
such haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,  
disdaine to yeeld vnto the first assay.  
Bring therefore all the forces that yee may,  
and lay incessant battery to her hart,  
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,  
those engines can the proudest loue conuert:  
And if those faile, fall downe and die before her,  
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

## SONNET XV.

**Y** E tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,  
doe seek most precious things to make your gaine:  
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,  
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?  
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe  
all this worlds riches that may farre be found;  
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,  
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies found:

If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:  
if Luorie, her forehead Luorie vncene:  
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;  
if Siluer, her faire hands are siluer shiene:  
But that which fairest is, but few behold,  
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

## SONNET XVI.

**O** Ne day as I vnwarily did gaze  
on those fayre eyes my loues immortal light:  
the whiles my stonish't hart stood in a maze,  
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;  
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,  
legions of loues with little wings did flie:  
darting their deadly arrowes fierie bright,  
at euery rash beholder passing by.  
One of those archers closely I did spy,  
ayming his arrow at my very hart:  
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,  
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.  
Had she not so done, sure I had been slaine,  
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

## SONNET XVII.

**T** He glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,  
made to amaze weake mens confined skill:  
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embrace,  
what pen, what penill can expresse her fill?  
For though he colours could deuize at will,  
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,  
yet many wondrous things there are befide.  
The sweet eye-glauces, that like arrowes glide,  
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:  
the louely pleasance, and the lofty pride,  
cannot expresse'd be by any art.  
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth need,  
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

## SONNET XVIII.

**T** He rolling wheele that runneth often round,  
the hardest Steele in tract of time doth teare:  
and drizzling drops that often doeround,  
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare:  
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,  
and long intreatie, soften her hard hart:  
that she wil once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,  
or looke with pity on my painefull smart.  
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,  
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:  
and when I sigh, she sayes, I knowe the art,  
and when I waile, she turnes herselfe to laughter.  
So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine,  
Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still remaine.

## SONNET XIX.

**T** He merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,  
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sound:  
that warnes all louers waite vpon their king,  
who now is coming forth with girland crown'd.

With



With noyse whereof the quire of Birds reſounded  
their antheemes ſweet deuized of loues praife,  
that all the woods their Echoes back rebounded,  
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.  
But mongt them all, which did Loues honour raiſe,  
no word was heard of her that moſt it ought,  
but ſhe his precept proudly diſobayes,  
and doth his idle meſſage ſet at nought.  
Therefore, ô loue, vnleſſe ſhe turne to thee  
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

## SONNET XX.

**I**N vaine I ſeek and ſue to her for grace,  
and doe mine humble hart before her poure:  
the whiles her foote ſhe in my necke doth place,  
and tread my life downe in the lowly flour.  
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,  
and raigeth ouer eury beaſt in field,  
in his moſt pride diſdeigneeth to deuoure  
the ſilly Lambe that to his might doth yield.  
But ſhe, more cruell and more ſaluage wilde,  
then eyther Lyon, or the Lionelle:  
ſhames not to be with guiltleſſe bloud deſilde,  
but taketh glory in her crueltie.  
Fairer then faireſt, let none euer ſay,  
That ye wete blooded in a yeilded pray.

## SONNET XXI.

**VV**As it the worke of Nature or of Art,  
which tempered ſo the feature of her face,  
that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,  
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace?  
For with mild pleaſance, which doth pride diſplace,  
ſhe to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:  
and with ſterne count'nance backe againe doth chace  
their looſer lookes that ſir vp luſtes impure,  
With ſuch ſtrange traines her eyes ſhe doth inure,  
that with one looke ſhe doth my life diſmay:  
and with another doth it ſtraight recure,  
her ſmile me draws, her frowne me driues away.  
Thus doth ſhe traine and teach me with her lookes,  
Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

## SONNET XXII.

**T**His holy ſeaſon, fit to faſt and pray,  
meo to deuotion ought to be inclin'd:  
therefore, I likewiſe on ſo holy day,  
for my ſweet Saint ſome ſeruiſe fit will find.  
Her temple faire is built within my mind,  
in which her glorious image placed is,  
on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,  
like ſacred prieſts that neuer thinke amis:  
There I to her, as th'author of my bliſ,  
will build an altar to appeaſe her ire,  
and on the ſame my hart will ſacrifice,  
burning in flames of pure and chaſte deſire:  
The which vouchſafe, ô goddeſſe to accept,  
Amongſt thy deereſt relicks to be kept.

## SONNET XXIII.

**P**ENELOPE for her VLYSSES ſake,  
deuiz'd a Web her woovers to deceaſe:

in which, the worke that ſince all day did make,  
the ſame at night ſhe did againe vnreue:  
Such ſubtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,  
th' impurtune ſute of my deſire to ſhoue:  
for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,  
in one ſhort houre I find by her vndonne.  
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,  
I muſt begin and neuer bring to end:  
for with one looke, ſhe ſpils that long I ſponne,  
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.  
Such labour like the Spyderys web I find,  
Whoſe fruitleſſe worke is broken with leaſt wind.

## SONNET XXIII.

**W**Hen I behold that beauties wonderment,  
and rare perfection of each goodly part:  
of natures ſkill the onely complement,  
I honour and admire the makers art.  
But when I feele the bitter balefull ſmart,  
which her faire eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:  
that death out of their ſhiny beames doe dart,  
I thinke that I a new PANDORA ſee;  
Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree,  
into this ſinfull world from heauen to ſend:  
that ſhe to wicked men a ſourge ſhould be,  
for all their faults with which they did offend.  
But ſince ye are my ſourge, I will intrcat,  
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

## SONNET XXV.

**H**ow long ſhall this like dying life endure,  
and know no end of her owne miſerie?  
but waſte and weare away in termes vnſure,  
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.  
Yet better were atonce to let me die,  
and ſhew the laſt enſample of your pride:  
then to torment me thus with crueltie,  
to proue your powre, which I too well haue tride.  
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide  
a cloſe intent at laſt to ſhew me grace:  
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,  
as meanes of bliſ I gladly will embrace;  
And wiſh that more and greater they might be,  
That greater meed at laſt may turne to me.

## SONNET XXVI.

**S**weet is the Roſe, but growes vpon a brere;  
ſweet is the Iunipere, but ſharpe his bough;  
ſweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;  
ſweet is the ſirbloomie, but his branches rough:  
Sweet is the Cypreſſe, but his rind is rough,  
ſweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
ſweet is the broome-flowre, but yet ſowre enough;  
and ſweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.  
So eury ſweet with ſoure is tempted ſill,  
that maketh it be coueted the more:  
for eaſie things that may be got at will,  
moſt ſorts of men doe ſet but little ſtore.  
Why then ſhould I account of little paine,  
That endleſſe pleaſure ſhall vnto me gaine.

## SONNET XXVII.

**F**Aire proud, now tell me, why should faire be proud,  
 Sith all worlds glory is but droffe vncleane?  
 and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,  
 how-euer now thereof ye little weene.  
**T**hat goodly I doall now so gay besene,  
 shall doffe her fleshes borrow faire attire:  
 and be forgot as it had neuer been,  
 that many now much worship and admire.  
**N**e any then shall after inquire,  
 ne any mention shall thereof remaine,  
 but what this verse, that neuer shall expire,  
 shall to you purchase with her thanklesse paine.  
**F**aire, be no longer proud of that shall perish,  
 But that which shall you make immortall, cherish.

## SONNET XXVIII.

**T**He Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,  
 giues me great hope of your relenting mind:  
 for since it is the badge which I doe beare,  
 ye bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind:  
**T**he powre thereof, which oft in me I find,  
 let it likewise your gentle brest inspire  
 with sweet infusion, and put you in mind  
 of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.  
**P**roud **D**A **P**H **N**E, seeming Phœbus lovely fire,  
 on the Thessalian shore from him did sic:  
 for which the gods in their reuengfull ire  
 did her transforme into a Laurell tree.  
**T**hen sic no more faire Loue from Phœbus chace,  
 But in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

## SONNET XXIX.

**S**Ee how the stubborne damzell doth depraue  
 my simple meaning with disdainfull scorne:  
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,  
 accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.  
**T**he bay, quoth she, is of the Victors borne,  
 yeelded them by the vanquisht as their meeds,  
 and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,  
 to sing the glory of their famous deeds.  
**B**ut sith she will the conquest challenge needs,  
 let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,  
 that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,  
 I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.  
**T**hen would I decke her head with glorious bayes,  
 And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

## SONNET XXX.

**M**Y Loue is like to Ice, and I to fire;  
 how comes it: then that this her cold so great  
 is not dissolu'd through my so hot desire,  
 but harder growes the more I her intreat?  
**O**r how comes it that my exceeding heat  
 is not delayd by her hart frozen cold:  
 but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,  
 and feele my flames augmented manifold?  
**W**hat more miraculous thing may be told,  
 that fire which all thing melts, should harden Ice:  
 and Ice, which is congeald with senselesse cold,  
 should kindle fire by wonderfull deuic?

Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,  
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

## SONNET XXXI.

**A**H, why hath nature to so hard a hart  
 giuen so goodly gifts of beauties grace?  
 whose pride depraues each other better part,  
 and all those pretious ornaments deface.  
**S**ith to all other beasts of bloody race,  
 a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath:  
 that with their terrour all the rest may chace,  
 and warne to shun the danger of their wrath.  
**B**ut my proud one doth worke the greater scath,  
 through sweet allurement of her loucly hew:  
 that she the better may in bloody bath  
 of such poore thralls, her euell hands embrew.  
**B**ut did she knowe how ill these two accord,  
 Such crueltie she would haue soone abhord.

## SONNET XXXII.

**T**He painfull Smith, with force of offendent hea,  
 the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,  
 that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,  
 and fashion to what he it list apply.  
**Y**et cannot all these flames in which I fry,  
 her hart more hard then Iron soft awhit:  
 ne all the plaints and prayers with which I  
 doe beat on th' anuile of her stubborne wit:  
**B**ut still the more she feruent sees my fit,  
 the more she friezeth in her wilfull pride:  
 and harder growes the harder she is smit,  
 with all the plaints which to her be applyde.  
**W**hat then remains: but I to ashes burne,  
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne?

## SONNET XXXIII.

**G**REAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,  
 to that most sacred Empresse my deare dread,  
 not finishing her Queene of Faëry,  
 that mote enlarge her liuing prayes dead:  
**B**ut **L**O **D**V **V**E **C**K, this of grace to me arcad;  
 doe ye not thioke th' accomplishment of it,  
 sufficient worke for one mans simple head,  
 all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.  
**H**ow then should I without another wit?  
 thinke euer to endure so tedious toyle,  
 sith that this one is tost with troublous fit,  
 of a proud Loue, that doth my spirit spoyle.  
**C**ease then, till she vouchsafe to grant meritt,  
 Or lend you me another liuing brest.

## SONNET XXXIII.

**L**Ike as a ship, that through the Ocean wide,  
 by conduct of some starre doth make her way,  
 when as a storme hath dimd her trustie guide,  
 out of her course doth wandre far astray:  
**S**o I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,  
 me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,  
 doe wandre now in darknesse and dismay,  
 through hidden perils round about me past;

D.

Yes

Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,  
my **H E L I C E**, the lodestar of my life  
will shine againe, and looke on me at last,  
with louely light to clear my cloudy grieffe.  
Till then I wander carefull comfortles,  
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiueneſſe.

## SONNET XXXV.

**M**Y hungry eyes through greedy couetice,  
still to behold the object of their paine,  
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffice:  
but hauing piue, and hauing not complaine.  
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine,  
and I, ſuing it, they gaze on it the more:  
in their amazement like **N A R C I S S U S** vaine,  
whoſe eyes him ſtarr'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.  
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore  
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke,  
but lothe the things which they did like before,  
and can no more endure on them to looke.  
All this worlds glorie ſeemeth vaine to me,  
And all their ſhows but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

## SONNET XXXVI.

**T**ELL mee, when ſhall theſe wearie woes haue end,  
or ſhall their ruthleſſe torment neuer ceaſe:  
but all my daies in pining languor ſpend,  
without hope of aſſwagement or releaſe.  
Is there no meanes for me to purchaſe peace,  
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:  
but that their crueltie doth ſtill increaſe,  
and daily more augment my miſeries.  
But when ye haue ſhew'd all extremities,  
then thinke how little glory ye haue gain'd,  
by ſlaying him, whoſe life though ye deſpiſe,  
mote haue your life in honor long maintained.  
But by his death, which ſome perhaps will mone,  
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

## SONNET XXXVII.

**W**HAT guile is this, that thoſe her golden trefles  
ſhe doth atyre vnder a net of gold:  
and with ſhe ſkill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,  
that which is gold or haire, may ſcarce be told?  
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,  
ſhee may entangle in that golden ſnare:  
and being caught, may craftily enfold  
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?  
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe ſtare  
henceforth too raſhly on that guilefull net,  
in which, if euer ye entrapp'd are,  
out of her bands ye by no meanes ſhall get.  
Fondneſſe it were for any being free,  
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

## SONNET XXXVIII.

**A**RION, when through tempeſts cruell wrack,  
he forth was throwne into the greedy ſeas:  
through the ſweet muſick which his harp did make,  
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe.

But my rude muſick, which was wont to pleaſe  
ſome daintie eares, cannot with any ſkill,  
the dreadfull tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe,  
nor moue the Dolphin from her ſubborne will,  
But in her pride ſhe doth perſeuer ſtill,  
all careleſſe how my life for her decays:  
yet with one word ſhe can iſſue or ſpill,  
to ſpill were pittie, but to ſaue were praife.  
Chuſe rather to be pray'd for doing good,  
Then to be blam'd for ſpilling guileleſſe blood.

## SONNET XXXIX.

**S**weet ſmile, the daughter of the **Q**ueene of loue,  
expreſſing all thy mothers powerfull art,  
with which ſhe wonts to temper angry **I O V E**,  
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart,  
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelfe ſweet art.  
for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſſe,  
a melting pleaſance ran through euery part,  
and me reuiued with hart-robbing gladneſſe.  
Whilſt rapt with ioy reſembling heauenly madnes,  
my ſoule was raviſht quite as in a trauince:  
and feeling thence no more her ſorrows ſadneſſe,  
fed on the ſuſneſſe of that chearefull glaunce.  
More ſweet then **N**ectar or **A**mbroſiall mear,  
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

## SONNET XL.

**M**Arke when the ſmiles with amiable cheare,  
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:  
when on each eye-lid ſweetly doe appeare  
an hundred Graces as in ſhade to ſit.  
Likeſt it ſeemeth in my ſimple wit,  
vnto the faire ſunſhine in ſommers day:  
that when a dreadfull ſtorme away is ſlit,  
through the broad world doth ſped his goodly ray:  
At ſight whercof, each bird that ſits on ſpray,  
and euery beaſt that to his den was fled,  
comes forth a freſh out of their late diſmay,  
and to the light liſt vp their drooping hed.  
So my ſtorme-beaten hart likewise is cheared,  
With that ſun-ſhine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

## SONNET XLI.

**I**S it her nature, or is it her will,  
to be ſo cruell to an humbled foe?  
if nature, then ſhe may it mend with ſkill:  
if will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe.  
But if her nature and her will be ſo,  
that ſhe will plague the man that loues her moſt:  
and take delight to increaſe a wretches woe,  
then all her natures goodly gifts are loſt.  
And that ſame glorious beauties idle boaſt,  
is but a bayt ſuch wretches to beguile,  
as being long in her loues tempeſt toſt,  
ſhe means at laſt to make her pittious ſpoile.  
O ſayreſt faire, let neuer it be named,  
That ſo faire beauty was ſo ſouly ſhamed.

## SONNET XLII.

**T**He loue which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,  
ſo pleaſing is in my extreameſt paine,



# SONNETS.

that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,  
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.  
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)  
to be acquit from my continuall smart:  
but ioy, her thrall for euer to remaine,  
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart;  
The which that it from her may neuer start,  
let her, if please her, bind with Adamaunt chaine:  
and from all wandering loues which mote peruert,  
in safe assurance strongly it reſtraine.  
Onely let her abſtaine from crueltie,  
And doe me not before my time to die.

## SONNET XLIII.

**S**hall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeake?  
and if I ſpeake, her wrath renew I ſhall:  
and if I ſilent be, my hart will breake,  
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.  
What tyrannie is this, both my hart to thrall,  
and eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie;  
that neither I may ſpeake nor thinke at all,  
but like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?  
Yet I my hart with ſilence lecretly  
will teach to ſpeake, and my iuſt cauſe to plead:  
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,  
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:  
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can ſpell,  
Will ſoone conceiue, and learne to conſtrue well.

## SONNET XLIIII.

**W**hen thoſe renowned noble Peeres of Greece,  
through ſtubborne pride among theſelues did iar,  
forgetfull of the famous golden ſeece,  
then **ORPHEVS** with his harp their ſtrife did bar.  
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,  
the which my ſelfe againſt my ſelfe doe make:  
whiſt my weak powes of paſſions warreid are,  
no ſkill can ſtint, nor reaſon can ſlake.  
But when in hand my tuneleſſe harpe I take,  
then doe I more augment my foes deſpight:  
and griefe renew, and paſſions doe awake  
to battaile, freſh againſt my ſelfe to fight.  
Mongſt whom the more I ſeek to ſettle peace,  
The more I find their malice to increaſe.

## SONNET XLV.

**L**eaue Lady in your glaſſe of cryſtall cleane,  
your goodly ſelfe for euermore to view:  
and in my ſelfe, my inward ſelfe I meane,  
moſt liuely like behold your ſemblant true.  
With n my hart, though hardly it can ſhew  
thing to diuine to view of earthly eye:  
the faire Idea of your celeftiall hew,  
and euery part remaiues immortally:  
And were it not that through your crueltie,  
with ſorrow dimmed and deformed it were,  
the goodly image of your vniſomy,  
clearer then cryſtall would therein appeare.  
But if your ſelfe in me ye plaine will ſee,  
Remoue the cauſe by which your faire beames darkned

## SONNET XLVI.

**W**hen my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,  
my cruell faire ſtraight bids me wend away:  
but then from heauen moſt hideous ſtormes are ſent,  
as willing me againſt her will to ſtay.  
Whom then ſhall I, or heauen or her obey?  
the heauens knowe beſt what is the beſt for me:  
but as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,  
my lower heauen, ſo it perforce muſt be.  
But ye high heauens, that all this ſorrowe ſee,  
ſith all your tempeſts cannot hold me back,  
aſſwage your ſtormes, or elſe both you and ſhee,  
will both together me too ſorely wrack.  
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtaine  
The ſtormes, which the alone on me doth raine.

## SONNET XLVII.

**T**ruſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling lookes,  
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tried:  
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,  
that from the fooliſh fiſh their bayts doe hide:  
So ſhe with flattering ſmyles weake harts doth guide  
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay;  
whom being caught, ſhe kills with cruell pride,  
and feeds at pleaſure on the wretched pray:  
Yet euen whiſt her bloody hands them ſlay,  
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them ſmile:  
that they take pleaſure in her cruell play,  
and dying, doe themſelues of paine beguile.  
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,  
And thinke they die with pleaſure, liue with paine.

## SONNET XLVIII.

**I**nnocent paper, whom too cruell hand  
did make the matter to auenge herire:  
and ere ſhe could thy cauſe well vnderſtand,  
did ſacrifice vnto the greedy fire.  
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,  
then ſo bad end for hereicks ordained:  
yet hereſic nor treaſon didſt conſpire,  
but plead thy Maſters cauſe, vniuſtly pained.  
Whom ſhe, all careleſſe of his griefe, conſtrained  
to vtter forth the anguiſh of his hart:  
and would not heare, when he to her complained  
the pittious paſſion of his dying ſmart.  
Yet liue for euer, though againſt her will,  
And ſpeake her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

## SONNET XLIX.

**F**ayre cruell, why are ye ſo fierce and cruell?  
Is it becauſe your eyes haue power to kill?  
then knowe that mercys the Mighties ieuell,  
and greater glory thinke to ſaue, then ſpill.  
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will,  
to ſhew the powre of your imperious eyes:  
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,  
but bend your force againſt your enemies.  
Let them ſeele th'vntmoſt of your cruelties,  
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:  
but him that at your footſtoole humbled lies,  
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

## SONNETS.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be,  
So shall you liue, by giuing life to me.

### SONNET L.

**L**ong languishing in double malady,  
Of my hartes wound, and of my bodies grieffe,  
There came to me a Leach, that would apply  
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.  
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little prife,  
in deepe discouery of the minds disease:  
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?  
and rules the members as it selfe doth please?  
Then with some cordials seeke first to appease  
the inward languor of my wounded hart,  
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:  
but such sweet cordials passe Physicians art.  
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,  
And with one salue, both hart and body heale.

### SONNET LI.

**D**oe I not see that fairest Images,  
of hardest Marble are of purpose made?  
for that they should endure through many ages,  
ne let their famous monuments to fade.  
Why then doe I, vntraid in Louers trade,  
her hardnesse blame, which I should more commend?  
sith neuer ought was excellent assayd,  
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.  
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,  
mote soften it and to his wil allure:  
so doe I hope her stubborn hart to bend,  
and that it then more stedfast will endure.  
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,  
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

### SONNET LII.

**S**o oft as homeward I from her depart,  
I goe like one that hauing lost the field,  
is prisoner led away with heavy hart,  
despoild of warlike armes and knowen shield.  
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield,  
to sorrow and to solitarie paine:  
from presence of my dearest deare exild,  
long, while alone in languour to remaine.  
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,  
dare to approche, that may my solace breed:  
but sudden dumps, and dreary sad disdain  
of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.  
So I her absence will my penaunce make,  
That of her presence I my meed may take.

### SONNET LIII.

**T**he Panther knowing that his spotted hide  
doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray:  
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,  
to let them gaze, whilst he on them may play.  
Right so my cruell faire with me doth play,  
for with the goodly semblance of her hew,  
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,  
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.

Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,  
made for to be the worlds most ornament:  
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,  
good shames to be to ill an instrument.  
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,  
As in their maker ye them best may see.

### SONNET LIIII.

**O**f this worlds Theater in which we stay,  
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,  
beholding me that all the pageants play,  
disguising diuersly my troubled wits.  
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,  
and maske in mirth like to a Comedie:  
soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,  
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.  
Yet the beholding me with constant eye,  
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart:  
but when I laugh, she mocks, and when I cry,  
she laughs, and hardens euermore her hart.  
What then can moue her? if nor mirth nor mone,  
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

### SONNET LV.

**S**o oft as I her beaute doe behold,  
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,  
I maruaile of what substance was the mould,  
the which her made at once so cruell faire,  
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'ly are,  
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:  
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare,  
not fire; for she doth frieze with faint desire.  
Then needs another Element inquire  
whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.  
for, to the heauen her haughty looks aspire:  
and eke her loue is pure immortal hie.  
Then sith to heauen ye likened are the best,  
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

### SONNET LVI.

**F**aire yee be sure, but cruell and vnkind,  
as is a Tyger, that with greedinesse  
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find  
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.  
Faire be ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,  
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:  
finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,  
beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.  
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,  
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:  
gainst which, a ship of succour desolate,  
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.  
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,  
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

### SONNET LVII.

**S**wet warrior, when shall I haue peace with you?  
high time it is this warre now ended were:  
which I no longer can endure to see,  
ne your incessant battry more to beare:

## SONNETS.

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,  
that wonder is how I should liue a ior,  
seeing my hart through-lanuced euery where  
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:  
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,  
but glory thinke to make these cruell floures.  
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,  
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?  
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,  
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

### SONNET LVIII.

*By her that is most assured to her selfe.*

**W**Eake is thy assurance that weake flesh repositeth  
in her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:  
that soonest fall, when as the most supposeth  
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affraid.  
**A**ll flesh is fraile, and all her strength withstayd,  
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:  
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,  
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.  
**N**e none so rich or wise, so strong or faire,  
but faileth, trusting on his owne assurance:  
and he that standeth on the highest stayre  
falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.  
**W**hy then do ye proud faire, misdeeme so furre,  
That to your selfe ye most assured are.

### SONNET LIX.

**T**Hrife happy she, that is to well assur'd  
vnto her selfe, and settled so in hart:  
that neither will for better be allur'd,  
ne feard with worse to any chance to start,  
But like a steady ship, doth strongly part  
the raging waues, and keeps her course aright:  
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,  
ne ought for fyerer weathers false delight.  
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight  
of grudging foes, ne fauour seeke off friends:  
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,  
neither to one her selfe nor other bends.  
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,  
But he most happy who such one loues best.

### SONNET LX.

**T**hey that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,  
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:  
in which her circles voyage is fulfilld,  
as **MAR**s in thre score yeeres doth run his spheare.  
So since the winged God his planet cleare,  
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:  
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,  
then all those fortie which my life out-went.  
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,  
the spheare of **C**V P I D fortie yeares contains:  
which I haue wasted in long languishment,  
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.  
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,  
This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.

### SONNET LXI.

**T**He glorious image of the Makers beautie,  
my foueraigne faint, the Idoll of my thought,  
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of iudice,  
t' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.  
For, beeing as sheis, diuinely wrought,  
and of the brood of Angels heau'nly borne:  
and with the crew of blessed Saints vpbrought,  
each of which did her with their gifts adorne;  
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,  
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:  
what reason is it then but the should scorne  
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?  
Such heau'nly formes ought rather worshipping,  
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

### SONNET LXII.

**T**He wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,  
the new begins his compass course anew:  
with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,  
betokening peace and plentie to ensue,  
So let vs, which this change of weather view,  
change ecke our minds, and former liues amend,  
the old yeares sinnes forepart let vs eschew,  
and shie the faults with which we did offend.  
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,  
into the glooming world his gladlome ray:  
and all these stormes which now his beautie blend,  
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.  
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your heauy spight,  
And change old yeeres annoy, to new delight.

### SONNET LXIII.

**A**fter long stormes and tempests sad assay,  
which hardly I endured heere tofore,  
in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,  
with which my silly barke was tossed sore:  
I doe at length descry the happy shore,  
in which I hope ere long for to arriue:  
faire soyle it seemes from far, & fraught with store  
of all that deare and daintie is aliue.  
Most happy he, that can at last atchiue,  
the ioyous saferie of so sweet a fere;  
whose least delight sufficeth to deprue  
remembrance of all paines which him oppress.  
All paines are nothing in respect of this,  
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall bliss.

### SONNET LXIIII.

**C**omming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)  
mee seemd I smelt a garden of sweet floures:  
that dainty odours from them threw around,  
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.  
Her lips did smell like vnto Gilliflowers,  
her ruddy cheeks, like vnto Roses red:  
her snowy browes like budded Bellamoures,  
her lovely eyes, like Pinks but newly spread,  
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,  
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullambines:  
her breast like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,  
her nipples like young blossomd Ieffermine:



## SONNETS.

Such fragrant flowers doe giue most odorous smell,  
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

### SONNET LXV.

**T**He doubt which ye misdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,  
that fondly feare to lose your libertie,  
when losing one, two liberties ye gaine,  
and make him bound that bondage earst did flie.  
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,  
without constraint, or dread of any ill:  
the gentle bird feels no captivity  
within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.  
There pride dare not approche, nor discord spill  
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:  
but simple truth and mutual good will,  
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound:  
There faith doth fearelesse dwell in brazen towre,  
And (spotleffe pleasure) builds her sacred bowre.

### SONNET LXVI.

**T**O all those happy blessings which ye haue,  
with plentiful hand by heauen vpon you throwne,  
this one disparagement they to you gaue,  
that ye your loue lent to so meane a one.  
Yee whose high worths surpassing paragon,  
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,  
ne but in heauen matchable to none,  
why did ye stoupe vnto so lowly state?  
But ye thereby much greater glorie gate,  
then had ye sorted with a Princes peere:  
for, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,  
and in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.  
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,  
With my reflex, yours shall encreas'd be.

### SONNET LXVII.

**L**ike as a huntsman after weary chace,  
seeing the game from him escape away,  
sits downe to rest him in some shady place,  
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:  
So after long pursute and vaine assay,  
when I all wearie had the chace forsooke,  
the gentle Deere returnd the selfe-same way,  
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:  
There she beholding me with milder looke,  
sought not to flie, but fearelesse still did bide:  
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,  
and with her owne good will, her firmly tyde.  
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wild,  
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguild.

### SONNET LXVIII.

**M**ost glorious Lord of life, that on this day,  
didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:  
and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away  
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:  
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,  
and grant that we for whom thou diddest die,  
becing with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,  
may liue for euer in felicitie:

And that thy loue we weighing worthily,  
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:  
and for thy sake, that all like deare didst buy,  
with loue may one another enteraine.  
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,  
Loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

### SONNET LXIX.

**T**He famous warriors of the anticke world,  
vnde trophees to erect in stately wise:  
in which they would the records haue enrolld,  
of their great deedes and valarous emprise.  
What trophee then shall I most fit deuise,  
in which I may record the memorie  
of my loues conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,  
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastitie.  
Euen this verse, vowed to eternitie,  
shall be thereof immortal monument:  
and tell her praise to all posteritie,  
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment;  
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,  
Gotten at last with labour and long toile.

### SONNET LXX.

**F**resh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,  
in whose coat-armour richly are displayd  
all sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,  
in goodly colours, gloriously arrayd.  
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,  
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:  
tell her the ioyous time will not be staid,  
vnlesse she doe him by the forelock take,  
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,  
to wait on loue amongst his louely crew:  
where euery one that misleth then her make,  
shall be by him amercist with penance dew.  
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilst it is prime,  
For none can call againe the passed time.

### SONNET LXXI.

**I**oy to see how in your drawn worke,  
your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;  
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke  
in clofe await, to catch her vnaware:  
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare  
of a deare foe, and thrall'd to his loue:  
in whose streight bands ye now captiued are  
so firmly, that ye neuer may remoue.  
But as your worke is wouen all about,  
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantie:  
so sweet your prison you in time shall proue,  
with many deare delights bedecked fine.  
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see,  
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

### SONNET LXXII.

**O**ft when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,  
in mind to mount vp to the purest skie:  
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,  
and clogd with burden of mortalitie,

Where

## SONNETS.

Where, when that soueraigne beaue it doth spy,  
resembling heauens glory in her light:  
drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth flie,  
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.  
There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,  
doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease:  
he thinks of other heauen, but how it might  
her harts desire with most contentment please.  
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,  
But heere on earth to haue such heauens blisse.

### SONNET LXXIII.

**B**eing my selfe captiued heere in care,  
my hart, whom none with seruile bands can tie:  
but the faire tresses of your golden haire,  
breaking his prison, forth to you doth flie.  
Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth spy  
desired food, to it doth make his flight:  
euen so my hart, that wont on your faire eye  
to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your sight.  
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright,  
gently enage, that he may be your thrall:  
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,  
to sing your name and prayses ouer all.  
That it heereafter may you not repeat,  
Him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

### SONNET LXXIII.

**M**ost happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,  
with which that happy name was first desynd,  
the which three times thrice happy hath me made,  
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.  
The first, my beeing to meage by kind,  
from mothers wombe deriu'd by due descent,  
the second, is my soueraigne Queene most kind,  
that honour and large riches to me lent.  
The third, my loue, my liues last ornament,  
by whom my spirit out of dust was raised:  
to speake her praise and glory excellent,  
of all aliuie most worthy to be praised.  
Ye three **E L I Z A B E T H S** for euer liue,  
That three such graces did vnto me giue.

### SONNET LXXV.

**O**ne day I wrote her name vpon the strand,  
but came the waues and washed it away:  
again, I wrote it with a second hand,  
but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.  
Vaine man, said she, that doost in vaine assay,  
a mortall thing so to immortalize,  
for I my selfe shall like to this decay,  
and eke my name be wiped out likewise.  
Not so, quoth I, let baser things deuise  
to die in dust, but you shall liue by fame:  
my verseyour vertues rare shall eternize,  
and in the heauens write your glorious name.  
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,  
Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

### SONNET LXXVI.

**F**aire bosome fraught with vertues riches treasure,  
the nest of loue, the lodging of delight,

the bowe of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,  
the sacred harbour of that heauenly spright:  
How was I rauisht with your louely sight,  
and my fraile thoughts too rashly led astray?  
whiles diuing deepe through amorous insight,  
on the sweet spoile of beaue they did pray.  
And twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,  
whose haruest seemd to hasten now apace:  
they loosely did their wanton wings display,  
and there to rest themselues did boldly place.  
Sweet thoughts, I enaue your so happy rest,  
Which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

### SONNET LXXVII.

**W**As it a dreame, or did I see it plaine,  
a goodly table of pure Iuorie:  
all spred with iuncats; fit to entertaine  
the greatest Prince with pompous royalty.  
Mong't which, there in a siluer dish did ly  
two golden apples of vvaulewd price:  
far passing those which **H E R C U L E S** came by,  
or those which **A T A L A N T A** did entice.  
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,  
that many sought, yet none could euer taste,  
sweet fruite of pleasure, brought from Paradise:  
by Ioue himselfe, and in his garden plaste.  
Her brest that table was so richly spred,  
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fed.

### SONNET LXXVIII.

**L**acking my loue, I goe from place to place,  
like a young Fawne, that late hath lost the Hind:  
and seeke each where, where last I lay her face,  
whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.  
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,  
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt,  
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:  
yet field and bowre are full of her aspects.  
But when mine eyes I therevnto direct,  
they idly backe returne to me againe,  
and when I hope to see their true object,  
I find my selfe but sed with fancies vaine.  
Cease then mine eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,  
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

### SONNET LXXIX.

**M**en call you faire, and you doe credit it,  
for that your selfe ye daily such doe see:  
but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,  
and vertuous mind, is much more praisd of me:  
For all the rest, how euer faire it be,  
shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew:  
but onely that is permanent and free  
from fraile corruption, that doth flesh enfew.  
That is true beaue: that doth argue you  
to be diuine, and borne of heauenly seed:  
deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true  
and perfect beaue did at first proceed:  
He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,  
All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SON-

## SONNETS.

### SONNET LXXX.

**A**fter so long a race as I haue runne  
through Faery land, which those six books compile,  
giue leaue to rest me being halfe foredonne,  
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.  
Then as a Reed refreshed after toile,  
out of my prison I will breake anew:  
and stoutly will that second worke assaile,  
with strong endeavour and attention due.  
Till then giue leaue to me, in pleasant mew  
to sport my Muse, and sing my loues sweet praise:  
the contemplation of whose heavenly hew,  
my spirit to an higher pitch will raise.  
But let her praises yet be lowe and meane,  
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

### SONNET LXXXI.

**F**aire is my Loue, when her faire golden haire,  
with the loose wind ye wauing chance to marke:  
faire when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,  
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.  
Faire when her brest like a rich laden barke,  
with precious merchandize she forth doth lay:  
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke  
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.  
But fairest she, when so she doth display,  
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:  
through which her words so wise do make their way  
to beare the message of her gentle spright:  
The rest be works of Natures wonderment,  
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

### SONNET LXXXII.

**I**oy of my life, full oft for louing you  
I blisse my lot, that was so lucky placed:  
but then the more your owne mishap I rew,  
that are so much by so meane loue embased.  
For had the quall heauens so much you graced  
in this as in the rest, ye more inuent  
some heavenly wit, whose verse could haue enchaced  
your glorious name in golden monument.  
But since ye deign'd to goodly to relent  
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,  
that little that I am, shall all be spent,  
in setting your immortal prayles forth:  
Whose losic argument vplifing mee,  
Shall lift you vp into an high degree.

### SONNET LXXXIII.

**M**Y hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,  
still to behold the object of their paine:  
with no contentment can themselves suffice,  
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.  
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine:  
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:  
in their amazement like N A R C I S S U S vaine,  
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.  
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store  
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke:  
but to abe the things which they did like before,  
and can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vaine to me,  
And all their shewes but shadowes, sauing thee.

### SONNET LXXXIII.

**L**et not one sparke of filthy lustfull fire  
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:  
ne one light glance of sensual desire,  
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnrest.  
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,  
and modest thoughts breath'd fro' wel tempered spirits,  
go visite her, in her chaste bowse of rest,  
accompanie with Angel-like delights.  
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,  
the which my selfe could neuer yet attaine:  
but speake no word to her of these sad plightes,  
which her too constant stiffenelle doth constraîne.  
Onely behold her rare perfection,  
And blese your fortunes faire election.

### SONNET LXXXV.

**T**he world that cannot deeme of worthy things,  
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:  
so doth the Cuckow, when the Mauius sings,  
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.  
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,  
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,  
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,  
but not to deeme of her desert aspire.  
Deepe in the closet of my parts entill,  
her worth is written with a golden quill:  
that me with heavenly furie doth inspire,  
and my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill.  
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,  
Let the world chuse to enuie or to wonder.

### SONNET LXXXVI.

**V**enemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders sting,  
of that selfe kind with which the Furies fell  
their snakie heads doe combe, from which a spring  
of poysoned words, and spighfull speeches well:  
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,  
vpon thee fall for thine accursed liare:  
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tell,  
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of ire,  
The sparkes whereof set kinde thine owne fire,  
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed  
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire  
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.  
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,  
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepared.

### SONNET LXXXVII.

**S**ince I did leaue the presence of my loue,  
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:  
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue  
their sad protract from euening vntill morne.  
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,  
I wish that night the noyous day would end:  
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,  
I wish that day would shortly rescend.

Thus



## SONNETS.

Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
and faine my griefe with changes to beguile,  
that further seemes his terme still to extend,  
and maketh euery minute seeme a mile.  
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,  
But ioyous houres doe flie away too fast.

### SONNET LXXXVIII.

**S**ince I haue lackt the comfort of that light  
the which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,  
I wander as in darknesse of the night,  
affraid of euery dangers least dismay.  
Ne ought I fec, though in the clearest day,  
when others gaze vpon their shadowes vaine:  
but th'only image of that heauenly ray,  
whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine.  
Of which beholding the Idea plaine,  
through contemplation of my purest part,  
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustaine,  
and thereon feed my loue-affamish hart.  
But with such brightnes whilst I fill my mind,  
I starue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

### SONNET LXXXIX.

**L**ike as the Culuer on the bared bough,  
sits mourning for the absence of her mate:  
and in her songs sends many a wishfull vew,  
for his returne that seemes to linger late;  
So I alone, now left disconsolate,  
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:  
and wadding here and there all desolate,  
seeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:  
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth haue,  
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:  
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,  
in her vnspotted pleasures to delight.  
Darke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,  
And dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

**I**n youth, before I wexed old,  
The blinded boy, VENVS baby,  
For want of cunning made mee bold,  
In bitter hiue to grope for hoony:  
But when he saw me stung and cry,  
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

**A**S DIANE hunted on a day,  
She chaunst to come where CVPID lay,  
his quiuer by his head:  
One of his shafts she stole away,  
And one of hers did close conuay,  
into the others stead:  
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,  
But DIANE beaust with CVPIDS dart.

**I**Saw, in secret to my Dame  
How little CVPID humbly came:  
and said to her, All haile my mother.  
But when he saw me laugh, for shame  
His face with bashfull blood did flame,  
not knowing VENVS from the other.  
Then, neuer blush CVPID, quoth I,  
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

**V**Pon a day, as Loue lay sweetly slumbring  
all in his mothers lap:  
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murr'ring,  
about him flew by hap.  
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,  
and saw the beaft so small:  
What this (quoth he) that giues so great a voice,  
that wakens men withall?  
In aogry wife he flies about,  
And threatens all with courage stout.

**T**O whom his mother closely smiling said,  
twixt earnest and twixt game:  
See thou thy selfe likewise art little made,  
if thou regard the fame,  
And yet thou suffrest neither gods in skie,  
nor men in earth to rest:  
But when thou art disposed cruelly,  
their sleepe thou doost molest.  
Then either change thy crueltie,  
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

**N**athlesse, the cruell boy not so content,  
would needs the flie pursue:  
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,  
him caught for to subdue.  
But when on it he hastie hand did lay,  
the Bee him stung therefore:  
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,  
I wounded am full fore:  
The flie that I so much did scorne,  
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

**V**Nto his mother straight hee weeping came,  
and of his griefe complained:  
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,  
though sad to see him pained.  
Thinke now (quoth she) my sonne, how great the smart  
of those whom thou doost wound:  
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,  
that pittie neuer found:  
Therefore henceforth some pittie take,  
When thou doost spoile of Louers make.

## SONNETS.

**S**He tooke him straight full pittiously lamenting,  
and wrapt him in her smock:  
Shee wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,  
that he the flie did mock.  
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well,  
with Laduc of foueraigoe might:  
And then she bath'd him in a daintie well,  
the well of deare delight.

Who would not off be stung as this,  
To be so bath'd in VENVS blis?

**T**He wanton boy was shortly well recured  
of that his malady:  
But hee, soone after, fresh againe enured  
his former crueltie,  
And since that time he wounded bath my selfe  
with his sharpe dart of loue:  
And now forgets the cruell carelesse else,  
his mothers heaft to proue.  
So now I languish, till he please  
My pining anguish to appease.

FINIS.





# EPITHALAMION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



THE  
FIFTH  
MION



AT LONDON  
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# EPITHALAMION.

**Y**E learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes  
 Been to me ayding, others to adorne,  
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rimes,  
 That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne  
 To heare their names sung in your simple layes;  
 But ioyed in their praise;  
 And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,  
 Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raise,  
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,  
 And teach the woods and waters to lament  
 Your dolefull dreriment:  
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,  
 And hauing all your heads with girlands crown'd,  
 Helpe me mine owne loues praises to rebound,  
 Ne let the fame of any be enuide:  
 So **O R P H E V S** did for his owne bride:  
 So I vnto my selfe alone will sing;  
 The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

**E**Arly before the worlds light giuing lampe  
 His golden beame vpon the hills doth spread,  
 Hauing dispersd the nights vnchearefull dampe,  
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustichead,  
 Go to the bowre of my beloved loue,  
 My truest Turtle-doue,  
 Bid her awake; for **H Y M E N** is awake,  
 And long since ready forth his maske to moue,  
 With his bright T ead that flames with many a flake,  
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,  
 In their fresh garments trim.  
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,  
 For loe the wished day is come at last,  
 That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,  
 Pay to her vsury of long delight:  
 And whilst she doth her dight,  
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

**B**Ring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare  
 Both of the Riuers and the Fortrefts Greene:  
 And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,  
 All with gay girlands goodly well becene.  
 And let them also with them bring in hand  
 Another gay girland,  
 For my faire Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,  
 Bound true-loue wife, with a blew silke riband.  
 And let them make great store of bridale poses,  
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers  
 To deck the bridale bowers.  
 And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,  
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,  
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,  
 And diaped like the discoloured mead.  
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,  
 For she will waken straight,  
 The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,  
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

**Y**E Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed  
 The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,  
 And greedily pikes which vs therein to feed,  
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)  
 And ye likewise which keepe the russhie lake,  
 Where none doe fishes take,  
 Bind vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,  
 And in his waters which your mirror make,  
 Behold your faces as the crysfall bright,  
 That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,  
 No blemish she may spie.  
 And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dote,  
 That on the hoary mountaine vs to towre,  
 And the wilde Wolues which seek them to deuoure,  
 With your Steele darts doe chace from comming neere,  
 Be also present heere,  
 To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

**W**Ake now my Loue, awake: for it is time,  
 The rose Morne long since left **T I T H O N S** bed,  
 All ready to her siluer coach to clime,  
 And **P H O E B V S** gins to shew his glorious head,  
 Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their Laies,  
 And carroll of loues praise,  
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,  
 The Thrush replies, the Maui's delectable playes,  
 The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,  
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,  
 To this daies meriment.  
 Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,  
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
 T'await the comming of your ioyous make,  
 And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,  
 The dewy leaues among:  
 For they of ioy and pleasure to you sing,  
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

**M**Y Loue is now awake out of her dreame,  
 And her faire eyes like starres that dimmed were  
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames  
 More bright then **H E S P E R V S** his head doth here,  
 Come now ye damfels, daughters of delight,  
 Helpe quickly her to dight,  
 But first come ye faire houres which were begot  
 In **I O V E S** sweet paradise, of Day and Night,  
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,  
 And all that euer in this world is faire,  
 Doe make and still repaire.  
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,  
 The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,  
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:  
 And as ye her array, full throw betweene  
 Some graces to be seene:  
 And as ye vs to **V E N V S**, to her sing,  
 The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

E.

Now

# EPITHALAMION.

**N**ow is my Loue all ready forth to come,  
 Let all the virgins therefore well await,  
 And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her groomer,  
 Prepare your selues, for he is comming strait.  
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,  
 Fit for so ioyfull day:  
 The ioyfullst day that euer sinne did see.  
 Faire Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,  
 And let thy life-full heat not seruent be,  
 For feare of burning her sunshiny face,  
 Her beautie to disgrace.  
 O fairest **PHOEBVS**, father of the Muse,  
 If euer I did honour thee aright,  
 Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,  
 Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,  
 But let this day, let this one day be mine,  
 Let all the rest be thine.  
 Then I thy soueraine prayes loud will sing,  
 That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

**H**Arke how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud  
 Their merry musick that resounds from far,  
 The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,  
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.  
 But most of all, the Damzels doe delite,  
 When they their tymbrels smite,  
 And thereunto doe daunce and carroll sweet,  
 That all the senses they doe ransh quite,  
 The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the street,  
 Crying aloud with strong confused noise,  
 As if it were one voyce,  
**HYMEN**, io **HYMEN**, **HYMEN** they doe shout,  
 That euen to the heauens their shouting shrill  
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;  
 To which the people standing all about,  
 As in approunce doe thereto applaud,  
 And loud aduance her laud,  
 And euermore they **HYMEN HYMEN** sing,  
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

**L**oe where she comes along with portly pace,  
 Like **PHOEBE**, from her chamber of the East,  
 Arising forth to run her mightie race,  
 Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.  
 So well it her becomes, that ye would weene  
 Some Angell she had been.  
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,  
 Sprinkled with pearle, & perling shewes atweene,  
 Doe like a golden mantle her attire:  
 And beeing crowned with a girland greene,  
 Seeme like some mayden Queene.  
 Her modest eyes abashed to behold  
 So many gazers, as on her do stare,  
 Vpon the lowly ground affixed are:  
 Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,  
 But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,  
 So farre from beeing proud.  
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

**T**ell me ye Merchants daughters, did ye see  
 So faire a creature in your towne before?

So sweet, so louely, and so mild as shee,  
 Adorn'd with beauties grace and vertues store:  
 Her goodly eyes like Saphyres shining bright,  
 Her forehead Iuorie white,  
 Her cheekes like apples which the sun hath rudded,  
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,  
 Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,  
 Her paps like lillies budded,  
 Her snowie necke like to a marble towre,  
 And all her bodie like a palace faire,  
 Ascending vp with many a stately staire,  
 To honours feat, and chastyties sweet bowe.  
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,  
 Vpon her so to gaze,  
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

**B**Vt if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
 The inward beautie of her liuely spright,  
 Garnisht with heauenly gifts of high degree,  
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,  
 And stand astonisht like to those which red  
**MEDVSAES** amazefull head.  
 There dwells sweet loue and constant chastytie,  
 Vnspotted faith, and comely womanhood,  
 Regard of honour, and mild modestie,  
 There Vertue raignes as Queene in royall throne,  
 And giueth lawes alone,  
 The which the base affections doe obey,  
 And yeeld their seruices vnto her will,  
 Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may  
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.  
 Had ye once seene these her celestially treasures,  
 And vnreuealed pleasures,  
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,  
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

**O**pen the temple gates vnto my Loue,  
 Open them wide that she may enter in,  
 And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,  
 And all the pillours deek with girlands trim,  
 For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,  
 That commeth in to you.  
 With trembling steps and humble reuerence,  
 She commeth in, before th'almighties view:  
 Of her ye virgins learne obodience.  
 When so ye come into those holy places,  
 To humble your proud faces;  
 Bring her vp to th' high altar, that she may  
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
 The which doe endlesse matrimony make,  
 And let the roring Organs loudly play,  
 The prayes of the Lord in liuely notes,  
 The whiles with hollow throates  
 The Choristers the ioyous Anthemie sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

**B**ehold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,  
 And blesteth her with his two happy hands,  
 How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,  
 And the pure snowe, with goodly vermill staine,

Like



# EPITHALAMION.

Like crimſin dyde in graine:  
That euen the Angels, which continually  
About the ſacred Altar doe remaine,  
Forget their ſeruiſe and about her ſie,  
Oft peeping in her face, that ſeemes more faire,  
The more they on it ſtare.  
But her ſad eyes ſtill faſt'ned on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modeſtie,  
That ſuffers not one looke to glance awry,  
Which may let in a little thought vnſound.  
Why bluſſi ye Loue to giue to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band.  
Sing ye ſweet Angels, Alleluya ſing,  
That all the woods may anſwere, and your eccho ring.

**N**ow all is done; bring home the Bride againe,  
Bring home the triumph of our victorie,  
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,  
With ioyance bring her and with iollitic.  
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,  
Whom heauen would beape with bliſ.  
Make feaſt therefore now all this liue long day,  
This day for euer to me holy is,  
Poure out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,  
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,  
Poure out to all that will,  
And ſprinkle all the poſſes and wals with wine,  
That they may ſweet, and drunken be withall.  
Crown e ye good B A C C H V S with a coronall,  
And H Y M E N alſo crowne with wreathes of *roſes*,  
And let the Graces daunce vnto the reſt,  
For they can doe it beſt:  
The whiles the maydens doe their carroll ſing,  
To which the woods ſhall anſwer, & their eccho ring.

**R**ing ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,  
And leaue your wanted labors for this day:  
This day is holy; doe you write it downe,  
That ye for euer it remember may.  
This day the ſunne is in his chiefſt hight,  
With B A R N A B Y the bright,  
From whence declioing daily by degrees,  
He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light,  
When once the Crab behind his back he ſees.  
But for this time it ill ordained was,  
To chuſe the longeſt day in all the yeare,  
And ſhorteſt night, when longeſt ſitter weare:  
Yet neuer day ſo long, but late would paſſe.  
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,  
And benefiers make all day,  
And daunce about them, and about them ſing:  
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

**A**H! when will this long weary day haue end,  
And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?  
How ſlowly doe the houres their numbers ſpend?  
How ſlowly doth ſad T I M E his feathers moue?  
Haſt thee, o faireſt Planet to thy home,  
Within the Weſterne ſome:  
Thy cyred ſteeds long ſince haue need of reſt.  
Long though it be, at laſt I ſee it gloome,

And the bright Eueing ſtar with golden crett  
Appeare out of the Eaſt,  
Faire child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,  
That all the hoſt of heauen in ranks dooſt lead,  
And guideſt Louers through the nights ſad dread,  
How chearefully thou lookeſt from aboue,  
And ſeem'ſt to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,  
As ioying in the ſight  
Of theſe glad many, which for ioy doe ſing,  
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

**N**ow ceaſe ye damſels your delights fore-*ſay*,  
Enough it is that all the day was yours:  
Now day is done, and night is nighting ſaft,  
Now bring the Bride into the bnd'all bowres.  
Now night is come, now ſoone her diſaray,  
And in her bed her lay;  
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,  
And ſilken curtaines ouer her diſplay,  
And odour ſheets, and Aras couerlets.  
Behold how goodly my faire Loue does ly,  
In proud humility;  
Like vnto M A T I A, when as I O V E R her tooke,  
In Tempe, lying on the ſlowrie gras,  
Twixt ſleepe and wake, after ſhe weary was,  
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.  
Now it is night, ye damſels may be gone,  
And leaue my Loue alone,  
And leaue likewiſe your former lay to ſing:  
The woods no more ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

**N**ow welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,  
That long dayes labour dooſt at laſt deſray,  
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,  
Haſt ſum'd in one, and cancelled for aye:  
Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,  
That no man may vs ſee,  
And in thy ſable mantle vs enwrap,  
From feare of perrill and foule horroſ free.  
Let no falſe treaſon ſeek e vs to entrap,  
Nor any drad diſquiet once annoy  
The ſafetie of our ioy:  
But let the night be calme and quiet ſome,  
Without tempeſtuous ſtormes or ſad aſray:  
Like as when I O V E R with faire A L C M E N A lay,  
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:  
Or like as when he with thy ſelfe did lie,  
And begot Maieſtie.  
And let the mayds and young men ceaſe to ſing:  
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

**L**et no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,  
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:  
Ne let falſe whiſpers, breeding hidden feares,  
Breake gentle ſleepe with miſconceiued doubt.  
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull ſights,  
Make ſudden ſad affrights;  
Ne let houſe-fires, nor lightnings, helpleſſe harmes,  
Ne let the Ponke, nor other euill ſprights,  
Ne let miſchieuous Witches with their charmes,  
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whoſe ſenſe we ſee not,

# EPITHALAMION.

Fray vs with things that be not.  
 Let not the shriek-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,  
 Nor the night Rauē that still deadly yels,  
 Nor damned ghosts calld vp with mightie spels,  
 Nor grieufully vultures make vs once affeard:  
 Ne let th'vnpleasānt Quyre of Frogs still croking  
 Make vs to wishe their choking.  
 Let none of these their dreary accents sing,  
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

**B**Vt let still Silence true night watches keepe,  
 That sacred peace may in assurance raine,  
 And timely sleepe, when it is time to sleepe,  
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasānt plaine,  
 The whiles an hundred little winged loues,  
 Like diuers feathered doues,  
 Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,  
 And in the secret darke, that none reprocues,  
 Their pretty stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread  
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,  
 Conceald through couert night,  
 Ye sonnes of **V E N V S**, play your sports at will:  
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toys,  
 Thinks more vpon her paradife of ioyes,  
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.  
 All night therefore attend your merry play,  
 For it will soone be day:  
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,  
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

**V**V Ho is the same, which at my window peeps?  
 Or whose is that faire face which shines so bright?  
 Is it not **C Y N T H I A**, shee that neuer sleepe,  
 But walks about high heauen all the night?  
 O fairest goddesse, doe thou not enuy  
 My Loue with me to spy:  
 For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,  
 And for a sheece of wooll, which priuily,  
 The Latmian shepheard once vnto thee brought,  
 His pleasures with thee wrought.  
 Therefore to vs be fauourable now;  
 And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,  
 And generation goodly doost enlarge,  
 Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,  
 And the chaste wombe informe with timely seede,  
 That may our comfort breed:  
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,  
 Ne let the woods vs answer, nor our echo ring.

**A**Nd thou great **I V N O**, which with awfull might  
 The lawes of wedlocke still doost patronize,  
 And the religion of the faith first plight  
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:  
 And eke for comfort often called art  
 Of women in their smart,  
 Eternally bind thou this louely band,  
 And all thy blessings vnto vs impart.  
 And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,  
 The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,  
 Without blemish or staine,  
 And the sweet pleasures of their loues delight  
 With secret ayde doost succour and supply,  
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,  
 Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.  
 And thou faire **H E B E**, and thou **H Y M E N** free,  
 Grant that it may so be.  
 Till which we cease your further praise to sing,  
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

**A**Nd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,  
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright  
 Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,  
 In dreadfull darknesse lend desired light;  
 And all ye powers which in the same remaine,  
 More then we men can faime,  
 Poure out your blessing on vs plentiouly,  
 And happy influence vpon vs raine,  
 That we may raise a large posteritie,  
 Which fill the earth, which they may long possesse,  
 With lasting happinesse,  
 Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,  
 And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,  
 May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,  
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.  
 So let vs rest, sweet Loue, in hope of this,  
 And cease till then our timely ioyes to sing,  
 The woods no more vs answer, nor our echo ring.

**S**ong made in lieu of many ornaments,  
 With which my loue should duly haue been deckt,  
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,  
 Ye would not stay your due time to expect,  
 But promis't both to recompence,  
 Be vnto her a goodly ornament,  
 And for short time an endlesse monument.  
 F I N I S.





FOVRE  
HYMNES,

MADE  
By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



1870

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRA-  
ble and most vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Maga-*  
*ret*, Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*,  
Countesse of Warwicke.  
(. . .)

**H**Auing in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the prayle of Loue and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which beeing too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight; I was moued by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reforme them, making (in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celestiaall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye daily shew vnto mee, vntill such time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich, this first of  
September. 1596.  
(\* \*)

*Your Honours most bounden euer  
in all humble seruice,*

Edm. Sp.

MR. RIGHT HONORABLE

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# AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

**L** O V E, that long since hast to thy mightie powre  
Perforce subdu'd my poore captiu'd hart,  
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,  
Dooft tyrannize in euery weaker part;  
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,  
By any seruice I might do to thee,  
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' allwage the force of this new flame,  
And make thee more propitious in my need,  
I meane to sing the prayles of thy name,  
And thy victorious conquests to reed;  
By which thou madest many harts to bleed  
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,  
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdew'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,  
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,  
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate  
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed,  
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouer-ispred  
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,  
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, O come, thou mighty God of loue,  
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,  
Where thou doost sit in V E N V S lap above,  
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,  
That sweeter fare then any Nectar is;  
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire  
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd  
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;  
And ye faire Nymphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd  
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,  
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,  
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,  
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,  
Which in the conquests of your beautie boast,  
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,  
But sterue their harts, that needeth nurture most,  
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,  
And all the way this sacred Hymne doe sing,  
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

**G** R E A T god of might, that reignest in the mind,  
And all the bodie to thy heft doost frame,  
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,  
That doost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,  
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,  
And in their roring taking great delight;  
Who can expresse the glory of thy might?

Or who alie can perfectly declare  
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?  
When thy great mother V E N V S first thee bare,  
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,  
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;  
And yet a child, renewing still thy yeares:  
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse,  
Out of great Chaos vgly prison crept,  
In which his goodly face long hidden was  
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept;  
L O V E, that had now long time securely slept  
In V E N V S lap, warmed then and naked,  
Gan reare his head, by C L O T H O being waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heat,  
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fire,  
He gan to moue out of his idle seat,  
Weakly at first, but after with desire  
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hier,  
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight  
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,  
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,  
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:  
Then through the world his way he gan to take,  
The world that was not, till he did it make;  
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did feuer,  
The which before had lyeen confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,  
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,  
And with contrary forces to conspire  
Each against other, by all meanes they may,  
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:  
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,  
Till L O V E relented their rebellious ire.

## An Hymne

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,  
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,  
Did place them all in order, and compell  
To keepe themselves within their sundry raines,  
Together lukt with Adamantine chaines;  
Yet so, as that in euey liuing wight  
They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmly haue remain'd,  
And duly well obserued his behest;  
Through which, now all these things that are contain'd  
Within this goodly cope, both most and least  
Their beeing haue, and daily are increast,  
Through secret sparks of his infused fire,  
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are  
To multiply the likeness of their kind,  
Whilst they seeke onely, without further care,  
To quench the flame, which they in burning find:  
But Man, that breathes a more immortal mind,  
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,  
Seekes to enlarge his lasting prognie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,  
Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fire,  
He is enlumind with that goodly light,  
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspire:  
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desire  
That seemes on earth most heauenly, to embrace,  
That same is **B E A U T Y**, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame  
Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,  
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame  
Of heauenly light, then **B E A U T Y**'s glorious beame.  
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme,  
Fraile men, whose eyes seeke heauenly things to see,  
At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious boy,  
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoised darts;  
Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,  
Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,  
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,  
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life  
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plaine, and make full pitious mone  
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;  
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,  
Their lues they loathe, and heuens light disdain:  
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine.  
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,  
They deigne to see, and seeing it, still dye.

The whilst, thou tyrant **L O V E** doost laugh & scorne  
At their complaints, making their paine thy play:  
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls forlorne,  
The whiles thou doost triumph in their decay,  
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,

Thou doost emmarble the proud hart of her,  
Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (aye me the more)  
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,  
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so fore,  
That whole remains scarce any little part:  
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,  
Thou hast enforced her disdainfull breast,  
That no one drop of pittie there doth rest.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,  
Thus to enoble thy victorious name,  
Sith thou doost shew no fauour vnto mee,  
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,  
Somewhat to slake the rigour of my flame?  
Certes, fimmall glory doost thou winne hereby,  
To let her lue thus doo, and nie to die.

But if thou be in deede, as men thee call,  
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preferer  
Of liuing wights, the soueraigne Lord of all,  
How falles it then, that with thy furious serour,  
Thou doost afflicke as well the not deseruer,  
As him that doth thy louely heaits despise,  
And on thy subiects most doost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie seemeth more,  
By so hard handling those which best thee serue,  
That ere thou doost them vnto grace restore,  
Thou maist well trie if they will euer serue,  
And maist them make it better to deserue:  
And hauing got it, may it more esteeme  
For things hard gotten, men more deereely deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enired,  
As things diuine, least passions doe impress,  
The more of stedfast minds to be admired,  
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse:  
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,  
Which at first blowing take not halfe fire,  
Such fancies feele no loue, but loole desire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,  
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,  
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,  
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,  
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust  
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen flie,  
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure  
To durty drosse, no higher dare aspire,  
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure  
The flaming light of that celestiall fire,  
Which kindleth loue in generous desire,  
And makes him moue about the nature might  
Of heaue earth, vp to the heuens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,  
That it all fordid basenesse doth expell,

And

And the refined mind doth newly fashion  
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell  
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;  
Which he beholding still with constant sight,  
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,  
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,  
Still full, yet neuer satysfide with it,  
Like TANTALE, that in store doth starued ly:  
So doth he pine in most laticie:  
For nought may quench his infinite desire,  
Once kindled through that first conceiued fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,  
Ne thinks on ought, but bow it to attaine;  
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,  
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,  
In sight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaine.  
Thrice happy man, might he the same possesse,  
He fauours himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he doe not win his wish to end,  
Yet thus faire happy he himselfe doth weene,  
That heauens such happy grace did to him lend,  
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue seene;  
His hart enshrined Saint, his heauens queene,  
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,  
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,  
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;  
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,  
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine  
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:  
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,  
His faith, his fortune, in his breast be beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,  
Thou being blind, lest him not see his feares,  
But cariest him to that which he hath cyde,  
Through seas, through flames, through thousand  
(swords and speares)  
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,  
With which thou arnest his resistlesse hand.

Witness LEANDER, in the Euxine waues,  
And stout ARNEAS in the Troiane fire,  
ACHILLES preassing through the Phrygian glauces,  
And ORPHEVS, daring to prouoke the ire  
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:  
For both through heauen and hell thou makest way,  
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these paines,  
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,  
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faines,  
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory  
What euer ill before he did aby:  
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,  
To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,  
He nathemore can so contented rest,  
But forceth further on, and striueth still  
T'approach more neare, till in her inmost brest,  
He may embosomed be, and loued best:  
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:  
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment  
His troubled mind with more then hellish paine!  
And to his fayning fantasie represent  
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,  
To breake his sleepe, and waste his idle braine:  
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not belieue  
Least part of th'euels which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,  
The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shewes,  
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,  
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,  
The fained friends, the vassall foes,  
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,  
Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,  
That canker-worine, that monster Ielousie,  
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,  
Turning all loues delight to miserie,  
Through feare of losing his felicitie.  
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed  
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, ô LOVE, thou doost thy entrance make,  
Vnto thy heauen, and doost the more endere  
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,  
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,  
The sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:  
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,  
Doost beare vnto thy blisse, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradise  
Of all delight, and ioyous happy rest,  
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wise,  
With HERCVLES and HERBE, and the rest  
Of VENVS dearlings, through her bountie blest,  
And lie like gods in tuory beds arayd,  
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASURE they do play  
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,  
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay  
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,  
Their full ioyance of their gentle game:  
Then her they crowne their goddess & their Queene,  
And decke with flowres thy altars well becene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,  
For all the paines and woes that I endure,  
To come at length vnto the wished scope,  
Of my desire; or might my selfe assure,  
That happy port for euer to recure.



# An Hymne

Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,  
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise,  
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,

And thy triumphant name then would I raise  
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.  
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;  
Till then, drad Lord, vouchsafe to take of mee  
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

FINIS.



## AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

**A**H! whither, **L O V E**, wilt thou now carry mee?  
What wantlesse fury doost thou now inspire  
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?  
Whilst seeking to aslake thy raging fire,  
Thou in me kindest much more great desire,  
And vp aloft about my strength doost raise  
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I cast, in praise of thine owne name,  
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,  
An honourable Hymne I ke should frame;  
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,  
The rauisht harts of gazefull men might reare,  
To admiration of that heavenly light,  
From whence proceeds such soule enchanting might.

Thereto doc thou great Goddesse, queen of **B E A U T Y**,  
Mother of **L O V E**, and of all worlds delight,  
Without whose soueraigne grace and kindly deutie,  
Nothing on earth seemes faire to fleshly sight,  
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,  
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,  
And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I mean it most,  
And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame  
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,  
That now it wasted is with woes extreme,  
It may so please, that she at length will streame  
Some dew of grace, into my withered hart,  
After long sorrowe and consuming smart.

**V**Vhat time this worlds great workmaister did cast  
To make all things, such as we now behold,  
It seemes that he before his eyes had plac't  
A goodly Patterne, to whose perfect mould  
He fashion'd them as comely as he could;  
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,  
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne wherefoere it bee,  
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,  
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see  
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to desire,  
Is perfect **B E A U T Y**, which all men adore:  
Whose face and feature doth so much excell  
All mortall sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof, as euery earthly thing partakes  
Or more or lesse by influence diuine,  
So it more faire accordingly it makes,  
And the grosse matter of this earthly mine  
Which closeth it, thereafter doth reaine,  
Dooing away the drosse which dims the light  
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,  
The duller earth it quickeneth with delight,  
And life-full spirits pruinly doth poure  
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight  
They seeme to please. That is, thy soueraigne might  
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame  
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doost streame.

That

## of Heauenly Beautie.

That is the thing which gueth pleasant grace  
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,  
Light of thy Lampe, which shining in the face,  
Thence to the foule darts amorous desire,  
And robs the harts of those which it admire,  
Therewith thou pointest thy sonnes poyned arrow,  
That wounds the life, & waxes the inmost marrow.

How vainly then doe idle wits inuent,  
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made  
Of colours faire, and goodly temperment  
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade  
And passe away, like to a Sommers shade,  
Or that it is but comely composition,  
Of parts well measured, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,  
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,  
And therein stirre such rage and restless stowre,  
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?  
Or can proportion of the outward part,  
Moue such affection in the inward mind,  
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossoms of the field,  
Which are araid with much more orient hew,  
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,  
Worke like impression in the lookers view?  
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,  
In which oft-times, we Nature see of Art  
Excell'd, in perfect limning euery part.

But ah! beleuee me, there is more then so,  
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.  
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;  
And who so list the like assays to ken,  
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,  
That **B E A U T Y** is not, as fond men misdeceme,  
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,  
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall decay.  
And those sweet rosie leaues so fairely spread  
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away  
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.  
That golden wire, those sparkling starrs so bright,  
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray  
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,  
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay,  
But when the vitall spirits doe expire,  
Vnto her nauiue planet shall retire:  
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,  
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which deniued was  
At first, out of that great immortal Spright,  
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did pas  
Downe from the top of purest heauens height,  
To be embodied here, it then tooke light

And liuely spirits from that fairest starre,  
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retaining still or more or lesse,  
When she in fleshy seed is est embraced,  
Through euery part she doth the same impreffe,  
According as the heauens haue her graced,  
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,  
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoile  
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue  
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,  
Frame to themselves most beautifull and braue  
Their fleshy bowre, most fit for their delight,  
And the grosse matter by a fountaine might  
Temper so trim, that it may well be seene,  
A palace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairely dight  
With chearefull grace and amiable sight,  
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take:  
For soule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-euer that thou doost behold  
A comely corpe, with beautie faire endewd,  
Knowe this for certaine, that the same doth hold  
A beauteous soule; with faire conditions thewed,  
Fit to receive the seed of vertue srewed.  
For all that faire is, is by nature good;  
That is a signe to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it fallcs, that many a gentle mind  
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drowd,  
Either by chance, against the course of kind,  
Or through vnaptnesse in the substance found,  
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,  
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,  
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it fallcs, (saye me the more to rew)  
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,  
Is foule abus'd, and that celestiall hew,  
Which doth the world with her delight a Iorne,  
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne:  
Whilst euery one doth seeke and sue to haue it,  
But euery one doth seeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,  
But theirs that doe abuse it vnto ill:  
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame  
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will,  
Nathelcsse, the soule is faire and beauteous still,  
How euer fleshes faulte it filthy make:  
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,  
And liuely images of heauenly light,

E.

Let

## An Hymne

Let not your beames with such disparagements  
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight:  
But mindfull still of your first countries fight,  
Doe still preferre your first informed grace,  
Whose shadow yet shines in your beauefous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,  
Disloyall lust, faire BEAVTIES foulest blame,  
That bale affections, which your cares would bland,  
Commend to you by loues abused name;  
But is indeed the bond-slave of defame,  
Which will the garland of your glory marre;  
And quench the light of your bright shining starre.

But gentle LOVES, that loyall is and trew,  
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,  
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,  
From light of his pure fire, which by like way  
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,  
Like as two mirours by opposd reflexion,  
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beaueie more appeare,  
If you behoues to loue, and forth to lay  
That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,  
That men the more admire their fountaine may.  
For esse what booteth that celestiall ray,  
If it in darknes be enshrined euer,  
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduise,  
That likest to your felues ye them select,  
The which your formes first fourfe may sympathise,  
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:  
For if you loosely loue, without respect,  
It is not loue, but a discordant warre,  
Whose vnlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For loue is a celestiall harmonic,  
Of likely harts compoisd of starres concent,  
Which ioyne together in sweet sympathy,  
To worke each others ioy and true content,  
Which they haue harbourd since their first descent  
Our of their heavenly bowres, where they did see  
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine  
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,  
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,  
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:  
For all that like the beauty which they see,  
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not fo light,  
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwise,  
With pure regard and spotelesse true intent,  
Drawing out of the object of their eyes,  
A more refined forme, which they present  
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemishment;  
Which it reducing to her first perfection,  
Beholdeth free from fleshes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,  
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still  
Of that first Sunne, yet sparking in his sight,  
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,  
An heavenly beaueie to his fancies will,  
And it embracing in his mind entire,  
The mirour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which seeing now fo inly faire to bee,  
As outward it appeareth to the eye,  
And with his spirits proportion to agree,  
He thereon fixeth all his fantastic,  
And fully setteth his felicitie,  
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,  
And yet indeed her fairenes doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more sharply sighted bee  
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight,  
See more then any other eyes can see,  
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,  
Which carry priuie message to the spright,  
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,  
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glances,  
Armies of loues still flying to and fro,  
Which dart at them their little ferie launces:  
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they goe,  
Carrying compassion to their loosely foe;  
Who seeing her fayre eyes so sharpe effect,  
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweet aspect.

In which, how many wonders doe they need  
To their conceit, that others neuer see,  
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feed,  
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,  
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;  
But when her words embassade forth she sends,  
Lord, how sweet musick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold  
A thousand Graces masking in delight,  
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold  
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight  
Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frosty night:  
But on her lips, like rose buds in May,  
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O CYTHEREA, and thousands more  
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,  
To deck thy beauty with their dainties store,  
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,  
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend;  
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,  
And spread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *To triumph*, O great beauties Queene,  
Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,  
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,  
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,  
Adore the powre of thy great Maestie,



## of Heauenly Loue.

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,  
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, ô great Soueraigne,  
That she whose conquering beautie doth captiue  
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,  
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,  
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue:  
And this same life, which first from me she reaued,  
May oweto her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire V E N U S dearing, my deare dread,  
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,  
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shall read,  
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,  
That may recure my harts long pynning grieffe,  
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,  
That can restore a damned wight from death.

F I N I S.

## A N H Y M N E, O F heauenly Loue.

**L**O V E, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,  
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,  
Where I may see those admirable things,  
Which there thou workest by thy soueraigne might,  
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,  
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing  
Vnto the god of L O V E, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)  
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,  
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,  
That in light wits did loose affection moue.  
But all those follies now I doe reprove,  
And turned haue the tenor of my string,  
The heauenly praises of true loue to sing.

And ye that went with greedy vaine desire,  
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,  
To warme your selues at my wide sparkling fire,  
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,  
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame:  
For who my passed follies now pursewes,  
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

**B**Efore this worlds great frame, in which all things  
Are now containd, found any beeing place,  
Ere sitting Time could wag his eyas wings  
About that mighty wand, which doth embrace  
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by space,  
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue  
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

It Iou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;  
(For faire is Iou'd;) and of it selfe begot  
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,  
Eternall, pure, and void of finfull blot,  
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no ioy  
Of louses dislike, or pride was to be found,  
Whom be therefore with equall honor crown'd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,  
In endless glorie and immortal might,  
Together with that third from them deriued,  
Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright,  
Whose kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight  
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse,  
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet ô most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,  
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom true,  
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,  
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,  
That may my rimes with sweet insulse embrew,  
And giue me words equal vnto my thought,  
To tell the maruiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant still with powrefull grace,  
And full of fruitfull loue, that louses to get  
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,  
His second brood, though not of powre so great,  
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget  
An infinite increase of Angels bright,  
All glistering glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight  
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,  
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,  
And with ten thousand gemmes of shining gold)  
He gaue, as their inheritance to bold,  
That they might serue him in eternall blis,  
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their triuall triplicities  
About him wait, and on his will depend,  
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,  
When he them on his messiges doth send,  
Or on his owne drad presencc to attend,  
Where they behold the glory of his light,  
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night,

Both day and night is vnto them all one,  
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,

F 3.

That

## An Hymne

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,  
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,  
 But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend,  
 Ne euer should their happinesse decay,  
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,  
 Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,  
 That they gan cast their state how to increafe  
 About the fortune of their first condition,  
 And sit in Gods owne seate without commission :  
 The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light,  
 Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,  
 Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,  
 And with his ouely breath them blew away  
 From heavens hight, to which they did aspire,  
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire ;  
 Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,  
 Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,  
 Next to himselfe in glorious degre,  
 Degenerating to hate, fell from about  
 Through pride ; (for pride and loue may ill agree)  
 And now of sinne to all ensample bee :  
 How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,  
 Sith purest Angels fell to be impure ?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,  
 Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,  
 Now seeing left a waste and emptic place  
 In his wide Palace, through those Angels fall,  
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall  
 A new vnkowen Colonie therein, (begin-  
 Whose roote from earths base ground-worke should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,  
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might ;  
 According to an heavenly patterne wrought,  
 Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,  
 He man did make, and breath'd a liuing spright  
 Into his face, most beautifull and faire,  
 Endew'd with wisdoms riches, heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might  
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could ;  
 Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,  
 He made by loue out of his owne like mould,  
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behold.  
 For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see,  
 That like it selfe in louely shape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,  
 No lesse then Angels, whom he did enfew,  
 Fell from the hope of promise heavenly place,  
 Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,  
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw :  
 Where they for euer should in bonds remaine,  
 Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first  
 Made of mere loue, and after liked well,  
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,  
 In that deepe horror of despeired hell,  
 Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,  
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,  
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blis,  
 In which he reioiced with his glorious fire,  
 He downe descended, like a most demis  
 And abiekt thrall, in fleshes fraile attire,  
 That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hire,  
 And him restore vnto that happy state,  
 In which he stood before his haples face.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,  
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide :  
 Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,  
 Could make amends to God for mans misguide,  
 But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slide . . .  
 So taking flesh of sacred Virgins wombe,  
 For mans deare sake, he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was borne  
 Without all blemish or reproachfull blame,  
 Hefreely gaue to be both rent and torne  
 Of cruell hands, who with despitifull shame  
 Reuiling him, that them most vile became,  
 At length him nayled on a gallow tree,  
 And slew the iust, by most vniust decree.

O huge and most vnspakeable impressiō  
 Of loues deepe wound, that pierst the pitious hart  
 Of that deare Lord with so enuie affection,  
 And sharply launcing euery inner part,  
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart ;  
 Dooing him die, that neuer it deserued,  
 To free his foes, that from his heaft had swerued.

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launce,  
 Or thought can thinke the depth of so deare wound ?  
 Whose bleeding source their streames yet neuer staunce,  
 But still do flowe, and freshly still redound,  
 To heale the sores of sinfull soules vnfound,  
 And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime,  
 Which was enrooted in all fleshy slime.

O blessed well of loue ! ô flowre of grace !  
 O glorious Morning starre ! ô lampe of light !  
 Most liuely image of thy fathers face,  
 Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,  
 Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,  
 How can we thee requite for all this good ?  
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,  
 But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.  
 Aye me ! what can vs lesse then that behone ?  
 Had he required life of vs againe,  
 Had it bene wrong to aske his owne with gaine ?

## of Heauenly Loue.

He gaue vs life, he it restored lost;  
Then life were least, that vs fo little cost.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,  
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;  
Ne ought demands, but that we louing bee,  
As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,  
And bound thereto with an eternall band,  
Him first to loue, that vs so dearly bought,  
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,  
Who first to vs our life and being gaue;  
And after, when we fared had amis,  
Vs wretches from the second death did saue:  
And last, the food of life, which now we haue,  
Euen hee himselfe in his deare sacrament,  
To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made  
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand,  
That we; and to the same againe shall fade,  
Where they shall haue like heriage of land,  
How-euer here on higher steps we stand;  
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed  
That we, how-euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that louing Lord  
Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,  
Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,  
Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,  
We should them loue, & with their needs partake;  
Knowing, that whatsoere to them we giue,  
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed  
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,  
Enampled it by his most righteous deed,  
Shewing vs mercy (miserable crew)  
That we the like should to the wretches shew,  
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,  
How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue.

Theorouze thy selfe, o earth, out of thy soyle,  
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,  
And doost thy mind in durty pleasures moyle,  
Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine;  
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,  
That thou his soueraigne bounty maist behold,  
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he enadled was  
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,  
Between the toyfull Oxe and humble Ass,  
And in what rage, and in how base aray,  
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,  
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,  
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,  
His humble carriage, his vsfaulty waies,

His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his triefe,  
His paines, his pouerty, his sharpe afflaies,  
Through which he paid his miserable daies,  
Offending oone, and dooing good to all,  
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights  
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,  
How with most scornfull taunts, & fell despights  
He was reuill'd, disgrast, and foule abused,  
How scourg'd, how crowed, how buffeted, how brus'd;  
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (side.)  
With bitter wounds, through hands, through feet, through

Then let thy flinty hart that feelles no paine,  
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,  
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,  
At sight of his most sacred heauenly corse,  
So torne and mangled with malicious force:  
And let thy soule, whose finnes his sorrowes wrought,  
Melt into teares, and groane in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit  
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,  
Through meditation of his endless merit,  
Lift vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,  
And to his soueraigne mercy doe appeale;  
Learne him to loue, that loued thee so deare,  
And in thy breast his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,  
Thou must him loue, and his becafts embrace:  
All other loues, with which the world doth blind  
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,  
Thou must renounce, and vtterly displace,  
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,  
That full and freely gaue himselfe for thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so posselt,  
And rautht with deuouring great desire  
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest  
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire  
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth, all worlds desire will in thee die,  
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,  
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,  
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,  
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze  
With admiration of their passing light,  
Blinding the eyes, and luminog the spright.

Then shall thy rautht soule inspired bee  
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,  
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
Th' Idce of his pure glory, present still  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill  
With sweet enagement of celestiall loue,  
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.





# AN HYMNE, OF HEA- uenlie Beautie.

**R**apt with the rage of mine owne raiuit thought,  
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,  
And glorious Images in heauen wrought,  
Whose wondrous beauty breathing sweet delights,  
Doc kinde loue in high conceited sprights:  
I faine to tell the things that I behold,  
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, ô thou most almightie Spright,  
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,  
To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
Of thine eternall Truth; that I may shoue  
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,  
Of that immortal beautie, there with thee,  
Which in my weake distraughted mind I see.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,  
The harts of men, which fondly here admire  
Faire-seeming shewes, and feede on vaine delight,  
Transported with celestiall desire  
Of those faire formes, may lift themselues vp hier,  
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty,  
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th'easie view  
Of this base world, subiect to fleshy eye.  
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,  
To contemplation of th'immortall skie.  
Of the soare Faulcon so I learne to fie,  
That flaps awhile her fluttering wings beneath,  
Till she herselfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed  
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame  
Of this wide *Vniuerse*, and therein reed  
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name  
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime:  
All which are made with wondrous wifè respect,  
And all with admirable beaurty deckt.

First th' Earth, on Adamantine pillars founded,  
Amid the Sea, engirt with brazen bands;  
Then th' Ayre still sitting, but yet firmly bounded  
On euerie side, with pyles of flaming brands,  
Neuer consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;  
And last, that mightie shining cry stall wall,  
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whercof, it plainly may appeare,  
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,  
And further is from earth, so still more cleare  
And faire it grows, till to his perfect end  
Of purest beautie, it at last ascend:  
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,  
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,  
On that bright shinie round still moouing Masse,  
The houle of blessed Gods, which men call *S X X E*,  
All fow'd with gliftring starres more thicke then gaffe,  
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe:  
But those two most, which ruling night and day,  
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene,  
That to their beautie may compared bee,  
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene,  
Endure their Captaines flaming head to see?  
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,  
And so much fairer, and much more then thee,  
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For, farre above these heauens which here we see,  
Be others, farre exceeding these in light,  
Not bounded, nor corrupt, as these same bee,  
But infinite in largenesse and in height,  
Vnmoouing, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,  
That need no Sunnet' illuminate their spheres,  
But their owne natiue light, farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arise,  
Vntill they come to their first Mouters bound,  
That in his mighty compasse doth comprife,  
And carry all the rest with him around;  
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,  
And rise more faire, till they at last arriue  
To the most faire, whereto they all doe striue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue place,  
In full enjoyment of felicitie,  
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face  
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie:  
More faire is that, where those *I D E E S* on his  
Eoranged be, which *P L A T O* so admired,  
And pure *I N T E L L I G E N C E S* from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigie  
The fouerain *P O V V E R S* & mighty *P O T E N T A T E S*,  
Which in their high protections doe containe  
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;  
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall States  
And heauenly *D O M I N A T I O N S* are set,  
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be those bright *C H E R V B I N S*,  
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,  
And those eternall burning *S E R A P H I N S*,  
Which from their faces dart our fierie light;  
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright  
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend  
On Gods owne perchon, without rest or end.

These

## of Heauenly Beautie.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,  
As to the Highest they approach more neare,  
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,  
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,  
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:  
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse  
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind  
Leaue to bethinke how great that beauty is,  
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I find:  
How much more those essentiall parts of his,  
His truth, his loue, his wisdom, and his blis,  
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,  
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight.

Those vnto all he daily doth display,  
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,  
As in a looking glasse, through which he may  
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,  
That are vnable else to see his face,  
His glorious face which glittereth else so bright,  
That th' Angels selues cannot endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine  
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth shine,  
But that their points rebutted backe againe  
Are dull, how can we see with feeble cyne,  
The glory of that Maiestie diuine;  
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,  
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent  
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,  
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,  
And in the same, as in a brazen booke,  
To read enregistred in euery nooke  
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare.  
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,  
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,  
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,  
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blind,  
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,  
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,  
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,  
Before the footstool of his Maiestie,  
Throw thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,  
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,  
On the drad face of that great DEITYE,  
For feare, least if he chaunce to looke on thee,  
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowly fall before his Mercie seate,  
Close couered with the Lambes integritie,  
From the iust wrath of his auengefull threat,  
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hie:  
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,

More firme and durable then Steele or brasse,  
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,  
With which he brufeth all his foes to dust,  
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,  
Vnder the rigour of his judgement iust:  
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust;  
From whence proceed her beames so pure & bright,  
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,  
Which dardeth is from TRINITY flaming head,  
That with his beames enlumine the darke  
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red:  
Whose nature yet so much is maruelled  
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze  
The greatest Wlards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine,  
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,  
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,  
Through which to God all mortall actions here,  
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare:  
For from th' eternal Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight  
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnfound:  
And vnderneath his feet are to be found  
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,  
The instruments of his auenging ire.

There in his bosome SAPIENCE doth sit,  
The soueraine dearing of the DEITYE,  
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit  
For so great powre and peerlesse maiestie;  
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously  
Adorned, that brighter then the starrs appeare,  
And make her native brightnesse seeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold  
Is set, in signe of highest soueraintie,  
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,  
With which she rules the house of God on hie,  
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,  
And in the same these lower creatures all,  
Subiect to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,  
And all the creatures which they both containe:  
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,  
They all partake, and doe in state remaine,  
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,  
Through obseruation of her high behest,  
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,  
For she, the daughters of all womens race,

And

## An Hymne

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,  
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,  
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,  
That it doth farre exceede all humane thought,  
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)  
Which pictur'd VENUS with so curious quill,  
That all posteritie admired it,  
Haue putrayd this, for all his maistring skill;  
Ne she herselfe, had she remained still,  
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,  
Could once come neare this beautie soueraine.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,  
Or that sweet T E I A N Poet, which did spend  
His plentifull veine in setting forth her praise,  
Seene but a glimpse of this, which I pretend,  
How wondrously would he her face commend,  
About that Idole of his sayning thought,  
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,  
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,  
Or hope to expresse her least perfections part,  
Whose beautie fillles the heauens with her light,  
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?  
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,  
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,  
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,  
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,  
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.  
Enough is me to admire so heauenly thing:  
And being thus with her huge loue possess'd,  
In th'onely wonder of herselfe to rest.

But who so may, thrice happy man him hold,  
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,  
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:  
For in the view of her celestiall face,  
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,  
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,  
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For shee, out of her secret treasure,  
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,  
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden lie  
Within the closet of her chasteest bowre,  
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,  
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,  
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee  
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receiue,

And letteth them her louely face to see,  
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceiue,  
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereaue  
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,  
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,  
As carries them into an extasie,  
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings  
Of Gods high praise, that fillles the brazen sky,  
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,  
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,  
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,  
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:  
But all that earth seemd sweet, seemes now offence,  
And all that pleased earth, now seemes a paine.  
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,  
Is fixed all on that which now they see,  
All other sights but fained shadowes be.

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame  
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fire,  
Thenceforth seemes soule, and full of sinfull blame;  
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire  
By name of honour, and to much desire,  
Seemes to them baselesse, and all riches drosse,  
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
And senses fraught with such felicitie,  
That in nought else on earth they can delight,  
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,  
Which they haue written in their inward eye:  
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind,  
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed  
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,  
And with false beauties flattering bait misted,  
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes fought,  
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,  
But late repentance through thy follies priefe;  
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grieffe.

And looke at last vp to that soueraigne light,  
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie springe,  
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,  
Euen the true loue of God, which loathing brings  
Of this vile world, and these gay-seeming things:  
With whose sweet pleasures being so possess'd,  
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

FINIS.





DAPHNAIDA.

AN ELEGIE VPON THE  
DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND  
vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of *Henrie  
Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of  
Arthur Gorges, Esquire.*  
(\* \* \*)

*Dedicated*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY  
*Helena, Marquesse of North-hampton.*

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF THE GREAT  
KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY  
JOHN BURNET  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



LONDON  
Printed by H. A. L. in the Strand  
1704



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marquesse of  
*North-hampton*.



Haue the rather presumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Master *Arthur Gorges*, a louer of learning & vertue: whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue euer borne themselues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldest daughter to *John Duke of Norfolk*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children doe so neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this first of Ianuary. 1591.

*Your Honors humbly euer,*

Edm. Sp.





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE SECRETARY OF STATE  
 IN GREAT BRITAIN

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above subject, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
 Your obedient servant,  
 J. H. [Name]

Witness my hand and the Great Seal of Great Britain at London this 15th day of [Month] 18[Year].



# DAPHNAIDA.

**W**Hat-euer man he be, whose heauy miad  
With griefe of mournful great mishap opprest,  
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,  
Let read the rufull plaint herein exprest,  
Of one (I weene) the wofullst man aliue;  
Euen sad **A L C Y O N**, whose empierced brest,  
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riuē.

But whoſo else in pleasure findeth sense,  
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,  
Let him be banisht farre away from hence:  
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,  
Though they of sorrowe heauily can sing;  
For euen their heauie song would breed delight:  
But here no tunes, saue sobes and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,  
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands  
Doe weaue the direfull threds of destinie,  
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,  
Approach heere to: and let the dreadfull Queene  
Of darknes deepe come from the **S T R Y G I A N** strands,  
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,  
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,  
And sweatic steedes now hauing ouer-run  
The compast skie, gan water in the West,  
I walkt abroad to breathe the freshing ayre  
In open fields, whose flowing pride opprest  
With early frosts, had lost their beauty faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,  
Which daily doth my weaker wit possess,  
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought  
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauiness,  
Which she conceiued hath through meditation  
Of this worlds vaines, and lifes wretchedness,  
That yett my soule it deeply doth compassion.

So as I mused on the miserie  
In which men liue, and I of many moſte,  
Most miserable man; I did espy  
Where towards me a sory wight did come,  
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,  
And **I A A K O S** staffe in hand deuoutly crost,  
Like to some Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careles locks, vncombed and vnshorne,  
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-grown,  
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne;  
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne,  
As loathing light: and euer as he went,  
He sighd oft, and inly deepe did grone,  
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,  
And by the semblant of his countenance,  
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,  
Most like **A L C Y O N** seeming at a glance;  
**A L C Y O N** hee, the iolly Shepheard swaine,  
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,  
And fill with pleasure euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,  
I softly said, **A L C Y O N**? There-withall  
He lookt aside as in disdainfull wise,  
Yet stayd not: till I againe did call.  
Then turning backe, he said with hollow sound,  
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,  
The wretchedst man that treades this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulness impressed deepe,  
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heere,  
And giuen like cause with thee to waile and weere:  
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beere.  
Then stay **A L C Y O N**, gentle shepheard stay  
(Quoth I) till thou haue ro my trustie care  
Committed, what thee doth so ill apay.

Cease foolish man (said he, halfe wrothfully)  
To seeke to heare that which cannot be told:  
For the huge anguish, which doth multiply  
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:  
Ne doe I care, that any should bemoue  
My hard mishap or any weepe that would,  
But seeke alone to weepe, and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent  
To die alone, vn-pittied, vnplained,  
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient  
To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained:  
Least that the world thee dead, accuse of guilt;  
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,  
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

G.

Who

# DAPHNAIDA.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound  
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,  
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground  
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:  
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,  
Then question made of his calamitie.  
For harts deepe sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my grieffe,  
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,  
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:  
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)  
I will to thee this heauie case relate.  
Then harken well till it to end be brought,  
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vjde (as thou right well doost know)  
My little flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,  
Not far from whence S A B R I N A E S stream doth flow,  
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:  
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;  
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,  
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range  
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,  
White as the natue Rose before the change,  
Which V E N U S blood did in her leaues impresse,  
I spied playing on the grassie plaine  
Her youthfull sports and kindly wantonnesse,  
That did all other Beasts in beautie staine.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight,  
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome seene,  
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,  
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:  
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,  
That I her caught disporting on the greene,  
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her so faire,  
That though by kind she stout and saluage were,  
For beeing borne an ancient Lions heire,  
And of the race, that all wild beasts doe feare;  
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,  
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,  
As the least lambe in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where-euer I did wend,  
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:  
And all the night that I in watch did spend,  
If cause requir'd, or else in sleepe, if nay,  
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe;  
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,  
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and safest were my sillie sheepe,  
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:  
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:  
My louely Lioness without heaift  
So carefull was for them, and for my good,

That when I waked, neither most nor least  
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Of did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,  
And oft their Lasses, which my luck enuide,  
Daily resort to me from farr and neare,  
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide  
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse  
Much greater then the rude report they tride,  
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,  
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:  
But oh! fond man, that in worlds sicklenesse  
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,  
That glories most in mortall miseries,  
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend  
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,  
A cruell S A T Y R E with his murderous dart,  
Greedy of mischiefe, ranging all about,  
Gae her the fatall wound of deadly smart:  
And rest from me my sweet companion,  
And rest from me my loue, my life, my hart:  
My Lionesse (ah wee is mee) is gone.

Out of the world thus was she rest away,  
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle;  
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:  
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle  
A L C Y D E S slew, and fixt in firmament:  
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,  
And seeking misse, and misising doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,  
That I for pity of his heauy plight,  
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:  
But when I saw the anguish of his spright  
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe;  
Certes A L C Y O N, painfull is thy plight,  
That it in mee breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand  
The riddle of thy loued Lionesse:  
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,  
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,  
Should to a beast his noble hart embaste,  
And be the vassall of his vassalesse:  
Therefore more plaine arad this doubtfull case,

Then sighing sore, D A P H N E thou knew'st, quoth he,  
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:  
But fell to ground for great extremite,  
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay  
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,  
Ruoked life, that would haue fled away,  
All were my selfe through grieffe in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my best,  
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate



# DAPHNAIDA.

The stormy passion of his troubled brest;  
 But he thereby was more empastionate:  
 As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,  
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,  
 And breaking forth at last, thus dearily plained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,  
 Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?  
 Which to vnjustly do their iudgements share  
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflicke so fore  
 The innocent, as thole which doe transgresse,  
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more  
 Than woeist or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create  
 The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected?  
 Or why be they themselues immaculate,  
 If purest things be not by them respected?  
 She faire, sic pure, most faire, most pure she was,  
 Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:  
 Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,  
 That men admire in goodly womankind,  
 She did excell. and seem'd of Angels race,  
 Liuing on earth like Angel new diuinde,  
 Adorn'd with wilddome and with chastitie,  
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,  
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since faire ASTRÆA left  
 The unfaul world) more vertue in a wight:  
 And when she parted hence, with her she rest  
 Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:  
 Well may the shepheard Lasses now lament,  
 For double losse by her hath on them light;  
 To lose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELSA, royall Shepheardesse  
 The prayes of my parted loue enuy,  
 For she hath praies in all plentifulnesse,  
 Pour'd vpon her, like showers of CASTALY  
 By her owne Shepheard, COLIN her oan Shepheard,  
 That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,  
 Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be better.

She is the Rose, the glory of the day,  
 And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,  
 Mine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:  
 Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:  
 Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:  
 O that so faire a slowre so soone should fade,  
 And through vntimely tempest fall away.

She fell away in her first ages spring,  
 Whilst yet her leafe was Greene, and fresh her rind,  
 And whilst her branch faire blossomes forth did bring,  
 She fell away aganist all course of kind:  
 For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;  
 She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:  
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

2 What hart to some had, but that would weepe,  
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?  
 What TIMON, but would let compassion creepe  
 Into his brest, and pierce his frozen cares?  
 In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well  
 I wasted haue, my hart blood dropping weares,  
 To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell,

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to die,  
 Ne dyed with dread and grudging discontent,  
 But as one toyld with trauell, downe doth lye,  
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,  
 And clode her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;  
 The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,  
 And soule assayld from sinfull fleshinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,  
 She all resolu'd, and ready to remoue,  
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wile bespake;  
 ALCYON, ah! my first and latest loue,  
 Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,  
 And grieue my ghost, that ill mote lumbchoue,  
 As if to me had chaunst some euill tourne?

I, sith the messenger is come for mee,  
 That summons soules vnto the bridale feast  
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,  
 And straight obey his soueraine behest:  
 Why should ALCYON then for sore lament,  
 That I from misery should bereleast,  
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and disease,  
 Our life afflicted with incessant paine,  
 That nought on earth may lessen or appease,  
 Why then should I desire here to remaine?  
 Or why should he that loues me, some bee  
 For my deliuerance, or at all complain  
 My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe,  
 I goe with gladnes to my wished rest,  
 Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe  
 May come, their happy quiet to molest,  
 But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones  
 Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;  
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee  
 Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,  
 My young AMBROSIA, in lieu of mee  
 Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.  
 Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long,  
 So hauing said, away she softly past:  
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make mine vnderlong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,  
 Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,  
 And those last deadly accents, which like sword  
 Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding chest,  
 With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,

# DAPHNAIDA.

The which my soule first conquer and possesse,  
The first beginners of my endlesse care;

And when those pallid cheekes and ashie hew,  
In which sad death his portraiture had writ,  
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,  
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,  
I match with that sweet inile and cheerefull brow,  
Which all the world subdued vnto it;  
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I saw her lead  
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?  
How trimly would she trace and softly tread  
The tender grasle with rosie garland crown'd?  
And when she list aduance her heauenly voice,  
Both Nymphes & Muses nigh she made astownd,  
And flocks and shepheards cauled to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Lasses, who shall lead  
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?  
Or who shall dight your bowres, sih she is dead  
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?  
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,  
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,  
And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to strill,  
That may allure the senses to delight;  
Ne euer Shepheard sound his Oaten quill  
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might  
To idle pleasure: but let ghastlinesse  
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,  
To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,  
And shady woods resound with dreadful yells:  
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,  
And parching drouth dry vp the crystall wells;  
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,  
And th'ayre be filld with noyse of dolefull knells,  
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurse of euery liuing thing,  
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,  
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,  
But hidious monsters full of vglinesse:  
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,  
No Nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse,  
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

4 My little flocke, whom eare I lou'd so well,  
And wont to feede with finest grasle that grew,  
Feede ye henceforth on bitter **A S T R O P H E L L**,  
And sinking Smilage, and vnfaerie Rew;  
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,  
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,  
That with your carkasses wild beafts be glurtd.

Ne worse to you my silly sheepe I pray,  
Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall

Than to my selfe, for whose confuise decay  
To carelesse heauens I doe daily call:  
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,  
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,  
Or grant his boone that most desires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,  
To plague th'vnrighious which alie remaine:  
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,  
By liuing long to multiply their paine:  
Else surely death should be no punishment,  
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,  
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my **D A P H N E** they haue tane away;  
For worthy of a better place was she:  
But me vnworthy willed here to stay,  
That with her lack I might tormented be.  
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay  
Penance to her, according their decree,  
And to her ghost doe seruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,  
Throughout the world from one to other end,  
And in affliction waste my bitter age.  
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,  
My drinke the teares which from mine eyes doe raine,  
My bed the ground that hardest I may find:  
So will I wilfully increafe my paine.

And she my Loue that was, my Saint that is,  
Whoe she beholds from her celestiall throne  
(To which she ioeyth in eternall blis)  
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,  
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:  
For heauenly spirits haue compassion  
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorrowe satysfide  
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,  
And th'heauens with long languor pacifide,  
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,  
Will send for me; for which I daily long,  
And will tell then my painfull penance ecke:  
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderfong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,  
And in her workmanship no pleasure find:  
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.  
So soone as on them blowes the Northern wind,  
They tarry not, but fit and fall away,  
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,  
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth with-hold  
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me;  
I hate the earth, because it is the mould  
Of fleshy slime, and fraile mortalitie;  
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,  
I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,  
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate

I hate the day, because it lenderh light  
To see all things, and not my Loue to see;  
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,  
Because they breed sad balefullnesse in mee:  
I hate all times, because all times doe fly  
So fast away, and may not staye bee,  
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voice is spent with crying:  
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue dull mine eares:  
I hate to taste, for foode with-holds my dying:  
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:  
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:  
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:  
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;  
The one, because as I they wretched are:  
The other, for because I doe not find  
My Loue with them, that want to be their Starre:  
And life I hate, because it will not last,  
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,  
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,  
Because it changeth euer to and fro,  
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,  
But still vnstedfast, round about doth goe,  
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,  
Driuen with streames of wretchednes and woe,  
That dying liues, and liuing still does die.

So doe I liue, so doe I daily die,  
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine:  
Sith she that did my vitall powres supply,  
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine  
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong  
My wearie dayes in dolour and disdain?  
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes despight,  
And doe not die then in despight of death?  
Why doe I longer see this loathsome light,  
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,  
Sith all my sorrowe should haue end thereby,  
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneath  
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;  
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:  
Therefore to die must needs be ioyous,  
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.  
But I must stay; I may it not amend,  
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me so,  
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilst I in this wretched vale doe stay,  
My wearie feet shall euer wandring be,  
That still I may be ready on my way,  
When as her messenger doth come for me:  
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,

Ne will I rest my limmes for fraillie,  
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauinesse.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought  
For faire ERYDICE hier daughter deere  
Throughout the world, with wofull heauy thought:  
So will I trauell whilst I tarry heere,  
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,  
Ne when as drouping TITAN draweth neere,  
To loofe his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)  
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more.  
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting spights,  
Nor failing force to former strength restore:  
But I will wake and sorrow all the night  
With PHILYMESE, my fortune to deplore,  
With PHILYMESE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starre to fall,  
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light  
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,  
How my faire Starre (that shin'd on me so bright)  
Fell suddainly, and faded vnder-ground;  
Since whoof departure, day is turnd to night,  
And night without a VENUS starre is found.

But soone as Day doth shewe his deawie face,  
And calls forth men vnto their toylsome trade,  
I will withdraw me to some darkefome place,  
Or some deere caue, or solitarie shade;  
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,  
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:  
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderfong.

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold  
Fairer thing on earth, ne feed on false delight  
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,  
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight:  
For all I see is vaine and transitory,  
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,  
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,  
Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,  
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:  
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,  
But ere ye be aware will fit away;  
For nought of them is yours, but th'only vnfance  
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaustrous chaunce  
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,  
To mourne in sorrowe and sad sufferaunce,  
When ye doe heare me in that desert place,  
Lamenting loud my DAPHNES Elegie,  
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,  
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enjoy  
The presence of your dearest loues delight,



When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,  
Yet pittie me in your empaffiond fpright,  
And thinke that fuch mishap, as chaunt to me,  
May happen vnto the moft happieft wight;  
For all mens fates alike vnstedfaft be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed  
Your carelefse flocks on hils and open plaines,  
With better fortune, then did me fucceed;  
Remember yet my vndeferued paines:  
And when ye heare, that I am dead or flaine,  
Lament my lot, and tell your fellowfwaines;  
That fad A L C Y O N dyde in lifes difdaine.

And ye faire Damfels, Shepheards deare delights,  
That with your loues doe their rude harts poffeffe,  
When as my hearfe fhall happen to your fights,  
Vouchfafe to deck the fame with Cypareffe;  
And euer fprinkle brackifh teares among,  
In pittie of my vndeferu'd diftreffe,  
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with refllefse toyle  
Wearie your felues in wandring defert wayes,  
Till that you come, where ye your vowes affoyle,  
When pafing by, ye read thefe wofull layes,  
On my graue written, rue my D A P H N E S wrong,  
And mourne for me that languifh out my dayes:  
Ceafe Sheheard, ceafe, and end thy vnderlong.

**T**Hus when he ended had his heauie plaint,  
The heauieft plaint that euer I heard found,

His cheekes wext pale, and fprights began to faint,  
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;  
Which when I faw, I (ftepping to him light)  
Amooued him out of his ftome fwound,  
And gan him to recomfortas I might.

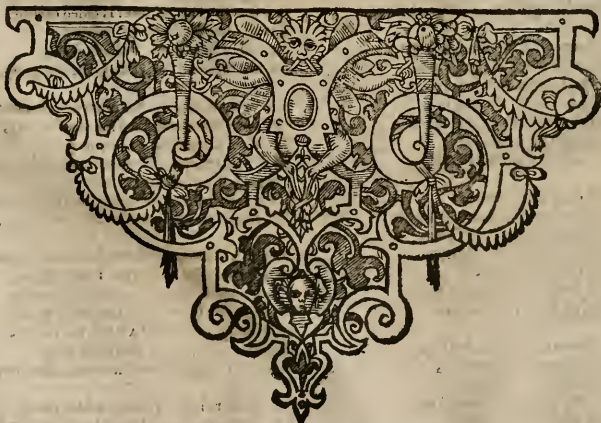
But he no way recomforted would be,  
Nor fuffer folace to approach him nie,  
But cafting vp a feignfull eys at me,  
That in his trance I would not let him lie,  
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,  
As one difpofed wilfully to die,  
That I fore grieu'd to fee his wretched cafe.

Tho when the pang was fomewhat ouer-paft,  
And the outrageous paffion nigh appeafed,  
I him defirde, fith day was ouer-caft,  
And darke night faft approached, to be pleafed  
To turne afide vnto my Cabinet,  
An ftay with me, till he were better eafed  
Of that ftroong ftownd, which him fo fore befet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,  
Ne longer him intreat with me to ftay;  
But without taking leaue he forth did goe  
With staggering pale and difmall lookes diftrey,  
As if that death he in the face had feene,  
Or hellifh hags had met vpon the way:  
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM-





COMPLAINTS

CONTAINING SVNDRY  
SMALL POEMES OF THE  
Worlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE  
following maketh mention:

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



A note of the sundry Poemes contained  
in this Volume.

- 1 *The Ruines of Time.*
- 2 *The Teares of the Muses.*
- 3 *Virgils Gnat.*
- 4 *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*
- 5 *Muiopotmos, or The tale of  
the Butterflie.*
- 6 *Visions of the Worlds vanity.*
- 7 *Bellayes Visions.*
- 8 *Petrarches Visions.*







## THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the  
*Ladie Marie, Countesse of*  
Pembrooke.

**M**OST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there belong  
sithens deepe sowed in my breast, the seedes of most en-  
tire loue and humble affection vnto that most braue  
Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking  
roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud foorth:  
and to shew themselues to him, as then in the weaknes  
of their first spring; And would in their riper strength  
(had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired foorth  
fruite of more perfection. But sith God hath disdeigned the world of that  
most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learmed men, and the Patron  
of my young Musēs; together with him both their hope of any further  
fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossomes  
nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late comming into England, some  
friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede com-  
maund me) knowing with how straight bands of dutie I was tied to him,  
and also bound vnto that noble House, (of which the cheefe hope then re-  
sted in him) haue sought to reuiue them by vpbaying mee, for that I  
haue not shewed any thankfull remembrance towards him or any of them;  
but suffer their names to sleepe in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whom chief-  
lic to satisfie, or else to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulnesse, I haue  
conceiued this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds*  
*Ruines*: yet specially intended to the renouing of that noble Race, from  
which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe  
of them late deceased. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it  
most specially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my selfe bound-  
den, by many singular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honora-  
ble happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladiships euer  
humbly at commaund,  
Edm. Sp.



## THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.



Ince my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you; I haue since endeoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my hands such small Poëmes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundry hands, & not easie to be come by, by himselfe; some of them having been diuersly imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to be imprinted altogether, for that they all seeme to containe like matter of argument in them: beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that he besides wrote sundry others, namely, Ecclesiastes, and Canticum canticorum translated, A senights slumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, beeing all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme, he meant them all to one volume. Besides, some other Pamphlets loosely scattered abroad: as, The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The sacrifice of a Sinner, The seauen Psalmes, &c. Which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine to, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth.

In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of these,  
and graciously to entertaine the new  
Poet; I take leaue.





# THE RVINES OF TIME.

**I**T chanced me one day beside the shore  
Of silver-streaming THAMESIS to see,  
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME stood of yore,  
Of which there now remains no memorie,  
Nor any little monument to see,  
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,  
This once was shee, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold  
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,  
Rending her yellowe locks, like wine gold,  
About her shoulders carelesly downe trailing,  
And streames of teares frō her faire eyes forth railing,  
In her right hand a broken rod she held,  
Which towards heauen she fecmd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuer Nymphes,  
Which did the losse of some decre loue lameqt,  
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,  
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;  
Or th'ancient GENIVS of that Cittie brent:  
But seeing her so pittiuoslie perplexed,  
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,  
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?  
Whose happinesse the heauens enuying,  
From highest faire to lowest step me draue,  
An I haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,  
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,  
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorene.

Much was I moued at her pittious plaint,  
And felt my hart nigh riuen in my brest

With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,  
That shedding teares awhile, I still did rest,  
And after, did her name of her request.  
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor any beeing,  
Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore  
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me  
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore;  
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,  
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:  
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,  
Sith now I am but weeds and wastefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vusted fast state  
Of all that liues on face of sinfull earth!  
Which from their first vntill their vtmost date,  
Taste no one houre of happinesse or merrth,  
But like as at the ingate of their berth,  
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe:  
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,  
Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,  
And reare a trophie for deuouring death,  
With so great labour and long lasting paine,  
As if his dayes for euer should remaine?  
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,  
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decay.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,  
And call to count, what is of them become:  
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,  
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme:

Where



## The Ruines of Time.

Where those great Warriors, which did overcome  
The world with conquest of their might and maine,  
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th' **A S S Y R I A N** Lyonesse,  
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?  
What of the **P E R S I A N** Beares outrageoulesse,  
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares:  
Who of the **G R E C I A N** Libbard now ought hears,  
That ouer-ran the East with greedy powre,  
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuour?

And where is that fame great seuen-headed beast,  
That made all Nations vassals of her pride,  
To fall before her feet at her behest,  
And in the necke of all the world did ride?  
Where doth she all that vndrous wealth now hide?  
With her owne weight downe prested now she lies,  
And by her heapes her hugenets testifies.

**O R O M E**, thy ruine I lament and rue,  
And in thy fall, my fatal ouerthrowe,  
That whilom was, whilst heuens with equall view  
Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,  
The picture of thy pride in pompous shewe:  
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,  
So I of this small Northerne world was Princeesse.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,  
Adorn'd with purest gold, and precious stone;  
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,  
That by my foes are now all spent and gone:  
To tell my forces, marchable to none,  
Were but lost labour, that few would beleue,  
And with rehearsing, would me more agreue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,  
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,  
Large streets, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,  
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,  
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,  
All those (ô pity) now are turn'd to dust,  
And ouer-growne with blacke obliuions rust.

There to for warlike power, and peoples store,  
In **B R I T A N N I E** was none to match with mee,  
That many often did abie full fore:  
Ne **T R O Y N O V A N T**, though elder sister shee,  
With my great forces may compared bee;  
That stout **P E N D R A G O N** to his perill felt,  
Who in a siegē steuen yeares about me dwelt.

But long ere this, **B V N D V C A**, Brittonesse  
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarks brought,  
**B V N D V C A**, that victorious conqueresse,  
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought  
Boue womens weaknes, with the **R O M A N S** fought,  
Fought, and in field against them thrice preuailed:  
Yet was she foild, when as she me assailed.

And though at last, by force I conquer'd were,  
Of hardie **S A X O N S**, and became their thrall;

Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full dere,  
And priz'd with slaughter of their Generall:  
The monument of whose sad funerall,  
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,  
But now to nought through spoile of time is wasted.

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were,  
And all the rest that me so honour made,  
And of the world admired eu'rie where,  
Is turn'd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;  
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,  
But grislie shades, such as doe haunt in hell,  
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilome vside to stand,  
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,  
There now is but an heape of lime and sand,  
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull bowre:  
And where the Nightingale wont forth to poure  
Her restless plaints, to comfort wakfull Louers,  
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plovers.

And where the crystill **T H A M I S** wont to slide  
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,  
About whose flowrie banks on either side,  
A thousand Nymphs, with mirthfull iollitee  
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;  
There now no nuers course is to be seene,  
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe  
Of my mishap, which oft I to him praied;  
Or for to shun the horrible mischiefe,  
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,  
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,  
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,  
And his sweet waters away with him led.

There also where the winged ships were seene  
In liquid waues to cut their somie waie,  
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,  
In that wide Lake looking for plentifull pray  
Of fish, which they with baits vside to betray,  
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,  
Nor euer ship shall saile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,  
Ne ought to me remains, but to lament  
My long decay, which no man else doth mone,  
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.  
Yet is it comfort in great languishment,  
To be bemoaned with compassion kind,  
And mitigates the anguish of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,  
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eye:  
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name  
To be remembered of posteritie,  
Sauē One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,  
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,  
Hath writ my record in true seeming fort.

CAMDEN

## The Ruines of Time.

**C A M B D E N**, the nourice of antiquitie,  
And lantern vnto late succeeding age,  
To see the light of simple veritie,  
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage  
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:  
**C A M B D E N**, though time all monuments obscure,  
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,  
And grieue that my remembrance quite is rased  
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,  
And all my antique monuments defaced?  
Sith I doe daily see things highest placed,  
So soone as Fates their vitall thred haue shorne,  
Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld  
A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,  
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,  
And greatit ones did sue to gaine his grace:  
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,  
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,  
And *Right and toyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one  
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,  
I saw him die, and no man left to mone  
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:  
Scarce any left to close his eye-lids neare;  
Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay  
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to say.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,  
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,  
And vainly thinke your selues halfe happy then,  
When painted faces with smooth flattering  
Doe fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,  
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,  
Him true in hart and trustie to you trowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,  
That every shower will wash and wipe away,  
All things doe change that vnder heauen abide,  
And after death all friendship doth decay.  
Therefore, what-euer man bearst worldly sway,  
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie;  
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,  
Sauc what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:  
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,  
And euill men (now dead) his decdes vpbraid:  
Spight bites the dead, that liuing, neuer baid.  
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept  
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,  
And all his greates vapoured to nought,  
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,  
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:  
His name is wotne already out of thought,

Ne any Poet seekes him to reuiue;  
Yet many Poets honourd him aliuie,

Ne doth his **C O L I N**, careles **C O L I N C I O V T**,  
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,  
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout  
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:  
Praise whofo list, yet I will him dispraise,  
Vntill he quite him of this gaultie blame:  
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And whofo else did goodnes by him gaine,  
And whofo else his bountious mind did try,  
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaioe,  
(For many did, which doe it now denie)  
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:  
And I, the whilstt you mourne for his decease,  
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase,

He dide, and after him his brother dide,  
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,  
That whilstt he liued, was of none enaide,  
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,  
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:  
But vnto thee most deare, & dearest Dame,  
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilstt he liued, happy was through thee,  
And becig dead, is happy now much more;  
Liuing, that linke d chaunst with thee to bee,  
And dead, because him dead thou doost adore  
As liuing, and thy lost deare Loue deplore.  
So whilstt that thou, faire flower of chastitie,  
Dooft liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse  
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:  
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse  
His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,  
Though deare his foule doe from his body feuer.  
And thou thy selfe, heerein shalt also liue;  
Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,  
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,  
And noble Patron of weake pouertie,  
Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,  
Hane purchast him in heauen a happy crowne:  
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,  
And left his sonne t'ensue those steps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandfires liuely heire,  
Vnder the shadow of thy countenance  
Now ginnes to shooe vp fast, and flourish faire  
In learned Arts, and goodly gouernance,  
That him to highest honor shall aduance,  
Braue Impe of **B E D F O R D**, growe apace in bountie,  
And count of wisdome more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,  
That goodly Ladie, sith the eke did spring

H

Out

## The Ruines of Time.

Out of this stocke, and famous familie,  
Whose praises I to future age doe sing,  
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring  
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;  
In whom the heauen poured all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirit breathed from aboue,  
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,  
In whom all beautie and all vertuous loue  
Appeared in their native proprietis,  
And did enrich that noble breast of his,  
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,  
Worthy of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirit, full of power diuine,  
And influence of all celestiall grace,  
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthly slime,  
Fled backe too soone vnto his natie place;  
Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,  
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he  
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy soule to heauen went  
Out of this fleshy gaole, he did deuise  
Vnto his heauenly Maker to present  
His body, as a spotlesse sacrifice;  
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies  
Should poure forth th' offering of his guiltlesse blood:  
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirit, liue there euer blessed,  
The worlds late wonder, & the heavens new ioy,  
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed  
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.  
But where thou doost that happines enioy,  
Bid me, ô bid me quickly come to thee,  
That happy there I may thee alwaies see.

Yet whilst the Fates afford me vitall breath,  
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,  
And sing to thee, vntill that timely death  
By heavens doome doe end my earthlie daies:  
Thereto doe thou my humble spirit raise,  
And into me that sacred breath inspire,  
Which thou there breathest, perfect and entire.

Then will I sing: but who can better sing,  
Then thine owne Sister, peereles Lady bright,  
Which to thee sings with deepe harts sorrowing,  
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,  
That her to heare, I feele my feeble spright  
Robbed of sense, and rauished with ioy,  
(O sad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I sing: but who can better sing,  
Then thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance,  
That whilst thou liuedst, mad'st the Forrests ring,  
And fields relownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,  
And Shepheards leaue their lames vnto mischaunce,  
To runne thy shrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:  
O happy were those dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,  
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,  
Whiles thou now in *Elysian* fields to free,  
With *ORPHEVS*, with *LINVS*, and the choice  
Of all that euer did in rimes reioice,  
Conuerst, and doost heare their beaueuly layes,  
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praise.

So there thou liest, singing euermore,  
And here thou liest, being euer long  
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,  
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng  
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroes strong.  
So thou both here and there immortal art,  
And euerie where through excellent desert.

But such as neither of themselues can sing,  
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,  
Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing  
Which neuer was; ne euer wih regard,  
Their names shall of the later age be heard,  
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,  
Vnlesse they mentioend be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aline?  
What to be great? what to be gracious?  
When after death no token doth suruiue,  
Of former being in this mortall hous,  
But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious,  
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,  
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How many great ones may remembred be,  
Which in their daies most famously did flourish:  
Of whom no word we heare, nor signe now see,  
But as things wipt out with a sponge do perish,  
Because they liuing, cared not to cherish  
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,  
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye liue,  
That of the Muses ye may friended be;  
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:  
For they be daughters of Dame *Memorie*,  
And *IOVE*, the Father of eternitie,  
And doe those men in golden thrones repose,  
Whose merits they to glorifie doe chose.

The feauen-fold yron gates of grisly Hell,  
And horrid house of sad *PROSERPINA*,  
They able are with power of misghtie spell  
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away  
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,  
And them immortal make, which else would die  
In soule forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

So whilome raised they the puissant brood  
Of golden-girt *ALCIBENA*, for great merit,  
Out of the dust, to which the *OETAEAN* wood  
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirit:  
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherit



## The Ruines of Time.

All happinesse in **H E B E S** silver bowre,  
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure,

So raise they eke faire **L E D A E S** warlike twinnes,  
And interchanged life vnto them lent,  
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginsnes  
To shew in heauen his brightnes orient;  
And they, for pity of the sad wayment,  
Which **OR P H E Y S** for **E V R I D I C E** did make,  
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

So happy are they, and so fortunate,  
Whom the **P E R I A N** sacred Sisters loue,  
That freed from bands of impacable fate,  
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,  
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:  
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,  
On Nectar and Ambrosia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noble donne,  
And thoughts of men doe in themselves decay,  
But wise words taught in numbers for to runne,  
Recorded by the Muses, liue for aye;  
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,  
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blast,  
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine  
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aspired;  
Or huge Colasses, built with costly paine;  
Or brazen Pillours, neuer to be fired,  
Or Shrines, made of the metall most desired;  
To make their memories for euer liue:  
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one **M A Y S O L Y S** made, the worlds great wonder,  
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:  
Such one **M A R C E L L V S**, but was torne with thunder:  
Such one **L I S I P P V S**, but is worne with raine:  
Such one King **E D M O N D**, but was rent for gaine,  
All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,  
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe passe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,  
Above the reach of ruinous decay,  
And with braue plumes doth beat the azureskie,  
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:  
Then whofo will with vertuous deeds assay  
To mount to heauen, on **P E G A S V S** must ride,  
And with sweet Poets verse be glorified.

For not to haue beene dipt in **L E T H E** lake,  
Could saue the sonne of **T H E T I S** from to die;  
But that blind Bard did him immortal make,  
With verses, dipt in dew of **C A S T A L I E**:  
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,  
O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found  
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to found.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read  
Good **M E L I B A E**, that hath a Poet got,

To sing his liuing prailes beeing dead,  
Deferring neuer here to be forgot,  
In spite of enuie, that his deeds would spote:  
Since whose decease, learning lies vnregarded,  
And men of Armes doe wander vnrewarded.

These two be those two great calamities,  
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright  
Of **S A L O M O N**, with great indignities;  
Who whilome was aliuie the wisest wight.  
But now his wisedome is disproued quight:  
For, such as now haue most the Works at will,  
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O grieue of griefes! O gall of all good harts!  
To see that vertue should despised bee  
Of such as first were raised for vertuous parts,  
And now broad spreading, like an aged tree,  
Let none shoote vp that nigh them planted bee:  
O! let not those, of whom the Muses is scorned,  
Aliue nor dead, be at the Muse adorned.

O vile world: trust, that with such vaine illusion,  
Hath fo wife men bewicht, and ouerkeft,  
That they see not the way of their confusion,  
O vaine nesse to be added to the rest,  
That do my soule with inward grieue infest:  
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,  
And in my case their owne ensemple see.

And whofo else that sits in highest seate  
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,  
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,  
Let him behold the horror of my fall,  
And his owne end vnto remembrance call:  
That of like ruine he may wane d bee,  
And in himselfe be mou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,  
With dolefull shrikes she vanished away,  
That I through inward sorrowe wexen laint,  
And all astonish'd with deepe dismay,  
For her departure, had no word to say:  
But late long time in senselesse sad affright,  
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,  
My thought returned grieved, home againe,  
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,  
For ruth of that same womans pitious paine;  
Whose words recording in my troubled braine,  
I felt such anguish wound my feeble hart,  
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning brest,  
And deeply mizing at her doubtfull speech,  
Whose meaning, much I laboured forth to wrest,  
Being aboue my slender reasons reach:  
At length, by demonstration me to teach,  
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,  
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.

## The Ruines of Time.

1

**I** Saw an Image, all of massie gold,  
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,  
That all, which did the fame from far behold,  
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.  
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,  
To which th' **A S Y R I A N** Tyrant would haue made  
The holy brethren fallsie to haue praid.

But th' Altar, on the which this Image staid,  
Was (ò great pittie) built of brittle clay,  
That shortly the foundation decaid,  
With shrowes of heauen & tempests worne away :  
Then downe it fell, and lowe in ashes lay,  
Scorned of euey one, which by it went ;  
That it seeing, dearly did lament.

2

**N** Ext vnto this, a stately Towre appear'd,  
Built all of richest stone, that might be found,  
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vprear'd,  
But placed on a plot of sandie ground.  
Not that great Towre, which is so much renowned  
For tongues Confusion in holie writ,  
King **N I N V S** worke, might be compar'd to it.

But ò vaine labours of terrestriall writ,  
That buildes so strongly on so fraile a soyle,  
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,  
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,  
To be the prcy of Time, and Fortunes spoyle !  
I saw this Towre fall suddainly to dust,  
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was brust.

3

**T** Hen did I see a pleasant Paradise,  
Full of sweet flowres and dainiest delights,  
Such as on earth man could not more deuise,  
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerefull sprights.  
Not that, which **M E R L I N** by his Magick flights  
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine  
His faire **B E L P H O E B E**, could this garden staine.

But ò short pleasure, bought with lasting paine,  
Why will hereafter any flesh delight  
In earthly blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,  
Sith that I saw this garden wasted quight,  
That whereit was, scarce seemed any sight ?  
That I, which once that beautie did behold,  
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

4

**S** Oone after this, a Giant came in place,  
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,  
That none durst view the horrør of his face ;  
Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.  
Not he, which in despite of his Creatour,  
With railing teames defide the Iewish hoast,  
Might with this mightie one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast,  
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Ocean ouerstride,  
And reach his hand into his enemies hoast,  
But see the end of pompe and fleshie pride ;  
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,  
That downe he fell into the deepe Abyffe,  
Where drown'd with him is all his earthly blisse.

5

**T** Hen did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,  
ouer the Sea, from one to other side,  
Withouten prop or pillour it t'vphold,  
But like the coloured Rainebowe arched wide.  
Not that great Arche, which **T R A I A N** edfide,  
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,  
Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah ! ) what bootes it to see earthly thing  
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,  
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring ?  
This goodly Bridge, one foote not fastned well,  
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,  
Ne of so braue a building ought remain'd,  
That griefe thereof my spirit greatly pain'd.

6

**I** Saw two Beares, as white as any milke,  
Lying together in a mightie caue,  
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,  
That saluage nature seemed not to haue,  
Nor after greedy spoile of blisse to craue :  
Two fairer beasts might not else where be found,  
Although the compast world were sought around,

But what can long abide aboue this ground  
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse ?  
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping found,  
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse  
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,  
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,  
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,  
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,  
That all my senses were bereaued quight,  
And I in mind remained sore agast,  
Distraught twixt feare and pittie ; when at last  
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,  
That with the suddaine thrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,  
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,  
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,  
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind ;  
For all the rest must needs be left behind.  
With that it bade me, to the other side  
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I

**V** Pon that famous Riuers further shore,  
There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hew,

And

## The Ruines of Time.

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;  
A fairer one in all the goodly crew  
Of white STRIMONIAN brood might no man view:  
There he most sweetly sung the prophetic  
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie  
He ended had, that both the shores refounded,  
Feeling the fit that him forward to die,  
With lustie flight about the earth he bonnded,  
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:  
Where now he is become an heauenly signe:  
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

**W**Hilst thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee  
I saw an Harpe strung all with siluer twine,  
And made of gold and costly Iuorie,  
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been  
The Harpe, on which DAN ORPHEVS was seene  
Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead,  
But was th' Harpe of PHILISIDES now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,  
And borne about the cloudes to be diuin'd,  
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyfe was heard  
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,  
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my miode:  
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,  
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northene Beare.

**S**Oone after this, I saw on th' other side,  
A curious Coffer made of HEBEN wood,  
That in it did most precious treasure hide,  
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:  
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood  
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,  
That sight thereof much grieu'd my penfue thought.

At length, when most in perrill it was brought,  
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,  
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,  
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight  
About the reach of any liuing sight:  
So now it is transform'd into that starre,  
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

**L**Ooking aside, I saw a stately Bed,  
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,  
That might for any Princes couch be red,  
And deckt with daintie flowers, as if it should  
Be for some Bride, her ioyous night to hold:  
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;  
A fairer wight saw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,  
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,

For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray  
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:  
With that she started vp with cheerefull sight,  
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,  
And I in languor left there all alone.

**S**Till as I gazed, I beheld where stood  
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,  
The same that bred was of MEDVSÆES blood,  
On which DAN PERSVS borne of heauenly seed,  
The faire ANDROMEDA from perill freed:  
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,  
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)  
With many garlands for his victories,  
And with rich poyles, which late he did purchas  
Through braue atchievements from his enemies.  
Fainting at last through long infirmitie,  
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,  
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

**L**ASTLY, I saw an Arke of purest gold  
Vpon a brazen pillour standing lie,  
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,  
Enclosed therein for endlesse memorie  
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:  
Seemed the heauens with th' earth did disagree,  
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last, me seem'd, wing-footed MERCVRIE,  
From heauen descending to appeare their strife,  
The Arke did beare with him about the skie,  
And to those ashes gaue a second life,  
To lue in heauen, where happinets is rise:  
At which, the earth did grieue exceedingly,  
And I for dole was almost like to die.

### L: EPIVOY.

**I**Mmortal spirit of PHILISIDES,  
Which now art made the heauens ornament,  
That whilome wast the worlds chieft riches;  
Giue leaue to him that lou'd thee, to lament  
His losse by lacke of thee, to heauen hent,  
And with last duties of this broken verse,  
Broken with sighes, to deck thy sable Herse.

And ye faire Lady, th' honour of your daies,  
And glory of the world, your high thoughts scorne:  
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise,  
With some few siluer-dropping teares t' adorne:  
And as ye be of heauenly off-spring borne,  
So vnto heauen let your high mind aspire,  
And loathe this droffe of sinfull worlds desire.

F I N I S .








THE  
TEARES OF  
THE MVSES.

*By Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



THE  
TEARES OF  
THE MUSES.

By Edward Taylor.



AT LONDON  
Printed by M. L. for M. A. S. & Co. in the Strand.  
1711.





TO THE RIGHT HONOV-  
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

( \* \* )



MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE  
Ladie, the things that make yee so much ho-  
nored of the world as ye be, are such, as (with-  
out my simple lines testimonie) are throughly  
knowne to all men ; namely, your excellent  
beautie, your vertuous behaiour, and your  
noble match with that most honourable Lord,  
the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie : But the  
causes for which ye haue thus deserued of mee  
to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both  
your particular bounties, and also some pri-  
uate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.  
Of which when as I found my selfe in no part woorthy, I deuised this last  
slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, &  
also to make the same vniuersallie knowne to the world ; that, by honoring  
you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you.  
Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remembrance, though not  
worthy of your selfe, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee  
may heereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence  
of your owne excellent deserts. So, recommen-  
ding the same to your Ladiships good  
liking, I humblic  
take leaue.

*Your La: humblyeuer,*

Ed. Sp.

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# THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

( \* \* )

**R**ehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,  
The golden brood of great **A P O L L O**s wit,  
Thole pitious plaints and sorrowful sad time,  
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit  
Beside the siluer Springs of **H E L I C O N E**,  
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that **P H O E B V S** foolish sonne  
Ythundered through **I O V E**s auengfull wrath,  
For traueiling the charret of the Sunne  
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,  
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,  
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire **C A L L I O P E** did lose  
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,  
Her **P A L E C T**, whom her vnkindly foes  
The fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,  
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space:  
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauehly noyses  
Of their sweet instruments were wont to found,  
And th' hollow hills, from which their siluer voices  
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,  
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,  
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chauels cleare  
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,  
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare  
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;  
Now forsit to ouerflow with brackish teares,  
With troublous noyse did dull their dainty cares.

The ioyous Nymphes, and lightfoote Faeries  
Which thither came to heare their musick sweet,  
And to the measure of their melodies  
Did learne to moue their nimble-shifting feet;  
Now hearing them so heauile lament,  
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to worke delight  
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,  
And all that else seemd faire and fresh in sight,  
So made by nature for to serue their will,  
Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,  
Was turned now to dreadfull vglynesse.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,  
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?  
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds  
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?  
Can griefe then enter in: o heauenly harts,  
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smart?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,  
To me those secret causes to display;  
For none but you, or who of you it learns,  
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.  
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,  
And let the rest in order thee ensw.

## CLIO.

**H**Eare thou great Father of the Gods on hie,  
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:  
And thou our Sire that raignst in *Cassalie*,  
And Mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts:  
Heare and behold the miserable state  
Of vs tiny daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open shame,  
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,  
By such as hate the honour of our name,  
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;  
They, not contented vs themselves to scorn,  
Doe seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,  
The finnes of darknes and of ignorance;  
But they, whom thou great **I O V E**s by doome vnjust

Didst



## The Teares of the Muses.

Didst to the type of honour earst aduance;  
They now putt vp with disdainfull insolence,  
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestially skill,  
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,  
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,  
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,  
They vnder keepe, and with their spreading armes,  
Doe beare their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honourable race  
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdomes to sustaine,  
And with their noble countenance to grace  
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaice:  
Or rather leard themselves behoues to bee;  
That is the girolond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme  
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,  
And to be learned, it a base thing deeme;  
Base minded they that want intelligence:  
For, God himselfe for wisdomes most is praised,  
And men to God thereby are highest raised.

But they doe onely striue themselves to raise  
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;  
In th'eyes of people they put all their praise,  
And onely boast of Armes and Ancestrie:  
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first giue  
To their Grandfines, they care not to atchieue.

So I, that doe all noble feates professe  
To register, and found in trumpe of gold,  
Through their bad dooings, or base slozhfulnessse,  
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:  
For better farr it were to hide their names,  
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames,

So shall succeeding ages haue no light  
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,  
And all that in this world is worthy hight  
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:  
Therefore I moune with deepe harts forrowing,  
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that she rained such store of streaming teares,  
That could haue made a stonie hart to weepe,  
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,  
And their faire faces with salt humour steepe.  
So ended shee: and then the next anew,  
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

### MELPOMENE.

Who shall poure into my swollen eyes  
A sea of teares that neuer may be dride,  
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries  
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayer wide,  
And yron sides that sighing may endure  
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickedoesse,  
Deformed with sith and soule iniquitie;  
Ah! wretched world, the house of leuainesse,  
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie;  
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,  
The vassalls of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin.

Most miserable creature vnder sky,  
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare;  
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,  
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare:  
Of wretched life the onely ioy she is,  
And th'onely comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breast with constant patience,  
Against the bitter throes of dolorous darts,  
She solaceth with rules of Sapience  
The gentle minds, in midt of worldly smartes:  
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,  
And doth refresh his sprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,  
And wants the staffe of wisdomes him to stay,  
Is like a ship in midt of tempest left,  
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,  
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships queent:  
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then doe foolish men so much despise  
The precious store of this celestially riches?  
Why doe they banish vs, that patronize  
The name of learning? Most vnhappy wretches,  
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchednesse,  
Yet doe not see their owne vnhappyresse.

My part it is, and my professed skill,  
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,  
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries shrill  
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:  
But none more tragick matter I can find  
Then this, of men depriu'd of sense and mind.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedie,  
Full of sad sights and fore Catastrophees;  
First comming to the world with weeping eye,  
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,  
Are heapt with spoiles of fortune and of feare,  
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,  
Fit for MEGERA or PERSAPHONE;  
But I, that in true Tragedies am skill,  
The floure of wit, find nought to busie me:  
Therefore I moune, and pittifully moore,  
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring  
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise:  
And all her Sisters thereto answering,  
Threw forth lowd shriekes and drerie dolefull cries:  
So rested she: and then the next in rew,  
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

## The Teares of the Muses.

### THALIA.

**W**Here be the sweet delights of learnings treat,  
That wont with Cornick sock to beautify (sure),  
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure  
The listners eyes, and eares with melodic;  
In which I late was wont to raigae as Queene,  
And maske in mirth with Graces well beteene?

Of all is gone: and all that goodly glee,  
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,  
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;  
And in her room evn seemly Sorrow sits,  
With hollow browes and grisly countenance,  
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance,

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,  
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late  
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyfme,  
Where beeing bred, he light and heauen does hate:  
They in the miads of men now tyrannize,  
And the faire Scene with rudeness foule disguise.

All places they with folly haue possesst,  
And with vaine toys the vulgar entertaines;  
But me haue banished, with all the rest  
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,  
Fine Counterfeisance and vnwhurfull Sport,  
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly fort.

All these, and all that else the Cornick Stage  
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure graced;  
By which man's life in his likest image  
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:  
And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame,  
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,  
Our pleasant WILLY, ah! is dead of late:  
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrilitie,  
And scorning Follie with Contempt is crept,  
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudry  
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of Honny & sweet Nectar flowe,  
Scorning the boldnes of such bafe-borne men,  
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throwe;  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,  
Then so him selfe to mockery to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manic,  
And laughing rocke of all that list to scorne,

Not honored nor cared for of any,  
But loath'd of lofels as a thing forlorne:  
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,  
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowly did lament and shrike,  
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,  
And all her Sisters with compassion like,  
The breaches of her singults did supply.  
So rested shee: and then the next in rew,  
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

### EVTERPE.

**L**Ike as the dearling of the Summers pride,  
Faire PHLOMELA, when Winters stormy wrath  
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde  
In colours diuers, quite despoyled hath,  
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head  
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord  
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,  
Whilst fauourable times did vs afford  
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will;  
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,  
Like wofull Caluets doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme then winters stowre  
The beautie of the world hath larely wasted,  
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,  
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted:  
And those young plants, which wont with fruit r'abound,  
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnes hath benumbd the sense,  
And liuely spirits of each liuing wight,  
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,  
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:  
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,  
Hath mard the face of all that seemed fayre.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,  
Borne in the bosome of the black Abyfse,  
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance  
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse  
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;  
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother sight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes stout,  
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced;  
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout  
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings rased;  
And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue rained,  
With brutishnes and beastly filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horse-foote *Helicon*,  
So oft bedewd with our learned layes,  
And speaking streames of pure *Cassalion*,  
The famous winites of our wonted praise,

## The Teares of the Muses.

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,  
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleasant groues, which planted were with paines,  
That with our musick went so oft to ring,  
And Arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines  
Were wont to oft their Pastoralls to sing,  
They haue cut downe, and all their pleasure mard,  
That now no Pastorall is to be hard.

In stead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,  
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;  
And feeble Echo now laments and howles,  
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries shrill.  
So all is turned into wildernesse,  
Whilst ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I whose ioy was carst with Spirit full  
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,  
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,  
Doe mone my misery with silence full.  
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,  
Till please the heauens afford me remedie.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding woe,  
And pittious lamentation did make,  
And all her Sisters seeing her doe so,  
With equall plaints her sorrow did partake.  
So rested shee: and then the next in rew,  
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

### TERPSICHORE

**W**ho hath in the lap of soft delight (sweet,  
Been long time luld, and fedde with pleasures  
Fearelesse through his owne fault or Fortunes spight,  
To tumble into sorrow and regret,  
If chance him fall into calamitic,  
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So we that earst in ioyance did abound,  
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,  
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crown'd,  
For vertues meed and ornament of wit,  
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound;  
Be now become most wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately stood  
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,  
He now hath placed his accursed brood,  
By him begotten of foule infamie;  
Blind Error, scornfull Folly, and base Spight,  
Who hold by wrong, that we should haue by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,  
And make them merry with their fooleries,  
They cheereley chaunt, and rimes at random sing,  
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies:  
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,  
And good men blame, and losels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toys possess,  
And raigne in liking of the multitude,  
The schooles they fill with fond new-fanglenes,  
And (way in Court with pride and raslines rude:  
Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,  
And say their musick matcheth P H O E V S quill.

The noble harts to pleasures they allure,  
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,  
Faure Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,  
And gentle minds with lewd delights distaine:  
Clerks they to loathly idleness inuice,  
And fill their bookees with discipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,  
For their vsurped kingdoms maintenance,  
The whiles we silly Maids, whom they despize,  
And with reproachfull scorne discontenance,  
From our owne native heritage exild,  
Walke through the world of euery one reuild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,  
Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,  
Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,  
For pitties sake compassion our paine,  
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse:  
Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,  
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;  
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,  
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call:  
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,  
Because none liuing pittieeth our paine.

With that she wept and wofully waymented,  
That nought on earth her grieffe might pacifie;  
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented,  
With shrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.  
So ended shee: and then the next in rew,  
Began her pittious plaint as doth ensue.

### ERATO.

**Y**e gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,  
Where ye in VENUS siluer bowre were bred,  
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,  
With beautie kindled, and with pleasure fed,  
Which ye now in securitie possesse,  
Forgetfull of your former heauinesse.

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,  
With which ye vsed your loues to dedifie,  
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praise,  
Aboue the compasse of the arched skie:  
Now change your praises into pittious cries,  
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter stounds  
Of raging loue first gan you to torment,



## The Teares of the Muses.

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds  
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,  
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;  
Those how renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate,  
The tempest of that stormie passion,  
And vse to paint in times the troublous state  
Of Louers life in likest fashion,  
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,  
Banish't by those that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoole-master of my skill,  
And the deuicfull matter of my song;  
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,  
But pure and spotlesse, as at first he sprong  
Out of th'Almighties bosome, where he nests;  
From thence infused into mortall breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestia! fire,  
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot ghesse,  
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire  
Vnto so lustie pitch of perfectnesse,  
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;  
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire **C Y T H E R E E**, the Mother of delight,  
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist goe packe:  
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,  
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,  
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,  
May now goe prunck his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And yeethree Twins to light by **V E N V S** brought,  
The sweet companions of the Muses late,  
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,  
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;  
Go beg with vs, and be companions still,  
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more  
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:  
For that which was accounted heretofore  
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:  
He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,  
And they him heare, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood  
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;  
And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,  
With lowd laments her answered all at one.  
So ended she: and then the next in rew,  
Began her gricuous plaint, as doth ensue.

### CALLIOPE.

**T**O whom shall I my euill case complaine,  
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,  
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,  
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart;

But rather seekes my sorrow to augment  
With foule reproach, and cruell banishment.

For they to whom I vsed to apply  
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,  
The goodly of-spring of **L O V E S** progenie,  
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;  
Whose liuing praises in heroick stile,  
It is my chiefe profession to compile.

They all corrupted through the rust of time,  
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,  
Or through vnnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,  
That doth degenerate the noble race;  
Haue both desire of worthy deeds forlorne,  
And name of learning vterly doe scorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the auncestrie  
Of th'old Heroës memoriz'd anew:  
Ne doe they care that late posteritie  
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew:  
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,  
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious  
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?  
What oddes twixt **I R V S** and old **I N A C H V S**,  
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded;  
If none of neither mention should make,  
Nor out of dust their memories awake.

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,  
Or striue in vertue others to excell;  
If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,  
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill,  
None would chuse goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,  
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,  
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,  
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:  
**B A C C H V S** and **H E R C V L E S** I rais'd to heauen,  
And **C H A R L E M A I N E**, amongst the Starris steuen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,  
And will henceforth immortalize no more:  
Sith I no more find worthy to commend  
For prize of value, or for learned lore:  
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,  
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride  
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;  
And the rich see which Poets wont diuide,  
Now Parasites and Sycophants doe share:  
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,  
Both for my selfe, and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and strike,  
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,

## The Teares of the Muses.

And all her Sisters with compassion like,  
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.  
So ended she: and then the next in rew,  
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

### VRANIA.

**VV**Hat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence  
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t'afflict,  
Hath pourd on earth this noyous pestilence,  
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect  
With loue of blindness and of ignorance,  
To dwell in darknes without fourceance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,  
When th'heavenly light of knowledge is put out,  
And th'ornaments of wisdom are bereft?  
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,  
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,  
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,  
It is the onely comfort which they haue,  
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;  
But hell and darknes, and the grislie graue  
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,  
That minds of men borne heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we beheld the worlds creation,  
How in his cradle first he fostred was;  
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,  
How things she formed of a formelesse mas:  
By knowledge we doe learne our selues to knowe,  
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,  
And looke into the crysfall firmament:  
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,  
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,  
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,  
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,  
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee view,  
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,  
And mercie more then mortall men can view.  
O soueraigne Lord, ô soueraigne happinesse,  
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse haue they, that doe embrace  
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline;  
But shame and sorrow and accursed case  
Haue they, that scorn the schoole of Arts diuine,  
And banish me, which doe professe the skill  
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me despise and spight,  
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,  
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,  
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:

So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,  
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,  
Which want the blis that wisdom would them breed,  
And like brute beasts doe lie in loathsome den,  
Of ghosly darknes, and of gassly deed:  
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,  
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdain.

With that, shee wept and waild so pitiously,  
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells:  
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,  
Did throw forth shrikes and cries and dreery yells.  
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,  
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue.

### POLYHYMNIA.

**A**Dolefull case desires a dolefull song,  
Without vaine art or curious complements:  
And squallid Fortune into basenes flong,  
Doth lorne the pride of wonted ornaments.  
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me,  
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,  
With which I wont the winged words to ty,  
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures;  
Now beeing let to runne at libertie  
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,  
Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,  
With horrid sound though hauing little sense,  
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry:  
And thereby wanting due intelligence,  
Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,  
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilome in ages past none might professe  
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill.  
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,  
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:  
Then was she held in soueraigne dignitie,  
And made the nourling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintaine,  
But suffer her prophaned for to be  
Of the base vulgar, that with hands vnclane,  
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;  
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,  
Which was the care of Kefars and of Kinge.

One onely liues, her ages ornament,  
And mirror of her Makers maiestie,  
That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,  
Supports the praise of noble Poësie:  
Ne onely faouers them which it professe,  
But is her selfe a peerlesse Poëtesse.

## The Teares of the Muses.

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Most peerelesse Prince, most peerelesse Poëtesse,  
The true PANDORA of all heauenly graces,  
Diuine ELIZA, sacred Emperesse,  
Liue she for euer, and her royall P<sup>r</sup>inces  
Be filld with praises of diuineft wits,  
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beside, this sacred skill esteeme,  
Admirers of her glorious excellencie;  
Which being lightned with her beauties beeme,  
Are thereby filld with happy influence,  
And lifted vp about the worldes gaze,  
To sing with Angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as borne of saluage brood,  
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,  
Can no whit saour this celestially food;  
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,  
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:  
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Esfoones such store of teares she forth did powre,  
As if she all to water would haue gone;  
And all her sisters seeing her sad stowre,  
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,  
And all their learned instruments did breake.  
The rest, vntold, no liuing tongue can speake.

*FINIS.*

---

I 3.

VIR-









# VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED  
To the most noble and excellent Lord, the Earle  
*of Leicester, deceased.*

(\* \*)

**W**Rongd, yet not daring to expresse my paine;  
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,  
In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine  
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:  
    But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,  
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,  
To read the secret of this riddle rare,  
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,  
    Let him be pleased with his owne insight,  
Ne further seeke to glöse vpon the text:  
For grieffe enough it is to grieued wight  
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.  
    But what-so by my selfe may not be showen,  
May by this *Gnat's* complain: be easily knowen.



# VIRGILS GNA T

THE FIRST PART OF THE  
AENEID  
IN TEN BOOKS  
WITH A COMMENTARY  
BY  
J. H. WATSON

WATSON  
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# VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (AVGVSTVS) wantonly,  
Tuning our long vnto a tender Muse;  
And like a cobweb weauing slenderly,  
Haue onely playd: let thus much then excuse  
This GNATs small Poëme, that th'whole historic  
Is but a iest, though enuic it abuse:  
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,  
Shall hghter seeme then this GNATs idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure  
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speake to thee  
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,  
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:  
The golden offspring of LATONA pure,  
And ornament of great LOVES progenie,  
PHOEBVS shall be the Author of my song,  
Playing on Iuorie harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle moode  
Of Poets Prince, whether he wooon beside  
Faire XANTHVS sprinkled with CHIMAIRAS  
Or in the woods of *Astery* abide: (blood;  
Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,  
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,  
And the sweet waues of sounding *Cassaly*,  
With liquid foote doth slide downe easly.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie be  
Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre NAIADES,  
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,  
Adorne that God: and thou holy PALES,  
To whom the honest care of husbandrie  
Returneth by continuall successe,  
Haue care for to pursue his footing light: (dight.  
Through the wide woods, and groues, with green leaues

Professing thee, I listend am aloft  
Betwixt the Forrest wide and starrie sky:  
And thou most drad (OCTAVIVS) which oft  
To learned wits giu'st courage worthily,  
O come (thou sacred child) come sliding soft,  
And fauour my beginnings graciously:

For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,  
When Giants blood did staine *Phlegrean* ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horse people, CENTAVRES hight,  
Fought with the bloudie LAPITHAES at bord,  
Nor how the East with tyrannous despight  
Burnt th' *Attick* towres, and people slew with sword;  
Nor how mount *Aches* through exceeding might  
Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard  
The *Pontick* sea by their huge Nautic cast,  
My volume shall trawne, so long since past.

Nor *Hellepont* trampled with horses feet,  
When flocking *Persians* did the *Greekes* affray;  
But my soft Muse, as for her power moore meet,  
Delights (with PHOEBVS friendly leaue) to play  
An easie running verse with tender feete.  
And thou (drad sacred child) to thee alway,  
Let euertlasting light some glorie striue,  
Through the worlds endlesse ages to suruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee  
Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;  
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,  
As thy due meede that thou deseruet best,  
Hereafter many yeeres remembred be  
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.  
Liue thou for euer in all happinesse:  
But let vs turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,  
Vp to the heauenly towers, and shor each where  
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;  
And faire AVRORA with her rosie heare,  
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,  
When as the shepheard seeing day appeare,  
His little Goats gan driue out of their stalls,  
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,  
Where thickest grasse did cloathe the open hills:  
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,

Now

# VIRGILS GNAT.

Now in the valleyes wandring at their wills,  
 Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;  
 Some on the soft greene graffe feeding their fill,  
 Some clambing through the hollow cliffes on hie,  
 Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,  
 And brouze the woodbine twiggcs, that freshly bud;  
 This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top  
 Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;  
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,  
 And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;  
 The whiles another, high doth ouerlook  
 Her owne like image in a crystall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,  
 Who-so loathes not too much the poore estate,  
 With mind that ill vs<sup>e</sup> doth before depraue,  
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate;  
 Of riotise, and semblants outward braue:  
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate  
 And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,  
 Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,  
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die;  
 Ne glittering of gold, which vnderlayes  
 The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye.  
 Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes  
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;  
 Ne yet his cup embosht with Imagery  
 Of B A E T V S, or of A L C O N S vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,  
 Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:  
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,  
 On the soft graffe his limbs doth oft display,  
 In sweet Spring time, when flowes varietie  
 With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay:  
 There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,  
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,  
 His loofer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:  
 There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,  
 And fruitfull P A L E S, and the Forrest greene,  
 And darksome caues in pleasan vallis pight,  
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,  
 And where fresh springing wells, as crystall neate,  
 Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie heat.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,  
 Then he, that with cleane mind and hart sincere,  
 No greedy riches knows, nor bloudie strife,  
 No deadly sight of warlike fleete doth feare,  
 Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,  
 That in the sacred temples he may reare  
 A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,  
 Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,  
 And not with skill of craftiman polished:

He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,  
 With sundry flowers in wilde fields gathered;  
 Ne frankincense he from *Panchea* buyth,  
 Sweet quiet harbours in his harmeles head,  
 And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,  
 Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,  
 To this, his mind and senses he doth bend,  
 How he may flowe in quiet matchles treasure,  
 Content with any food that God doth lend,  
 And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leisure,  
 Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,  
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,  
 The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eat.

O flocks! ô Faunes! and ô ye pleasant springs  
 Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rise,  
 Through whose flock not costly care each shepheard sings  
 As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,  
 As that *African* Bard, whose fame now rings  
 Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;  
 Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,  
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights, whilst thus his carelesse time  
 This shepheard drines, vpleaining on his bart,  
 And on shrill reeds chaunting his rusticke rime,  
*Hyperion* throwing forth his beames full hott,  
 Into the highest top of heauen gan clime;  
 And the world parting by an equal loit,  
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,  
 As the great Ocean doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one  
 His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,  
 Whose cruell stream, rombling in Pibble stone,  
 Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord.  
 Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,  
 When he is heard back from that water foord,  
 Draue from the force of P M O E V S boyling ray,  
 Into thicke shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac't in thy sacred wood  
 (O *Delian* Goddess) saw, to which of yore  
 Came the bad daughter of old C A D M V S brood,  
 Cruell A G A V E, flying vengeance fore  
 Of king N I C T I L E V S, for the guiltie blood,  
 Which the with cursed hands had shed before;  
 There she halfe frantick hauing flaine her sonne,  
 Did shrowd herselfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grassie greene,  
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,  
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing scene.  
 Not so much did Dan O R P H E V S repressie,  
 The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,  
 As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddesses  
 Staid thee, (ô P E N E V S) pouring forth to thee,  
 From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & glad some lece.

The verie nature of the place, reſounding  
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,  
A pleaſant bowre with all delight abounding  
In the freſh ſhadowe did for them prepare,  
To reſt their limbs with waſters reſounding,  
For firſt, the high Palme trees with branches faire,  
O it of the lowely vallies did ariſe,  
And high ſhoote vp their heads into the ſkyes.

And them amongſt the wicked **Lotos** grew,  
Wicked, for holding guilefully away  
**V L Y S S E S** men, whom rapr with ſweetnes new,  
Taking to hoſte, it quite from him did ſtay,  
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hew,  
The Sunnes ſiſt daughters waile the raſh decay  
Of **P H A E T O N**, whoſe limbs with lightening rent,  
They gathering vp, with ſweet teares did lament.

And that ſame tree, in which **D E M O P H O O N**,  
By his diſloyalty lamented fore,  
Eternall hurt left vnto many one,  
Who alſo accompanied the **Oake**, of yore  
Through fatall charmes transformd to ſuch an one:  
The **Oake**, whoſe **Acornes** were our foode, before  
That **C B E R E S** ſeed of mortall men was knowne,  
Which firſt **T R I P T O L E M** taught how to be ſowne.

Here alſo grew the rougher-ſinded **Pine**,  
The great **Argoan** ſhips braue ornament,  
Whom golden **Fleece** did make an heavenly ſigne,  
Which conetung, with his high tops extent,  
To make the mountaines touch the ſtarrs diuine,  
Decks all the foreſt with embelliſhment,  
And the blacke **Holme** that loues the watric vale,  
And the ſweet **Cypreſſe**, ſigne of deadly bale.

Emongſt the reſt, the clambring **Yui** grew,  
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,  
Leaſt that the **Poplar** happily ſhould rewe  
**H E T** brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughs ſhe doth enfold  
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurue,  
And paint with pallid greene ber buds of gold.  
Next did the **Myrtle** tree to her approach,  
Not yet vnmindfull of her older proach.

But the ſmall **Birds** in their wide boughs embowing,  
Chaunted their ſundry tunes with ſweet conſent,  
And vnder them a ſiluer **Spring** forth pouring  
His trickling ſtreames, a gentle murmure ſent;  
Thereto the **frogs**, bred in the ſlimie ſcowering  
Of the moiſt moores, their iarring voyces bent;  
And ſhrill **grashoppers** chirped them a round:  
All which the ayric **Echo** did reſound.

In this ſo pleaſant place, this **Shepherds** flock  
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to reſt,  
On euerie buſh, and euerie hollow rock,  
Where breathe on them the whiſtling wind mote beſt:  
The whiles the **Shepherd** ſelfe tending his flock,  
Sate by the fountaine ſide, in ſhade to reſt,  
Where gentle ſlumbering ſleepe oppreſſed him,  
Diſplaid on ground, and ſeized euerie lim.

Of trecheerie or traues nought tooke he keepe,  
But looſlie on the graſſie greene diſprede,  
His deareſt life did truſt to careleſſe ſleepe;  
Which weighing down his drouping drowſie hed,  
In quiet reſt his molten hart did ſteepe,  
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falſhed:  
Had not in conſtant fortune, bent to ill,  
Bid ſtrange miſchance his quietnes to ſpill.

For at his wonted time, in that ſame place,  
An huge great **Serpent** all with ſpeckles pide,  
To drench himſelfe in mooriſh ſlime did trace,  
There from the boyling heat himſelfe to hide:  
He paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,  
With brandiſht tongue the emptie ayre did gride,  
And wrapt his ſcalie boughs with fell deſpight,  
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now more and more hauing himſelfe enrol,  
His glittering breaſt he liſteth vp on bie,  
And with proud vaunt his head aloſt doth hold;  
His creſt about ſpotted with purple die,  
On euerie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie gold,  
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,  
Did ſeeme to flame out flakes of ſaſhing fire,  
And with ſterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wile long time he did himſelfe diſpace  
There round about, when as at laſt hee ſpide  
Lying along before him in that place,  
That ſlocks grand **Captaine**, and moſt truſtic guide:  
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage, and in pace,  
Throwing his fire eyes on euerie ſide,  
Hee cometh on, and all things in his way  
Full ſternely rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdaines, that any one ſhould dare,  
To come vnto his haunt; for which intent  
He inly burns, and gins ſtraight to prepare  
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:  
Felly he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,  
And hath his iawes with angry ſpirits rent,  
That all his track with bloodie drops is ſtained,  
And all his folds are now in length outſtrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to prevent,  
A little nourſing of the humid ayre,  
A **G N A T**, vnto the ſleepe **Shepherd** went,  
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,  
Shewd the two pearles, which ſight vnto him leut,  
Through their thin coverings appearing faire,  
His litle needle there infixing deepe,  
Warn'd him awake, from death himſelfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely can vp ſtart,  
And with his hand him raſhly bruizing, flew,  
As in auengement of his heedleſſe ſmart,  
That ſtraight the ſpirit out of his ſcales flew,  
And life out of his members did depart:  
When ſuddenly caſting aſide his view,  
He ſpide his foe with felonous intent,  
And feruent eyes to his deſtruction bent.



All suddainly dismayd, and hartlesse quight,  
 He fled abacke; and catching hasty hold  
 Of a young Alder hard beside him pight,  
 It rent, and streight about him gan behold,  
 What God or Fortune would asist his might.  
 But whether God or Fortune made him bold,  
 Its hard to read; yet hardy will he had  
 To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie back of that most hideous Snake,  
 Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire;  
 And oft him to aslaite, he fiercely strake  
 Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;  
 And for he was but slowe, did sloth off shake,  
 And gazing ghastly on (for feare and Ire  
 Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;)  
 Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he heard.

By this, the night forth from the darksome bowre  
 Of HERBVS her teemed feeds gan call,  
 And Izzie VESPER in his timely howre,  
 From golden OETA gan proceed withall:  
 Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,  
 Seeing the doubled shadows lowe to fall,  
 Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,  
 And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe  
 Was entred, and now loosing every lim,  
 Sweet slumbring deaw in carelesnes did sleepe,  
 The image of that GNA T appeard to him,  
 And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,  
 With gristy countenance and visage grim,  
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,  
 In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus  
 Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,  
 Whilstt that thy life more deare and precious  
 Was then mine owne, so long as it did last  
 I now in lieu of paines so gracious,  
 Am tost in th'ayre with euery windy blast:  
 Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,  
 Thy careles hmb in loofe sleepe doost display.

So liuest thou: but my poore wretched ghost  
 Is forst to ferry ouer LETHES Riuer,  
 And spoyld of CHARON, to and fro am tost,  
 Seest thou not, how all places quake and quiuer,  
 Lightned with deadly lamps on euery post?  
 TISIPHONE each where doth shake and shiuer  
 Her flaming fier bround, encountering me,  
 Whose lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERY, whose many mouthes do bay,  
 And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;  
 Adowne whose neck in terrible array,  
 Ten thousand Snakes cralling about his head  
 Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,  
 And bloody eyes doe glister fire red:  
 He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,  
 With painfull torment to be sorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks so much should faile of need,  
 For that I thee restord to life againe,  
 Euen from the doore of death and deadly dread.  
 Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?  
 Where the reward of my sopitious deed?  
 The praise of pity vanish is in vaine,  
 And th'antique faith of Iustice long agoe  
 Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I saw anothers fate approaching fast;  
 And lest mine owne, his safety to tender;  
 Into the same mishap I now am cast,  
 And shund destruction doth destruction render:  
 Not vnto him that neuer hath trespass,  
 But punishment is due to the offender.  
 Yet let destru ction be the punishment,  
 So long as thankfull will may u relent.

I carried am into waste wilderness,  
 Waste wilderness, amongst Cymmerian shades,  
 Where endlesse paines, and hideous heauinesse  
 Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.  
 For there huge OTNOS sits in sad distresse,  
 Fast bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:  
 Farre off beholding EPHIAETES tide,  
 Which once assaid to burne this world fo wide.

And there is mournfull TETYS, mindfull yet  
 Of thy displeasure, O LATONA faire;  
 Displeasure too implacable was it,  
 That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre  
 Much doe I feare among such fiends to sit,  
 Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,  
 To the black shadows of the STYGIAN shore,  
 Where wretched ghofts sit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmost brinke doth he abide,  
 That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,  
 Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,  
 His sense to seeke for ease turnes euery way:  
 And he that in auengement of his pride,  
 For scooming to the sacred Gods to pray,  
 Against a mountaine rolls a mighty stone,  
 Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe cursed Damossells,  
 Whose bridall torches soule ERYNNIS tynde,  
 And HEMEN at your spoufalls sad, foretells  
 Tydings of death, and misaace vnkind:  
 With them, that cruell COCHID mother dwells,  
 The which concei'd in her reuengefull miad,  
 With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to slay,  
 And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two Pandonian maides,  
 Calling on ITIS, ITIS euermore,  
 Whom (wretched boy) they slew with guiltie blades:  
 For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,  
 Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulic them vbraides,  
 And fluttering, round about them fill does fore:  
 There now they all eternally complaine  
 Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

# VIRGILS GNAT.

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,  
 Whilst each does for the Souerainty contend,  
 Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,  
 Each doth against the others bodie bend  
 His curst Steele, of neither well withstood,  
 And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend;  
 That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,  
 Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

Ah! (wcladay) there is no end of paine,  
 Nor change of labour may intreated bee:  
 Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,  
 Where other Powers fauer different I see,  
 And must passe ouer to th' *Elysian* Plaine:  
 There grim PERSEPHONE encountering mee,  
 Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestly,  
 With their bright firebrands me to terrifie.

There chast ALCESTE liues inuiolate,  
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies  
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate.  
 Lo there liues also the immortal praise  
 Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,  
 PENELOPE: and from her farre awaies  
 A rulelle rout of young-men, which her woo'd,  
 All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad EYRIDICE thence now no more  
 Must turne to life, but there detained bee,  
 For looking back, being forbid before:  
 Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.  
 Bold Iure he was, and worthy spirit bore,  
 That durst those lowest shadowes goeto see,  
 And could beleeeue that any thing could please  
 Fell CARRERVS, or *Strygian* Powres appease.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,  
 Nor those same mournful kingdoms, compassed  
 With rustie horrour and foule fashion,  
 And deepe dig' d vauwes, and Tartar couered  
 With bloodie night, and darke confusion,  
 And iudgement seats, whose Iudge is deadly dreed;  
 A Iudge, that after death doth punish sore  
 The faults, which life hath trespass'd before.

But valiant fortune made DAN ORPHEVS bold:  
 For the swift running riuers still did stand,  
 And the wilde beasts their furie did with-hold,  
 To follow ORPHEVS musick through the land:  
 And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold  
 Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand:  
 And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,  
 Through their hard barke his siluer sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her hastie steeds did stay,  
 Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,  
 And didst (O monthely Virgin) thou delay  
 Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?  
 The same was able with like loudly lay  
 The Queene of hell to moue as easily,  
 To yeeld EYRIDICE vnto her ferre,  
 Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,  
 The fiends to be too cruell and seuerer,  
 Obseru'd th' appointed way, as her behoued,  
 Ne euer did her eye-sight turne arrearer,  
 Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking moued:  
 But cruell ORPHEVS, th'ou most crueller,  
 Seeking to kisse her, brok' st the Gods decree,  
 And thereby mad' st her ruer damn'd to be.

Ah! but sweet loue of pardon worthy is,  
 And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted;  
 If Hell at least things lightly done amis  
 Knew how to pardon when ought is omitted:  
 Yet are ye both receiued into blis,  
 And to the seats of happy soules admitted.  
 And you, beside the honourable band  
 Of great Heroes, doe in order stand.

There be the two stout sonnes of AEACVS,  
 Fierce PELLEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,  
 Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous  
 Through their Sires dreadfull iurisdiction,  
 Being the Iudge of all thar horrid hous:  
 And both of them by strange occasion,  
 Renownd' in choyce of happy marriage  
 Through VENVS grace, and vertues carriage.

For th'one was rauisht of his own' bond-maid,  
 The faire IXIONE, capti'd from Troy:  
 But th'other was with THETIS loue assaid,  
 Great NEREVS his daughter, and his ioy.  
 On this side them there is a yong-man laid,  
 Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy:  
 That from th' *Argolick* ships, with furious ire,  
 Bett back the furie of the Trojan fire.

O! who would not recount the strong diuores  
 Of that great warre, which Trojans oft beheld,  
 And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,  
 When *Teucrian* foyle with bloody riuers sweld,  
 And wide *Sigean* shores were spred with corces,  
 And *Simon* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,  
 Whilst HECTOR rag'd with outrageous mind,  
 Flames, weapons, wounds in *Greekes* feet to haue tynd.

For *Ida* se'fe, in ayde of that fierce fight,  
 Out of her mountaines ministred supplics,  
 And like a kindly nurse, did yeeld (for spight)  
 Store of firebrands out of her nurseries,  
 Vnto her foster children, that they might  
 Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,  
 And all the *Rhetean* shore to ashes turne,  
 Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

Gainst which the noble sonne of TELAMON  
 Oppos'd himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,  
 Them battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon,  
 HECTOR, the glory of the Trojan field:  
 Both fierce and furious in contention  
 Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shrill,  
 As the great clap of thunder, which doth ruc  
 The rattling heauens, and cloudes asunder driue.

# VIRGILS GNAT.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend  
To cut the ships, from turning home againe  
To *Argos*, th'other stroue for to defend  
The force of *V L C A N E* with his might and maine.  
Thus th'one *A E A C I D E* did his fame extend :  
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plaine  
Hauing the blood of vanquish't *H E C T O R* shed,  
He compass't *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,  
That him to death vnfaithfull *P A R I S* sent;  
And also him that false *V L Y S S E S* slewe,  
Drawne into danger through close ambushment :  
There fore from him *L A E R T E S* sonne his vewe  
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent  
In working of *Strymonian Rhesus* fall,  
And est in *Dolons* subtle surprisall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cyclops* him dismay,  
And blacke *Leſtrigones*, a people stout:  
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay  
Many great bandogs, which her gird about :  
Then doe the *Aetnean Cyclops* him affray,  
And deepe *Charybdis* gulping in and out:  
Lastly, the squalid lakes of *Tartarie*,  
And grisly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly *A G A M E M N O N* boasts  
The glorie of the stocke of *T A N T A L V S*,  
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,  
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,  
The *Doricke* flames consum'd the *Illick* posts.  
Ah ! but the *Greekes* themselves more dolorous,  
To thee, *o Troy*, paid penance for thy fall,  
In th' *Hellepont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischance,  
The changefull turning of mens slipperic state,  
That oone, whom fortune freely doth aduance,  
Himselfe therefore to heauen should eleuate :  
For lostie type of honour through the glance  
Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;  
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,  
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' *Argolicke* power returning home againe,  
Enrich't with spoyles of th' *Erethionian* towre,  
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,  
And with good speed the fomic billowes scowre:  
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,  
Which soone ensued them with heauie stowre.  
*Nereis* to the Seas a token gaue,  
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,  
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,  
The heauens on euerie side enclouded be:  
Black stormes and fogs are blown vp from farre,  
That now the *Pylote* can no loadstarre see,  
But skies and seas doe make most dreadfull warre;  
The billowe struing to the heauens to reach,  
And th' heauens struing them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,  
Both Sun and starres, and all the heauenly powres  
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,  
And down on them to fall from highest towres :  
The skie in peeces stemming to be rent,  
Throws lightning forth, & haile, & harmful showres,  
That death on euerie side to them appeares  
In thousand formes, to worke most ghastly feates.

Some in the greedy fouds are sunke and drest,  
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;  
Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in peeces rent;  
Some scattred on the *Hercean* shores vnknowne ;  
And many lost, of whom no monument  
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne :  
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrygian* pray  
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like *Heroës* bee,  
Equal in honour to the former crew,  
Whom ye in goodly feates may placed see,  
Descended all from *Rome* by lineage due,  
From *Rome*, that holds the world in foueraignie,  
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue :  
Heere *Fabij* and *Decij* doe dwell,  
*Horatij* that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout *C A M I L L*  
Doth euer liue, and constant *C V R T I V S*,  
Who stifie bent his vowed life to spill  
For Countries health, a gulfe most hideous  
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,  
T'appeale the Powers; and prudent *M V T I V S*,  
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,  
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

And here wife *C V R I V S*, his companion  
Of noble vertues, liues in endless rest ;  
And stout *F L A M I N I V S*, whose deuotion  
Taught him the fires feard furie to detest ;  
And heere the praise of either *S C I P I O N*  
Abides in highest place above the best,  
To whom the ruind walls of *Carthage* vowd,  
Trembling their forces, found their praises loud.

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise :  
But I, poore wretch, an forced to retourne  
To the sad lakes, that *P H O E B V S* sunny rayes  
Doe neuer see, where foules doe alwaies mourne,  
And by the wailing shores to waste my dayes,  
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchlesse flames doth burne ;  
By which iust *M I N O S* righteous soules doth seuer  
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell  
Girt with long snakes, & thousand yron chaines,  
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell  
With bitter torture and impatient paines,  
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell.  
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains  
To be the Authour of her ill swaires;  
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares.

Them



## VIRGILS GNAT.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,  
 Inow depart, returning to thee neuer,  
 And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.  
 But doe thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,  
 And wilde greene woods, and fruitfull pastures mind,  
 And let the sitting ayre my vaine words seuer,  
 Thus hauing said, he heauily departed  
 With pittious cry, that any would haue smarted.

Now, when the slothfull fit of lifes sweet rest  
 Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares  
 His inly grieued minde full sore opprest;  
 That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,  
 For that GNATs death, which deeply was imprest:  
 But bends what-euer power his aged yeeies  
 Him lent, yet beeing such, as through their might  
 He lately slue his dreadfull foe in sight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder greene,  
 Eftsoones he goes to fashion forth a place;  
 And squaring it in compasse well becene,  
 There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:  
 His yron headed spade tho making cleene,  
 To dig vp sods out of the flowrie grasse,  
 His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,  
 Like as he had concei'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,  
 Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,  
 And thereupon did raise full busily  
 A little Mount, of greene turfs edifice;  
 And on the top of all, that passers by

Might it behold, the tombe he did prouide  
 Of smoothest Marble<sup>l</sup> one in order set,  
 That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

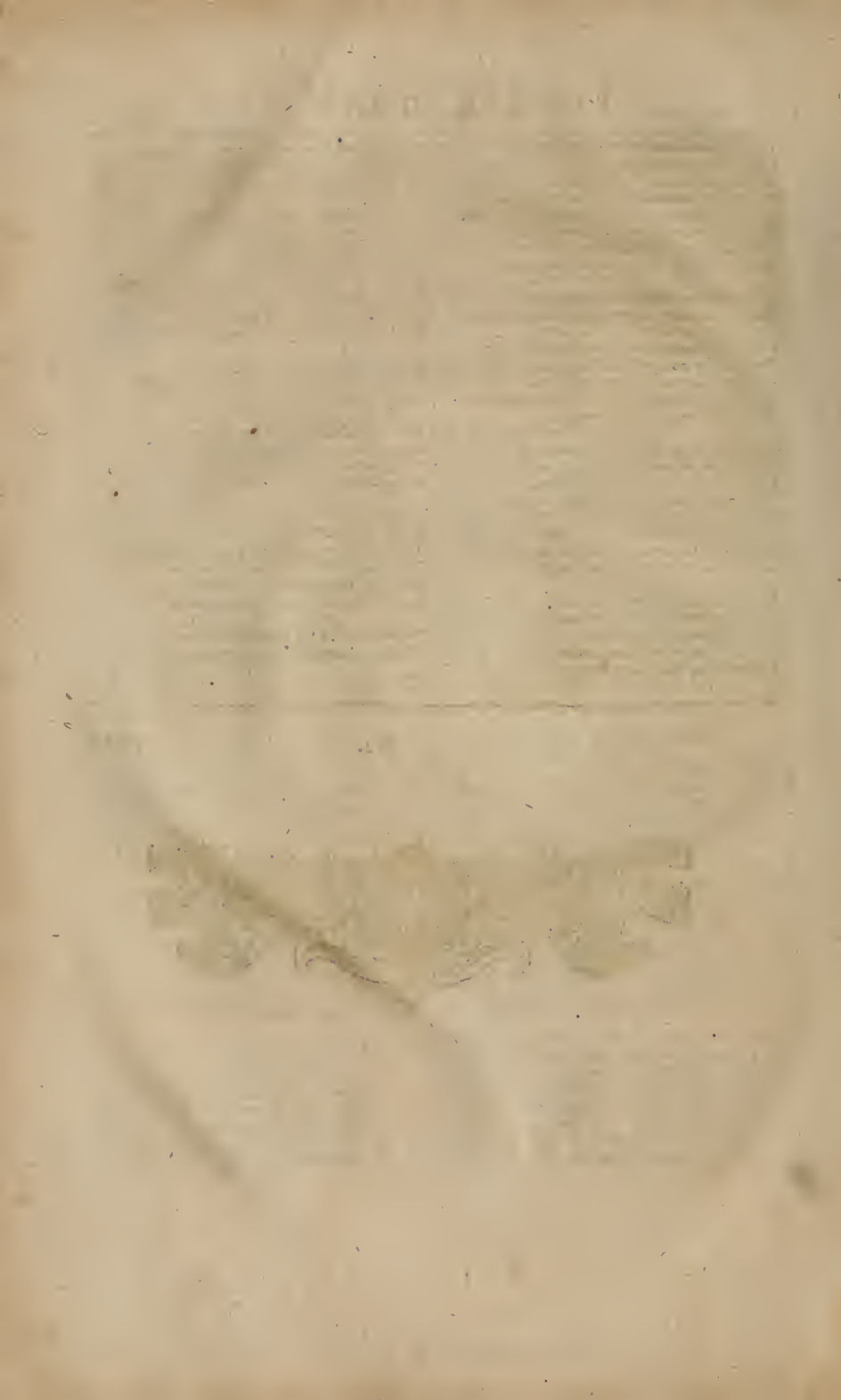
And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;  
 The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,  
 The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,  
 The Marigold, and cheerfull Roſemarie,  
 The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe,  
 The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,  
 And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,  
 And Laurell th' ornament of *PHOEBVS* toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre  
 Matching the wealth of th' auncient rankincence,  
 And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,  
 And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,  
 Red *Amaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,  
 Ox-eye still green, and bitter Patience;  
 Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well  
 Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

And whatsoeuer other flowre of worth,  
 And whatsoeuer herb of louely hew  
 The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,  
 To clothe her selfe in colours fresh and new;  
 He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,  
 In whole high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small GNAT, in lew of his life sawed,  
 The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.  
FINIS.







# THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY *BELLAY.*

I

**Y**E heavenly Spirits, whose aeth'ric cinders lie  
 Under deepe ruines, with huge walls opprest,  
 But not your praise, the which shall neuer die  
 Through your faire vertes, be in ashes rest;  
 It to be thrilling voyce of wight aloue,  
 May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,  
 Then let thoſe deepe Abyſſes open riue,  
 That ye may vnderſtand my ſtricking yell.  
 Thrice hauing ſcene vnder the heavens veale  
 Your tombs deuoted compaſs ouer all,  
 Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,  
 And for your antique iurie heere doe call,  
 The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing  
 Your glorie, ſureſt of all earthly thing.

2

Great **BABYLON** her haughtie walls will praife,  
 And ſharp'd ſteeples high ſhot vp in ayre;  
 Greece will the old *Ephſian* buildings blaze;  
 And *Nylus* nuſſings their *Pyramides* faire;  
 The ſime yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the ſtorie  
 Of *Ioues* great Image in *Olympus* placed,  
*Mauſolvs* worke will be the *Carians* glorie.  
 And *Crete* will boalt the *Labyrinth*, now rased;  
 The antique *Rhodian* will likewise ſet forth  
 The great *Coloſſe*, erect to *Memories*;  
 And what elſe in the world is of like worth,

Some greater learned wit will magnifie,  
 But I will ſing above all monuments  
*Seuca Romana* Hills, the worlds ſeuen wonderments.

3

Thou ſtranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her ſeekſt,  
 And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'ſt at all,  
 Theſe ſame old walls, olde arches, which thou ſeeſt,  
 Olde Palaces, is that, which *Rome* men call.  
 Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what waſt,  
 And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre  
 Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelſe at laſt,  
 The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.  
*Rome* now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,  
 And onely *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victorie;  
 Ne ought ſaue *Tyber*, haſting to his fall  
 Remaines of all: O worlds inconſtancie!  
 That which is firme, doth ſit and fall away,  
 And that is ſtutting, doth abide and ſtay.

4

Shee, whoſe high top above the ſtars did ſore,  
 One foote on *THE TIS*, th'other on the *Morning*,  
 One had on *Scythias*, th'other on the *Mare*,  
 Both heauen and earth in roundneſs compaſſing,  
 I o v b fearing, leaſt if ſhee ſhould greater grow,  
 The *Giants* old ſhould once againe vprife,  
 K 3.

Her



## The Ruines of Rome : by *Bellay.*

Her whelmd with hills, these 7. hills, which be now  
Tombs of her greatnes, which did threat the skies :

Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnall*,  
Vpon her belly th'antique *Palatine*,  
Vpon her stomack laid Mount *Quirinnall*,  
On her left hand then yofome *Esquiline*,  
And *Celian* on the right; bur both her feet,  
Mount *Viminall* and *Auentine* doe meet.

5

Who lists to see, what-euer Nature, Art,  
And Heauen could doe, ô *Rome*, thee let him see,  
In case thy greatnes he can ghesse in hart,  
By that which but the picture is of thee.

*Rome* is no more: but if the shade of *Rome*  
May of the body yeeld a seeming sight,  
Its like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe  
By Magick skill out of eternall night:  
The corps of *Rome* in ashes is entomb'd,  
And her great spirit reioyned to the spirit  
Of this great masse, is in the same enwomb'd;  
But her braue writings, which her famous merite  
In sight of time, out of the dust doth reare,  
Doe make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright  
In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,  
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;  
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:  
This Citie, more then that great *Phrygian* mother,  
Renowd for fruite of famous progenie,  
Whose greatnes, by the greatnes of soone other,  
But by her selfe her equall match could see:  
*Rome* onely might to *Rome* compar'd bee,  
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:  
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,  
That other earthly power should nor resemble  
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,  
And did her courage to the heuens aduance.

7

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick fights,  
Which onely doe the name of *Rome* retaine,  
Old monuments, which of so famous sprights  
The honour yet in ashes doe maintaine:  
Triumphant Arks, spyres neighbours to the skie,  
That you to see doth th'heauen it selfe appall,  
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,  
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:  
And though your frames doe for a time make warre  
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate  
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.  
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate:  
For if that time make end of things so sure,  
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world sub'd'd,  
That one would weene, that one sole Cities strength  
Both land and sea in roundnes had surwe'd'd,  
To be the measure of her bredth and length:  
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was  
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie  
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,  
The lowest earth ioyn'd to the heauen hie;  
To th'end that hauing all parts in their powre,  
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,  
And that though time doth Common-wealrth deuoure,  
Yet no time should so lowe embafe their hight,  
That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,  
Should not her name and endless honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkiad,  
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,  
Be it by fortune, or by course of kind  
That ye do wield th'affaires of earthly creature;  
Why haue your hands long sithence traueiled  
To frame this world that doth endure so long?  
Or why were not these Romane palaces  
Made of some matter no lesse firme & strong?  
I say not, as the common voice doth say,  
That all things which beneath the Moone haue being,  
Are temporal, and subiect to decay:  
But I say rather, though not all agreeing  
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;  
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

I O

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes  
Atchiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,  
Out of the earth engendred men of armes  
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;  
So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies  
An Hydra was of warriors glorious,  
Did fill with her renowned nourlings praise  
The fire sunnes both one and other house:  
But they at last, there being then not liuing  
An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to repress;  
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striuing,  
Mow'd down themselves with slaughter mercilesse;  
Renewing in themselves that rage vnkiad,  
Which whilom did those earth-borne brethren blind;

I I

*Mars*, flaming to haue giuen so great head  
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce  
Pufft vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,  
Seemd aboue heuens powre it selfe to aduance:  
Cooling againe his former kindled heat;  
With which he had those Romane spirits filld,  
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

## The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage inflid:  
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giants brood,  
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,  
And beating downe these walls with furious mood  
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;  
To th' end that none, all were it I o v e his fire  
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

I 2

Like as whilome the children of the earth  
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,  
And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,  
Whiles I o v e at them his thunder-bolts let flie;  
All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,  
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,  
That th' earth vnder her childrens weight did groane,  
And th' heavens in glorie triumph ouer all:  
So did that haughtie front which heaped was  
On these seven Romane hills, it selfe vpreare  
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face  
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.  
But now the scorned fields bemoane her fall,  
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

I 3

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,  
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,  
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,  
The which so oft thee (*Rome*) their conquest made;  
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,  
Ne rust of age hating continuance,  
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnstable,  
Nor thou opposd gainst thine owne puissance;  
Nor th' horrible vprore of winde high blowing,  
Nor swelling streames of that God snakic-paced,  
Which hath so often with his ouerflowing  
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaced;  
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,  
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee rest.

I 4

As men in Summer fearlesst passe the foord,  
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,  
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard  
The ploughmans hope, and shepheards labour vaine:  
And as the coward beasts vse to despise  
The noble Lion after his liues end,  
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardifie  
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:  
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes  
Did braue about the corps of H e c t o r cold;  
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheeks  
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,  
Now on these alhie tombes shew boldnes vaine,  
And conquer dare the Conquerour disdain.

I 5

Ye pallid spirits, and ye alhie ghosts,  
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,

Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous  
Which now their dusty reliques doe bewray; (boasts  
Tell me ye spirits (sith the darksome ruer  
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,  
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,  
Doe not restraine your images still mourning)  
Tell me then for perhaps some one of you  
Yet heere about him secret, y doth hide)  
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,  
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride  
Of these old *Romane* workes built with your hands,  
Now to becom nought elie, but heaped sands?

I 6

Like as yee see the wrathfull sea from farre,  
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise,  
Estfoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,  
Against a Rock to breake with dreadfull poise:  
Like as yee see fell B o r e a s with sharpe blast,  
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,  
Estfoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,  
To stop his wearie carriere suddenly:  
And as yee see huge flames spread diuerslie,  
Gathered in one vp to the heuens to spire,  
Estfoones consumed to fall downe feeblie:  
So whilom did this Monarchie aspire  
As waues, as wind, as fire spread ouer all,  
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

I 7

So long as I o v e s great Bird did make his flight,  
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,  
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,  
With which the Giants did the Gods assay.  
But all so soone, as scorching Sunne had bred  
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspred,  
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent  
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.  
Then was the Germane Rauin in disguise  
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue afunder,  
And towards heauen freshly to arise  
Out of these mountains, now consumed to powder.  
In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,  
Is now no more seene flying, nor alighting.

I 8

These heapes of stones, these old wals which yee see,  
Were first enclosures but of saluage foyle;  
And these braue Palaces which maistred bee  
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.  
Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornament,  
And the stout hynd armd his right hand with steele:  
Estfoones their rule of yeerely Presidents  
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deale;  
Which made perpetuall, rose to so great might,  
That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,  
Till th' heauen it selfe opposing gainst her might,

Her

## The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay*.

Her power to P E T E R S success for tooke;  
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)  
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

19

All that is perfect, which th' heauen beautifies;  
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;  
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes;  
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;  
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,  
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,  
*Rome* in the time of her great ancellers,  
Like a P A N D O R A, locked long in store.

But destinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyleing,  
In which all good and euill was enclosed,  
Their heauenly vertues from these woes affoyling,  
Caried to heauen, from sinfull bondage losed:  
But their great finnes, the causers of their paine,  
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise then rainie cloud, first fed  
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,  
Effsoones in compass arch, to sleepe his hed,  
Doth plunge himselfe in T H E T Y S bosome faire;  
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,  
With his great belly spreds the dimmed world,  
Till at the last dissolving his moist frame,  
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth is hord;

This Citie, which was first but Shepheards shade,  
Vprising by degrees, grew to such height,  
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made,  
At last not able to beare so great weight,

Her power disperst, through all the world did vade:  
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

21

The same which P H A R R H Y S, and the puissaunce  
Of *Africk* could not tame, that same braue Citie,  
Which with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,  
Sustaind the shock of common enmitie;

Long as her ship tost with so many freakes,  
Had all the world in armes against her bent,  
Was neuer seene, that any fortunes wreakes  
Could breake her course begun with braue intent.

But when the obiekt of her vertue failed,  
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme:  
As he that hauing long in tempest failed,  
Faine would arise, but cannot for the storme,

If too great wind against the port him driue,  
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell riuie.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,  
Which mead' her rule with *Africa* and *Byze*,

With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,  
And they which see the dawning day arise;  
Her nourlings did with mutinous vpror  
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,  
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,  
Of all the world was spoyld within a while.

So when the compact course of th' vniuersite  
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ruine,  
The bands of th' elements shall backe reuerse  
To their first discord, and be quite vndonne:  
The feedes, of which all things at first were bred,  
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wisdome of the man, that would  
That *Carthage* towres from spoile should be forborne!  
To th' end that his victorious people should  
With cankring leisure not be oerworne;

He well foresawe, how that the *Romane* courage,  
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,  
Through idlcenes would turne to ciuill rage,  
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.

For in a people giuen all to ease,  
Ambition is engendred easily;  
As in a vicious body, grosse desire  
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.

That came to passe, when swolne with plenties pride,  
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warre bredeth oft,  
Wonts not to enrage the hearts of equall beasts,  
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,  
Or armed be with claws, or scale creasts;

What fell E R Y N N I S with hot burning tonges,  
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbew'd,  
That each to other working cruell wrongs,  
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard destinie?  
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeased guilt  
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternally?  
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt  
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure,  
Vpon the same to set foundation sure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,  
For to awake out of th' infernall shade  
Those antique C A E S A R S, sleeping long in darke,  
The which this ancient Citie wilome made:

Or that I had A M P H I O N S instrument,  
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,  
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,  
By which th' *Ausonian* light might be restored:

Or that at least I could with penfill fine,  
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,

By



## The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

By paterne of great *VIRGIL'S* spirit diuine;  
I would assay with that which in me is,  
To build with leuell of my loſtie ſtile,  
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who liſt the Romane greatnes forth to figure,  
Him needeth not to ſecke for vſage right  
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meaſure  
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her height:

But him behooues to view in compaſſe round,  
All that the Ocean graſpes in his long armes;  
Be it where th'yeerely ſtarre doth ſcorch the ground,  
Or where cold *BORÉAS* blowes his bitter ſtormes.

*Rome* was th' whole world, & all the world was *Rome*.  
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,  
When land and ſea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;  
And naming *Rome*, ye land and ſea comprize:  
For th' ancient Plot of *Rome*, diſplayed plaine,  
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* aſtoniſht dooſt behold  
The antique pride, which menaced the ſkie,  
Theſe haughtie heapes, theſe palaces of old,  
Theſe wals, theſe arks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie;

Iudge by theſe ample ruines view, the reſt  
The which inurious time hath quite outworne,  
Since of all workmen held in reckning beſt,  
Yet theſe old fragments are for patternes borne:

Then alſo marke, how *Rome* from day to day,  
Repayring her decayed faſhion,  
Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;  
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Demon*  
Doth yet himſelfe with fatal hand enforce,  
Agaîne on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28

Hee that hath ſeene a great Oake dry and dead,  
Yet clad with reliques of ſome *Trophees* old,  
Liſting to heauen her aged hoarie head,  
Whole foote on ground hath left but feeble hold:

But halfe diſboweld lies aboue the ground,  
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,  
And on her trunk all rotten and vnſound,  
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meat of wormes;

And though ſhe owe her fall to the fiſt wind,  
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,  
And many yong plants ſpring out of her rind:  
Who ſuch an Oake hath ſeene, let him record

That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,  
And mongſt all Cities flouriſhed much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuſe,  
All that which *Greece* their temples to embrace,

After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guiſe,  
Or *Corinth*, ſkild in curious works to graue;

All that *L Y S I P P Y S* ſpricke arte could forme,  
*A P E L L E S* wit, or *P H I D I A S* his ſkill,  
Was wont this ancient Citie to adorne,  
And heauen it ſelſe with her wide wonders fill,

All that which *Athen* euer brought forth wiſe,  
All that which *Africk* eue: brought forth ſtrange,  
All that which *Aſie* euer had of priſe,  
Was hers to ſee, O meruillous great change!

*Rome*, liuing, was the worlds lole ornament,  
And dead, is now the worlds ſole monument.

30

Like as the ſeeded field Greene graſſe fiſt ſhewes,  
Then from Greene graſſe into a ſtalle doth ſpring,  
And from a ſtalle into an eare forth growes,  
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth ſhortly bring;

And as in ſeaſon due the husband mowes  
The waving locks of thoſe faire yellow heares,  
Which bound in ſheaues, and layd in comly rowes,  
Vpon the naked fields in ſtackes he reares:

So grew the Romane Empire by degree,  
Till th' Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,  
And left of it but theſe old markes to ſee,  
Of which all paſſers by doe ſome what ſill:

As they which glean, the reliques vſe to gather,  
Which th' husbandman behind him chaſt to feater.

31

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,  
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.  
No blame to thee, whoſo euer doſt abide  
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*:

Ne *Africk* thereof giuſtie is, nor *Spayne*,  
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* banks,  
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Aemane*,  
Nor the borne ſouldiour which *Rhine* running drinks:

Thou onely cauſe, ô *Ciuill* turke art,  
Which ſowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy ſpight,  
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy prop' riart:  
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt light

To greatnes growne, through long proſperitie,  
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verſes that poſteritie  
Of age enliuing ſhall you euer read?

Hope ye that euer immortalitie  
So meane Harpes work may challenge for her meed?

If vnder heauen any endurance were,  
Theſe monuments, which not in paper writ,  
But in *Porphyre* and *Marble* doe appeare,  
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it.

Nath'leſſe my Lute, whō *P H O E B U S* deign'd to giue,  
Ceaſe

## The Ruines of Rome : by *Bellay*.

Cease not to fount these old antiquities :  
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,  
Well maist thou boast, how euer bafe thou be,  
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song  
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

### L' Envoy.

¶ *BELLAY*, first garland of free Poësie  
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of brauce  
Well worthy thou of immortalie, (wits,

That long hast traueled by thy learned wits,  
Old *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue,  
And giue a second life to dead decayes :  
Needs must heall eternitie furniue,  
That can to other giue eternall dayes.

Thy dayes therefore are endless, and thy praise  
Excelling all, that euer went before :  
And after thee, gins *BARTAS* hie to raise  
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.  
Liue happy spirits, th'honour of your name,  
And fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

## FINIS.

MVIO.





M V I O P O T M O S,

O R

THE FATE OF  
THE BUTTERFLY.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

Dedicated to the most faire and vertuous Lady,  
*the Ladie CAREY.*



Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*

1611.



THE HISTORY  
OF  
THE FATE OF  
THE BUTTERY

By Wm. Hayley  
Continued to the most late and accurate  
the late Countess



Printed by H. B. Smith & Co. in the Strand  
1797



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY  
and vertuous Ladie; the Lady  
*Carey.*



Oft braue and bountifull Lady, for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaues as in recompence, should bee as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: vvhich in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the person yeelded. My person I wot well how little worth it is.

But the faithfull mind and humble zeale which I beare vnto your Ladiship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bountie to my selfe, which yet may not be vnminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye haue by your braue deserts purchast to your selfe, and spread in the mouthes of all men: vvhich I haue also presumed to grace my verses, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this small Poëme. The which beseeching your Ladiship to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wonted gracioulnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happinesse.

(\* \* \*)

*Your La: ener humbly;*

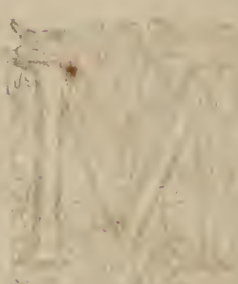
Ed. Sp.

L.

MVIO-

THE HISTORY OF THE  
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON  
AND THE SOCIETY OF MEDICAL PHYSICIANS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN

The Royal Society of London, and the Society of Medical Physicians in Great Britain, were both founded in the year 1662. The former was established by a charter from Charles II. and the latter by a charter from James II. The two societies have since that time been united in a common purpose, and have made great advances in the knowledge of natural philosophy and medicine.



THE HISTORY OF THE  
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON  
AND THE SOCIETY OF MEDICAL PHYSICIANS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN





# MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

## *The Fate of the Butterflie.*

**I** Sing of deadly dolorous debate,  
 Stir'd vp through wrathfull NEMESIS despight,  
 Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,  
 Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,  
 Through proud ambition, and hart-lwelling hate,  
 Whilst neither could the others greater might  
 And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre  
 Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,  
 Vouchsafe, & thou the mournfullst Muse of nine,  
 That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct,  
 In fuorall complaints and wailfull tyme,  
 Reuale to me, and all the meanes detect,  
 Through which sad CLARION did at last decline  
 To lowest wretchednes; And is there then  
 Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies  
 Which doe possesse the Empire of the ayre,  
 Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies;  
 Was none more fauourable, nor more faire;  
 Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,  
 Then CLARION, the eldest sonne and heire  
 Of MVS CAROLL, and in his fathers fight  
 Of all aliue did seeme the fairest yight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed  
 Of future good, which his young toward yeares;  
 Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed  
 About th'ensample of his equal Peares,  
 Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,  
 (Whilst oft his hart did melt in tenderteares)  
 That he in time would iure proue such an one,  
 As should be worthy of his fathers throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire  
 Of lustfull youth began to kinde fast,  
 Did much disdain to subiect his desire  
 To lothsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,  
 But ioyd to range abroad in fresh attire;  
 Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,  
 And with vnwearing wings each part t'inquire  
 Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

For he so swift and nimble was of sight,  
 That from his lower tract he dar'd to flie  
 Vp to the cloudes; and thence with pincons light,  
 To mount aloft vnto the crytall skie,  
 To view the workmanship of heauens hight:  
 Whence downe descending he along would flie  
 Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to find;  
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when season milde  
 With gentle calme the world had quieted,  
 And high in heauen HYPERTON'S fierie childe  
 Ascending, did his beames abroad dispreed,  
 Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;  
 Young CLARION with vauntfull lustiched,  
 After his guise did cast abroad to fare;  
 And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure;  
 Before his noble hart he firmly bound,  
 That might his life from iron death assure,  
 And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:  
 For it by arte was framed, to endure  
 The bit of balefull Steele and bitter stownd,  
 No lesse then that which VILCANE made to shield  
 ACHILLES life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw  
 An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee  
 In saluage Forrest by aduenture stew,  
 And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee:  
 Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,  
 Made all that him so horrible did see,  
 Thinke him ALCIDES with the Lyons skin,  
 When the Nemean conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burginet,  
 The which was wrought by wonderous deuise,  
 And curiously engrauen, he did set:  
 The metall was of rare and passing price;  
 Not Bilbo Steele, nor brass from Corinth set,  
 Nor costly Oricalche from strange Phannie;  
 But such as could both PHOEBVS arrowes ward,  
 And th' hailing darts of heauen beating hard.

L x.

There

# MVIOPOTMOS.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,  
Strongly outlaunched towards either side,  
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:  
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde  
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,  
The engines which in them had death doe hyde:  
So did this flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,  
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly, his shinie wings as siluer bright,  
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre  
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:  
Not halfe so many sundry colours are  
In I R X S bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,  
Distinguished with many a twinkling starre,  
Nor I V N O S Bird in her eye-spotted traine  
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)  
The Archer God, the sonne of C Y T H E R E E,  
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroked,  
And heaped spoiles of bleeding harts to see,  
Bears in her wings so many a changefull token.  
Ah my liege Lord, forgie it unto mee,  
If ought against thine honour I haue told,  
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft  
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,  
And wish't that two such fannes, so silken soft,  
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,  
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,  
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,  
From him would steale them prinly away,  
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame V E N V S on a day,  
In spring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,  
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,  
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,  
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:  
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,  
Hight A S T E R Y, excellling all the crewe  
In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe.

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the rest,  
And more industrious, gathered more store  
Of the fields honour, than the others best;  
Which they in secret harts enuying fore,  
Told V E N V S, when her as the worthiest  
She praif'd, that C Y P R I D (as they heard before)  
Did lend her secret ayde, in gathering  
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering iealous feare,  
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe  
Her sonne to P S Y C H E secret loue did beare,  
And long it close conceald, till mickle woe  
Thereof arose, and many a rufull teare;  
Reason with sudden rage did ouertgoe,  
And giuing hastie credit to th' accuser,  
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Esstoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,  
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,  
In the wide ayre to make her wandring sight;  
And all those flowres, with which so plentifully  
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,  
She placed in her wings, for memorie  
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:  
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh C L A R O N beeing readie dight,  
Vnto his journey did himselfe addresse,  
And with good speed began to take his flight:  
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,  
And all the champaigne o're he soared light,  
And all the country wide he did possesse,  
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountifullie,  
That none gainesaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes greene,  
With his ayre-cutting wings he measured wide,  
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnseene,  
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntride.  
But none of these, how euer sweet they beene,  
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:  
His choicfull sense with eury change doth flit,  
No common things may please a waucring wit.  
To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire  
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:  
There lauish Nature in her best attire,  
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;  
And Art with her contending, doth aspire,  
T' excell the naturall, with made delights:  
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,  
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,  
From bed to bed, from one to other border,  
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,  
Of euerie floure and herbe there set in order;  
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,  
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;  
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And enermore with most varietie,  
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweet)  
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,  
Now sucking of the sap of herbes most meet,  
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,  
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:  
And then he pearceth on some branch thereby,  
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,  
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:  
The wholesome Salge, and Lauender still gray,  
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,  
The Roses raining in the pride of May,  
Sharpe Ilope, good for Greene wounds remedies,  
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,  
Sweet Marioran, and Daylies decking prime.

Coole

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing full,  
Embathed Balme, and cheertull Galingale,  
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,  
Dull Poppy, and drinck-quickning Setuale,  
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,  
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-Perle,  
Fat Colworts, and comforting Heceline,  
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Kofmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill  
Grew in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,  
Of eueric one he takes, and tastes at will,  
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.  
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,  
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,  
And there him rests in riotous suffisance  
Of all his gladfulness, and kingly ioyauoce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,  
Then to enioy delight with liberty,  
And to be Lord of all the works of Nature,  
To raine in th'aire from earth to highest sky,  
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,  
To take what euer thing doth please the eye?  
Who rests not pleased with such happines,  
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?  
Or who can him assure of happy day:  
Sich morning faire may bring foule evening late,  
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?  
For thousand perills lie in close awaite  
About vs dailie, to worke our decay;  
That none, except a God, or God him guide,  
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome  
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshy wight  
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?  
The sea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,  
And th'armies of their creatures all and some  
Doe serue to them, and with importune might  
Warre against vs the vassals of their will.  
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, ô CLARION, though fairest thou  
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy Flie,  
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now  
Of LOVES owne hand, to worke thy miserie:  
Ne may thee helpe the many hartie vow,  
Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie  
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent:  
Nought may thee saue from heauens auengement.

It fortun'd (as heauens had beight)  
That in this garden, where yong CLARION  
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight  
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,  
The shame of Nature, the bondsmaue of spight,  
Hid lately built his hateful mansion,  
And lurking closely, in awaite now lay,  
How he might any in his trap betray,

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie  
In this faire plot displacing to and fro,  
Fearelesse of foes and hidden icopardie,  
Lord how he gan for to befire him tho,  
And to his wicked worke each part apply!  
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,  
And bowels so with rankling poison sweld,  
That fearete the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,  
Was (as in stories it is writen found)  
For that his mother which him bore and bred,  
The most fiue-fingred workwoman on ground,  
ARACHNE, by his means was vanquished  
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,  
When she wisher for excellence contended,  
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the Tritonian Goddesse hauing hard  
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill,  
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward  
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield:  
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd  
The Goddesse selse to chalenge to the field,  
And to compare with her in curious skill  
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuse,  
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:  
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse  
What storie she wil for her tapet take.  
ARACHNE figur'd how LOVE did abuse  
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back  
Her through the Sea did beare; so liuely scene,  
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,  
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare  
The dashing of the waues, that vp shee tooke  
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:  
But (Lord) how she in euery member shooke,  
When as the land shee saw no more appeare,  
But a wilde wilderiness of waters deepe:  
Then gan shee greatly to lament and weep.

Before the Bull shee pictur'd winged Loue,  
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering  
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;  
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring  
A burning Teade about his head did moue,  
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:  
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,  
And many Tritons, which their hornes did found.

And round about, her worke shee did empale  
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,  
Enwouen with an Iuie-winding trayle:  
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,  
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Enueie pale,  
That all good things with venomous tooth deuoures,  
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright  
Her selse likewise vnto her work to dight.



# MVIOPOTMOS.

She made the storie of the old debate,  
Which she with NEPTVNE did for *Athens* try:  
Twelue Gods doe sit around in royall state,  
And IOVE in midst with awfull Maiestie,  
To iudge the strife between them stirred late:  
Each of the Gods by his like visnomic  
Eaeth to be knowne; but IOVE about them all,  
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,  
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,  
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;  
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in fight,  
The signe by which he challengeth the place;  
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,  
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:  
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proueth true.

Then to herselfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,  
And steel-head speare, and morion on her hedd,  
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field:  
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd  
Shee smote the ground, the which streight forth did  
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd, (yield  
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie  
Shee compact with a wreath of Olyues hoarte.

Amongst those leaues she made a Butterflie  
With excellent deuice and wondrous sight,  
Fluttering among the Oliues wantonly,  
That seem'd to lue, so like it was in sight:  
The veluet oap which on his wings doth lie,  
The silken doune with which his backe is dight,  
His broad outstretched hornes, his ayrie thies,  
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when ARACHNE saw, as ouerlaid,  
And mastered with workmanship so rare,  
She stood astonied long, ne ought gaine said,  
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,  
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,  
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:  
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,  
And all her bloud to poysonous rancor turne.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,  
Such as she was when PALLAS she attempted,  
She grew to hideous shape of dityhed,  
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:  
Estroones her white streight legges were altered  
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrowe emptied,  
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,  
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe,

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde  
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,  
So soone as CLARION he did behold,  
I his hart with vengefull malice inly twelt;  
And weauing straight a net with manie a fold  
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,  
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,  
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Nor any damzell, which her vaunteth most  
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twine;  
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boast  
In diaper, in damaske, or in lynce;  
Nor any skild in workmanship embost;  
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,  
Might in their diuers cunning cuer dare,  
With this fo curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that same subtle gin,  
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftily,  
MARS sleeping with his wife to compasse in,  
That all the Gods with common mockerie  
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,  
Was like to this. This same he did apply,  
For to entrap the carelesse CLARION,  
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor feare of foe,  
That hazarded his health, had he at all,  
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,  
In the pride of his freedome principall:  
Little wist he his fatal future woe,  
But was secure, the liker he to fall,  
Helikest is to fall into mischance,  
That is regardles of his gouernance.

Yet still ARAGNOLE (so his foe was hight)  
Lay lurking couertly him to surprize,  
And all his gins that him entangle might,  
Drest in good order as he could deuise,  
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,  
As he that did all danger quite despise,  
Toward those parts came flying carelesly,  
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secrete ioy therefore  
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,  
And his falle hart fraught with all treasures store,  
Was fill'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:  
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more  
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine  
By his there beeing might not be betraid,  
Ne any noyse, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,  
Where on a lunny banke the Lambes doe play,  
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,  
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,  
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,  
He rusbeth forth, and snatcheth quite away  
One of the little yonglings vnawares:  
So to his worke ARAGNOLE him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heauie eyes  
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?  
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,  
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to show?  
Helpe ô thou Tragick Muse, me to deuise  
Notes sad enough, to expresse this bitter throw:  
For loe, the dreie stownd is now arriued,  
That of all happinets hath vs depruiued.

## MVIOPOTMOS.

---

The luckleſs **CLARION**, whether cruell Fate,  
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſted,  
Of ſome vngacious blaſt out of the gate  
Or **ABOLIS** raine perforce him droue on hed,  
Was (O ſad hap and houre vnfortunate)  
With violent ſwiſt flight forth caried  
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe  
Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

There the fond Flie entangled, ſtrugled long,  
Himſelfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.  
For ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong  
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine

In lymic ſnares the ſubtill loupes among;  
That in the ende he breathelſe did remaine,  
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,  
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy,  
Like a grimme Lyon ruſhing with ſierce might  
Out of his den, he ſeized greedily  
On the reſiſtle's prey, and with fell ſpight,  
Vnder the left wing ſtrooke his weapon ſlie  
Into his hart, that his deepe groning ſpight  
In bloody ſtreames forth fled into the aite,  
His bodie left the ſpectacle of care.

FINIS.

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VISIONS



MEMORANDUM

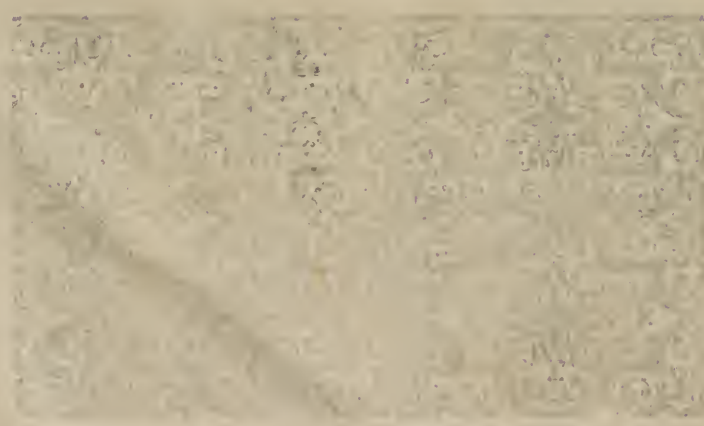
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# VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

( \* \* )

**I**  
**O**ne day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,  
 My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,  
 Began to enter into meditation deepe  
 Of things exceeding reach of common reason;  
 Such as this age, in which all good is geason,  
 And all that humble is and meane debaced,  
 Hath brought forth in her last declining season,  
 Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.  
 On which when as my thought was throughly placed,  
 Vnto my eyes strange shewes presented were,  
 Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,  
 That yet those sights empassion me full nere.  
 Such as they weie (faire Lady) take in worth,  
 That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

**2**  
 In Summers day, when **P O S S I B L E S** fairely shone,  
 I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,  
 With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,  
 In a fresh flowering meadow lying lowe:  
 Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,  
 And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;  
 But he with fatnes so did ouer-flowe  
 That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,  
 Ne ear'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:  
 Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,  
 Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,  
 And vext to fore, that all his goodly feature,  
 And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:  
 So by the small, the great is oft diseased.

**3**  
 Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy Nile,  
 Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay

In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,  
 That cramd with guiltles blood, and greedy pray  
 Of wretched people trauailing that way,  
 Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride,  
 I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,  
 The least of thousands which on earth abide,  
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide  
 The grieisly gates of his deuouring hell,  
 And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,  
 Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.  
 Why then should greatest things the least disdain,  
 Sith that so small so mightie can constrain?

**4**  
 The kingly Bird, that beares **I O V E S** thunder-clap,  
 One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,  
 Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,  
 That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:  
 The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,  
 Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,  
 And kindling fire within the hollow tree,  
 Burnt vp his young ones, and himselve distrest;  
 Ne suffred him in any place to rest,  
 But droue in **I O V E S** owne lap his eggs to lay;  
 Where gathering also filth him to infest,  
 Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away:  
 For which when as the Fowle was wroth, said **I O V E S**,  
 Lo how the least the greatest may reprove.

**5**  
 Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,  
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)  
 That makes the sea before his face to flie,  
 And with his flaggy finnes doth seeme to sweepe

The

## Visions of the worlds vanitie.

The fomie waues out of the dreadful deep,  
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,  
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe:  
A sword-fish small him from the rest did funder,  
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,  
His wide Abyffe him forced forth to spewe,  
That all the sea did roare like heauens thoudor,  
And all the waues were stain'd with filthy hewe.  
Heereby I learned haue, not to despise,  
What-cuer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,  
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare,  
With shields of Brasse, that shone like burnisht gold,  
And forked stings, that death in it did beare,  
Strouewith a Spider, his vnequall peare:  
And bad defiance to his coemie.  
The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,  
Did in his drinke shed poyson priuilie;  
Which through his entrailles spreading diuersly,  
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,  
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,  
That did so much in his owne greatnes trust.  
O how great vaineesse is it then to scorne  
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,  
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,  
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,  
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,  
Her match in beautie was not any one.  
Shortly, within her inmost pith there bred  
A little wicked worme, percei'd of none,  
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:  
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured  
Began to die, (ð great ruth for the same)  
And her faire locks fell from her lostic head,  
That shortly bald, and bared she became.  
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,  
To see so goodly thing so soone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,  
A dorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,  
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)  
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;  
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,  
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,  
Was puffed vp with passing surquedry,  
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.  
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,  
Into his nostrills creeping, so him pained,  
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme  
Both borrowed pride, and naturc beautie stained.

Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,  
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,  
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,  
And flagge in her top-gallant I espide,  
Through the maine sea making her merry sight:  
Faire blew the wind into her bosome right;  
And th'heavens looked loucly all the while,  
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,  
And at her owne felicitie did smile.  
All suddainly there clouewnto her keele  
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,  
Which stop her course, and held her by the keele,  
That winde nor tide could mone her thence away.  
Strange thing me fecemeth, that so small a thing  
Should able befo great an one to wring.

IO

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,  
Having his hunger thoroughly fatisfide,  
With pray of beasts, and spoile of liuing blood,  
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:  
His sternesse was his praise, his strength his pride,  
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.  
I saw a Waspe, that fiercely him deside,  
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;  
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,  
And his proud hart is sild with fretting ire:  
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;  
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;  
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.  
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

II

What'time the Romane Empire bore the raine  
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,  
The Nations gan their foueraigntie diidaine,  
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:  
So when all shrouded were in silent night,  
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maid,  
Posselt nigh of the Capitoll through flight,  
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayd.

If then a Goose, great *Reme* from ruine stayd,  
And I o v e himselfe, the Patron of the place,  
Prefer'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,  
Why doe vaine men meane things so much deface,  
And in their might repose their most assurance,  
Sith nought on earth can challenge loof endurance!

I 2

When these sad sights were ouer-past and gone,  
My spright was greatly mououed in her rest,  
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

## The Visions of *Bellay*.

To see so great things by so small distress.  
Thenceforth I gan in my enricued brest  
To scorne all difference of great and small,  
Sith that the greatest often are oppress,  
And vnwares doe into danger fall.  
And ye, that read these ruines tragical

Learn by their losse to loue the lowe degree,  
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call  
To honours seat, forget not what you bee:  
For he that of himselfe is most secure,  
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnfire.  
F I N I S.



# THE VISIONS OF *BELLAY*.

I

**I**T was the time, when rest soft sliding downe  
From heauens hight into mens heauie eyes,  
In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne  
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:

Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,  
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Rome*,  
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare  
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;  
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)  
What vnder this great temple placed is:  
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitie.  
So I that know this worlds inconstancies,  
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,  
In God alone my confidence doth stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,  
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,  
With hundred pillars fronting faire the same,  
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:

Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,  
But shining crysfall, which from top to base  
Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,  
One hundred steps of *Strike* gold's enchase.

Goalde was the Parget, and the feeling bright  
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;  
The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight,  
O worlds vaineesse! Whiles thus I did behold,

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,  
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,  
Ten feet each way in square, appeare to mee,  
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,  
So farre as Archer might his leuel see:

The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,  
Made of the metall which we all doe honour,  
And in this golde vessell couched ware  
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.

Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,  
To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;  
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.

Alas! this world doth nought but grieuance hold.

I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,  
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4

I saw rayde vp on Iuorie pillowes tall,  
Whose bases were of richest metalls warke,  
The chapters *Alabaster*, the *fryses crysfall*,  
The double front of a triumphall Arke:

On each side purtraid was a *Victorie*,  
Clad like a *Nymph*, that wings of siluer weares,  
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,  
The auncient glory of the *Romane Peares*.



## The Visions of *Bellay*.

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,  
But rather wrought by his owne industry,  
That thunder-darts for *IOVE* his fire doth fit,  
Let me no more see fire thing vnder sky,  
Sith that mine eyes haue scene so faire a sight  
With suddaine fall to dust consumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre fecent,  
Vpon seauen hills to spread his gladsome gleame,  
And Conquerours bedecked with his greene,  
Along the banks of the *Aufonian* streame:

There many an auncient I rophee was adrest,  
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,  
Which that braue races greatnes did attest,  
That whilome from the *Treyan* bloud did flow.  
Rauisht I was so rare a thing to view,  
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clownish fone  
The honour of these noble boughs downe threw,  
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone:  
And since I saw the roote in great disdain  
A twinn of forked trees fend forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rookie caue  
Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones  
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,  
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:

I saw her range abroad to seeke her food,  
And roming through the field with greedy rage  
T'embrew her teeth & claws with lukewarme bloud  
Of the small heards, her thirst for to aswage.

I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended  
Downe from the mountaines bordering *Lombardie*,  
That with an hundred speares her flanke wide rended,  
I saw her on the Plaine outstretched lie,

Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne foyle:  
Soone on a tree vphang'd I saw her spoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,  
With feeble wings assay to mount on high,  
By more and more she gan her wings assure,  
Following th'ensamble of her mothers sight:  
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight  
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons  
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,  
Vntill she raght the Gods owne mansions:

There was the lost, when suddaine I beheld,  
Where tumbling through the ayre in fire fold;  
All flaming downe she on the Plaine was feld,  
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes cold.

I saw the fowle that doth the light despise,  
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a riuier swift, whose fomic billowes  
Did wash the ground-worke of an old great wall:

I saw it couer'd all with grisly shadowes,  
That with black horror did the ayre appall:

There out a strange beast with seauen heads arose,  
That townes and castles vnder her brest did coure,  
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes  
Alike with equall ruine to deuoure.

Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kind  
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,  
When as at length I saw the wrathfull wind,  
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Scythian* mew,  
That perst these cloudes, and in so short as thought,  
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9

Then all astonied with this mightie ghoast,  
An hideous body big and strong I sawe,  
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,  
Sterne face, and front full of Saturn-like awe;

Who leaning on the belly of a pot,  
Poured forth a water, whose out-gushing flood  
Ran bathing all the creakie shore afloat,  
Whereon the *Troyan* Prince spilt *TYRNY'S* blood;

And at his feete a bitch-wolfe sucke did yield  
To two young babes: his left, the *Palme-tree* stout,  
His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,  
And head with *Laurell* garnisht was about,  
Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,  
And faire greene *Laurell* branch did quite decay.

IO

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,  
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,  
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,  
To falling riuers shooke thus tun'd her sobes.

Where is (quoth she) this whilome honored face?  
Where the great glory and the ancient praise,  
In which all worlds felicitie had place,  
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise?  
Suffis'd it not that euill warres me made

The whole worlds spoyle, but that this *Hydranew*,  
Of hundred *HERCVLES* to be assaid,  
With seauen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,  
So many *NEROES* and *CALIGVLARS*  
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise?

II

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,  
Waung aloft with triple point to skie, *supposed to be the  
Cros wnde*  
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,  
With balmie odours fill'd th'ayre farre and nie.

A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,  
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,  
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,  
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did flie.

Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw  
On euerie side a thousand shining beames:

When

## The Visions of *Bellay*.

When sudden dropping of a siluer dew  
(O grigious chance) gan quench those precious flames;  
That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,  
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,  
As cleare as Crytall gainst the Sunny beames,  
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle  
That bright *PACTOLVS* washeth with his streames;  
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled  
All pleasures there, for which mans hart could long;  
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,  
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song:  
The seats and benches shone of Iuorie,  
And hundred Nymphes fate side by side about;  
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,  
A troupe of Saryres in the place did rout,  
Which with their villaine feet the streame did ray,  
Threw downe the seats, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,  
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,  
Casting mine eyes fare off, I chaunst to see,  
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:  
But suddenly arose a tempest great,  
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,  
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,  
This ship, to which none other might compare.  
And finally the storme impetuous  
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,  
Within the gulfe of greedy *Nereus*.  
I saw both ship and mariners each one,

And all that treasure drowned in the maiois:  
But I the ship saw after raifd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,  
I saw a Citty like vnto that same,  
Which saw the messenger of tydings glad;  
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:  
It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,  
And no lesse rich then faire, right worthie sure  
(If ought heere worthy) of immortall dayes,  
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.  
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:  
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,  
Which breathing furie from his inward gall  
On all, which did against his course oppose,  
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire  
The weake foundations of this Citty faire.

15

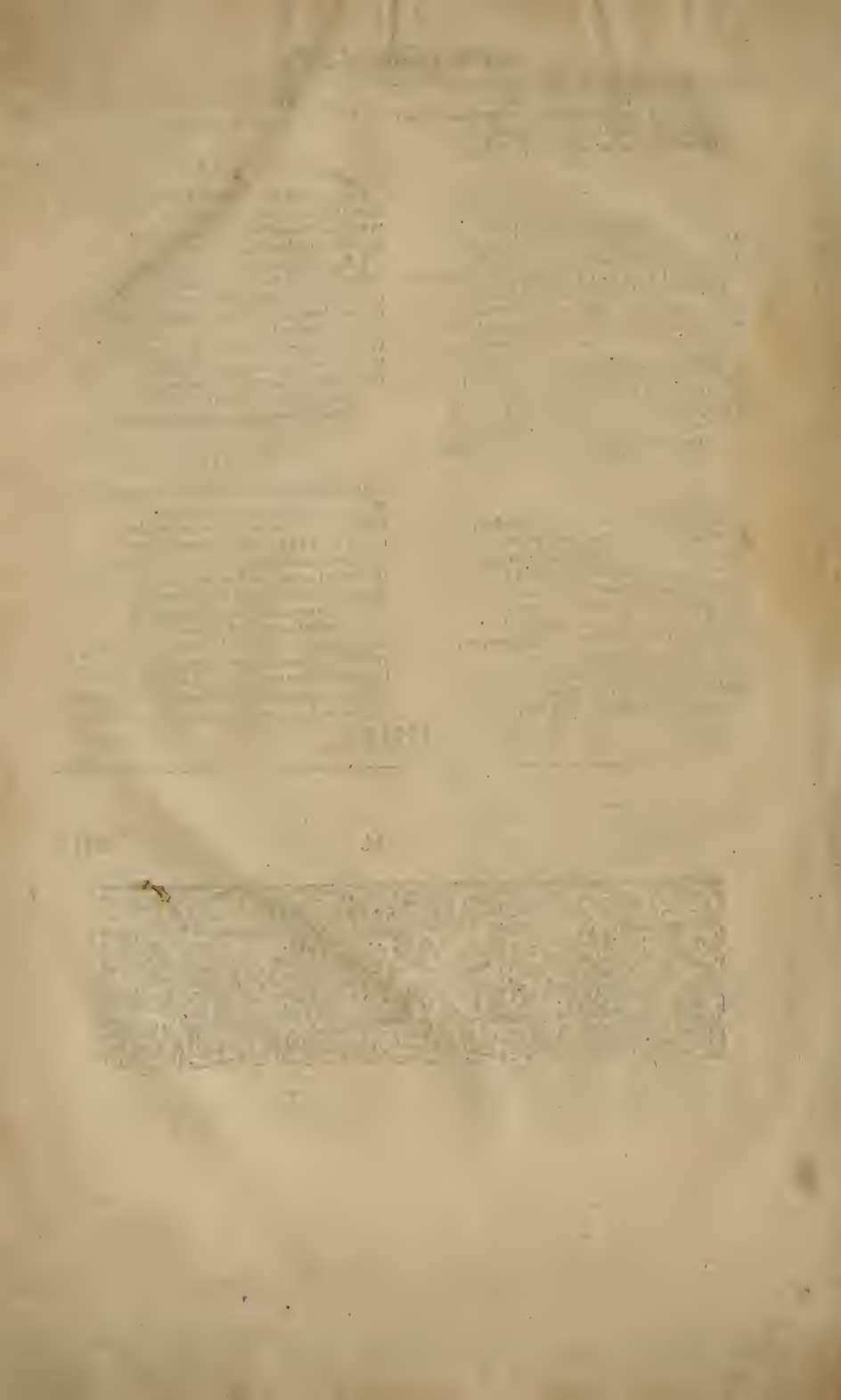
At length, euen at the time, when *MORPHEVS*  
Most true doth vnto our eyes appeare,  
Wearie to see the heauens still waucring thus,  
I saw *TYPHAEVS* sister coming neare;  
Whose head full brauely with a morion bidd,  
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.  
She by a riuers banke that swift downe slid,  
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophée hie;  
An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,  
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wise;  
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,  
I saw the heauens in warre against her rise:  
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thunder,  
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

M.

THE









# THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH, Formerlie translated.

1

Being one day at my window all alone,  
So many strange things happened me to see,  
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.  
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,  
So faire as mote the greatest God delite;  
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,  
Of which the one was black, the other white:  
With deadly force so in their cruell race  
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,  
That at the last, and in short time I spide,  
Vnder a Rocke where she alas oppress'd,  
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely did.  
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,  
Oit makes me waile so hard a destinie.

2

After at Sea a tall ship did appeare,  
Made all of Heben and white Iuorie,  
The sailes of gold, of silke the tackle were,  
Milke was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to be,  
The skie each where did show full bright and faire;  
With rich treasures this gay ship fraughted was:  
But ladden storme did so turmoyle the ayre,  
And rumbled vp the sea, that she (alas!)  
Strake on a Rock, that vnder water lay,  
And perished past all recouerie.  
O how great ruth and sorrowfull assay,  
Doth vex my spirit with perplexitie,  
That in a moment to see lost and drown'd  
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

The heuently branches did I see arise  
Out of the fresh and lustie Laurell tree;

Amidst the young Greene wood: of Paradise  
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:  
Such store of birds therein ythrowd were,  
Chaunting in shade their sundry melodie,  
That with their sweetnesse I was ravisht nere.  
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eye,  
The skie gan euery where to ouer-cast,  
And darkned was the welkin all about,  
When sudden flash of heauens fire out brass,  
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,  
Which makes me much and euer to complain:  
For no such shadow shall be had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise  
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,  
Whereto approached not in any wise  
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;  
But maieic Muses, and the Nymphes withall,  
That sweetly in accord did tane their voyce  
To the soft founding of the waters fall,  
That my glad hart therat did much reioyce.  
But while therein I tooke my chiefe delight,  
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth deuoure  
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight:  
Which yet agreeues my hart euen to this houre;  
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie;  
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

5

I saw a Phenix in the wood alone,  
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;  
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,  
That of some heuently wight I had the vewe;

M 2.

Vntill

## The Visions of Petrarch.

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,  
And to the spring, that late deuoured was.  
Wha: say I more? each thing at last we see  
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there (alas!)  
Spying the tree destroyd, the water drie,  
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdain,  
And so forth-with in great despight he did:  
That yet my hart burnes in exceeding paine,  
For ruth and pittie of so haplesse plight,  
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

6

At last, so faire a Ladie did I spie,  
That thinking yet on her, I burne and quake;  
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensiuely,  
Mild, but yet loue she proudly did forsake:  
White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,  
As snow and golde together had been wrought.  
About the waste a darke clowde shrouded her,  
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught;  
Where-with she languisht as the gather'd flowre,

And well assur'd she mounted vp to ioy.  
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,  
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:  
Which make this life wretched and miserable,  
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7

When I beheld this tickle trustlesse stare  
Of vaine worlds glory, sitting too and fro,  
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate  
In restless seas of wretchednes and woe,  
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,  
And shortly turne vnto my happy rest,  
Where my free spirit might not any moe  
Be vext with sights, that doe her peace molest.  
And ye faire Ladie, in whose bountious brest  
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,  
When ye these rimes doe read, and view the rest,  
Loathe this base world, and thinke of heauen's blis:  
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,  
Yet think, that death shall spoile your goodly features.

FINIS.





S A LETTER OF THE AV-  
 thors, expounding his whole intention in the  
*course of this worke: which for that it giueth great*  
 light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is here-  
 vnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir *Walter Ra-*  
*leigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, &*  
*her Maiesties Lieutenaut of the Countie of Cornewayll.*



I R, knowing how doubtfully all Alle-  
 gories may be construed, and this booke  
 of mine, which I haue entituled *The Faery*  
*Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or  
 darke conceit, I haue thought good, as  
 well for auoyding of iealous opinions &  
 misconstructions, as also for your better  
 light in reading thereof, (being so by you  
 commaunded) to discouer vnto you the  
 generall intention and meaning, which in  
 the whole course thereof I haue fashio-  
 ned, without expressing of any particular  
 purposes or by-accidents therein occasio-  
 ned. The generall end therefore of all the booke,  
 is to fashion a gentleman  
 or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline.  
 Which for that I concei-  
 ued should be most plausible and pleasing,  
 beeing coloured with an histori-  
 call fiction, the which the most part of men  
 delight to read, rather for varie-  
 tie of matter, then for profit of the ensam-  
 ple: I chose the historie of King  
*Arthure*, as most fit for the excellencie of  
 his person, beeing made famous  
 by many mens former workes, and also  
 furthest from the danger of enuie,  
 and suspition of present time. In which  
 I haue followed all the antique Poets  
 historicall: first *Homer*, who in the per-  
 sons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlysses*,  
 hath ensampled a good Governour and a  
 vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*;  
the



the other in his *Odysseis*: then *Virgil*, whose like intention was to doe in the person of *Aeneas*: after him *Ariosto* comprised them both in his *Orlando*: and lately *Tasso* disseuered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in Philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his *Rinaldo*: The other named *Politice* in his *Godfredo*. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthure*, before he was King, the image of a braue Knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as *Aristotle* hath deuised, the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politike vertues in his person, after that he came to bee King.

To some I knowe this method will seeme displeasent, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they vse, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuises. But such, mee seeme, should be satisfied with the vse of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoues, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to common sense. For this cause is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a Common-wealth such as it should be; but the other, in the person of *Cyrus* and the *Persians*, fashioned a gouernment such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of *Arthure*: whom I conceiue, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom hee was by *Merlin* deliuered to be brought vp, so soone as hee was borne of the Lady *Igrayne*) to haue seene in a dreame or vision the *Faerie Queene*, with whose excellent beautie rauished, hee awaking, resolued to seeke her out: and so beeing by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* throughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in *Faery Land*. In that *Faery Queene*, I meane glory in my generall intention: but in my particular, I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraigne the *Queene*, and her kingdome in *Faery Land*. And yet in some places else, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering shee beareth two persons, the one of a most royall *Queene* or *Empresse*, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull *Lady*, this latter part in some places. I doe expresse in *Belphebe*, fashioning her Name according to your owne excellent conceit of *Cynthia*, (*Phæbe* and *Cynthia* beeing both names of *Diana*.) So in the person of Prince *Arthure*, I sette forth *Magnificence* in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Aristotle* and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of *Arthure* appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the twelue other vertues, I make xii other Knights the Patrons, for the more varietie of the historie: Of which these three bookes containe three. The first, of the Knight of the *Redcrosse*, in whō I expresse *Holinesse*: The second of Sir *Guyon*, in whom I set forth

*Temperance*:



*Temperance*: The third of *Britomartus*, a Lady Knight, in whom I picture *Chastitie*. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupt; and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occasion of these three Knights seuerall aduentures. For the methode of a Poet historicall, is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things forepast, and diuining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my historie, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I deuise that the *Faery Queene* kept her Annuall feast twelue daies: vpon which twelue seuerall dayes, the occasions of the twelue seuerall aduentures hapned, which beeing vndertaken by twelue seuerall Knights, are in these twelue books seuerally handled and discoursed.

The first was this: In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownish young man, who falling before the *Queen of Faeries*, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was, that hee might haue the archieument of any aduventure, which during that feast should happen; that beeing granted, he rested himselfe on the floore, vnfit through his rusticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Ass, with a Dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwarfs hand. She falling before the *Queene of Faeries*, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King & Queene, had been by an huge Dragon many yeeres shut vp in a brazen Castle, who thence suffered them not to issue: and therefore besought the *Faery Queene* to assigne her some one of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end, the Lady told him, vnlesse that Armour which shee brought, would serue him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, v. Ephes.) that hee could not succeed in that enterprise: which beeing forth-with put vpon him with due furnitures therewith, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estsoones taking on him knighthood, & mounting on that strange Courser, hee went forth with her on that aduventure: vwhere beginneth the first booke, viz.

*A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine, &c.*

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloodie hands, whose Parents he complained to haue been slaine by an Enchaunteresse called *Acrasia*: and therefore craued of the *Faery Queene*, to appoint him some Knight, to performe that aduventure, which beeing assigned to

Sir *Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the *Faery Queene*, that a vile Enchaunter called *Busirane*, had in hand a most faire Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yeeld him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour* the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion heereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marinell*, the miserie of *Florimell*, the vertuousnesse of *Belphebe*, the lasciuiousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouer-run to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuarie. 1589.

*Yours most humbly affectionate,*

*Edm. Spenser.*







A VISION VPON THIS  
conceit of the *Faery Queene*.

**M**E thought I saw the graue where *Laura* lay,  
Within that Temple, where the Vestall flame  
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,  
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the *Faery Queene*:  
At whose approach the soule of *Petrarch* wept,  
And from thence-forth those Graces were not seene:  
For they this *Queene* attended; in whose steed  
Obluion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:  
Heereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghosts the heaüens did perse,  
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieft,  
And curst th'accelle of that celestiall thicke.

Another of the same.

**T**HE praise of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,  
As doth the *Cuckoos* song delight when *Philumena* sings,  
If thou hast formed right true vertues face heerein:  
Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin.  
If thou hast beauty prais'd, let her sole looke diuine,  
Iudge if ought therein be amisse, and mend it by her eyne:  
If *Chastitie* want ought, or *Temperance* her dew,  
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy *Queene* anew:  
Meane-while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore  
About the reach of all that line, or such as wrote of yore:  
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:  
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.  
Of me no lines are loü'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned *Shepherd*.

**C**OLLIN, I see by thy new taken task,  
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braines,  
That leads thy Mute in haughty verse to maske,  
and loathe the Laires that long to lowly swanes.  
That lifts thy notes from Shepherds vnto Kings,  
So like the lively Lark that mourning sings.

Thy lovely *ROSALIND* seemes now forlorne,  
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:  
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in scorn,  
those prty pipes that did thy mates delight;  
Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,  
Whom thou gau'it mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

## To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweete roundelays,  
didst sturre to glee our ladders in homely bowers:  
So moughtst thou now in these refined layes,  
delight the daintie cares of higher powers.  
And fo mought they in their deepe skanning skill,  
Allow and grace our COLINs flowing quill.

And faire befall that *Faerie Queene* of thine,  
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:  
Enfusing by those beauties siers diuine,  
such high conceits into thy humble wits,  
As raised hath poore pastours oaten reedes,  
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redersse-Knight* with happy hand  
victorious be in that faire Islands right:  
Which thou doost veile in Type of *Faery Land*,  
ELYZAs blessed field, that *Abyon* hight,  
That shields her friends, and waies her mighty soes,  
Yet full with people, peace, and plentie floes.

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing stile,  
thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine:  
Let not conceit thy ferled sense beguile,  
ne daunted be through enuy or childaine.  
Sulicet thy doome to her *Empyring* spright,  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

*Hobbynoll:*

**F**Ayre *Thamis* streame, that from *LVD*s stately  
Rust paying tribute to the Ocean seas, (cowne,  
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne  
Be silent, while this *Brytaine ORPHEVS* plays:  
Neere thy sweet banks, there lues that sacred crowne,  
Whole hind strowes Pilme and neuer-dying bayes,  
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring founne  
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.  
For he hath taught his drifts in shepherds weeds,  
And deepe conceits now sings in *Faeries* deeds.

R: S:

**G**Raue Muses, march in triumph and with praises,  
Our Goddesse heere hath given you leave to land:  
And bids this rare dispenser of your graces  
Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.  
Deserts: finds due in that most princely doome,  
In whose sweet breast are all the Muses bredde:  
So did that great *AVGVSTVS* earst in Roome  
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.  
Faire be the gerdon of your *Faery Queene*,  
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

*H. B.*

**W**Hen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape,  
And what reuenge the States of *Greece* deuise'd:  
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,  
In womans weedes himselfe he then diguis'd:  
But this deuise *Plysses* soone did spy,  
And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenser* saw the fame was spred so large,  
Through *Faery-Land*, of their renowned *Queene*:  
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
As in such haughty matter to be seene,  
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,  
But *Sidney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as *Plysses* brought faire *Theris* sonne  
From his rettyred life to menage armes:  
So *Spenser* was by *Sidneys* speeches wonne,  
To blaze her fame, nor fearing future harmes:  
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred  
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,  
Did win the *Palme* from all the *Grecian* Peeres:  
So *Spenser* now to his immortal praise,  
Hath wonne the *Laurell* quite from all his seeres.  
What though his taske exceed a humane wit,  
He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fit.

*W. L.*

**T**O looke vpon a worke of rare deuise  
The which a workman setteth out to view,  
And not to yeeld it the delected prise,  
That vnto such a workmanship is dew,  
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,  
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,  
Which no man goes about to discommend,  
Would raise aiealous doubt, that there did lurke  
Some secret doubt, whereto the praise did tend.  
For when men know the goodnes of the wine,  
T'is needlesse for the host to haue a signe.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such  
As can discerne of colours black, and white,  
As alls to free my mind from enuies such,  
That neuer giues to any man his right,  
I heere pronounce this workmanship is such,  
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,  
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware:  
But such hath been the custome heeretofore,  
And customes very hardly broken are.  
And when your taste shall tell you this is true,  
Then looke you gae your host his utmost due.

*Ignolo.*



☞ To the right honourable the Earle  
of Cumberland.

**R**edoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind  
The flowre of cheualry now bloosming faire,  
Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind,  
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;  
To you this humble present I prepare,  
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise.  
To which though nobly ye inclined are,  
As goodly well ye shewd in late affaies,  
Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,  
In which true honour ye may fashiond see,  
To like desire of honour may ye raise,  
And fill your mind with magnanimittee.  
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,  
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

*To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle  
of Essex, Great Maister of the Horle to her Highnesse, and  
Knight of the Noble order of the Garter; &c.*

**M**agnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent  
Doe merit a most famous Poets wit,  
To be thy liuing praises instrument  
Yet doe not sdeigne, to let thy name be writ  
In this base Poëme, for thee far vnfit.  
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:  
But when my Muse, whose feathers nothing flit  
Doe yet but fladge, and lowly learne to fly  
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to fly  
To the last praises of this Facry Queene,  
Then shall it make more famous memory  
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene.  
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance,  
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.





To the right honourable the Earle of  
*Ormond and Ossorie.*

Receiue most noble Lord a simple taste  
Of the wilde fruit, which sauage soyle hath bred,  
Which beeing through long wars left almost waste,  
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspred:  
And in so faire a Land, as may be red,  
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*  
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,  
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansion;  
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,  
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,  
And in thy person without Paragone  
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.  
Such therefore, as that wasted soyle doth yield,  
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, Lo.  
high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter,  
and one of her Maiesties priuie Councill, &c.

And yee, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,  
And noble deeds each other garnishing,  
Make you ensample to the present age,  
Of th'old Heroës, whose famous ofspring  
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,  
In this same Pageant haue a worthy place,  
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,  
That vainly threatned kingdoms to displace,  
Like flying Doves ye did before you chase;  
And that proud people woken insolent  
Through many victories, didst first deface:  
Thy praises euerlasting monument  
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,  
That it may liue to all posterity.

E. S.



To the right honourable Sir *Christopher Hatton*,  
*Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.*  
(\* \* \*)

**T**Hose prudent heads, that with their counfels wise  
Whilome the pillours of th'earth did sustaine,  
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,  
And in the neck of all the world to raine,  
Oft from thole graue affaires were wont abstaine,  
With the sweet Lady *Muses* for to play:  
So *Ennius* the elder *Africane*,  
So *Maro* oft did *Casars* cares allay.  
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway  
The burden of this kingdome mightily,  
With like delights sometimes may eke delay  
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:  
And to these idle rimes lend little space,  
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.  
*E. S.*

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

**T**O you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest  
To menage of most graue affaires is bent,  
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest  
The burden of this kingdomes gouernment,  
As the wide compasse of the firmament,  
On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is vpstaid;  
Vnsitly I these idle rimes present,  
The labour of lost time, and wit vnstaid:  
Yet if their deeper sense be inty waid,  
And the dim veile, with which from common view  
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,  
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.  
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,  
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.  
*E. S.*



To the right honourable the Earle of Oxenford,  
*Lord high Chamberlaine of England.*

**R**eeiue most noble Lord, in gentle gree,  
The vnripe fruite of an vnready wit:  
Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee  
Defended from foule Enuies poysnous bit.  
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,  
Sith th'antique glory of thine ancestry  
Vnder a shady veile is therein writ,  
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,  
Succeeding them in true nobility:  
And also for the loue, which thou doost beare  
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;  
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:  
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue  
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

*E. S.*

To the right honourable the Earle of  
*Northumberland.*

**T**he sacred *Muses* haue made alwaies clame  
To be the *Nurses* of *Nobility*,  
And *Registres* of *eueralasting fame*,  
To all that *armes* *professe* and *cheualry*.  
Then by like right the noble *Progeny*,  
Which them *succeed* in *fame* and *worth*, are tyde  
T'embrace the *seruice* of *sweet Poetry*,  
By whose *endeuours* they are *glorifide*,  
And eke from all, of whom it is *enuide*,  
To *patronize* the *authour* of their *praise*,  
Which *gines* them *life*, that else would *soone* haue *dide*,  
And *crownes* their *ashes* with *immortall baies*.  
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send  
This present of my *paines*, it to defend.

*E. S.*





To the right-honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon*,  
*High Chamberlaine to her Maiestie.*

**R**enowned Lord, that for your worthinesse  
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,  
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,  
The worlds sole glory, and her texes grace,  
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,  
Both for your neernes to that *Faery Queene*,  
And for your owne high merit in like case:  
Of which, apparant proofe was to be seene,  
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene  
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,  
And their disloyall powre deficed cene,  
The record of enduring memory.  
L'ue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,  
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse:

*E. S.*

To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the  
*Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble*  
order of the Garter, &c.

**M**ost noble Lord, the pillar of my life,  
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,  
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,  
In the first season of my feeble age,  
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage:  
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce  
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,  
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receaue,  
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue  
Of all the rest, that I am tyed to account:  
Rude rimes, the which a rustick Muse did weaue  
In sauage stile, far from Parraslo mount,  
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Looome:  
The which vouchsafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

*E. S.*



To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurst*,  
*one of her Maiesties priuie Councill.*

**I**N vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)  
By this rude rime to memorize thy name ;  
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,  
In golden verse, worthy immortall fame :  
Thou much more fit, (were leisure to the same)  
Thy gracious Soueraignes praises to compile,  
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,  
In loftie numbers and heroïck stile.  
But sith thou maist not so, giue leaue a while  
To baser wit, his power therein to spend,  
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,  
And vnaduited ouersights amend.  
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine  
Against vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

*E. S.*

To the right honourable Sir *Fr. Walsingham*,  
*Knight, principall Secretarie to her Maiestie, and*  
*of her honourable priuie Councill.*

**T**Hat Mantuane Poets incompar'd spirit,  
Whose girland now is set in highest place,  
Had not *Mecœnas* for his worthy merit,  
It first aduannit to great *Augustus* grace,  
Might long (perhaps) haue lien in silence bace,  
Ne been so much admir'd of later age.  
This lowely Muse, that learnes like steps to trace,  
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,  
That are the great *Mecœnas* of this age;  
As well to all that ciuill artes professe,  
As those that are inspir'd with *Martiall* rage,  
And craves protection of her feebleness:  
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raise  
In bigger tunes to sound your lining praise.

*E. S.*



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE  
Lord and most valiant Captaine, Sir *Iob. Norris*,  
Knight, Lord President of Mounster.

Who euer gaue more honourable prize  
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;  
That their braue deeds she might immortalize  
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?  
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you  
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
And Precedent of all that Armes enſue?  
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,  
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage  
Hath ſild ſad *Belgick* with victorious ſpoile,  
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,  
And lately ſhak't the *Lusitanian* ſoile.  
Sith then each where thou haſt diſſpred thy fame,  
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir *Wal. Raleigh*, Lo. War-  
dein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaunt of Cornwaile.

To thee that art the *Sommers Nightingale*,  
Thy ſoueraigne Goddeſſes moſt deare delight,  
Why doe I ſend this ruſtick Madrigale,  
That may thy tuneſfull eare vnſeaſon quite?  
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,  
In whose high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,  
And dainty louc learnd ſweetly to endite.  
My rimes I knowe vnſauory and ſowre,  
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre  
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praife,  
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall ſhowre,  
When ſo thee liſt thy loſtie Muse to raiſe:  
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,  
Let thy faire *Cinthias* praifes be thus rudely ſhowne.

E. S.





TO THE RIGHT HONORA-  
ble and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse  
of Penbroke.

REmembrance of that most Heroick spirit,  
The heavens pride, the glory of our daies,  
Which now triumpheth through immortal merit  
Of his braue vertues, crownnd with lasting baies  
Of heauenly blis and cuerlasting praies;  
Who first my Muse did list out of the flore,  
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;  
Bids me most noble Lady to adore  
His goodly image liuing euermore,  
In the diuine resemblance of your face;  
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
And natiue beautie deck with heauenly grace:  
For his, and for your owne especiall sake,  
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.









Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a list or index, written vertically on the left edge of the page. The text is partially obscured by the binding and includes words such as "Handwritten", "List", "of", "the", "names", "of", "the", "members", "of", "the", "committee", "appointed", "to", "investigate", "the", "affairs", "of", "the", "company", "in", "the", "year", "1833".

Handwritten text at the bottom left corner, including the word "Euphr" and other fragments of text, possibly a page number or reference.

