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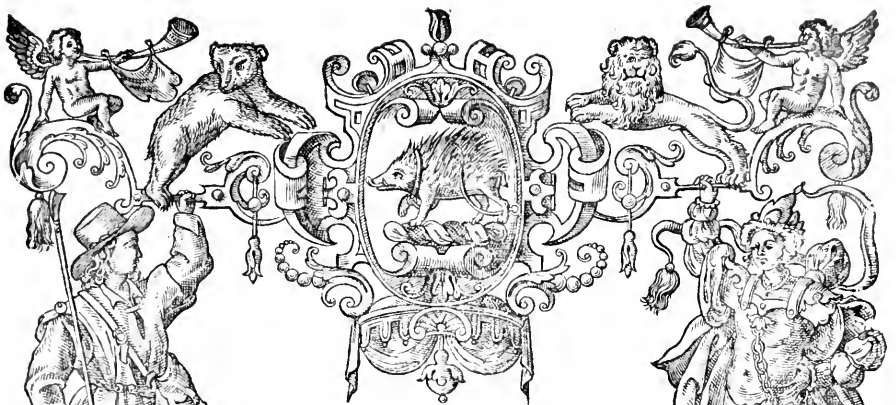


C. Harris Esq^r
HALNE

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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.*

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
Anno Dom. 1611.





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to the right





THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT
OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

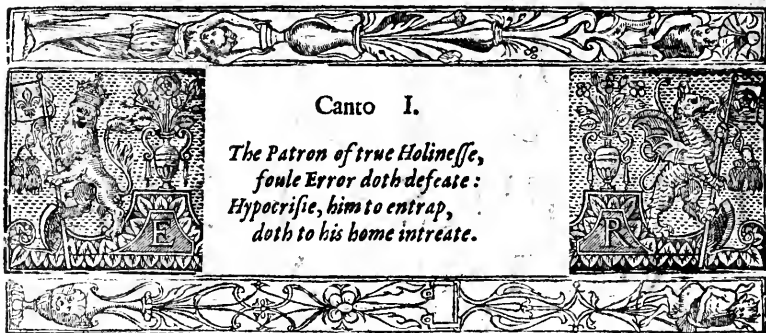
Of Holinesse.

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

Help then, ô holy Virgino, chiefe of mine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scrine
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest *Tanaquill*,
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.

And thou most dreaded iumpe of highest *Ioue*,
Faire *Peneu* soone, 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.

And with them eke, ô Goddess heauenly 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 heate, vouchsafe, ô dearest dread a-while.



¹
A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,
 Yclad in mighty armes of siluer 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 bir;
 As, much disdainin to the curb to yield:
 Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sit,
 As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fit.

²
 But on his breast a bloody Crosse he bore,
 The deare 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 scor'd,
 For soueraigne 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.

³
 Vpon a great adventure he was bound,
 Which greatest *Gloriano* 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 puiffance in battell braue
 Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;
 Vpon his foe, a *Dragon* horrible and stearn.

⁴
 A lowly Lady rode him faire beside,
 Vpon a lowly Ass 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 joly mour'd: so was she sad,
 And heauy sat vpon her palfrey slowe;
 Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

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

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

⁷
 Enforc't to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shady groue not farre away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
 Whole lofty trees, yclad with tommers pride,
 Did spread so broad, that heauens 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.

⁸
 And forth they pass'd, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birds sweet harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,
 Seem'd in their long to scorne the cruell skie,
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hie,
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
 The builder Oake, sole king of forests all,
 The Alpine, good for stuaes, the Cypresse funerall.

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 benders will,
The Birch for Staffs, 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 Mapleildom 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 weene,
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 seem'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 Dwarfie awhile his needlesse speare he gaue.

12
Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe yee too rash prouoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And petill without shoue: 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 wist you back returne with soule disgrace;
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst fire is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrace.
This is the wandering wood, this *Errours* den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I' reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfie:) this is no place for lining 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 glistening 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 dilidaine.

15
And, as shee lay vpon the dirty ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughts vpwound,
Pointed with mouth all 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 vpsfare, out of her den affraid,
And rushed forth, huring her hideous taile
About her curled head, whose folds displaid
Were stretch now forth at length without entraille.
Shee lookt about, and seeing one in maile
Armed to point, fought back to turne againe;
For, light shee hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in darkt darkeesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor the seee any plaine.

17
Which when the valiant *Elfe* perceiu'd, he leapt
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenches and 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 speckled taile aduauist,
Threatning her angry snog, him to dismay:
Who, nought agast, his nighty hand enhaunst:
The stroke downe 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 raise'd:
With doubled forces high about the ground:
Tho whipping vp her wreathed sterne around,
Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine:
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, elle the fute will strangle thee,
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high dilidaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to looke her wicked bands did her constrainne.

20
There-with shee spewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyson horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbers raw,
Which stunk 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 frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping, sought 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 eliwere may no man reed.

22

The fame so fore annoyed has the Knight,
 That wel-niddy choaked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no longer fight,
 Whose courage when the fiend perceiu'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 fore, 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 halstie supper best ;
 A cloude of combrous gnats doe him molest,
 All struing to infix their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He bruffeth 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,
 Resolv'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 rest her hatefull head without remorse ;
 A stream of coale black blood forth gushed frō her corse.

25

Her scatted 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,
 Weeping their wonted entrance to haue found
 At her wide mouth : but, beeing there with-stood,
 They flock'd all about her bleeding wound,
 And suck'd 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,
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gaz'd,
 Haung all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne 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 fatre,
 Approach't in halte to greet his victorie,
 And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre,
 Who see your vanquish't 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 fought to wend ;
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
 But still did follow one vnto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought,
 So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
 He pass'd forth, and new adventure fought ;
 Long way he trauelled 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 pray'd as he went,
 And often knockt his breast, as one that did repeat.

30

Hee faire the Knight saluted, louting lowe ;
 Who faire him quized, 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 Celly,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
 Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell ;
 With holy father sits not with such things to melle.

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 want 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 advised bin
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent,
Therefore with me ye may take 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,
Farre 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 leading 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 *Corygon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which *Corytus* quakes, and *Stryx* is put to flight.

38
And forth he call'd out of deep darknesse dread
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
Flutting about his euer danned head,
Awaite whereto 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 speered 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 walsh, and *Cynthia* still doth sleepe
In silver dew his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth spre l.

40
Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuorie:
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 passe 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 fast,
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 swarming Bees, did cast him in a twayne:
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, farre 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 mought him awake,
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Wherat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake,
As one then in a dreame, whole drier braue
Is tost with troubled fighs 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*: wherat 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 heauic head, deuoid of carefull carke,
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and starke.
He, back returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as cheerfull Lark,
And on his little wings the dreame he bore
In haste vnto his Lord, where he him left aore.

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 rauisht 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 *Vna fit*.

46
Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him slee,
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 seem'd him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaid, how that false winged boy,
Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learn Dame Pleasures toy.

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

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 kifs,
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 fight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought t'haue laine her in his fierce despight:
But hastic heat tempring with sufferance wile,

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

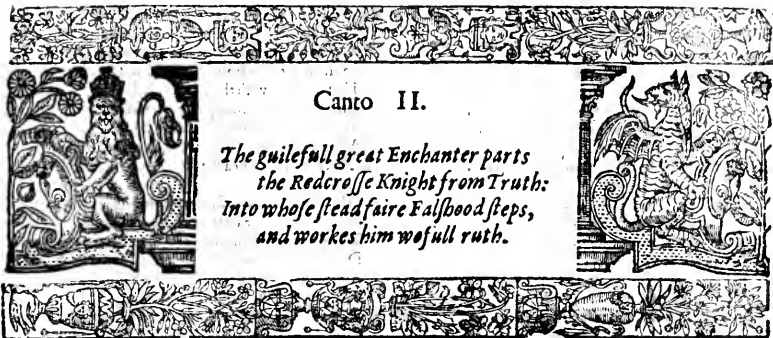
51
And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,
And mighty causes wrought in heauen about,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to win me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched fate,
You, 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 she stops 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 reares.
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 vn pittied plaint,
Whilstt you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quite.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth: yet sith o'v truth hee knowe,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainfull spight
He would not shend, but said, D'ree dame, I rewe,
That for my sake vnkowne such grieft 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 case.

55
Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that Gemme 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 hee 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.*

BY this, the Northern wagoner had set
His sevenfold 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 wandring 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 ill gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright:
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Effsoones 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 fight:
Those two he tooke; and in a secret bed,
Couer'd with darknell 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 heere wex old in sleepe, whiles 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 ielous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblenr,
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 desight,
Yrksome 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 shooke off drowly-hed,
And rising forth out of her baler bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfie, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wale 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 sicke herce diddaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet the her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But eury hill and dale, each wood and Plaine
Did search, fore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so vengely left her, whom she loued best.

But subtle *Archimago*, when his guests
 He saw diuided into double parts,
 And *Vna* wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th'end of his drift, he prais'd his diuinish arts,
 That had such might ouer true meaning harts;
 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.

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
 For by his mighty Science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise.
 As euer *Proteus* 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 heards, & might of Magick spell?

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 crest
 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 deemed him to bee.

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't 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.

He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady, clad in scarlet red,
 Purf'd with gold and pearle of rich assay,
 And like a *Perisan* mitre on her head
 She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
 The which her lauish lovers to her gaue;
 Her wanton palfrey all was overfread
 With tinselfe trappings, wouen like a wauie,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses braue:

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.

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 hideous,
 Their felces doe stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke themselues too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeelded land.

As when two rammes, stir'd with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts fo fierce on either side
 Doe meet, that with the terror of the shock
 Astonied, both stand senselesse as a block,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victorie:
 So stode these twaine, vnmoou'd as a rock,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idley
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buffe,
 Snarcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quiter cuff with cuff:
 Each others equald puissance enuies,
 And through their iron sides with cruelties
 Does seek to pearce: reining 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.

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 heu'd out of the rest,
 And glaucing down his shield, frō blame him fairly blest.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping sparke
 Of native vertue gan estfoones reuie,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
 So hugely strooke, that it the Steele did riuie,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aliuie,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
 With the fraile flesh; at last it stitted is,
 Whither the soules doe flie of men, that liue amiss.

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 prefer cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
 Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to slowe
 On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
 And to your mighty will. Her humble selfe lowe,
 In so rich weeds and seeming glorious shewe,
 Did much emmoue his stout heroicke hart,
 And said; deare Dame, your suddain ouerthrowe
 Much ructh 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 now availeth that I was!)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide Welt vnder his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* 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, spoyle of liuely breath,
 Was afterward, I knowe not how, couaid
 And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assayd!
 Then forth I went, his woefull 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 hiude.

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 liu'd, was called proud *Sansfoy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sansioy*:
 And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sansioy*.

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vofortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
 Crawing of you in pity of my flare,
 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 rewe
 The vnderseed woer and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you 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 eyes, as flamefast to the earth;
 And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-faid.
 So forth they rode, be launing fecemely mirth,
 And the coy looks: so, Dainty they lay maketh dearth;

28

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

29

But this good Knight, soone as he them gan spy,
 For the coole shadowe thither hal'ty got:
 For, golden *Phœbus* now that mounted he,
 From fiery wheelcs of his faire chariot,
 Hurled his beame to scorching cruell hot,
 That liuing creature mote it not abide;
 And his new Lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope them selues to hide
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

Faire fecemely pleasance each to other makes;
 With goodly purposes there as they lit:
 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 thote branches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came
 Small drops of gory blood, that trickled downe the same.

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 happed to me here,
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
 O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.
 Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did howe,
 And with that suddain horror could no member 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 voyce of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
 Or guilefull spight wandring in empty ayre
 (Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
 And suchfull plaints, me bidding guileste 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 transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where *Eores* doth blowe full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For, though a tree I came, 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 misthapd thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine, who his grieft imparts;
But double griefts afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who strength to suppressle,
The author then, said he, of all my smartes,
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 cherefull
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 foule *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 price 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 Rosy girlond was the Victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreed.
Fressa 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 raisd 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 soone be flaine.
Her loudly visage viewing with diddaine,
Eitloones I thought her such, as the mee told,
And would haue kild her; but, with fauour paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to trece mould.

40
Thenceforth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vniuecing ioyd long time:
Ne cuer wist, but that it was the same;
Till on a day (that day is curiuy 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 fittly foule old woman I did view,
That cuer to haue teacht 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 allur'd decay,
I awe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

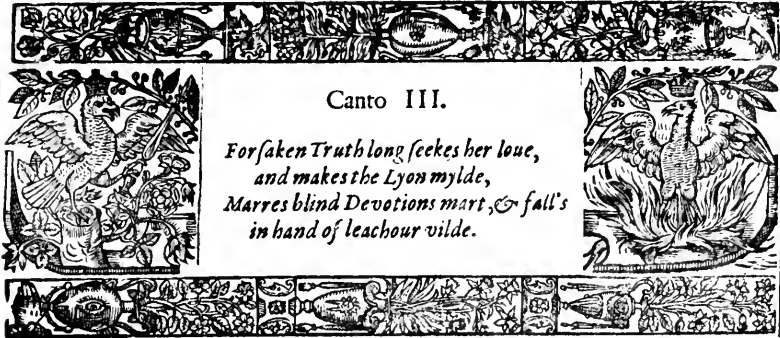
42
The diuclish hag by chauges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drowned in sleepe night,
With wicked hearbes and oynments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magick might;
That all my senses were bereaued quight:
Then brought she me into this desert wastle,
And by my wretched Loues side me pight;
Where now in closte 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 fell.
O! how, said hee, mote I that well out-finde,
That may restore you to your wanted well?
Time and fashed fates to former kind
Shall vs restore: none else from hence may vs vabind.

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 busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eylds blew

And dimmed fight, with pale and leady hew,
At last the gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke; 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 mart, & fall's
in hand of leachour wilde.*

1
Nought is there vader heau'ns wide holownes
That moues more deare cōpassiō of mind,
The beauty brought i'vnworthy wretchednes
By Enuies snares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:
I, whether lately throug her brightnes blind,
Or through alleageance 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 empassiōed to deepe,
For fairest *Phaëa* sake, 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 abandond. Shee of nought affraid,
Throug woods and wastnesse wide him daily fought;
Yet wishd tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4
One day, nigh weary of the irkesome way,
From her vnhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all meens 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 most all eye behold such beauly grace.

5
It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
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 nigh,
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 sawnig tongue,
As he her wronged innocēce did weat.
O! how eao beauty inalter the most strong,
And simple truth, subdue auenging wrong!
Whose yeckled pride, and proude submission,
So ill 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 shee, his princely puillance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell 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 echoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, downe fell his angry mood:
At last, in close heart shutting vp her plaint,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed 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 commendement,
And euer by her looks conceiued her intent.

10

Long sleepe thus trauielled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide;
Till at the length she found the troden grafs,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foote of a mountaine bore;
The same 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 approaching, 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 gasty 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 beades she did forget,
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faite *Pna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cottage small, that night she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and cometh 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, she does lament and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loud knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does steepe
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night:
All night he thinks too long, and often looks for light.

16

Now when *Aldebaran* was mounted hie
About the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curs't, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heauy load he bare
Of nightly felthies, and pillage fustall,
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 spoild the Priests of their habiliments:
Whiles 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; wheo that disdainfull beast
Encountering fierce, him suddaine doth surprize;
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Vnder his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

Him

20
 Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding heart is in the vengers 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 weare out the worstill 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 iourney 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 die.

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,
 Halfe 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 mischiefes, 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 substill *Archimago*, that *Vna* sought
 By traines into new troubles to haue roft;
 Of that old woman tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

25
 There-with the gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and rail, 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 aduance
 His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

26
 Ere long he came where *Vna* trauail'd flowe,
 And that wilde Champion wayting her beside:
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not showe
 Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide
 Vnto an hill; from whence when the 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 humbleesse 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 abhorrd,
 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 cherelesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is;
 But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of bliss.

28
 Hee thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,
 Farre 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, yborne of heauenly 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 excuse; that mote 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 louely words her seem'd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines: one louing houre
 For many yeeres of sorrow can dispence:
 A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sorrow:
 She had forgot, how many a wofull stoure
 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 she toyld so fore,

31
 Much like, as when the beaten Mariner,
 That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
 Ofte soust in twelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
 And long time hauing and his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heauen, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* bound,
 Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
 His cheerfull whistle merris y doth sound, (round:
 And *Nereus* 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 farre come from watry wildernesse :
He hurles out vowes, and *Zeptune* oft doth blesse :
So forth they pass, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadfull late distresses ;
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 halfe 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 seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
And on his shield *Sans ley* 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' vntried dint of deadly steele ;
But yet his Lady did to well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele ;
So bent 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 to 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 reauc his life,
And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him, that slew *Sans foy* with bloody knife ;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
The black infernall *Furies* doen aflake :
Life from *Sans foy* thou tookest, *Sans ley* shal frō thee take.

37
There-with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till *Fna* cride, & hold that heauy hand,
Deare Sir, what cuer that thou be in place :
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand
Now at thy mercy : Mercy nor withstand :
For he is one the truest Knight aliue,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly land,
And whil'ft him fortune fauourd, faire did thrue
In bloody field : therefore of life him not deprivue.

38
Her pittious words might not abate his rage ;
But rudely rending vp his helme, would
Haue slaine him straight : but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His halfe hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe astam'd, wondred at the sight :
For, the old man well knew hee, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to 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 amits ?
He answered nought, but in a trance still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay ;

40
But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed staads, her selfe fo mockt to see
By him, who has the gerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee :
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to fie ;
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 disdain, when as his loueraigne 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.

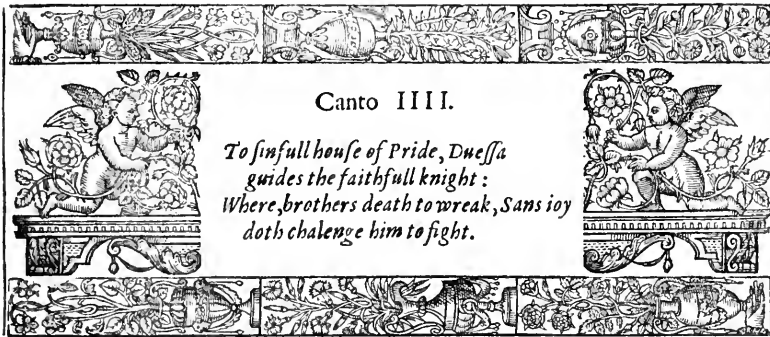
42
O then too weake and feeble was the force
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand :
For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feats of armes did wisely vnderstand.
Estfoones he pierced through his chauffed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron 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 laue or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nill)
Beares her away vpon his courser light :
Her prayes nought preuaile ; his rage is more of might.

And

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

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



Canto IIII.

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

Yong 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 belicue too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
 For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,
 Then lightnesse and inconstauncie in loue;
 That doth this *Redecrosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faite *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, brauely 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,
 Whole 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 to faire a mold
 Did on so weak foundation euer sit:
 For on a sandie hill, that still did sit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That eury breath of heauen shaked it:
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
 Were runnous 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 *Maluenn*, who entrance none denide.
 Thence to the hall, which was on eury side
 With rich array and costly Arras dight:
 Infinite forts of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wished fight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
 And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
 Their fraile amazed feutes did confound:
 In liuing Princes Court none euer knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so tumptuous shew;
 Ne *Perfia* 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 presence 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 gorgeouse array,
A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glittring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beauty did allay
To dim the brightnes of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9
Exceeding stone, like *Pharbus* 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 eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, enflames the skycn,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to flync.

10
So proude shee shined in her Princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdain,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, vnderneath her scornfull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous traine:
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed faire,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

11
Of grieſly *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 so did she 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 ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12
And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to bee:
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natie soueraintie,
But did vturpe 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 fixe wifards old,
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold:

13
Soone as the Elfin knight in prefrence came,
And false *Dueſſa*, seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Hulher, *Fanitie* by name,
Maderoomme, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest faire
Of her high throne; where they on humble knee
Making obeisance, 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 wile,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue
Of Princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise,
Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuiſe
Themſelues to fetten 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 iſight.

15
Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
But to *Dueſſa*' 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 middell 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 hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As faire *Antonia* 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 houſe through heauens brats-paued way
Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes disſpradden wide.

18
But this was drawne of six vnequall beaſts,
On which her six sage Countiellours did ride,
Taught to obey their beaſtiall becheaſts,
With like conditions to their kinds applide:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish *Idleneſſe*, the nurse of sin;
Vpon a florishfull Aſſe he chose to ride,
Arraid 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 waue was very euill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether night he went, or else astray.

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did esloine,
 And greatly thinned manly exercise:
 For euery worke he chalenged esloine,
 For contemplation 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 leaue raig'n'd 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 eyne:
 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 Iuye girland 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 furre or goe,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned fo,
 That from his friend he sildome knew his fo:
 Full of diseases was his carcase blew,
 And a dry drop sicke through his flesh did flow;
 Which by mid diet daily greater grew:
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
 Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire
 And whally eyes (the signe of calouisie)
 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 filthinesse;
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies, and new-fanglenesse:
 For, he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,
 And learned had to loue with secret looks,
 And well could dance and sing with rusefulness,
 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 tide to law,
 But ioy'd weake womens hearts to tempt and proue
 If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
 Which lewdnesse filld him with reprochell 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 traine.

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 bell 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 vknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
 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 baud.

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 wexed wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
 Hee clothed was, ypainited full of eyes;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hateful Snake, the which his tale vp-ptes
 In many toles, and mortall sting implies.
 Still as he rode, he gnast his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with gripe Couetise,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 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 euery good to bad he doth abuse :
 And eke the verse of famous Poets wit
 He does backbite, and spitefull poyson spues
 From leprous mouth, on all that cuer writ :
 Such one vile *Enrie* 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 sterne on all that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of fiew and teeming 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 rashnesse woxen wood ;
 For of his hands he had no gouernment,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :
 But, when the furious fit was ouer-past,
 His cruell facts he often would repeat ;
 Yet wilfull man he neuer would forscast,
 How many mischiefes should ensue his heedlesse hast.

Full many mischiefes follow euell *Wrath*,
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Vomanly murder, and vnrhristly scath,
 Bitter delpight, with rancours rustie knife,
 And fretting grieffe the enemy of life :
 All theise, and many euills moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Phie enzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palley, and Saint *Frauncis* fire :
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly ture.

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
 Rode *Satan*, with a marting 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 covered all the land ;
 And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead skulls & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly fort,
 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 *Duesssa*, next vnto the chaire
 Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine :
 But that good Knight would not to nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estranging from their ioyance vaine,
 Whole fellowship seem'd far vnto for warlike twaine.

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

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

There-with they gan to hurle greedily,
 Redoubt battaile ready to dartaine,
 And clath their shields, and shake their swords on hie,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine ;
 Till that great *Queene* vpon euerall paine
 Of high displeasure, that enliven might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

Ah dearest Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whom great grieffe made forget tie raiues to hold
 Of realous 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 cuer field did fight,
 Euen stout *Sans ioy* (O ! who can then refraine ?)
 Whole shield he bears re'uerst, the more to heap disdaine.

And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the trayout vile,
 Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloody field, and bought with woe :
 That brothers hand shall deercly well requight,
 So be, O *Queene*, you equall fauour showe.
 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

44
Now, when as darksome night had all displaid
Her coale black curtaine euer brightest sky,
The warlike youths on dainty couches laid,
Did chace away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden snafe
Arested all that courtly company,
Vp-rose *Duessa* from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

45
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 *Sansfoy*,
Cause of my new grieffe, cause of my new ioy;
Ioyous, to see his image in mine eye,
And grieu'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flower of grace and cheualric;
Lo, his *Fidessa*, to thy secret faith I flie.

46
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 tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
For, since my brest was launc't with louely dart
Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howte,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Hauē wasted, louing him with all my powte,
And for his sake hauē felt full many an heauy stowre.

47
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 graue;
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And euer since hath kept in darksome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sansfoy* I gaue.

48
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 throwde,
From dreaded storme of his disdainefull spight:
To you th' inheartance belongs by right
Of brothers praise, to you eke longes his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his restless spright
Be vnreng'd, that calls to you about
Frō wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endless moue.

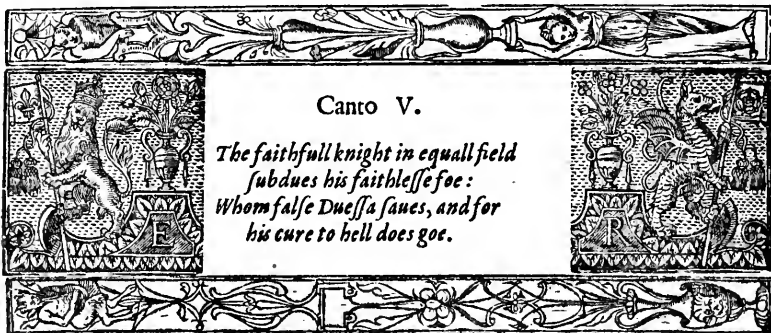
49
Thereto said he, faire Dame be thought dismayd
For sorrowes past; their grieffe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be afraid;
For, needlesse feare did neuer vantage none:
And helpelesse hap it booteth not to moue.
Dead is *Sansfoy*, his vital paines are past,
Though grieued ghost for vengeance deep do grone:
He liues that shall him pay his duties last,
And guilty *Elfin* blood shall sacrifice in hast.

50
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 enchanted armes, that none can pierce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charmed or enchanted (answerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to rehearse.

51
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 *Sansfoyes* dead dowry you endue.
Ay me, that is a double death (she sayd)
With proud foes fight my sorrow to reauē:
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 Duesfa saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.*

THe 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 achieuen might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden Oriental gate
Of great heaven gan to open faire,
And *Phæbus* fresh, as bridegroome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie haire:
And hurles his glistering beames through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakerfull Elfe 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 earely 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 Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
And dairoy spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
To kindle heate of courage priuily:
And in the wine a foulemne oath they bind
To obserue the sacred lawes of armes that are assign'd.

At last, forth comes that faire 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
Duesfa placed is, and on a tree
Sans say 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 bad themselues address:
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heauineesse:
With greedy force each other doth assaile,
And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse
Deepe dinted 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 praise and honour he did fight,
Both stricken strike, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth stieeth fire light,
And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:
As when a Griffon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through wildest ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightfull rauioc rend away:
With bideous horroure both together might,
And fouce so sore, that they the weaens affray:
The wise Soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

9

So th'on for wrong, the other striues 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.

10

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 ire,
 Dooft thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
 Whi'lt heere thy shield is hangd for victors hire,
 And sluggish german doost thy forces flake,
 To after-seed his foe, that him may ouertake?

11

Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
 And soone redeeme 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.

12

Soone as the Faeric heard his Lady speake,
 Out of his swooning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies 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.

13

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 vanish is. The Elfe him calls alowde,
 But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowde.

14

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prouest knight,
 That cuer Lady to her Loue did chose,
 Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious delpight,
 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.

15

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 hethence should fade.
 At last the trumpets, Triumph found on bie,
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victory,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16

Where-with he goeth to that soveraigne Queene;
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes prefeat 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.

17

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

18

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

19

So wept *Duessa* vntill eventide,
 That shining lamps in *Loves* high house were light:
 Then forth she rose, 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 the found, as shee him left in plight,
 To waile his wofull case shee would not stay,
 But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

20

Where grieftly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phæbus* cheerefull face durst neuer view,
 And in a foule black pitchie nautle clad,
 Shee fudes forth coming from her darksome mew,
 Wheree shee 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 champ, as they were wood.

Whō

21
Who when the law *Duessa* funny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
Slicc greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
(For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare)
And would haue backe return'd to her Caue,
Vntill the witches speech the 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 fourth *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 Lur'd the secrets of the world wmade,
Why sufficdest thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betraide?
Lo, where the stout *Sans ioy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23
And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans ioy* shrioke vnderneath his speare;
And now the prey of fowles in field he lies,
Nor wald of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
Thar whilome was to mee too dearely deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Averges* sonnes so cull heare?
Or who shall not great *Vights* 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 lea be leene
That dreaded *Nights* in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of saure *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 rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successe, which their foes ensue:
But who can turne the streame of destinie,
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie,
Which fast is tide to *Ioues* eternall seate?
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 ioy* to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt,
But what art thou, that tell'st of Nephewes kill?
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, shee kist
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face,
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discern, though I the mother be
Of Falshood, and root of *Duesses* race.
O welcome child, whom I haue longd to see,
And now haue seene vnwares. Lo, now I goe with thee.

28
Then to her iron wagon shee betakes,
And with her beares the foule wellfaouurd witch;
Through mirksome aire her ready way shee makes,
Her *Twyfold Teme* (of which, two black as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,
Valeffe shee chaunc'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 eldow from view of day,
And sight of men, since his late lacklesse fray,
His cruell wounds with cruddy blond congealed,
They binden vp so wicely 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'vawonted found,
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 beaue corse with caie pafe
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Averous* hole.
By that same hole, an entrance, darke and base
With *limoake* and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe return'd without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braist,
And damnd spirits lent forth to make ill men agast.

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

33
They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many foules sit wayling wofully;
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 thereby,
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 goare, vntill 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 *Taxion* 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 sitte sisters water in leake vessels draw.

36
They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pale,
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vnease, dolesfull, comfortlesse;
In which sad *Aesculapim* satte apart
Empriusd in chaines remediesse,
For that *Hippolytus* teat corse he did redresse.

37
Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charre 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 offered 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 wherof his chafing steeds agast,
Both charre 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 moniment.

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 hastic tonque, 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 ioynded euery part.

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

41
There auncient *Nights* arriuing, did alight
From her high wearie waine, and in her armes
To *Aesculapim* 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 reuue.
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 euerlasting *Night*?
Goe to then, o thou farre renowned sonne
Of great *Apello*, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that eile hath to thee woone
Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be doone.

44
Her words prevaild: 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
Arcuiles lonne there in the Leachehouse,
And oacke returning tooke her wonted 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 *Night*,
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 ſeene with eye;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wife
The hidden cauſe of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Coꛛetife*,
Through waſtefull *Pride*, and wanton *Riotiſe*,
They were by law of that proude *Tyranneſſe*
Provk't with *Wrath*, and *Enui*es 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 throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore.
There alſo was king *Craſus*, that conſaunt
His heart too high through his great riches ſtoꛛe;
And proude *Antiochus*, 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* ſare 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 carcafes 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 *Leontulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborne *Hanniball*,
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 *Sthenobea*, that her ſelſe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke
Of *Alpes* ſting her ſelſe did ſtoutly kill:
And thouſands moe like theſe, that did that dungeon fill;

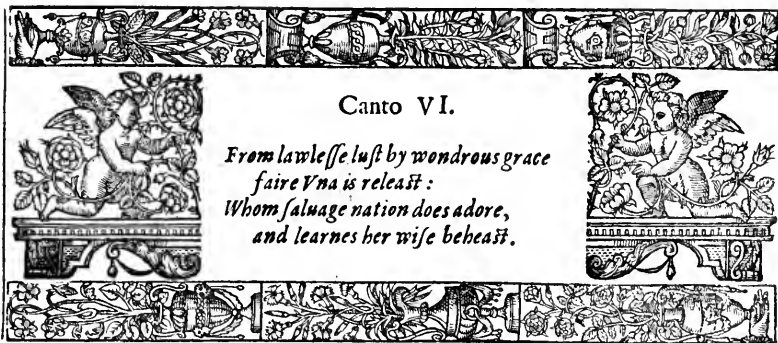
51
Beſides the endleſſe routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were aſſembled day by day,
From all the world after their woeful fall,
Through wicked pride, and waſted wealths decay.
But moſt of all, which in the *Duncheon* lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
Conſumed had their goods, and thrifileſſe howres,
And laſtly throwne themſelues into theſe heauy ſtowres.

52
Whoſe caſe when as the carefull *Dwarfe* had told,
And made enſample of their mournfull 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 enuius eyes he mote be ipide:
For, doubleleſſe death enſewd, if any dim deſide.

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

Canto





Canto VI.

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

AS when a ship, that flies faire vnder saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet halfe amazed stures
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his foole-happy oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing escap't so sad enlames in his sight.

Yet sad he was that his too hastic speed,
The faire *Duesi* had fore'thim 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 *Archimagoes* 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 vild.
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 rock 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,
Wherof hee weend possessed so one to bee,
And with rich spoile of ranfacte chastite.
Ah heauens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance in so long with-hold,
And hurle not flashing flames vpon that *Paynim* bold?

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cries,
The last vaine 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 impleyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deeme to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall prouidence, 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-cries 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 *Syluanus* slept in shady arbour found:

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 *Sarazin* espide,
A rude, misthapen, 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 blubber'd 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,
In their rude eyes unworthy 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 spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent prey in haite 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 assaild her trembling hart,
No word to speake, no 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 haste 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 kiss her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faine.

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 girolond crown'd.

14
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double Echoing,
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 stadle stouit,
And with an Ivie twine his waste is girt about.

15
Farre off he wonders, what them makes so glad;
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybelis* frantick rites haue made them mad.
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre 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 *Phoebe* soule, when her to this he doth compare.

16
The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddess of the wood;
And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinks not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes *Dame Penus* selfe hee seemes to see:
But *Penus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* hee 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 pourtraiture aliuie,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he slew with glauncing dart amidst
A gentle Hind, the which the lovely boy
Did loue as life, about all worldly blis;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd 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 lovely face:
But when they viewed haue her heavenly grace,
They envie her in their malicious mind,
And flie away for feare of soule 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 miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth, which worshipht 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 faine.

20
It fortun'd a noble warlike Knight
By iust occasion to that Forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence he tooke his well detrued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And filld farre 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 hee little did delight.

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

22
 The forlorne maid did with loutes 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 lunks 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 raunfome leauing him the late boroe childe;
 Whom till to ripper yeeres he gan aspire,
 Hec 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 hande 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 stoop to him in lowly wise
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard stearne
 Leauo roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

26
 And for to make his powre approued more,
 Wilde beasts in iron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
 The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
 And them contrainne 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 vnowares to meet him in the way,
 After his sports, and cruell pastime done,
 When after him a Lyonelle 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 childsh feare.

28
 The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning back, gan fast to flie away,
 Vntill with loue reuok't from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womansh 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 ioy,
 Go find some other play-felloes, mine owne sweet boy.

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

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

31
 He wondred at her wisedom heavenly 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 priuie wise
 To *Satyran* shee shewed her intent;
 Who glad to gaine such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that pensiuo Maid he best might thence arise.

32
So, on a day, when *Satyres* all were gone
To doe their seruice to *Sylvanus* 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 trauaill had, when as they farre espide
A weary wight forwarding by the way ;
And towards him they gan in haft to ride,
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redersse*.
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 toyle some trauell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had trauailld 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 thrid,
That suddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,
And stony horrour all her senses fid
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 proceffe of her hidden grieffe ;
The lesser pangs 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 bloud, yet thirsted after life : (knife,
What more? the *Redersse* knight was slaine with *Paysim*

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 *Paynim* sonne,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest ?
Not farre away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (cleft,
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the Steele were

40
There-with the Knight thence marched forth in haft,
Whiles *Pna* with huge heauinesse opprest,
Could not for sorow follow him so fast ;
And soone he came, as he the place 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
Faile *Pna* : whom when *Satyrene* espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide ;

41
And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous traine,
Faile knighthood souly shamed, and doost vaunt
That good knight of the *Redersse* 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 haft 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,
Others wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe :
Yet ill thou blamest mee, for hauing blest
My name with guile and traiterous intent ;
That *Redersse* Knight, perdie, I neuer slew :
But had he been, where earst his armes were lent,
Th' enchaunter 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 & maille,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pittie any liuing eye.
Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile ;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie :
But hungred after death : both chose to win, or die.

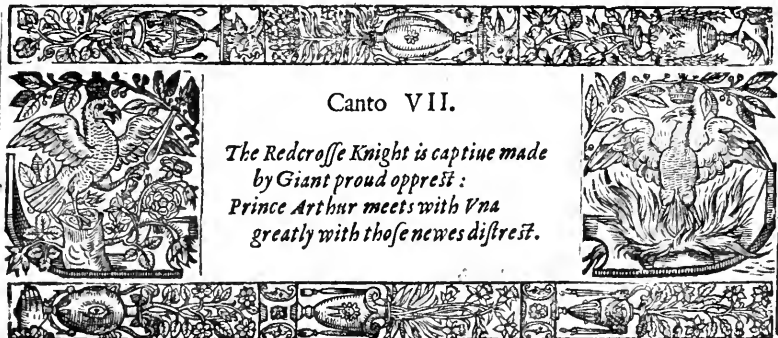
44
So long they fight, and fell reuenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselves to breathe let ;
And oft refreshed, battell oft reueue :
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where foaming wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may repire ;
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 attonce,
 With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,
 That with their drier wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could be knowne.
 By this, sad *Vna* fraught with anguish fore,
 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 reuise the memorie
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And left the doubtfull battell hastilie,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
 But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, flaid,
 And stercoly bade him other busines ply,
 Then huot the steps of pure vnspotted Maid,
 Where-with he all carag'd, these bitter speeches said;

O foolish Faeries sonne, what faerie mad
 Hath thee incens'd, to hate thy dolefull fate?
 Were it not better I that Lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most senselesse man he, that himselfe 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 Paynim fore affraid.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasur told,
 Being indeed old *Archimago*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray:
 But when he saw the Damell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her purtu'd awace,
 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 *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidesfaes* name.

Who, when returning from the dreary *Night*,
 She found not in that perilous house of *Pride*,
 Where she had left the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
 Her hoped pray; she would no longer bide,
 But forth she went, to seeke him farre and wide.
 Ere long she found whereas he wearie fate,
 To rest himselfe, fore by 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 forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trembling leaves 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 carles faesse vnkind
 Vpbraid, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet,
 With foule words tempting faire, lowre gall with hooie

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

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 crysfall glafs:
Eftsoones 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 Fever-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 terroure seem'd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfes there-with astound,
Vpstart lightly from his loofer make,
And his vnready 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 vnouth 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 thee conceu'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 emptie wind, and filld with sinful crime.

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

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 vaime,
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 blowe,
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 fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiue th' 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 sinouldry cloude of duski shinking smoke,
That th'onely breath him daunts, 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 *Duessa* 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, thee eternal bondslawe make,
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

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

16
From that day forth *Duessa* 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 cadow'd with royall maiestie:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terroure tie,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darkefom deu.

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, leaues great heads out of his body grew,
As iron breait, and back of fealy brais,
And all embrewd in blood, his eyes did shine as glais.

18
His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly Gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and hoirw'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 foreraught.
Vpon this dreadfull 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 weed,
His mighty armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many mad to bleed,
The ruefull monuments of heauineffe,
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

20
He had not trauid long, when on the way
He wofull Lady (wofull *Prina*) 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 rydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad breait 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 little 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
Yc dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye longer feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
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 be sad sight from mee hide.

23
O lightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him, mens wandering waies to guide,
When darknesse he in deepest dungeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,
And shut vp heauens windowes shutt'g wide:
For earthly fight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide,
Mine eyes 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 reuin'd with busie paine:
At last, when life recouer'd had the raine,
And ouer-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltering 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 vrmost 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 breait with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull sound;
If lesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26
Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare,
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 slour,
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27
Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,
And stroue to master sorrowfull atlay:
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 *Rederosse*;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

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

At last,

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

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

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

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 euery one
 At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;
 Not made of Steele, nor of enduring brails,
 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 adamant rock with engines keene,
 That point of speare it neuer peareen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword diuier the substance would.

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 affray;
 For, so exceeding shone his glittering 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.

Ne magicks arts beereof 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 stoncs there-with he could trantmeu,
 And stoncs to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds:
 For, he that made the same, was knowne right well
 To haue done much more admirable 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 did, the Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearly 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 person, and could manage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon 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.

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

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,
 Than rip vp grieue, where it may not auaille,
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weep and waille.

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 vnfold the anguish of your hart:
 Mishaps are miltred by aduise discreet,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
 Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but (quoth shee) great griefe 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 nor helpe, and breeds despaire.
 Despaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staide.
 No faith so fast (quoth shee) but flesh does paire.
 Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
 So deepe did fettle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclothe 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, whilst equal 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 *Gebon* 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 raving, and deuouring might
 Their kingdome spoild, and cuntry 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 aduenturous 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 giroland wio,
 But all still thrunk, and still he greater grew:
 All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pittious 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 such redoubted knight,
 That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

It was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
 There for to find a fiesh vnproued 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 many a cruell fight;
 The groning gholls of many one distraide
 Haue felt the bitter eint of his auenging blade.

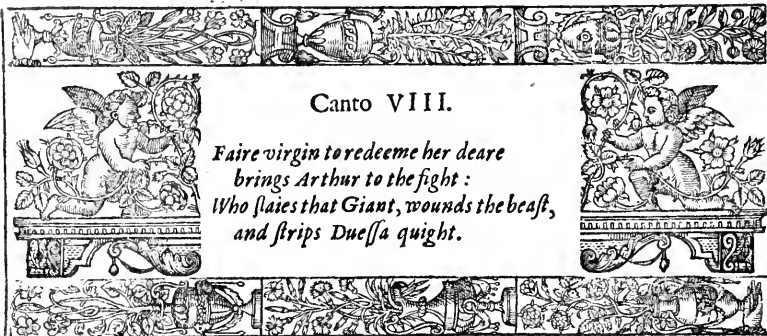
And yee the forlorne reliques of his power,
 His byting sword, and his deuouring speere,
 Which haue conuoyed many a drear full towere,
 Can speake his prowesse, that did earely you beare,
 And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,
 To be the record of his reusell losse,
 And of my dolefull disauenturous deare:
 O! heaue record of the good *Redersoffe*,
 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, nor such as it did seeme;
 I hat 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 he himselfe betooke,
 Where ouer foote of liuing wight did tread,
 That brought not back the balefull body dead;
 In which him chaunced foule *Dwesja* meet,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misleeming sweet,
 Inueigled him to follow her desires vamect.

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

Ere shee had ended all, shee gan to faint:
 But hee her comforted and faire bespake,
 Certes, M: larme ye haue great cause of plaint,
 That flourish heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:
 For, nil I haue acquit your captiue Knight,
 Assure your life, I will you not forsake.
 His cheerefull words rew'd her cheerelesse feight:
 So forth they went, the Dwarfie then guiding euer right.



Canto VIII.

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

A Y mee ! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall ?
Were not, that heauy 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 ride the Dwarfse, 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 ibat day.

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castlle wall ;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne lying wight
To ward the same, nor aunswere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hung adowne 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 found,
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 enchantment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voided 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 force-will open flew.
The Giant selfe dismayed with the sound
(Where he with his *Dueffa* dalliance found)
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring count'naunce sterne, as one asfound,
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 bloudy mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield
Vpon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courageild,
And eager greedines through euery member thrid.

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdain :
And lifting vp his dreadful 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 fare avoid the violence him nere ;
It bootted 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 malaymed fight,
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 fore assay,
Did growe 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 sines is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dremences;
 Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament,
 The fierce threelorked engine making way,
 Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay:

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
 He could not reare vp againe fo light,
 But that the Knight him at auantage found:
 And while 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 natue might;
 Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rock:

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
 He loudly brayd with beauly yelling found,
 That all the fields rebellowed againe;
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbria Plaine
 Au 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 dangerd 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 threathed all his heads like flaming brands.
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,
 Encountering fierce with siagle 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 vnequall 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 bard the way atwixt them twaine.

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

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

And high aduancing his blood-thirstie blaie,
 Strooke one of those deformed heads fo sore,
 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.

Thereat 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 ruder from her lofty sted
 Would haue cast downe, and trode in durty mire,
 Had not the Giant soone her fuccoured;
 Who, all enraged 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, (erit)
 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 shield so heauy lifes,
 That to the ground it doublet 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 starker blind, and all his senses daz'd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durty field,
 And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his mistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for fountie reeld,
 Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,
 O helpe *Oryggio*, helpe, or elle we perish all.

D

At

21
 At her so pittious cry was much amou'd
 Her Champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prou'd;
 But all in vaine: for, he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselues in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
 As, where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunta 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 strings 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 halfe 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 feare did quake.

24
 The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall Steele him smote againe so sore,
 That headlesse his vnwely body lay,
 All wallow'd in his owne foule bloody 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 peacing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
 That shee could not endure that dolefull sound,
 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 pensiué 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 deathes 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 vnture.

28
 But sith the heauens, and your false 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 house to call:
 But no man car'd to answer to his cry.
 There raignd a solemne silence ouer all,
 Nor voice was heard, nor sight was seen in bowre or hall.

30
 At last, with creeping crooked pale 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 vnused, 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 pale:
 For, as he forward mo'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinkled face;
 Vnlike 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 *Ignare* did his nature right ahead.

32
 His recured haire and holy grauitie
 The knight much honourd, as besetted well,
 And gently askt, where all the people be,
 Which in that stately bairding wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was laid,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissance fell
 Had made his cayuue thrall; againe he said,
 Hee could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then

33
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,
Arade in grauer wile, what I demaund of thee.

34
His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose senselesse speech, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince bad 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 him selfe free entrance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

35
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.

36
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 strong tyrannie:
Whose blessed sprites from vaderneath 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.

37
Through eury roome he sought, 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 weet if liuing wight
Were houled there within, whom he enlargen might.

38
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 heere hee dying eury ffound,
Yet hue perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,
And haue been thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens cheerfull face did view:
O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

39
Which when that Champion heard, with peacing noynr
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling honour ran through eury ioynr,
For ruth of gentle knight to 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.

40
But neither darknesse foule, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth 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 ghastrly dreare.

41
His sad dull eyes deep sunke in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'vntwooned sunne to see;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And emptic sides deceued of their due,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rue;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawn'd bowes
Were wont to riuie steele plates, & helmets howes,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decay'd and all his flesh sunk vp like withered flowres.

42
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 oft teares shee wasted had,
Shee said, Ah dearest Lord! what euill fate
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arte,
And this misseeming hew your manly lookes doth marce?

43
But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day;
And hee ou Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wraithfull 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 dumay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44
Faiee Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
To renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best comfort breeds delight in loathing care:
But th'ouely good, that growes of paffed feare,
Is to be wile, and ware of likeagen.
This dayes entrapment hath this lesion deare
Deepe-watte in my heart with iron pen,
That blite may no. abide in state of mortall men.

⁴⁵
Hence-forth fir Knight, take to you wanted 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 shame't a'ver go weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly.

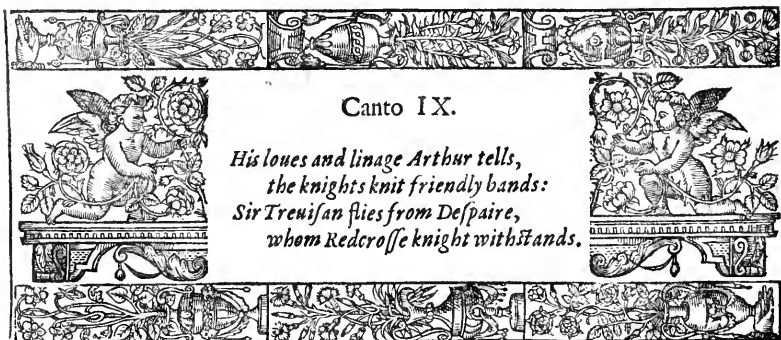
⁴⁶
So, as she bade, that Witch they disarraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Nespared they to strip her naked all,
Then when they had despoild her tire and Call,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her mishaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauour'd, old,
Whose secrect filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

⁴⁷
Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was ouer-growne with scurfie and filthy seald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,
And her fowre breath abominably smeld;
Her dried dug, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung 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.

⁴⁸
Her nether parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her romps 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 lik'd an Eagles claw,
With griping talons arm'd to greevy fight,
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

⁴⁹
Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at so foule deformed wight,
Such then (said *Vna*) as shec seemeth here,
Such is the face of Fallhood, such the sight
Of foule *Duessa*, when her borrowed light
Is layd away, and counterfeits knowne,
Thus who they had the Witch disrobd quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies vnknowne.

⁵⁰
She flying fast from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her discour'd wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From liuing eyes her open flame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and Caves long vncspide,
But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire,
Did in that Castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and wearie powres repaire,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.



¹
O Goodly golden chaine, where-with yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wife;
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In braue pursuit of cheualrous 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 redeemed the *Redcroffe* knight from

²
Who when their powres empaird through labour long,
With due repast they had recured well,
And that weak captive wight now waxed strong,
Them list no lenger there at lusture 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 buried be in thankless thought.
Fair

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 shewed heauens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was vnfit,
 And straight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,
 To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

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 traide me vp in vertuous lore.

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 ouersee.
 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.

Well worthy imp, 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 heauenly caule, or vnderstand
 The secret meaning of th' eternall might, (wight,
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of liuing

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 so 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.
 A courteous knight (quoth shee) what secret wound
 Could euer find, to grieue the gentlest hartoo ground?

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 sithence silence lesseneth 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.

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

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

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 battay long,
 Or vnawares 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 yeelds his fatiue necke to victors moost despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my (selfe now mated, as yee see:
 Whose prouder vaunts that proud avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
 For, on a day, prickt forth with iolity
 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 mine intent.

Fore-wearied with my sports, I did alight
 From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me laid:
 The verdant grasse my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet faire displaid:
 Whiles euery sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slumbring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed by my side a royall Maid
 Her dainty limbs kull softly downe did lay:
 So faire a creature yet law neuer sunny day.

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

15
When I awoke, and found her place deoid,
And nought but pressed grafs where ſhe had lyen,
I forrowed all ſo much, as earth I ioyn'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 ſeek 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 vbind.

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 hid the ſmoake that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Pena* thus to him gan ſay;
O happy *Queen* of Faeries, that haſt found
Moſt many, one that with his prowſe may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loues are often ſowne, but ſeldom grow on ground.

17
Thinke, & 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, oonly worthy you, through prowſe price
If living man mote worthy be, to be her liſe.

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

19
Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond ſure,
Embow'd 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 Sauours teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able ſoules to ſaue.

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

21
So as they trauild, lo, they gan eſpy
An armed knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeem'd from ſome feared foe to ſie,
Or other grieuſly thing, that him agall.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his feare ſtill followed him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his wioged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had becauſe a foale of *Pegasus* his kind.

22
Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haire
Vpſtaring ſtiffe, diſmaid with vncoth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe: and to increaſe his feares,
In ſoule reproche of knight-hoods faire degree,
About his necke a hempen rope he wears,
That with his gliſtring 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 diſmaid:
There him he finds all ſenſeleſſe and agaiſt,
That of him ſelſe 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 miſſecming plight.

24
He answer'd 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 elſide
Infernal Furies, with their charmes vntide.
Him yet againe, and yet again beſpake
The gentle knight; who noug't 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 ſay;
For loe, he comes, he comes faſt after mee,
Eſt looking back, would ſaine haue runne away;
But he him forc't to ſtay, and tellen free
The ſecret cauſe of his perplexite:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie ſpeech,
Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldoed 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 (quoth 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 (quoth hee) no danger now is nic.
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 faire Knight to keepe companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe advaunc'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, since 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 willaine (God from him me bleffe)
That curted wight, from whom I escap't whyleare,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*:
Who first vs greets, and after faire recedes
Of rydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29
Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboist with bale, and bitter byting griefs,
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and tearms of foule reprice,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That carft 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 fearfull, 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 infirmitee like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

31
How may a man (said he) with idle speech
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' th
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 treacherous 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 *Trewisan*' 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,
Faire vnderneath a craggy cliff ypiht,
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,
That still for carrion carcases doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gaffly Owle,
Shrinking his balefull note, which ever draue
Faire from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghosts did wail 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 hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the Greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arruied 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 curst man, lowe sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his fullen mind;
His griefly locks long growen, 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 his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36
His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pin'd 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, approuing true
The wofull tale that *Trewisan* 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 bloud, 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 guiltie mind deferring death.
Is then vnwi't to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere wraith?

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 enjoy eternal rest
 And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 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 Capitaine 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 droom.

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 hour 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 bloodshed, and avengement,
 Now praish, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
 For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.
 Is not enough thy euill life forespent?
 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 enfewen 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 hekle fortune rageth rise,
 All which, and thousands mo, doe make a loathsome life.

45
 Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatst need,
 If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state:
 For, neuer knight that dared warlike deed,
 More lucklesse disauentures did amate:
 Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life thut 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 hereafter 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 hire?
 High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady milde
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury,
 And sold thy selfe to serue *Duessa* 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 sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his Law, Let euer sinner die:
 Dic shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
 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 Faeries soone.

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

49
 In which amazement, when the Micreant
 Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscioce 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 torments waile,
 And thousand tiends that doe them endless paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

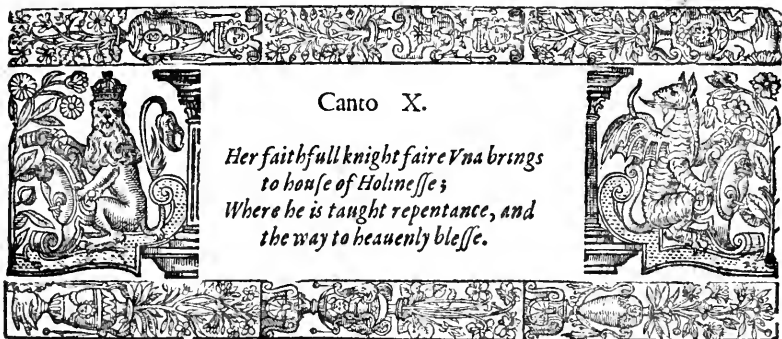
50
 The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismayd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And euer burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous ientence of th'Almighties law:
 Then gan the villaine him to ouercraw,
 And brought vnto him iwords, ropes, poyson, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition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

⁵¹
 But when as none of them he saw him take,
 He to him caught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspice greene,
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
 To come and goe; with tydings from the bart,
 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.

⁵²
 Which when as *Vna* saw, through euery vaine
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a fownde: but soone releu'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the curst knife,
 And threw it to the ground; enraged rife,
 And to him laid, Fie, fie, faint barred 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?

⁵³
 Come, come away, fraile, filly, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne diuells thoughts ditmay thy constant spright,
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
 Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brand of heliust smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this euill race.

⁵⁴
 So vp he rose, and thence amounte'd steepe,
 Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtil sleight,
 He chose an hilt from among the rest,
 And with it hung himselfe, vnbind, vnblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
 For thou and times he to himselfe had dreft,
 Yet nathelittle it could not de 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 heauenly blesse.*

¹
WHat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
 And vaine assurance of mortalitie,
 Which all so loone 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.

²
 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 hee endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was vnfit for blondy 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.

³
 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 govern'd was, and guided euermore
 Through wisdom of a Matrone graue and hore;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs
 Of wretched soules, and help the helplese poore:
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

⁴
 Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought
 From heauen 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 spouses, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 Put faire *Charissa* to a louely here
 Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arriuel

5
 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt ;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes : but when they knockt,
 The Porter opened vnto them straight way :
 He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,
 With looks full lowly cast, and gate full slowe,
 Wont 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 plain, and pleasant to be walkt in,
 Where them does meet a Franklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
 His name was *Zele*, that him right well became ;
 For, in his speeches and behauiour 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 persons 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 maternely did passe,
 Where, when the fairest *Pna* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly 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 heavenly birth,
 That to redeeme thy wofull Parents head,
 From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,
 Hast waded 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 vnweering 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 tight :
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe altry,
 And be partakers of their euill plight,
 Then with a fewe to walke the rightest way ;
 O foolish men ! why haite 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 sice 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 Cryfall 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 right 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 signe 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 becomed well ;
 Not all so cheerfull seemed sice of sight,
 As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguish in her hart, as 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 *Pna*, towards her gan wead,
 Who them encounter's with like courtiesie :
 Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
 And greedy ioy each other well to see :
 Theu to the Knight with shamefacc't modestie
 They turne themselues, at *Pnaes* meeke request,
 And him salute with well becomming glee ;
 Who faire them quites, as him becomed best,
 And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

16
 Thus *Pna* thus : But the your sister deare,
 The deare *Charissa*, where is she become ?
 Or wants she death, 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 increast 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 increast to euer more.

Then

17
Then said the aged *Cælia*, Deare Dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forweard 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.

18
Now when their weary limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refreshed with due rest,
Faire *Fna* gan *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.

19
And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except she did him teach,
Shee vnto him disclosed euery whit,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speech:
For, she was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

20
And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
Shee would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heauens hight;
Some-times great hostes of men she could dismay:
Dry-shod to passe, she parts the floods in tway;
And eke huge Mountaines from their natie seat
Shee would commaund, themselves to beare away,
And throwe in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gaue such powre, & puissance great.

21
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,
Grew'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,
And prick't with anguish of his finnes so sore,
That he desir'd to end his wretched daies:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

22
But wife *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Vpon her silver 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 *Fna* did behold,
Disdaining life, desiring leaue to die,
Shee found her selfe assaill'd with great perplexitie;

23
And came to *Cælia* to declare her smart:
Who, well acquainted with that common plight,
Which sinfull horror works in wounded hart,
Her witley comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and aduicement right;
And ffaithway 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*

24
Who, comming 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, eftsoones 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.

25
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
Dowae in a darksome lowely place farre in,
Wher as he meant his corrasius to apply,
And with streit diet tame his stubborne malady.

26
In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His dainty corse, 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 fire hot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

27
And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to disple euery day:
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart 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 sinne to wash away.
So in those space they did to health restore
The man that would not liue, but earth lay at deaths dore.

28
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 *Fna* hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and groanings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden haire,
For pity of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience witley she did beare;
For well she 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 cheisill, 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 the hated, chaste in worke and will;
 Her neck and breasts were cuer 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 ryre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
 Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
 And by her side there sate a gentle paire
 Of *Turtle* doues, she sitting in an *Ivorie* chaire.

The Knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
 And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
 Who them requites with court'lies 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 *Penance*, where his spright
 Had past the paines of Hell, and long enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
 And taking by the hand that *Faeries* soone,
 Gan him instruct in euery good behest
 Of loue and righteoufnesse, 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 had fordonne;
 In which, when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heauen shee teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
 An ancient *Matrone* shee to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well discride:
 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 breares,
 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 stinke, or from the right to stray,
 Shee held him fast, and firmly did vpeare,
 As carefull Nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

Etfoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
 That was fore by the way, shee did him bring,
 In which seauen *Bead-men*, that had vow'd all
 Their life to seruice of high heauens King,
 Did spend their daies in dooing godly thing:
 Their gates to all were open euermore,
 That by the weary way were trauieling,
 And one sate 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 constraine:
 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 gueto 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 some he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their *Wardrobe* custodie,
 In which were not rich tires, oor 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 hee 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,
 Pore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
 And captiues to redeme with price of brais,
 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 stowe, (bowre,
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heauenly

The fift had charge, sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay:
 For, them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that 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 sixt had charge of them now beeing dead,
 In seemely sort their cofes to engrauce,
 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
 To 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 euerfree.

There when the Elfin Knight arriued was,
 The first and chiefest of the feuen, whose rare
 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 lowliness,
 And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
 For, of their Order she was Patronesse,
 Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest Founderesse.

There she awhile him staires, 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 indutree;
 Shortly therein to 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 sight.
 All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and percaunt 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 *Jonne*
 Gan faile; but by her help the top at last he wonne.

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
 With snowe 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 be red,
 And euery sinew scene through his long fast:
 For, nought he car'd his carcase long vofed;
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh, to 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 leadeh right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 With burnaing starres, and euer-buiing 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 prayer of the righteous seed
 Present before the Maestie 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 scene of Faeries soone,
 That neuer leadeh the trauailer astray;
 But, after labours long, and sad delay,
 Erings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blisse.
 But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright afoyled 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 wall'd 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, whole head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For euer with a flowing girland 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 louely 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 build'd 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 thofe 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 kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

Till now, said then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue been,
In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The fairest Citie was, that might be seene;
And that bright towre all build of crystal cleene,
Pantheas, seem'd the brightest thing that was:
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
For, this great Citie, that does farre surpass, (glafs.)
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 guerdon grant:
For, she is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

And thou faire imp, sprung out from English race,
How-euer now accounted Elfin some,
Well worthy doost thy seruice for her grace,
To ayde a virgin desolate foredoone,
But, when thou famous victorie hast wonne,
And high emongst 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 so, & warres but forowes yield.

Then seeke this path, that I to thee preface,
Which after all to heauen shall thee fend;
Thee peaceably thy painfull pilgrimage
To yonder faire *Ierusalem* doe bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end:
For, thou emongst 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 merry 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 be faine,
And Ladies loue, to leaue, so de. rely 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 empare,
That may not be (said he) ne mault t' ou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

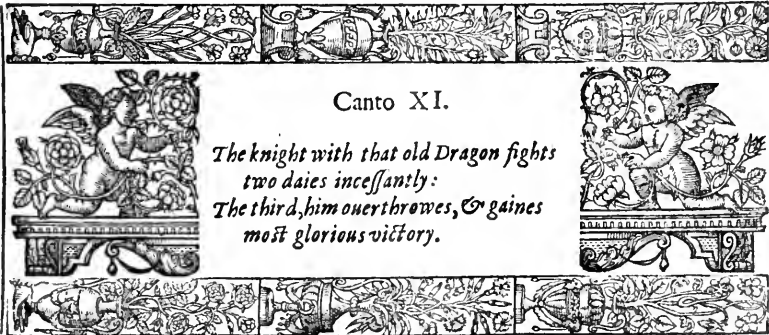
Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God mee grace,
Abet that virgins cause ditconsolate,
And shortly back returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now ahead, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Facies sonne doen nominate?
That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

65
 For well I wote, thou spring'st from ancient race
 Of Saxon Kings, that haue with mighty hand
 And many bloody battailes fought in place,
 High rear'd their royall throne in Britaine land,
 And vanquish't them, vnable to withstand;
 From thence a Faerie thee voweeting reft,
 There as thou slep'st in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
 Such men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Faries theft.

66
 Thence shee thee brought into this Faerie lond,
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
 Where, thee a Ploughman all voweeting fond,
 As he his toilefome teame that way did guide,
 And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to hide,
 Whereof *George* he thee gaue to name;
 Till prick't with courage, and thy forces pride,
 To Faery Court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
 And prou'd thy puiffant 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 awated still with pensue mind.
 Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good sire,
 He thence departing gaue for his pines hire.
 So came to *Vna*, who him ioy'd to see;
 And after little rest, gan him to see,
 Of her adventure middfull for to bee,
 So leaue they take of *Celia*, and her daughters three.



Canto XI.

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

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

2
 Now are we come vnto my natie soyle,
 And to the place where all our perils dwell;
 Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoyte:
 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 euermore renowned make
 About all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

3
 And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said she)
 The brasentowre, 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 espie
 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 dreadful Dragon they espide,
 Where stretcht he lay vpon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill,
 But all tosooe, as he from farre deseride
 Those glistering armes, that heauen with light did fill,
 He rous'd himselfe full blithe, and hastned them vntill.

Then bade the Knight this Laly yede aloofe,
 And to an hill her selfe with drawe aside,
 From whence he might behold that battailes proofe,
 And eke be safe from danger far defende:
 She him obeyd, and turnd a litle wide,
 Now, O thou Sacred Mute, most learned Dame,
 Faire impfe of *Phabus*, and his aged bride,
 The Nurse of time, and euertlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennobleth 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 affwage;
 Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to found,
 The God of warre with his fierce equipage
 Thou doost awake, sleepe neuer he to found,
 And feared Nations doost with horroure sterne a found.

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* doe sing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,
 Twixt that great Fiery *Queen* and *Paynim King*,
 That with their horroure beauen and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endless praife:
 But, now awhile let downe that haughty string,
 And to my tunes 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 haste,
 That with his largeness measured much land,
 And made wide shadowe vnder his huge waste;
 As mountaine doth the valley ouercast,
 Approching nigh, he reared high afoze
 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 neate,
 That nought mote pearce, ne might his corse be harm'd
 With dint of sword, nor puff of pointed speare;
 Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
 So shaked he, that horroure 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 pincons bind,
 Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
 With which, when as him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force vnwonted passage find,
 The cloudes before him fled for terror great,
 And all the beaueus stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundre d folds,
 Does ouertipred his long brans-caly back:
 Whose wreathed boughts when euer he vnfolde,
 And thicke entangled knots adowne does slack;
 Belpoetred all with Shields 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-bred are,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest Steele did farre exceed
 The sharpnesse of his cruell extending clawes;
 Dead was it sure, as sure 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 decouring iawes
 Wide gaped, like the grieusly 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 entanged were,
 In which, yet trickling bloud and gobkets rawe
 Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
 That fight their col bred cold congealed feare:
 Which to increase, and all attonce to kill,
 A clowde of smothering smoak and sulphur feare
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoake and stench did fill.

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

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,
 Forelhtung 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 crest
 (That made the *Rederosse* Knight nigh quake for feare)
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeiman neare.

The knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,
 And hercely ran at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed Steele arruuing rudely there,
 His harder hede would neither pearce nor bight,
 But glancing by forth passed forward right;
 Yet sore amouced with fo puissant push,
 The wraut full beast about him turned light,
 And him to rudely passing by, did bruth
 With his long taile, that horie & man to ground did ruff.

Both

17

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
 But th'idle 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 impeaceable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puillaunt knight.

18

Then with his waving wings displayed wide,
 Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly diuide
 The yielding aire, which might 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 vnel'die way,
 Snatcht vp both hoile and man, to beare them quite away.

19

Long he them bore about the sobiect Plaine,
 So farre as Ewghen bowe a shaft may send,
 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 weary pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To truste the prey too heauie for his sight;
 Which comming downe to ground, does fire it selfe by

20

Hee so disseized of his grying gosse,
 The Knight his thrillaunt speare againe assaid
 In 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
 Clole vnder his left wing, then broad displaid.
 The peacing steele there wrought a wound full wide,
 That with the voccouth smart the Monster loudy 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 henge,
 And boytious 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 assunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gulshing riuier 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 sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noseethril.

23

His hideous taile then hurled he about,
 And there-with-all enwrapt the nimble thyres
 Of his froth-fome fleed, whose courage stout
 Struuiou to loote the knot, that fast him tyres,
 Himselfe in straighter bands too rash implies,
 That to the ground he is perforce constraînd
 To throwe his rider: who can quickly rise
 From off the earth, with durtic bloud distaind;
 For, that reprochefull fall right foully he didaind:

24

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he strooke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puillance 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 the thenceforth he found the like to take,
 But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguild,
 And smote againe with more outrageous might;
 But back againe the sparkling steele recoild,
 And left not any marke where it did light;
 As if on Adamaut rock it had beene pight.
 The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
 And of so fierce and forcible delight,
 Thought with his wings to rise about the ground;
 But his late wounded wing vnseruiceable found.

26

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

27

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous Poets verte so much doth vauit,
 And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharp lites diu haunt,
 When him the poysoned garme it did enchaunt
 With Centaures bloud, and bloody vertes charm'd,
 As did this knight twelue thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fire steele now burnt, that erst 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, arme, smart, & inward fire,
 That neuer man such mischeifes did torment;
 Death better were, death did be oft desire:
 But death will neuer come when needs require.
 Whom to dismaid when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly strooke, that to the ground him feld.

²⁹
It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
Behind his back (woneeting) 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,
Whyloime, before that curld Dragon gor
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood,
Defil'd thole sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

³⁰
For, vnto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Thole that with sicknesse were infected sore,
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 *Spain*,
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well:
Into the same, the knight (backe overthrowen) fell.

³¹
Now gan the golden *Phobus* for to sleepe
His fierie 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, having kest
His weary foe into that liuing Well,
Gan high advance his broad discoloured breast
About his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

³²
Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay;
As weening that, the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

³³
The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* rote to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire *Titans* dewy face,
Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loued knight to moue his manly pace:
For, thee had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

³⁴
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 youtbly gay,
Like *Eyas* hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
His newly budded pincons to assay,
And maruailes at himselfe, still as he flies:
So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

³⁵
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 fore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled senses all ditmaid.

³⁶
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 enclue;
Else, neuer could the force of fleshy arme,
Ne molten metall in his bloud embrew:
For, till that stound could neuer wight his harme,
By subtiltie, nor sleight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

³⁷
The cruell wound enraged him so fore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom rauencous hunger did thereto constraîne:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And there-with scourge the buxome ayre so fore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faigne;
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

³⁸
The same advauncing 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 behor:
The mortall sting his angry needle thor
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder scald,
Where fast it stuck, ne would there out begot:
The griefe thereof him wondrous fore diseald,
Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeald.

³⁹
But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he gan him lightly reare,
And stroue to loose the farrc infixed sting:
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,
Five ioynts thereof he hew'd, and but the stump him lett.

⁴⁰
Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
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 avenge for all,
And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,
With his newen wings did fiercely fall
Vpon his sunne-bright shield, and grip't it fast withall.

Muck

41
 Much was the man encorbed 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
 Tho 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 laide,
 That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;
 As sparkles from the anvil vse to 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 thereat with all his might and maine,
 That nought to wondrous puifance 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 minift 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 heauens light,
 Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew;
 As burning *Aetna* 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,
 Laden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure Vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
 For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
 And life eke euerlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 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, cftioones 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 Plaine,
 As it had dewed been with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious oymntment gaue,
 And deadly wounds eould heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the Graue.
 Into that same he fell: which did from death him saue.

49
 For nigh thereto the cuer damned beast
 Durst not approche, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preferred, 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 succeeding 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 fust through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Befeard with precious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heate alay,
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his sacrey 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 charct, 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 doughty knight,
 All healed of his hurts 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 wanted rage he him advanced neare,

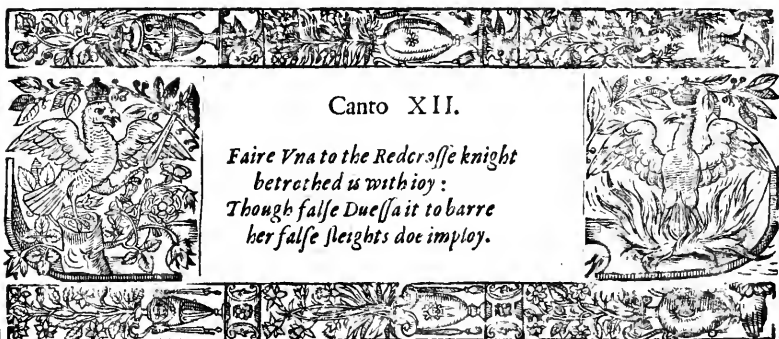
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53
 And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
 Hee thought at once him to haue swallowd quight,
 And rusht vpon him with outrageour pride;
 Who him i' encountering here, as hauken flight,
 Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with fortuportune might,
 That depe emperat' his darksome hollow draw;
 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 smoke and cloudes swiwt:
 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 rocke chift,
 Whole tall foundation waues haue waist away,
 With dreadfull powte is from the maine land ritt,
 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 deate Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not appoche for dread, which she misdeem'd:
 But yet at last, when as the dire full feend
 She saw not stirre, off thaking vaine affright,
 Shee sigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
 Then God she prayid, and thook her faithfull Knight,
 That had atchieu'd to great a conquest by his might.



1
Behold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,
 To which I meane my weary course to bend;
 Vete the maine shetes, & beare vp with the land,
 The which afore is fairely to be kend;
 And seemeth late 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 *Phobus* in the glooming East
 Yet harness'd his fire-footed teeme,
 Ne reard about the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smeake aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
 Vnto the water man 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 seene the Dragons fatall fall.

3
 Vpste with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
 That aged Sire, 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 our 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 forated late.

4
 Then gan triumph:nt Trumpets found on hie,
 That sent to heauen the echoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happy victory
 Gainst him, that had them long oppress with tort,
 And fast imprioned in faged 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 eternall bondage now they were releast.

5
 Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,
 Attard in antique robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well betene;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peeres, all grauely gownd;
 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 handes 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 Muidens sounding Tymbrels sung,
In well attuned notes, a toyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Vntill they came where that faire virgin stood;
As faire Diana to fresh sommers day
Beholds her Nymphes, enrag'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some doe run, some bathe in cryfall flood:

8
So she beheld those maidens meriment
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,
Themelues to ground with gracious humbleffe bent,
And her ador'd by honourable name,
Lifting to heauen her euermlasting 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 rabblement,
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,
Ne durst approche him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10
Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it found.
One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Ward him not touch; for, yet perhaps remain'd
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 thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

11
One mother, when as her foole-hardy child
Did come too nere, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuid,
And to her gossips gan in counsell lay;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, 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,
Beeing arriued, where that Champion stout
After his foes defeaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of Ivory and Gold,
And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

13
And after, to his Palace he them brings;
With Shauemes, and Trumpets, & with Clariens 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
Bespreed with costly scarlet 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 deuide,
Of comely seruices, or courtly traine?
My narrow leas: cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For, th'antique world excelle 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 guest:
Who then with vt'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 oiten blame the too unportune fate,
That beapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in Fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedaw'd the beaters cheeks.

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 pitty more;
For, ouer lining man (I weene) to lore
In tea of deadly dangers was diltrest;
But sith now fate ye tested haue the shore,
And well arriued are (high God be blest)
Let vs deuide of ease, and euermlasting rest.

18
 Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,
 Of ease or rest I may not yet deuise;
 For, by the faith which I to armes haue flight,
 I bounden am, straight after this emprize
 (As that your daughter can ye well aduise)
 Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
 And her to serue sixe yeeres in warlike wile,
 Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her tene:
 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 against 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 six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither back 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 deuforme)
 And him in hardy battaile overcame,
 Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:
 Therefore, sith now to thee pertaiues the same,
 By due desert of noble cheualree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21
 Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
 The fairest of 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 floure 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 fort to enchace,
 Ne wonder; for, her owne deare loued knight,
 All were she daily with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestially light;
 Oft 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 wile 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 wondered at his breathlesse battie mood:
 But he for nought would stay his passage right,
 Till fall before the King he did alight,
 Where falling flat, great humblest 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 take 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,
 False errant knight, infamous, and forswore:
 Wites the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heauens of his bold perjurie;
 Which though he hath pollute oft and yore,
 Yet I to them for iudgement must doe fly,
 And them coniuere 'tvenge 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 Princes, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread;
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weakenes of my withowd, 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 tolemace silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fix'd on his gault;
 Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
 Thy life and honour late aduentur'd,
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What

30
 What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
 Thrown out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heavens? what alters? what enraged heats
 Here heaped vp with rearmes 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 wrapp'd 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 herat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by graue intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraide
 With breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately trauid, that vowes 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 inueigle weaker sight:
 Who, by her wicked arts, and wily skill,
 Too faire and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Vnwates 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 only shee it is, that erst did throwe
 This gentle knight into to great distresse,
 That death him did await in darly wretchednesse.

34
 And now it seemes, that shee laboured hath
 This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improuided death,
 By breaking off the band betwixt vs twaine;
 Wherein she vsed hath the practick paine
 Of this false footman, cloakt with simplicitie;
 Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
 The fairest man alicke; 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.
 Ere 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 continuall watch did warily keepe;
 Who then would thinke, that by his lubrile 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 houlling 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 nor be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of euill fates, but bornen 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 fetcht 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 iollity.

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' eternall Maestie,
 In their triuall triplicities on his;
 Yet with no creature, whence that heauenly sweet
 Proceeded: yet each one felt secretly
 Him selfe thereby rest of his senses meet,
 And ranshied with rare impression in his sprecte.

40
 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaimed throughout the Land,
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
 Suffice it, here by signes to vnderstand
 The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
 Thrice happy man the Knight him selfe 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 enioy,
 Ne wicked envie, nor vile calouisie
 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 retorne:
 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 roade,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 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 fairely 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.

1

Right 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 Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

2

But let that man with better sense aduise,
That of the world least part to vs is tead:
And daily how through hardy enterprise,
Many great Regions are discouered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The *Amazons* huge riuier now found true?
Did fruitfullst *Virginia* who did euer view?

3

Yet all these were, when no man did them knowe;
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden bene:
And later times things, more vnknowne shall showe.
Why then should wisest man so much misuent

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

4

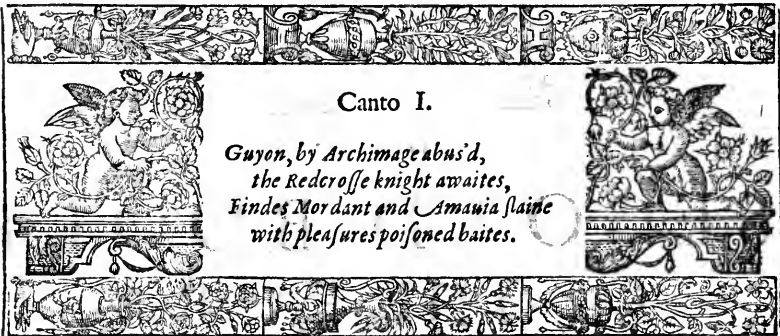
Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certain signes heere set in sundry place
He may it find; ne let him then aduise,
But yield his seate to be too blunt and base,
That no'te without an hound true footing trace.
And thou, ô fairest Princesse vnder sky,
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,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

5

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 aduenteure of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to heare,
In whom great rule of Temperance goodly doth appeare.

F

Cant.



Canto I.

*Guyon, by Archimage abus'd,
the Redcrosse knight awaites,
Finde Moriant and Amavia slaine
with pleasures poisoned baistes.*

That cunning Archite¹ct of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed Letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vnderstands,
To bene departed out of Eden lands,
To serue againe his soueraigne Elfin Queene,
His artes hee moues, and out of caitiue hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vofeene;
His shackles empie left, himselfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To wouken mischief: and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did carst restore
To natue crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where the enioyes lure peice for euermore;
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happy shore.

Him therefore now the obie²ct of his spight
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.

Still as he went, he craftie falses did lay,
With cunning traires him to enirap vnares,
And prinie spials plac't in all his way,
To weet what courie 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 detourde, and shunned still his sight:
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 still,
Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet
(Faire marching vnderneath a shady hilly)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse 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 sight,
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 stire,
Least his long way bis aged limbes should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind arad,
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;
Est'coones vntwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenance and flattering 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 euery limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
With pittious mone his peacing speech gan paint;
Deare Lady, how shall I declare thy case,
Whom late I left in languorous constraint!
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy fight could win thee grace.

10
Or rather would, ô 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 faire and sheene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer leene,
Of chastitic and honour virginal:
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 sent?
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 bent,
And threatened death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

12
These-with, amoued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens affoord him vital food?
He liues (quoth he) and boasts 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 anon,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments reot, and haire discheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face, with teares was fouly blubbered.

14
The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Faiee 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 heuuy plight,
And tell the canse of your conceiued paine,
For, if he liue that hath you doen despight;
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

15
Which when shee heard, as in despightfull wife,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden locks most cruelly shee rent,
And scratcht her face with gastly honourment;
Ne would shee 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 liefe,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafenow 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 weak mind with double woe torment?
When shee her Squire heard speake, shee gan appeale
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret eale.

17
Eftsoones shee 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 I life not leaue,
Sith that false Traytor did my honour reauce?
False Traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Lady, or her wroong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a 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 upon him light.
Certes (said shee) I wote not how he hight,
But vnder him a gray steed did he wield,
Whose sides with daplred 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 of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witness well,
When armes he swore, and straight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the Errant Damozell,
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

20
Nath, he, he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And surely quite him of th'imputed blame:
Else be ye sure, hee 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 taking of your blotted name,
Full looth thee seemd thereto, but yet did fauce;
For, shee was ioly glad her purpose so to gaue.

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 praise and fame,
To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed fame.
And now exceeding grieffe him overcame
To see the *Redcrosse* thus advanced 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 fie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for, ye shall dearly doe him rewe,
So God yet speed, and send you good successe;
Which we fare 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 stick;
Tho when as still he saw him towards pale,
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.
They beene ymet, both ready to affray,
When suddainly that warrior gan abate
His threatned 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 haidiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochefull 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 for 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 becommeth you;
But me behoueth rather to vpbraid,
Whose hasty hand so farre from reason straid,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire Image of the haucenly Maid,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'lic takes on you anothers due offence.

29
So becn they both attonce, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselues 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 euechason that me hither led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And plained of grieuous 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 turoe his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
By this, his aged guide in presence came;
Who, loone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizance,
Sith him in Faerie Court he late aviz'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 keeme aguis'd.

32
Ioy may you haue, and euerlasting fame,
Of late most hard archic'ment by you donce,
For which entolled is your glorious name
In haucenly 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 seee, as well can wisly your thought.
That home ye may report these 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 still.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foule intemperancie oft did slay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

35
In this faire wize they trauced 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 dearnly cried
With piercing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36
But, if that carelesse heu'ens (quothe she) 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 load of 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 liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy lucklesse Parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest,
Loe, I for pledges leaue. Sogiu me leaue to rest.

38
With that, a deadly strieke 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 thrid with point of thorough-piercing paine;
As gentle Hand, 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 bewaith, and vp her eyes doth feele.

39
Which when that warrior heard, dismounting strack
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
And soone arriv'd, 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 grieuoly wound,
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thick,
That all her goodly garments staind aound,
And into a deepe languine dide the grassie ground.

40
Pitifulle spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,
Which she increas'd 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 hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pitifulle spectacle, as euer eye did view.

41
Besides them both, vpon the soiled grass
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 flowre of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues 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 affection did constrain
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 veins did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faue
To call back 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?
Speak, O deare Lady speak: 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 espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Straight downe she gaue her selfe in great despight,
She grouching 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 stonke againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her sad; Yet if the stony cold
Hauē not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your grieue vnfold,
And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
He oft finds present help, w^ho does his grieue impart.

47
Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe
She sigh't, from bottome of her wounded brest;
And alter, many bitter throbs did throue,
With lips full pale, and soltring tongue opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilitie,
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 pang, that doth your hart infect,
Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatal priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest?
That I may cast to compass 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 (O man) the sorrowes that vneath
My tongue can tell, so farre all sente they pass:
Lo, this dead corpse, that lies her vnderneath,
The gentlest knight, that euer on Greene grafs
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 heauens 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 with this child,
This luckles child, whom thus ye see with blond defild.

51
Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia, a false Enchaunteresse,
That many errant knights hath soule fordonne:
Within a wandring land, that doth ronnde
And stray in penious gulfe, her dwelling is;
Fairst Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
The curted land where many wend amiss,
And knowe it by the daunc; it hight the *Boore 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 lifeft Lord she thus beguiled had;
For, he was flesh; (all flesh doth frailetie breed.)
Whom, when I heard to been fo 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 tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three times had fil'd her crooked hornes,
When as my wombe her burdein would forbear,
And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (were)
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, 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 thal'ted to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
Till through wife handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of soule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan deuse for his deliuerance.

55
Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiud,
How that my Lord from her I would reprue,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting she deceiud;
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loves to liue,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does linke:
So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this Well, he stoupt to drinke:
The charme fullfil'd, 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 abstaine; for grieue his hart did grate,
And from so heauie fight 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 fire,
Behold the Image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tire,
When raging passion with fierce tyrannic
Robs reason of her due regalitie,
And makes it seruaunt to her basest part:
The strong, it weakens with infirmite,
And with bold furie arm's the weakest hart;
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weak
(through smart.

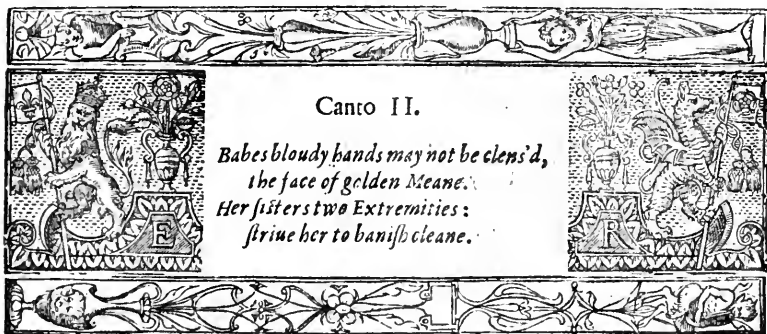
58
But temperance (said he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:
But, sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath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

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

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

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



Canto II.

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

1
Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vpide,
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 empierced deep
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did sleep.

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

Poore Orphane, in the wide world feathered,
As budding branch rent from the natur 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 milres.

3
Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath didd a nefull nicitee)
His guilty hands from bloody gore to cleene.
He waued them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
(For all his washing) cleener. Still he stroue,
Yet still the hild hands were bloody scene:
The which him into great amazment droue,
And into duers doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

Hec

4
 He wist not whether blot of foule offence
 Might not be purg'd with water not with bath ;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shewe how fore blood-guiltinesse he hat'h ;
 Or that the charme and venom, which they drunk,
 Their bloud with lecret filth infected hath,
 Beeing diffused through the senselesse trunk,
 That through the great contagion direfull 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 concerned ye mistake.
 But knowe, that lecret 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 soure indew'd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture deaw'd ;
 Which feeds each liuing plant with liquid sap,
 And fills with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap :
 But other some, by gift of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pour'd into their waters base, (to place.
 And thence-forth were renou'n'd, and fought 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 hartlesse Hind and Robuck to dismay,
Don Faunus chaunc't to meet her by the way ;
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chased her, that fast from him did flee ;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enimie.

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 she fate,
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite distmaid
 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 conceived dreads ;
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to shewe,
 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 cleans'd 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 himselfe 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 earst 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 soft himselfe appeate,
 And fairly fare on foote, how cuer loth ;
 His double burden did him sore difeate.
 So long they traualled with little ease,
 Till that at last they to a Castle came,
 Bult 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 mood, and diuers qualitee
 Drew them in parts, and each made others foe :
 Still did they striue, and daily disagreee ;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to woken 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 farre excell
 The other two ; *Medina* was her name,
 A lober, sad, and comely courteous Dame ;
 Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
 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 seene, or loofer vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
 About the reason of her youthly yeares :
 Her golden locks she roundly did vptie
 In brayded treamels, that no loofer heeres
 Did out of order Bray about her dainty eares.

Whil'st

16
 Whil' t' sice her selfe thus busily did frame,
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes heereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accounting each her friend with lavish feast:
 They were two knights of peerlesse puillaunce,
 And famous farre abroad for warlike geft
 Which to these Ladies loue did counteuaunce,
 And to his Mistres each himselfe stroue to aduaunce.

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

18
 But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sansloy*,
 He that faire *Vna* late soule outraged,
 The most voruly, and the boldest boy
 That euer warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom becau'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 eunie with deadly hate,
 And daily warre against his foeman 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 themselves prepar'd.

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

21
 The noyse thereof calth forth that stranger Knight,
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hood;
 Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy hght
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade vnsheath'd, with which he ran
 Vnto that stead, their strife 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 remorse,
 And on his fluelike iron sledges bet:
 As when a Beare and Tigre, being met
 In cruell fight on Lybick Ocean wide,
 Espy a trauailer with feet furbet,
 Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,
 They stirt their strife, 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 buffes them back did put:
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves 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 wiuds threatening to make the pray
 Of the rough rocks, do duelyly diseale,
 Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy Graue;
 She, scornng both their spights, does make wide way,
 And with her breast 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,
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shew'd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriors 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 daneie
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raue
 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 subiect are!

27
 While thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire *Medina* with her trefles torne,
 And naked breast (in pity of their 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 knightthoud, which they ture had sworn,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

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

29
 Ah! puissant Lords, what cursed cull Spright,
 Or fell *Frimys*, in your noble hearts
 Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,
 And sturd you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knight-hood, after blood to thrust,
 And not regard due right and iust declares?
 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 blood-guinaise flie to heape offence,
 And mortall vengeance to yne to crime abhorrd?
 O! fly from wrath: fly, O my lieftest 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 bale 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 the triumphs ouer ire and pride,
 And wiones an Oliue giulord for her deedes:
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
 And thus misceming discord meekly lay aside.

32
 Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And sunk to deepe into their boyling breasts,
 That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty 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 league,
 After their wearie sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet trague,
 Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent: to 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 mouthes to dainry 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'v'tter touch;
 One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35
Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of mirth or mear;
 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 the 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 (litle haue she thanke.)

37
 First, by her side did sit the bold *Sansloy*,
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her looseness tooke exceeding ioy;
 Might not be found a franker fration,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion;
 But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
 Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his bardiment,
 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 forward paire she euer would allwage,
 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 sice attemper'd her heart,
 And pleas'd them all with meet satirie.
 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 reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene aline,
 That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter theene,
 All Faerie Lond does peaceable iustene.
 In widest Ocean the her throne does reare,
 That ouer all the earth it may be leene;
 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 enclosure bale
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the perion of her Maiestie;
 That men beholding fo 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 seruice owe,
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,
 Amongst whom, on me the deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maidenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found:
 A yearely 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.

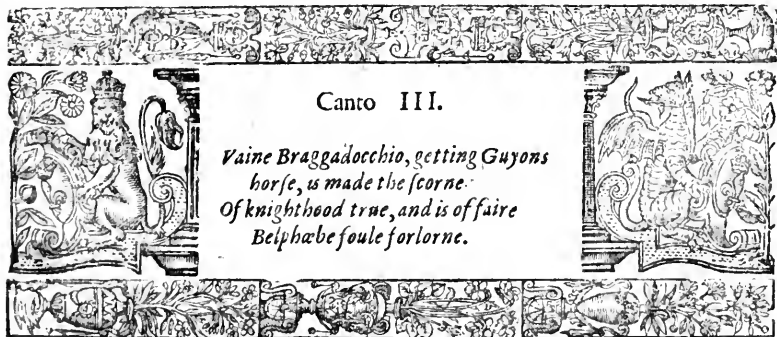
43
 There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
 Of grievous mischises, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,

Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soueraigne,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and eyes
 Throughout the world ther mercy to maintaine,
 Effloones deus'd redresse for such innoyes;
 Me (all whilst for lo great purpose) the employes.

44
 Now hath faire *Phaëbe* with her silver face
 Thrice leene the shadows of the weather world,
 Sith last I left that honourable place,
 In which her royall presence is introlld;
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that die *Acacia* haue wonne;
 Of whose toule deeds (to so hideous to be told)
 I witness am, and thus their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull Parents thee hath wickedly for-donne.

45
 Tell on, faire Sir, said shee, that dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
 That we may stye such vnhappy bale,
 And learne from pleasures poylon to abstaine:
 Ill, by example, good doth often gaine.
 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 pitious 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 hour was spent; the each to rest himbies.



Canto III.

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

1
 S Oone as the morrowe faire with purple beames
 Dispers the shadows of the mistie night,
 And *Titan* playing on the Eastern streams,
 Gan cleare the dewy aire with springing light,

Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow plight,
 Vproue from drowie couch, and him adrest
 Vnto the iourney which he had beight:
 His puissant armes about his noble breast,
 And many-told shield he bound about his wrist.

Then

Then, taking *Conceit* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniuere,
In vertuous love to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture enu'th:
And, that looone as ripen 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 grieft 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 spere beside,
And rushed in on foote, to ayd her ere she did.

The whiles, a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bounty neuer cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous spright
Gauē him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:
He, that braue steed there finding ready dight,
Purloyn'd both steed and spere, 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 vantage,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For luch, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But, for in court gay portance he perceiu'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Estfoones 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 flanke,
And to him threatend his hart-thrilling spere:
The feely 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.

Ther at the Scarcew waxed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
And with big thundring voyce reu'd him loud;
Vile Caytue, vassall of dread and despair,
Vnworthy of the common breathe'd aire,
Why liest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doost not vnto death thy selfe prepare?
Die, or thy selfe my captue 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 withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall
And kisse my stirrup; that, thy homage bee.
The Miser threw himselfe as an Offfall,
Straight at his foot in bafe humblitee,
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:
Estfoones 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 growae old
In cunning sleights and practick knaury.
From that day forth he cast for to vphold
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 flutting wind docs blowe
In his light wings is lifted vp to sky:
The scoone of knight-hood and true cheualrie,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advanced hie:
Such praise 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 *Archimage* they meet:
Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
Oo goodly courser, thundring with his feet,
Estfoones suppos'd him a person meet,
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For, since the *Redcroffe* knight he erst did weet,
To beew 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 fell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee.
Hee is a great aduenturer (said hee)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vow'd, till heaueged bee
Of that depight, neuer to wearen none:
That spere is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

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

There.

14
There-with all suddainly he seem'd enraged,
And threaten'd death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand been gaged;
And with suffice force shaking his mortall lance
To let him weet his doughty valiance,
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 areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15
Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soone,
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 bloody day:
For, they be two the prowrest knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard assay;
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:
Spake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17
The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
With either of those Knights on euen coast,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend;
When *Bragadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,
When with one sword feuen 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 bliue,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hound;
For, now the best and noblest knight aliue
Prince *Arthur* is, that womes 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 mind, what mote that monster make.

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

20
Till that they come vnto a Forest greene,
To 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 gantly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe sturme their fearefulnesse to faine,
At last, they heard a horne, that thrilled 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 vermeill 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 reuieue 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 fame,
So passing pearcent, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with drad Maiestie, 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 dispraue,
For Loue his lofty triumphs to engrauce,
And write the battels of his great gouad.
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sawet words, like dropping honny, she did shed,
And twixt the pearles and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heauenly musick seem'd to make.

25
Vpon her eye-lids many Graces fate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working beigaids, and amorous retrate,
And euerie cue her with a grace adowes:
And euerie one with mekenesse to her bowes,
So glorious mirror of celestiall grace,
And soueraine maniment of mortall vowes,
How shall fraile pen descriue her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
Shee seem'd, when she presented 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 golden ayglets, that glistred 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 aumaild:
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 same 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 shequeld
The salvage beasts in her victorious play,
Kilt with a golden baudrick, which torelay
At war her soowy breast, and did diuide
Her daunty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,
Through her thin 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 heedleschap,
As through the blowing Forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haire sweet flowers the meekes did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31
Such as *Diana* by the sandy thore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnares forlore,
Wandred 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 hauch earst my steadfast arrowe strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.

33
Where-with reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to be)
For, neither doth thy tace terrestrial shew,
Nor voice found mortall; I vow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith cast 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 it sitte: she left her piercing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduance,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
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 liege, whose warlike name
Is farre renown'd through many bold emprise;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid: with that, he crawld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his carriue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loitic crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36
As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Cae,
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to laue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renewes her native pride;
She giues her feathers soule dishured
Proudly to prunce, 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 prowesse Martiall;
All vertue merits prate: but such shee most of all.

38
To whom he thus; ô fairest vnder skie,
True be chy 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,
Endeuouring 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 thuse 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 mis;
There maist thou best be fecace, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts; 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 eath to doe amifs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot so easie mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
Who seeks with painefull toile, shall honour soonest find.

41
In woods, in wauer, in warres she wonts to dwell,
And will he 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 easie is the way, and passage plaine
To Pleasures palace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

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

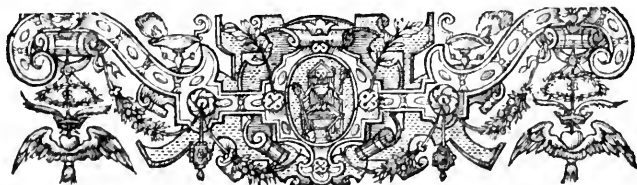
Gan burne in filthy lust; and leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that, the swarung back, her lauein bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

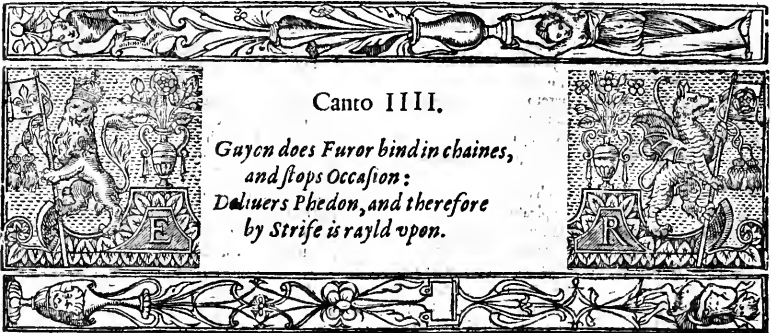
43
Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd hee stood,
And grieved at her flight; yett dust he not
Purfew her steps, through wild vnknown wood;
Besides, he feard her wrath, and threatned shot
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine;
But turning, said to Trompart, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Lady stroud 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 celestiall?
For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
That yett I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (said Braggadoebio) thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horne sound with such gustlieesse.

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,
Weneing 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 theretore, 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 and sterne,
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.*

IN 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 natious influence;
As, feates of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, stemes a science
Proper to gentle blood; some others faime
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 stroog suppress.

It fortuod, forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vpror or contencious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that seemed mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great crudeltee,
Whom sore he bet, and god'd with many a wound,
That checks with tears, & sides with bloud 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 oo a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoary gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung vorold,
But all behind was bald, and woroe away,
That none 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 veogeance on that wretched wight.
Sometimes she raught him stooes, where-with to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes she 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 beately brutish rage gaon him aslay,
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit in flam'd his spright,
His force was vaiue, and strooke more oiten wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
Aod oft himselfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whil'st reason bleot through passion, nought desfride,
But as a blindfold Bull at random fares, (nought cares,
And where he hits, ought knowes, and whom he hurts,

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

And

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

10
Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, o *Guyon*, neuer thinke that lo
That Monster can be mastred or destroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
As Steele can wound, or strength can overthroce.
That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
That vnto 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 frautick sonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withstood,
It's eath his idle furie to awage,
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 boare locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground he threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule wreikement,
But still provok'r her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelless he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her vngacious tongue,
Thereon an iron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13
Then when as vs of speech was from her rest,
With her two crooked hands she signes 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 embrac't,
Who, him gainie-struing, nought at all preuaild;
For, all his powre was vntely defac't,
And furious fits at erst quite weren quaild:
Of he r'enforc't, and oft 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 constrain:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie streakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't this long locke, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his stawny beard to flew his raging ire.

16
Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captu'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,
Lying on ground, all foyled with blood and mire:
Whom, when as he perceiued to respire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
Being at last recu'r'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 stee the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waies a vantage to entrap
The man most warie, in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Vnwetting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through *Occasion*,
Where this Laine wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18
It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the soure
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nource,
At once I was vpbrought; and est when yeares
More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peares,
Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time without ielous 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 fear 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 cause vs disagree:
Loue, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfil.

20
My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did pattake
Of all my loue, and all my pruitie,
Who greatly toyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that Lady, as to mee:
Ne euer wight that metefo welcome bee,
As he receiued, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that sice could thinke or see,
But vnto him the 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, content of parents fought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be doonne,
Which marriage make; that day too farre did seeme:
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my faller friend did no lesse ioyous deeme:

22
But ere that wished day his beame disclosed,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposed,
One 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 she to me did bound:
And therefore wilst me stay, till I more truth should find.

23
The gnawing anguish and sharpe ieaalousie,
Which his sad speech infix'd in my brest,
Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engrieu'd 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 beuiled all the flour,
And that it was a grooms of base degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:
Who vsed in a darksome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me neerer moue,
And drue 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
(I 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 loone 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,
Disguiled 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 horrow and tormenting griefe,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assaid!
Me liester were ten thousand deaths griefe,
Then wound of ieaalous worme, & 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 appear'd in sight,
With wraithful hand I dew 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;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

31
Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of loue adiouying 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 sinart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with gasty dremiment,
And I pursuing 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 chase,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound) me met in muddle space;
As I her, so he me pursu'd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,
Sore chauff'd at my stay in such a case,
And with my beate, kindled his cruell fire;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

Betwixt

33
Betwixt 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 stucke the mortall sting,
That during life will neuer be appeald,
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, fore haue ye beene 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;
To their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake, betwixt 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 overthrowe:
Wrath, ieaously, griefe, loue, this Squire haue had 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 feede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breed:
But sparks, feed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing feed onweede,
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
Falne into mischief through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy wares 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 aduaunce
Mine iunccyffrom famous *Coradins*,
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 soone approached, panting, breathelesse, hot,
And all so soyled, that none could him descry;
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but corneloff ey-glaunce 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 bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well befermed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,
And deadly sharp he held, whose hole 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,
A bandon this forefalled place at crit,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or hide the chance at thine owne reoperdie.
The Knight at his great bolinesse wonderd,
And though he couid his idle wantie,
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 doest
To threat to him, that minds his chauce 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 foule dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

41
How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhochles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which erre
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;
Acrates, sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Tarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*:
But *Herebus* 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, sith this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy toole hardize worke thy bad confusion.

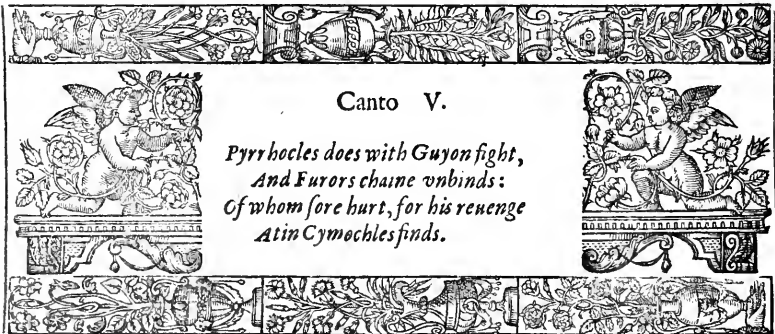
43
His be that care, whom moit it doth concerne
(Said he): but whither with such hastie flight
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I discern
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight beight
To seeke *Occasion*, whereof the bee:
For, he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and haunous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his reopardie.

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 abtaine, when Rancour rise
Kindles Renenge, and threatens his iustie knife;
Who neuer wants, where every cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.
Then lo, where bound the 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 thame vpbray,
 And flew it th' example 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 wor,
 And with thy bloud abolish to 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 warie, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, advaunc'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 Furors chaine vnbinds:
 Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
 Atin Cymochles finds.*

1
WHo-euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Then stubbornne perturbation, to the same;
 To which right well the wise doe giue that name,
 For, it the goodly peace of stayed miudes
 Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:
 His owne woes without, 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 embattailed 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 masting spur he did him roughly fire.

3
 Approching nigh, he neuer itayd 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 slunned 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 fell:
 So him dismounted lowe, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The tunked beast fast bleeding, did him foully dight.

5
 Sore bruized with the fall, he slowe vprofe,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
 And slund 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 wanted 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 marge
 Of his feuentolded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelesse, fo sore a buffe to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exce-

7
Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,
And much afeay'd, that stroake of lining arme:
Should him dismay, and make him stoupe folowe,
Though otherwile it did him little-harme:
Tho' hurling high his iron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite diltarme;
Yet there the Steele flaid not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8
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 hurlen round in warlike gyre,
Rememberd he, ne car'd for his sauegard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigrefard.

9
He bewd, and laste, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And euery way did seeke into his life:
Ne plate, ne male could wark for mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife,
But *Guyon*, in the beate 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, till lude him with such bait.

10
Like as a Lion, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Voicorne 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 whiles that furious beast
His precious hoine, fought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty Victor, yields a bountious feast:

11
With such faire sight him *Guyon* often saild,
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 contraint
He made him stoupe peforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

12
Whom *Guyon* seeing stoupe, pursued fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And loone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Where-with he smote his haughty crest to hie,
That straight on ground made him full lowe to lie;
Then on his breast his victour toot he thrust:
With that he cride, *Meruey*, doe me not die,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus lowe me laid in dust.

13
Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* flaid,
Tempering the passion with aduilement slowe,
And masting might on enemy dismayd:
For, the equall dye of warre he well had knowe;
Then to him said, Live, and allegiance owe
To him that gues thee life and liberie:
And henceforth, by this dates ensample trowe;
That hasty wrath, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breed repentance late, and lasting infamy.

14
So, vp he let him rise: who with grim looke
And counaunce sterne ystanding, 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 be in ods of arme: was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble Knight had mastered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15
Which *Guyon* marking, said, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir Knight, that thus you now subdued are:
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.

16
Fly, *Pyrrhobles*, sic the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesser parts doe moue:
Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hare-murdring loue;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours farre remoue,
Which thee so endlesse bale captined lead,
But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
Of certesie to me the cause aread,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

17
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 thralld her in channes with strong effort,
Void of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill befeemes 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 lonne yield his first libertee:

18
Thereto Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all
Said he, that thee to fore displeas'd hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freeome shall thee turne to greatest feath.
Nath'lesse, now quench thy hot embowling wrath:
Loe, there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereto he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitie.

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,
 Before her sonne could well afoiled bee,
 Shee to her vsfe returned, and straight deside
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhoboles*: th' one (laid 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 kindle his quencht fire, & thousand causes wrought.

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhoboles* fight,
 And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,
 Because he had not well maintaint his right,
 But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
 Now gan *Pyrrhoboles* wax as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fierce engrapled bee,
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does seee.

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
 Against *Pyrrhoboles*, and new matter fram'd
 Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
 And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;
 Yet others the more vrgent did deuise:
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke (more to augment his ispright)
 Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
 Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
 That arm'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstand.

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 disdain'd so loathly sight.
 At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe (ð Sir *Guyon*) helpe most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
 Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;
 And said, Dear sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pity vaine:
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettered would releas againe,
 Deferses to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

Guyon obaid; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rath *Pyrrhoboles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heauic plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puiffaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in fight,
 Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughty knights he in his daies
 Had done to death, subdewd in equall frayes;
 Whole carcases, for terrour of his name,
 Offowles and beafts he made the pittious prayes,
 And hung their conquered armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,
 And idle pleasures in 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 misshapes with vgly sights,
 Capti'd eternally in iron mewes;
 And darksome dens, where *Tisán* his face neuer shewes.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
 When euer his 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.

And ouer him, Art struing to compaire
 With Nature, did an Arbour greene dispreed,
 Framed of wanton Irie, flowing faire,
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine diu spread
 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 bountous smells, & painted colours shew.

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay:
 The wearie Trauailer, 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 pleatant Groue
 Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is *Olympick Ioue*,
 And to his sonne *Arcades*, when as bee
 Gai'd in *Nemæa* goodly victoree;
 Therein the merry birds, of euerie fort,
 Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
 And made amongst them'lues a sweet confort,
 That quickned the dull spright with muscally comfort.

32
 There he him found all carelesly displaid,
 In secret shadowe from the lunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
 Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him disolute did play
 Their wanton toillies, and light meriment;
 Euerie of which did looetely disaray
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewed them oaked, deckt with many ornaments.

33
 And euerie 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 faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his waton 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.

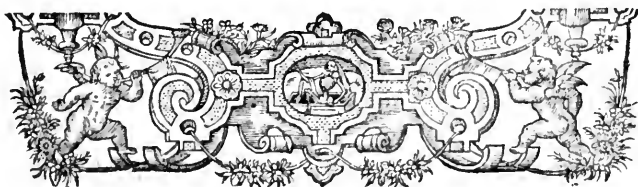
35
Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
 Thus in full waues of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him loudly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* thide,
 In which that manly perion late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
 Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

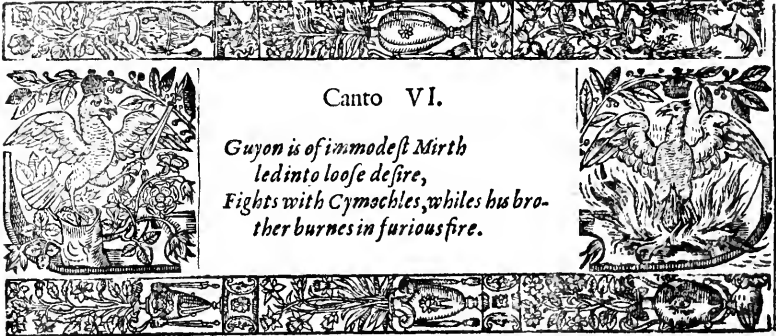
36
 Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said: Vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
 Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetelesse eke of lately wrought delpight,
 Whiles *lad Pyrrochles* lyes on senselesse ground,
 And groeneth out his vmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroake, & many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy help in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drownd.

37
 Suddainly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vrged fore
 With pearcing words, and pittifull implore,
 Him haste to arise. As one affright
 With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad vprorce,
 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 highly mounted, passeth on his way:
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweet entreaties might
 Appeale his heate, or hastie passage stay;
 For, he has vow'd to beene aveng'd that day
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long):
 On him, that did *Pyrrochles* deare dismay:
 So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aye him pricketh 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 refraine
From that, which feeble nature couers faine :
But grieue and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, the better can refraine ;
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traauailing 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 cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein sat a Lady fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone ;
Sometimes she sang, as loud as Larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that oigh 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 inuent
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when satre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly calld 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 shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiud ; but *Atin* by no way
She would admit, as be the knight her much did pray.

Esstoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then Swallow sheres the hiquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canas with the wind to flie ;
Onely she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut a way vpon the yeilding 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 passeger to entertaine :
For, she in pleasur purpose did abound,
And grealy ioyed mery tales to faine,
Of which a store-houle did with her remaine :
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became ;
For all her words she drowd with laughing vaine,
And wanting grace in vt'r'ing 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 frigit, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and loose dalliance
Gauc wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no fourcenance,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his Martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight :
So easie is, t'appeale the stormy wind
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

9
 Diuerſe diſcourſes in their way they ſpent,
 Amongſt which *Cymachiles* aſker questioned,
 Both what ſhe was, and what that viſage ment,
 Which in her cot ſhe daily practiſed.
 Vaine man, ſaid ſhe, that wouldſt be reckoned
 A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant
 Of *Phadria* (for ſo my name is red)
 Of *Phadria*, thine owne fellow ſeruaunt;
 For, thou to ſerue *Acrasſia* thy ſelfe dooſt vaunt.

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 weend, or whether ſlowe:
 Both ſlowe and ſwiſt alike doe ſerue my tourne,
 Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
 Can change my cyeare, 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 ſpake,
 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
 Diſburdened 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 fertile land,
 Emongſt 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 ſlowe 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 braucely ſpring;
 No branch, whereon a fine 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 me to careleſſe eaſe.
 Careleſſe the man ſoone wax, and his weake wit
 Was overcome of ſiſhing, that did him pleaſe;
 So pleaſed, did his wrathfull purpoſe faire appeare.

14
 Thus when ſhe had his eyes and ſenſes fed
 With falſe delights, and fill'd 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 aſtra'm'd
 In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtaine,
 Where ſoone he ſlumberd, leaſing 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 thine enſlame make,
 Whiles nothing enuious Nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
 They ſpring, they bud; they bloſſome freſh & faire,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous ſhewes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16
 The Lilly, Lady of the ſwarming 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 boure,
 With ſilken curtens and gold courlets,
 Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous Belamour,
 Yet neither pinnes nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
 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,
 Wiſſully 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 eſe?
 Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the maine,
 Will die for thiſt, and water doth reſuſe?
 Reſuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toyle, and preſent pleaſures chuiſe.

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 the him left, 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 left,
 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 ſtroud,
 Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage fought:
 Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoone to hand
 Her ferry brought, where him ſhe hyding towd,
 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 being entred, might not backe retire;
 For, the ſix barke, obeying to her miud,
 Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire
 Adieu, but nimblely ran her wouied 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 ſource.

21
 And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her merry fit the freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollitie deuse,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
 The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest mirth and pleasance 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 amidst, and angry said;
 Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obeyd:
 Melittle 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 seas distrest.
 There with she laughd, and did her earnest end in iest.

24
 But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelless
 Himselfe appeale, and issued forth on shore:
 The ioyes whercof, and happy fruitfulness,
 Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, ye she made much more:
 The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and carely 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 enterprife,
 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 wile, 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 courteous seeming part,
 That gentle Lady did to him impart;
 But fauerey temptring, fond desire subdewd,
 And euer her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports pursewd,
 And euer bade 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 dremetment,
 Gan him awize, how ill did him befecme,
 In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to stemme,
 And quench the brood of his conceiued ire,
 Tho vp he started, sturd with shame extreme,
 Ne stayed for his Damell to inquire,
 But marched to the stroud, 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 deuoire,
 Thou recreant knight, and loone thy selfe prepare
 To bataille, 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 guerdon 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 equal value countervayld:
 Their mighty stroakes their habericous dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele dispiteously cntayld
 Deepen 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 enuious despight
 His proud presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
 Thereof deuiling shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31
 Both of them high atonce their hands enhaunt,
 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 cloue 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, faire *Phedria*, that beheld
 That deadly danger, soone arweene them ran;
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pittious voyce, and counsaunce 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 sight.

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 saule 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 loues doe giue 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 houer to spend,
The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,
And is for *Venus* loues renowned more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

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 calme 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
Belougt 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 toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terour and vnquiet iarre,
That he 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 waues did lightly flote,
And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
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 fast'
In *Pbedris* fleet barke ouer that perloous shard.

39
Well could he him remember, sithe of late
He with *Pyrrhoboles* sharpe debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curte, that in darke eueninges strade
Hath trauced forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile miscreant (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 fouly fled from famous enimie?

40
With that, he stiffely stooke his steel-head dart:
But sober *Guyon*, heauing him so rale,
Though somewhat moued in his mighty hart,
Yet with strong reason mastred passion fraile,
And passed faerely forth. He turning taile,
Back to the stord retr'y'd and there itill staid,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles *Cymbobles* 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 forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinkled with blood,
And soyled 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 teemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flast
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dast.

43
Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondered at that vncouth sight;
Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there see?
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhoboles*, in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for tell detpight.
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord to deadly damnifyde?
Pyrrhoboles, & *Pyrrhoboles*, what is thee betyde?

44
I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde:
O how I burne with irremediable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyre,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhoboles* iare
After pursewing death once to require,
Or think, that ought those puffant 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 aliue:
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet reviuie:
 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 riuie,
 And his owne health remembering now no more,
 Did follow that contemple 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 stayd
 From drowning. But more happy he, then wife,
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.
 The waues there of so flowe and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them soule agrife,
 That euery weightie thing they did vpbear,
 Ne ought mote euer sink downe to the bottoime there.

47
 Whiles thus they struggled in that idle waue,
 And stroue in vaine, the one himselte to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to saue;
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarnc locks great grauntie 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 careful seruant, striuing with his raging Lord.

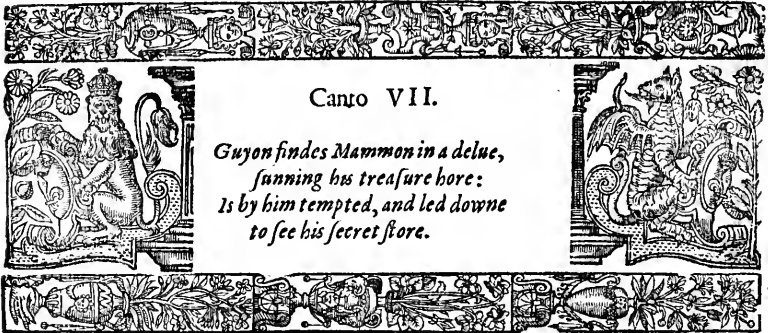
48
 Him *Atin* spying, knewe right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe help, & *Archimago*;
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile lge:

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred fore,
 To see *Pyrrhocles* there so rudely rage:
 Yet sitthens 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 hellish 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 hell,
Furor, oh *Furor*, hath me thus beight:
 His deadly wounds within my luert swell,
 And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
 Sith late with him I battaile vaine would bofte;
 That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
 Does seereh not halfe so fore, oor dammed ghoeste
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

51
 Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieue
 He knew right well, and him atonce disarmd:
 Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a priue
 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 restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.



Canto VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,
 sunning his treasure here:
 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 dremment,
 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 vertues, and praise-worthy deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which Fame of her thrill trumpet worthy reedes:
 For, still he trauald through wide wastefull ground,
 That nought but desert wildernesse shew'd all around.

At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,
 Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
 Where-as he sitting found, in secret shade,
 An vncouth, salvage, and vnciuill wight,
 Of grieufully hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight;
 His face with smoake was tand, and eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with foute were ill bedight,
 His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been feard
 In Smithes fire-petting forge, and nailes like clawes ap-
 (peard).

His iron coate all overgromie with rust,
 Was vnderneath enuveloped with gold,
 Whose glistering glasse darkened 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 vpdowne, to feed his eye
 And couezous 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 orow, nor purifide
 Of *Mulcibers* deuouing element;
 Some others were new driuen, and distent
 Into great Ingots, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment;
 But most were stamp, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapes of Kings & Cefars 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 hollowe earth, them there to hide.
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide;
 And, though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
 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 habitacion,
 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, be answerd; Hardy Elfe,
 That darst view my dreffull 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 swink and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and serue,
 At thy commaund 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 numbered frank and free,
Mammon, said he, thy godheads vnto is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 To them that covet such eye-plucting gaine,
 Proffer thy gifts, and hitter seruants entreatine.

Me ill befits, that in der-dooing armes,
 And honours suit my vowed dayes doe spend,
 Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleasing charmes,
 With which weak men thou witchest, to attend:
 Regard of worldly muck doth fouly blend
 And lowe abase the high heroicke spright,
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdoms to contend;
 Faire shields, gay feedes, bright armes be my delight:
 Those be the riches fit for an aduourous knight.

Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, doost not thou weete,
 That money can thy wants at will supply?
 Shields, feedes, and armes, and all things for thee meet
 It can prouay 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 renouoe?

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 laushnesse,
 Leauing behind them grieue and heauinesse.
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise;
 Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrongs, 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 loyal truth to treason doost incline;
 Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pour'd oft on ground,
 The crown'd often slaine, the slayer crown'd,
 The facid Duademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;
 Caste: surpriz'd, great Cities sackt and brent:
 So mak't thou kings, & gannest 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 vndirect,
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 conuulse:
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 vacomely 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 bonitie did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy case;
But later ages pride (like corne-fed feed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat (wolne increas'd
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a curfed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he 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 veins 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 liue 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

Melitt 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 vnrighteous lot,
Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet nener eye did view
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand thee handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heauens sight, & powre of all which them pursue.

20

What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from heauens 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* grisly raigne:
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 brandish'd 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 lealousie, 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 shoud 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 soe, beating his iron wings;
And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tydings:
Whiles sad *Celso*, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint assur'd 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 fill his inner thought.
At last, him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gap'd 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 drowfie 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 *Guyen* 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 diuall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
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 ower him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,
And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes;
If euer he traungrest the fatall *Stygian* 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 load of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arabe* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile net,
Ea wrapped in soule smoak & cloudes more black then Let.

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 houie it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertaine light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes 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 weene
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 srong,
Whose liues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left vburied.

31
They forward passe, ne *Guyen* yet spake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them opened of it owne accord.
And shew'd of riches fush 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 theretby 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 offer 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 bale 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 seruite slaue.

34
Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;
For, well he weened, 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 hit.
(Eternall God thee faue from such decay.)
But when—as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares anothers 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 tride.

36
One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with fore't 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 stird 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 wounds at the sight: for, till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord and sire:
Behold,

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see:
The thing that thou didst craue so earnestly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded) lo, now is reueald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avisé thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps heerafter with, and be withstood.

Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To covet more thea I haue cause to vie?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:
But giue me leaue to followe mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet not he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mespise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villaine, striding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God delie he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could wield
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdaine he called was, and did disdaine
To be fo 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 terrestriall,
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race;
That made him scorné all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongst black fiends, the men to haue his place:

Soone as those glittering armes he did espy,
That with their brightnes made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight:
Who likewise gan him selfe to battaile dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hastic hand with-hold,
And counfeld him abstaine from perillous fight:
For, nothing might abast the villaine bold,
Ne mortall Steele empearce his miscreated mold.

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

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder sky,
Which with great vprere preaced to draw neare
To th' vpper part, where was aduanced hie
A stately siege of soueraigne maiestie;
And thereon late a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Priore in such array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

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.

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 hell;
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 fise,
And euery link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for bate regard;
And all, by wrong wayes, for themselues prepar'd.
Those that were vp themselues, kept others lowe,
Those that were lowe themselues, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater growe,
But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throwe.

Which, when as *Gwyn* 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 contentioo
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldes blifs
For which ye men doe strue, few get, but many misf.

And faire *Philotimé* shee rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder sky,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrou and deformitie,
Worthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for enue thrust:
But fith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee aduance for works and Merites iust.

Gramercy

50
 Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,
 For so great grace and offered high estate;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Vnworthy match for such immortal mate
 My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
 And loue avowd to other Laly late,
 That to remoue the same I haue no might:
 To change loue causelelle, is reproche to warlike knight.

51
Mammon enroued was with inward wrath;
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
 Through grieuful 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 direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
 Fit to adorne the dead, and deck the dreary toomb.

52
 There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* lad,
 Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and black *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Caloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortall *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 Which-with th'vniust *Atheniens* made to die
 Wise *Socrates*, who there of quaffing glad
 Poud out his life, and last Philology
 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 glistering bright,
 That goodly was their glorie to behold,
 On earth like neuer grew, ne huing 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' *Eubœan* young man waa,
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

55
 Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which *Acamias* got his Louer trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse fruit:
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
 The which amongst the gods falle *Aid* threwe;
 For which th' *Idæan* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Peneus* dew,
 And bad (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,
 That many noble *Greeks* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56
 The warlike *Elfe* much wonderd 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 banke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
 In those sad waues; which direfull deadly flanke,
 Pionged continually of cruell Sprights,
 That with their pittious cries, and yelling shriegts,
 They made the further shore resounden 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 ypmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as couering to drinke
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in;
 And stretching forth his hand, did of en thinke
 To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
 Did flie away, and made him vainly fwinke:
 The whiles he stru'd with hunger and with drouth:
 He daily dÿde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59
 The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
 Who, groning deepe, thus answered him againe;
 Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,
 Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dÿe:
 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,
 Ensample 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 ingrate,
 And eke blapheming heauen bitterly,
 As aughtour of vnustice, there to let him dÿe.

61
 Hee lookt a litle further, and espide
 Another wretch, whose carcase deepe was drent
 Within the riuier, which the same did hyde:
 But both his hands, most filthie feculent,
 Above the water were on high extert,
 And foyd to wash themselves incessantly;
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such 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 vnjust, that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome, to fewes deipitous
Deluered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murder felonous;
The whiles my hands I washt in punnie,
The whiles my soule was foild with iniquitie.

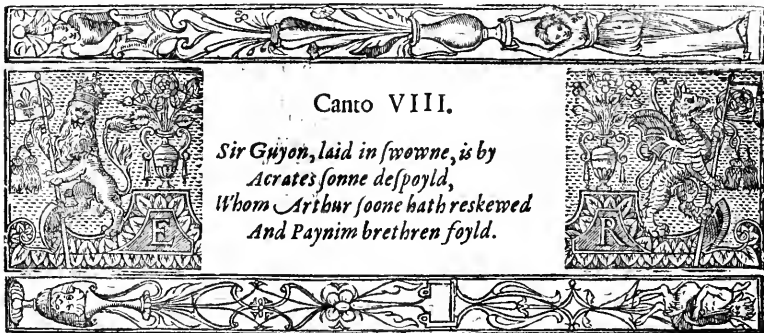
63
Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long heere to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the torments manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy weaty 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 strait:
But he was waxy wile in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffered lust his fasetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Gaylor 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 nooe without the same endure can.
For, now three daies of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprise began:
For thy great *Mammon* fairly he besought,
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

66
The God, though loth, yet was constrained to obey:
For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light,
But all so toone as his enfeebled spright
Can suck this vitall aire into his breast,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fire opprest.



Canto VIII.

*Sir Guyon, laid in sworne, is by
Acrates sonne despoild,
Whom Aribur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foild.*

1
ANd 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 do 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 terue 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 Pursuant,

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 rucfull cry,

4
The Palmer lent his care vnto the boye,
To weet who called so 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 tunne his treasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senselesse dreame; which fight at first him fore agast.

5
Beside his head there fate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish faire about his equal pearces;
His snowy front curled with golden haire,
Like *Phobus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his aerie 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 spoyle and bloody pray,
With his faire mother he him digns to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleated 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, Loeg lacke, alas,
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill 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 breathless seems, shall courage bold respire.

8
The charge which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commiend;
Yet will I not forgoe, oe 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 fore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap'd 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'd, and cou'd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10
At last, he spyde where towards him did passe
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 founes of *Archages* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* fly,
Foreby that idle frond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combattad, was *Guyon* bold.

11
Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find;
Falle *Archimago* prouokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborn mind
Coales of contention and hot vengeance find.
Now been they come wheress the Palmer fate,
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 fire he foule bespake; Thon dotard vile,
That with thy brutefull shendit thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the castiue spoile
Of that same outcast carcase, that erewhile
Made itseife famous through false trecheery,
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue he liued ill, that did thus foully die.

13
To whom the Palmer feareless answered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for 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 ashes cold,
And enuy base, to berke at sleeping fame:
Was neuerwight, that treason of him told;
Your selfe his prowess prou'd & found him fierce & bold.

14
Then said *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doost dote,
Neccast of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Sawe as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,
That of his puiſſance tryall made extreme;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shalke 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 ecke, sith that he dyde entie?
Or what doth his bad death now fatisfe
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my pight,
I will him reane 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 lo foule a deunt,
 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 entombd 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 pafe
 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 byliue,
 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 foully donne to dye,
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 That both estoones vpp started furiously,
 And gan them selues prepare to battell greedily.

19
 But fierce *Pyrrochles*, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly 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 eternal smart,
 The metall first he mixt with *Medew-art*,
 That no enchauntment from his dint might saue ;
 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 *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
 In vaine therefore, *Pyrrochles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his Lord to fight ;
 For sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22
 Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
 That weene't words or charmes may force with flood ;
 Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,
 That I can carue with this enchanted broad
 His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely inatche away,
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrist he bond ;
 So, ready dight fierce battaile to assy,
 And match his brother proud io battailous array.

23
 By this, that stranger knight in prefence came,
 And goodly salued them : who nought againe
 Him aunswred, as courtesie became ;
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,
 Gaue signes of grudge and discontentment vaine,
 Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy,
 Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull demaine
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

24
 Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend syre,
 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 rew his pittious plight.
 Nor one, nor other, said the Palmer graue,
 Hath him besaloe, but cloudes of deadly night
 Awhile his heauy eyelids couer'd haue,
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse waue.

25
 Which, those same foes that doen awaite hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarm, and treaten shamefully ;
 (Vnworthy vsage of redoubt 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 protekt his feeble case.
 First praise of knight hood is, foule outrage to defice.

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 boast :
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
 May be, that better reason will allwaie
 The rash reuengers heat. Words well dispost
 Haue secret powre, & appeale inflamed rage :
 If foot, leaue vnto me thy knights last parroage.

27
 Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke ;
 Ye warlike paire, whose valorous great might,
 It seems, iust wrongs to vengeance doe prouoke,
 To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
 Mote ought allay the forme of your despight,
 And settle patience in so furious heat ;
 Not to debate the challenge of your right,
 But for this carelesse pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath already layd in lowest seat.

28

To whom *Cymbelines* 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 wreake 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 abie?
The trespassed still doth liue, 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 grandūre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vterly the guilt bereaue:
So straightly God doth rudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vprcare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30

Pyrrhoboles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Ternagant* 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;
Falle traytour, miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndeicide:
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste
Right fowre, & 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 haue rent:
But ere the poyor arriued where it ought,
That seuen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought,
He cast betweene, to ward the bitter sound:
Through al 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 fouly said, By *Maboune*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearly shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,
Smote him so bugely on his haughty crest,
That from his saddle forced him to stie:
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 puiffant,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

35

So, both at once 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 flowre.
For, on his shield, as thick as stormy showre
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwark bears, & bids them nought auail:

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 *Cymbelines*, 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 launce, 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,
Curling his gods, and him selfe damning deepe:
As when his brother saw the red blood traile
Adowne to fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse 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 fatal 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 owner bite:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smite;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton 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-warme blood,
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 lie:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymbelines twice, that twice him forc't his foote reuoke.

I: Whom,

40

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Gwynes* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said; Faire son, great God thy right hand bleffe,
 To vñe 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 blower
 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 so 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 stiffe, 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 awnt,
 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 *Gwynes* 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 saw'd from deadly stowe.
 But him hence-forth the same can saue no more;
 For, now arruied is the fatal howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For, when *Cymochles* saw the foule reproche,
 Which them appeached; prickt with guiltie shame,
 And inward griefe, 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 sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And peared to the skin, but hit no more,
 Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer mou'd afore.

45

Whereat renierc't with wrath and sharp regret,
 He strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,
 That it emperc't 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 longer 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 hie,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowe,
 The cloudes (as things afraid) before him fly;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all at once their mallice 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 percci'd,
 How that strange sword refus'd to serue his need,
 But when he strooke most strong, the dint decci'd,
 He slong it from him, and deuyd of deeed,
 Ypon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engralped fast,
 Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tred:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him down cast.

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;
 For, as a Bittur 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 upward cast his eye,
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did goaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die,

51

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to gae life, then decay,
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dismal day;
 Yet if thou wilt renouance thy misdecease,
 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 souenance.

52
 Foole, said the Pagan, I thy gift defie:
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not overcome doe die,
 But in despite 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.

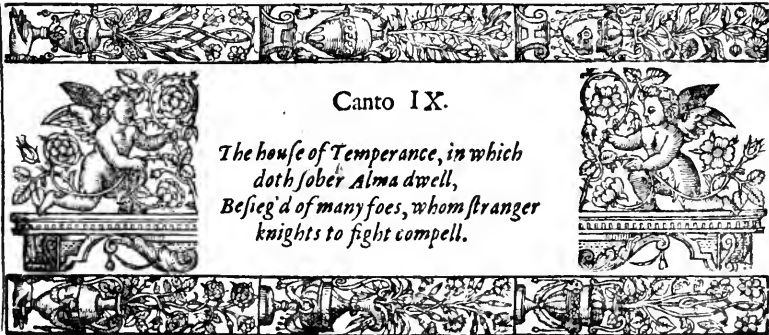
53
 By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awak't,
 Life hauing mastered her senselesse foe;
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lackt,
 And sword saw not, he waxed wondrous woe:
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long haue lackt, I ioy 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 heu' 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 w^{as} embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,
 As to the Patronc of his life, thus said;
 My Lord, my hege, 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 counted as a feruile bond,
 To bind their doores 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 kindeesse and of courteous agerace;
 The whites *Esle Archmage* 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.*

57
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,
 While 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 natiue grace.
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

58
 After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The Briton 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. rd did bords;
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'ie read,
 To weet why on your shield (so goodly leord)
 Beate ye the picture of that Ladies head?
 Full liuely is the semblant, though the substance dead.

59
 Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote ye 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 bonitie, and imperial powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortal 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 retrait I in my shield doe beare;
 She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,
 Throughtout 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 puiffaunce in warre.

5
 Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valaunce
 Haue made a fouldier of that Princesse bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth bleffe her seruants, and them high aduaunce.
 How may strange knight hope cuer to alpire,
 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 soueraigne,
 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 mongst knights of *Maydenhead*,
 Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,
 And in her fauour high be reckoned,
 As *Ariehell*, 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 cheuifauance)
 Sildome (said *Guyon*) yeelds to vertue ayde,
 But in lier way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopp'd, 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 throught all Faerie land.

9
 Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,
 What strange adventure doe ye now 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, & mesurd 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 auale,
 They found the gates fast barr'd 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:
 Estoones 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 yeeres this wile they vs besieged haue, (saue
 And many goods knights slaine, that haue vs fought to

13
 Thus as he spake, loe, with outrageous cry
 A thousand villaines round about them warm'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 recoil: but when againe
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
 For, with such puiffaunce and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly.
 Like scattered sheepe, when as the Shepheards swaine
 A Lion and a Tigre doth espy,
 With greedy pace forth rushing 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 rascall routs t'endose them round,
 And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.
 But loone 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 fenoes of Allan doce arise,
Their murmuring (small trumpets) sounden 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 dispersd,
Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now, when repoit 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 *Cyprius* wanton rage,
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That fought with her to liike 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 beede downe raught,
The traine whereof loote far behind her strayd,
Branched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damels, 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 crowned with a garland of sweet Roseere.

20
Goodly she entertaind thole noble knights,
And brought them vp into her castle hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wife and 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* time,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Isabel* 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!
Thole 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 leauen 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 braille,
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,
Stoore more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Iet or Marble farrre from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wanling *Vioe*,
Enchaced with a wanton *Iv'e* twine,
And over it a faire *Porticulis* hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comly compasse, and compacture strong,
Neither vnseemly 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;
Vtters of secrets he from thence debar'd,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His *larum*-bell might loud and wide be heard
When caule requir'd, but neuer out of time;
Early and late it roog, at euening and at prime.

26
And round about the porch on euery side
Twice sixteene warders late, all armed bright
In glistering steele, and strongly fortified:
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 obeytaoce, 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 disparted,
And ready dight with drapets feastiuall,
Agunst the wands should be ministrad.
At th' upper end there late, yclad 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 meat, 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 ybuilt for great dispende,
With many raunges 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 *Actin* or flaming *Mongiball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing in it the caudron got.

30
But to delay the heat, leaft by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance,
An huge great paire of bellows, which did stire
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and lades, 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 *Concoction*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchen Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
Did order all the cates in femely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had feuerall offices assign'd:
Some to remoue the cum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind;
And others it to vse according to his kind.

32
But all the liquor, which was soule and waste,
Nor good nor seruiceable 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 it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Equiline*, whereby
It was avoyded quite, and throwne out prauily.

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 beuy of faire Ladies fate,
Courtred of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wife amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* plaide
His wanton sports, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath did mayd.

35
Diuerse delights they found themselves to please,
Some fung in sweet confort, some laught for toy,
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 frauded, that frauded, the third for shame did blush,
Another seem'd enuious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruff:
But at these strangers presence euery one did huff.

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 Damisell chose:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But some-what late, 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 array'd;
And in her band a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in courteous manner said;
Gentle Madam, why becme ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beauty doe with sadnesse spill?
Lues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you loue, or doe you lacke your will?
What-euer be the cause, it sure belecemes you ill.

38
Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdaine full wife)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?
Him ill belecemes, anothers fault to name,
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:
Peniue I yeeld I am, and lade in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind,
That haue twelue in moths sought one, 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 semblauit 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.

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 nature lew:
 Straoge was her tire, and all her garment blew,
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Vpon her fist, the bird which shunneth view,
 And keeps in couerts close from lining wight,
 Did sit, as yet asham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
 Voto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And euer and anone with iocifered
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did die,
 That hee became, as polidit *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;

Faire *Damzell*, seemeth by your trau'led 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 disclose) assay
 To eate you of that all, to wisely as I may.

She answered ought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* meruuld at her vacouth eale:
 Till *Alme* him bespake, Why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
 Shee is the fountaine of your modestee;
 You shamed at are, but *Shamefastesse* it selfe is shee.

Thereat the *Elfe* did blusht in pruitee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dyssembled 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 laught,
 To view her Castles other wondrous frame.
 Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrougt.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest beauen compassed around,
 And lifted high aboue this earthly maile,
 Which it suruiew'd, as his doer 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 towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
 Fro which young *Heclora* blood by cruell *Greeke* was spilt.

The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbas daintly;
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Threw gauch light, and flain'd continually:
 For, they of liuing fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might,
 O, who can tell the paytes of that makers might!

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,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honourable ages,
 The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

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 *Pythian* fire, which did suruiue,
 Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
 By whose advice old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of policies mote striue.
 These three in these three roomes did suadry dwell,
 And counsell'd faire *Alme*, how to gouerne well.

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
 The next, could of things present best advise;
 The third, things past could keepe in memorie:
 So that no time, nor reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,
 That ought mote hinder his quick preiudize:
 He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,
 That neuer idle was, ne oace could rest a whit.

His chamber was dispaired all withio,
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ
 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 knowne by their names,
 Such as in idel fantasies doe sit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaurcs*, fecnnds, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lions, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
 (Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombr'd all mees cares and eyes,
 Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
 Alter their hiees with honny doe abound:
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,
 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 drew;
 A man of yeeres yer fresh, as mote appear,
 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* having shewed to her guffes,
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals
 Were painted tare with memorab'l gesses
 Of famous Wisards, 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 perit 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 thole 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 seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was remoued 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 lueily vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenc'd 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 incorrupted dweld;
 The warres he well remembered of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

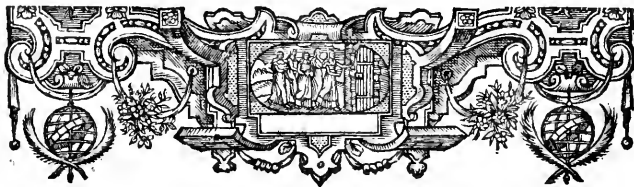
57
 The yeeres of *Neslor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Methusalem*, though longest iu'd;
 For, he remembered both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
 Of natue strength now, that he them suru'd.
 His chamber all was hang'd about with rolles,
 And old records from auocient times deriu'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment feroles,
 That were all worrne-eaten, and full of canker holes.

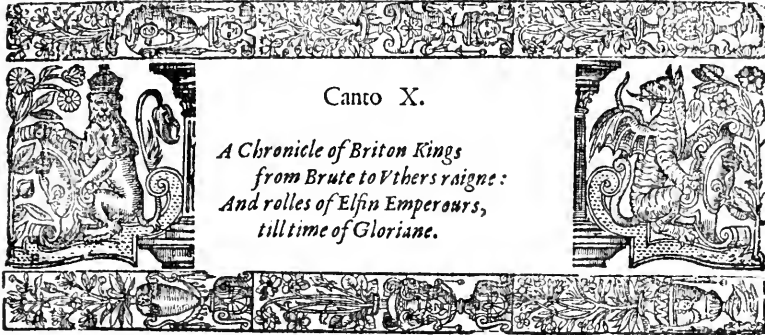
58
 Amidst them all he in a chaire was fet,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was vnable them to fet,
 A little boy did on him still attend
 To reach, when euer he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lead.
 Therefore he *Ananesthes* cleped is,
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their properties.

59
 The Knights, there entring, 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 chanced to the Princes hand to rise
 An auocient booke, hight *Erston monuments*,
 That of this Lands first conquest did deuise,
 And old diuision into Regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans government.

60
 Sir *Gyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,
 That hight *Amiquity of Faerie lond*,
 In which when as he greedily did looke;
 Th'offspring of Elves and Faeries there he fond,
 As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with seruent 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





Canto X.

*A Chronicle of Briton Kings
from Brute to Vthers raigne:
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.*

WHo 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 I ancestries
Of my most dceded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes the doth farre lurrmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lues, does borrow life and light,
Lies ought, that to her linage may compare,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountiued?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* tote,
Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegrean* Ioue he wrotē,
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 assay,
Thy name, ô soueraigne Queen, to blazon farre away.

Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowned Prince deriued arre,
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 aboute the Northern starre
Immortall fame for euer hath entold;
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 payfd,
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 Mariner that way
Leareing 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 same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it *Abion*. 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 bestly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loarbsome den,
And flying fast as *Roebeck* through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling lued then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That lonnes of men amaz'd their sternnesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to allure; vneath to wenece
That monstrous en or which doth some allot,
That *Diolesians* hitie daughters steene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illusion of their lust vnkeene,
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
Pollured this same gentle soile long time :
That their owne mother loath'd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native slime:
Vntill that *Erutus* anciently deru'd
From royall stock of old *Affaracs* line,
Driuen by fatal error, heere arriv'd,
And them of their vniust possessions depriu'd.

10

But ere he had established his throne,
And spread 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 groning flore ;
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day
The westerne Hogs, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goëmos*, 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, being 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 France 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* that was, that is *Devonshire* :
But *Canuto* had his portion from the rest,
The which he call'd *Canutum*, for his hire ;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13

Thus *Eruse* 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 *Loerine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At last, ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14

Loerine was left the soueraigne Lord of all ;
But *Albanacth* 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 fierce, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in eury part,
And overflow'd all countries faire away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the North display :
Vntill that *Loerine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munificence,

16

He them encountered (a confus'd rout)
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight
The ancient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't so fiercely after fearful flight,
That forc'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 insolent wax through vnwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the iopardie,
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 quit 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 battaile well ordaind,
In which him vanquish't she to be constraind :
But she so fast purlew'd, that him shee tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind ;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
Shee 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 sad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer shee 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 *Loerine* bore
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of sway)
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till riper yeares he taught, and stronger stay :
During which time, her powre shee 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 wax.

21

Tho *Madan* reign'd, vnworthy of his race:
 For, with all shame that sacred throne he filld:
 Next, *Memprife*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which becug comforted with *Manild*,
 For thirst of single kingdome him he kild.
 But *Ebrank* 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 to many weeks as the yeere has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twenty sonnes, which did apply
 Their minds to praise, and cheualrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it high; but in the end their Sire,
 With foule repulce, 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 puissance great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of eueralsting fame,
 Hee with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered;
 Since which, with sundry spoiles she hath been rancked.

24

Let *Scaldus* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Esham 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 *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 *Carleill*, and built *Carleon* strong.
 Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not encreate,
 But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 Excel'd at *Athens* all the learned peace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet sciencie mollified their stubborne harts.

26

Eofample of his woodrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret 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 sight into fond mischief fell.

27

Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long reign'd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well vpraiod,
 In all that eemed he for kingly feed:
 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 lov'd:
 And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
 Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
 But *Cordell* said, she lou'd him, as behoou'd:
 Whose simple aunswere, wanting colours faire
 To paint 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 staid his realme by equall lots:
 But without dowre the wife *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Agenip* of *Celrua*.
 Their aged Syre, thus ealed of his crowne,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renoune,
 That nought him grieu'd to beene from rule depoune.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and wike is throwe away;
 So, when he had resign'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 vied 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 advise too late,
 That loue is nor, where most it is profest:
 Too truly tryde in his extreme 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 teemed 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 rebeld,
 And overcommen kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Ther

33
Then gan the bloody brethern both to raigne :
But *Cundah* fierce gan shortly to enue
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdain
To haue a Peere in part of fountaentic;
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew :
Whence as he to thole 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*' his dead roome did supply,
In whicke sad time blood did from heauen raine :
Next, great *Gurgusius*, then 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,
Atraught the rule, and from their father drew ;
Stout *Ferrex* and stern *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35
But ô ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kintred, nor regards no right,
Stind *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 yeeres this scepter borne,
With high renowne, 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 ancient.

37
Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who stir'd with pity of the stressed plight
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
By such, as claim'd themselues *Brutes* rightfull heires,
Gathered the Princes of the people loole,
To taken counsell of their common cares ;
Who, with his wisdomone won, him straight did choose
Their King, and swore him fealty to win or loole.

38
Then made he head against his enemies,
And *Timner* slew, or *Logris* misereate ;
Then *Ruddoe* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambray* king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quietstate,
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 reuel'd in vision,
By which he freed the Trauailers 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
Donwalo dide (for, what may liue for ay ?)
And left two sonnes, of peerlesse prowesse both ;
That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
The recompence of their periured oath,
And ranfakt *Graece* well tryde, when they were wroth ;
Besides subiected *Francke*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayles speake, all be they thol,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, Kings of *Britanny*.

41
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,
In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise ;
He Easterland subdewd, and *Danmarke* wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes :
He also gaue to fugitives of *Spayne*
(Whom he at sea found wandering 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 beyre
(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 *Acgeric*, that *Noma* taught ;
Thofe yet of her be *Mertian* laws both nam'd & thought.

43
Her sonnes *Sifilus* 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 successiue by turnes did raigne :
First, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life ;
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,
Deposed was from Princedomone soueraine,
And pittious *Eldure* put in his sted ;
Who shortly it to him restor'd againe,
Till by his death he recovered ;
But *Peridure* and *Figent* him distronized.

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 iust brethren raigned
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 endless monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did redifie
Of *Troynewant*, gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47
Whilst they were young, *Casibalane* their Em
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him cooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the proud *Romans* him disquieted,
And warlike *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 twise they were repulsd backe againe,
And twise reforc'd, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine.
And the gray Ocean into purple die:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natie soyle,
And envious to Vnckles soueraintie,
Betrayd his country vnto fortune spoyle:
Nought elle, but treason, from the first 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.
Thereoforth this Land was tributary made
T'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* raigned, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshy slime
Enwombed 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 time!
Soone after this, the *Romans* him warrayd:
For that their tribute he refused 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 sealed not the bloody fight for ought;
For *Avurage* his brothers place supplide,
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by th'it 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 *Avurage*;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiss*' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounc't the vailillage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hail'ly ient
Yespasian, that with great poyle and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuiss* a gent
Perswaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

53
Hee dyde; and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyd*, and after him good *Lucus*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
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 had her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whil'st *Romans* daily did the weakie subdew:
Which seeing, stout *Erunduca* vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to bet drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them vdwares besides the *Seuene* did enclose.

55
There shee with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with to good successe, as shee deter'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her twer'd;
Yet such as were through former fight prefer'd,
Gathering againe, her Host shee did renew,
And with treth courage on the victour setu'd:
But being all defeated saw a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, hee telle shee stee.

56
O famous monument of womens praise,
Matchable eitherto *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history to high doth raise,
Or to *Hyspith*, or to *Thomiss*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbre is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemies;
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies delight.

57
Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seyerus* and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled;
So made them victors, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carasius* tyrannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
And him *Alelus* treacherously flew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperour:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed, but short happy houre:

58
For *Aselepiodate* him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht Plaine,
Without of 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 crown'd Soueraigne:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylesbester* 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,
Fair *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,
Octavian here leapt into his roome:
And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title iustifide by might,
Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing overcome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So setled he his kingdom, 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 kingdom heyre,
Who soone by means 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 overran 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 crown'd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares.

63
Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
Those spoilefull *Picts*, and *Iswarming 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 *Panuel* did that border bound.

64
Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age:
By means whereof, their vncle *Fortiger*
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillages;
Which th' Infants Tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into *Americ* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those *Picts* annoyes,
He sent 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 reconowd 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 sought at first their helping hand,
And *Fortiger* enforc't the kingdom to aband.

66
But by the helpe of *Fortimere* his sonne,
He is againe vnto his Realme restor'd,
And *Hengist* seeming sad for that was done,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face, & flustering word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to reu,
Th'etereall marks of treason may at *Stonhenge* vie.

67
By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrijs and *Viber* 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 soone brought to shamefull death.
Thencefore *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,
Till that through poylon stopped was his breath;
So now entomb'd lies at *Stonhenge* by the heath.

68
After him *Viber*, 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 to vntimely breach
The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stop't his speech.

69
At last, quite raviſht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his ourne land,
Cride out, Deare country, ſo how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
Be to thy ſolter 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 leature, 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* riuied.

71
That man ſo made, he called *Elfe*, to weat,
Quick, the firſt authourof all Elfin kind:
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardens of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fayeries* ſpring, & fetch their linage right.

72
Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puiſſant kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to themſelues all Nations did tubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that cepter wayd,
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 *Elſilina* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73
His ſonne was *Elſinel*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:
But *Elſant* was of moſt renowned fame,
Who all of Cryſtall did *Panthea* build:

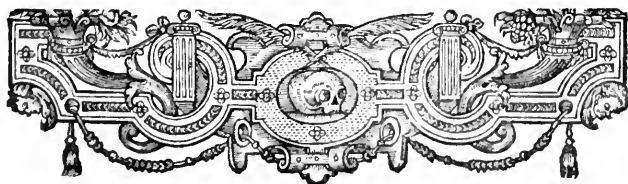
Then *Elſar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elſuor*, who was in Magick ſkild;
He built by art vpon the glaſſy See (to bee,
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heauens thunder ſeem'd

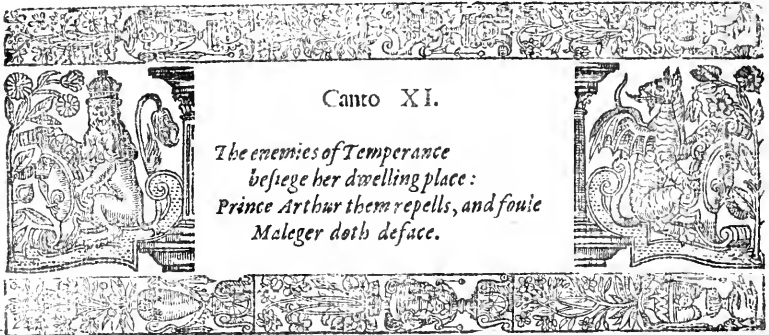
74
Hee left three ſonnes, the which in orderraignd,
And all their Offspring, in their dew deſcends,
Euen ſeu hundred Princes, which maintand
With mighty deeds their ſundry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous monuments,
And braue entample, both of Martiall
And ciuill rule, to Kings and States imperiall.

75
After all theſe *Elſcleas* did rugae,
The wiſe *Elſcleas* in great Maieſtie,
Who mightily that cepter did ſuſtaine,
And with rich ſpoyles and famous victory,
Did high aduaunce the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two ſonnes, of which faire *Elſeron*,
The eldeſt brother did vntimely die;
Whote 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 memoriall:
He, dying, left the faireſt *Tanaquil*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liueth 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
Beguill'd thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they read in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was ſted, 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 foule
Maleger doth desface.*

WHat warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections doe apply
Against the fort of reason evermore
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 sinful 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 bad,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vpste Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke, in habite sad,
Himselfe address to that adventure hard:
So to the riuers side they both together far'd;

Where thero awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boat: They goe aboard,
And he cftsoones 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 truely guide,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hide;
So 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 steads did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most desface,
As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.
Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endlesse care,
They battered day and night, and entrance did aswate.

The other five, five sundry wayes he set,
Against the five great Bulwarks of that pile;
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
To assaile with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and impertune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablemeoc
Of foule misshapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely beor,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had claws to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And euery one did bowe and arrowes beare;
All thofe were lawelesse lusts, corrupt conics,
And couctous aspectes, all cruell enemies.

Those

9

Those same against the Bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailons a fault,
 Ne once did yield it respit day nor night:
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light withault,
 Their wicked engios 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,
 Against which the second troupe designment makes;
 Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
 Some haung heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wild Bores late rous'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 samethird Fort, that is the *Smell*,
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assaid:
 Whose hideous shapes were like to fecnds of hell,
 Some like to Hounds, some like to Apes dismayd,
 Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes arrayd:
 All flap't according their conditions,
 For, by those vgly formes wercn pourtraid
 Foolish delights and tond abusions,
 Which doe that sense besiege with high illusions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was as the rest, a gryse rabblement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystres, some fact
 Like loathly Toades, some fashion'd in the wast
 Like swine; for, so deformed is luxurie,
 Surfeit, mischief, and vnthrift 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 dreadful to report:
 For, some like snayles, some did like spiders shew,
 And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and short:
 They cruelly assaile that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensual 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 puillance
 Against that Castle restless siege did lay,
 And euermore their hideous Ordinance
 Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten nere decay:
 And euermore their wicked Capitaine
 Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaine,
 Which by the lack of that peece they should attaine.

15

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
 Their steadfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchivement 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 maime,
 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 dismayd with that dreadfull fight
 (For, neuer was since in so euill case)
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his seruice, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:
 Shee him remerci'd as the Patron of her life.

17

Esfoones himselfe in glitter and armes lie 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 more he thee, the prowest and most gent,
 That cuer brandish'd bright Steele on hie:
 Whom soone as that vnuly rabblement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all at once at him let fly
 Their flattering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snowe,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 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 they heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the rascal flocks,
 Which sied a funder, 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 feed:
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phabus* race did breed.

20

Which suddaine horrour and confus'd 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 vnderneath his lode,
 While his long legs nigh raight 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 vna
 And

And in his hand a bended bowe was seene,
 And many arrowes vnder his right side,
 All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
 He led with fliur, and feathers bloody dide,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quoyers hide;
 Those could he well direct and straight as line,
 And bid them strike the marke, which he had cyde;
 Ne was there salus, ne was there medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
 His body leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skio all withered like a dryed rooke,
 Thereto as cold and dreary as a Snake,
 That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
 All in a canvas thio 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 gastly sight.

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 litle snags
 She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th' other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

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.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be avenged of that flur wyleare:
 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 deare.

For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That view of eye could feare him ouertake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hils 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)
 Vato his Tygres tayle, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 27
 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 vncouth maoner he did vew
 He gan avize 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.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 28
 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 larre away espy
 Binding her sister, slict to him ran hastily.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 29
 Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude hands and grievly gripplment,
 Till that the villaine coming to their ayd,
 Vpon him fell, and loce vpon him layd;
 Full litle wanted, but he had him flaine,
 And of the battell balefull eod had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
 And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter baue.

So, grcatest and most glorious thing on ground
 30
 May often need the help of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans state, and life vnfound,
 That in assurance it may neuer stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Proofoe be thou Prince, the prouest man aliuie,
 And noblest borne of all in *Eriton* land;
 Yet thee herce Fortune did to neerely driue:
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst oot reuiue.

The Squire attriuing, fiercely in his armes
 31
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
 His chiefeest lets and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce with-held with threacned 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.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
 32
 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 vrest,
 And strives to mount vnto his native feat;
 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 caruie bands,
 And as a beare whom angry cures baite touz'd,
 Hauing off-shak'te them, and escap'tr their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads downe and overthrowes. Now had the *Carle*
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his bands
 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 vato his strength and manhood meare,
 Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarm.
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely aduaust his valorous right arme,
 And him so forefmore with his iron mace,
 That groueling to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

Well weened 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 himselfe to second battell bend,
 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 beare,
 Remoues againe into the open aire,
 And vato better fortune doth her selfe prepare:

So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the *Carle* himselfe againe addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternly, that he made
 An open passage through his ruen brest,
 That halfe the Steele behid his back did rest;
 Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
 But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathe more:

Ne drop of blond appeared fied 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 knight,
 That made his spright to grone full pitious:
 Yet nathe more forth fled his groning spright;
 But freshly as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his heart appall:
 New what he whiat 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 aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
 Or hellish feend rays'd vp through diuelish science.

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeale:
 Flesh without blood, 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 infirmitee;
 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 first intent,
 And th'vntmost meanes of victorie assay,
 Or th'vntmost issew of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword *Mordure*, that neuer sayld
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield that nought him now auaild,
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him vp he foatcht,
 And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
 And tidle 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 pulstant wrest,
 That backe againe it did aloft rebound,
 And gaue against his mother Earth a groanfull sound;

As when *Ioues* harness-bearing Bird from his
 Stoupes at a flying Heron with proud disdain,
 The stone-dead quarry fals so forcibly,
 That it rebounds against the lowly Plane,
 A second fall redoubling backe againe,
 Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remaine;
 No sooner thought, then that the *Carle* as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
 And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,
 Against this lifelesse shadow 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 wayes aduize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swaine,
 Whom still he marked freshly to aize
 From th'earth, & from her worne 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 vsury to him restore,
 And rayd him vp much stronger then before,
 So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to Graue terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

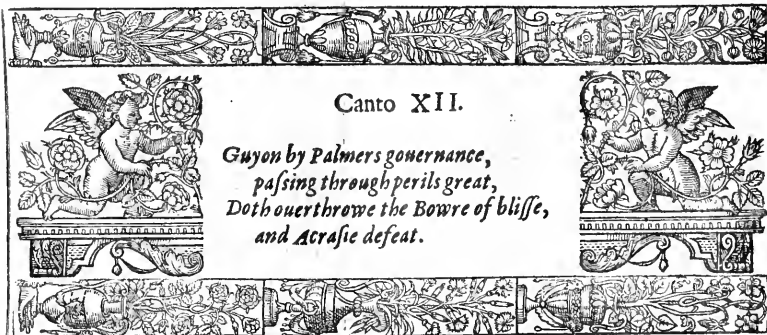
46
 Tho, vp he caught him twix his puiffant hands,
 And hauing icruz'd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loold from sinfull baods,
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full courle,
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
 Him therunto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stir'd, nill hope of life did him forsake;
 So, end of that Charles dayes, 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 bauds,

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* curld darts did take,
 So riou'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 vaiues
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
 Through los of blood, which from his wounds did
 That he began to faint, and life decay:
 But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
 With 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 infirmitee;
 Etfwoones the caus'd him vp to be conusid,
 And of his armes despoyled easily,
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.



Canto XII.

*Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
 passing through perils great,
 Doth ouerthrowe the Bowre of blisse,
 and Acrasie defeat.*

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 fastsetted
 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 feare fayled 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 spread her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring faire away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And straight they saw the raging luges 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 excessiuely,
 He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
 And helcheth forth his superfluitee,
 That all the seas for feare doe leeme away to fly.

On th'other side an hideous ⁴Rock is pight,
Of mighty *Magnes* stone, whose craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight;
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift
On who so cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can flit:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpelesse wawes.

Forward they passe, and strongly be them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Guile artine,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissance doth strue
To strikes his owne, and mightily doth drue
The bollow vntill through the threatfull wau;e;
Which gaping wide to swallow them aboue
In th' huge abyffe of his engulging Graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rane.

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* seepe,
Through which the damned ghoits doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad luers to torment:
But nought that failes into this dreffull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

On th'other side, they saw that perilous ⁷Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whole sharpe cluifs the ribs of vessels broke,
And shuered ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimat
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lusts intemperate,
Did after wards make shipwracke violent
Both of their life, and lame for euer fouly blent.

For thy, this night ⁸*The Rocke of vile Reproche*,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoare and base,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still late waiting on that wastfull chift,
For spoyle of wretches, whose vnhappy case,
After lost credite and consumed thrife,
At last then driuen hath to this despairefull drift.

The ⁹Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said; Behold th' examples in our sights
Of lustfull luxury and thristlesse waste:
Wher now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their loofer daies in lewd delights,
But sinate and sad reproche, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that live, hereby be counseiled,
To shun *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

So forth they rowed: and that ¹⁰*Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did bruih 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 Ilands spy,
On every side floting the floods among:
Then said the knight, Lo, I the land descric;
Therefore old Sire, thy course do therunto apply.

That may not be, said then the ¹¹*Ferryman*.
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Ilands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certaine wanne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The wandring Ilands. Therefore do them flonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into moit deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that faire doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispreed
With grassie green 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 whosoer ouer such hasten'd
His foot theron, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euer more vnertaine and vnure.

As th' ¹³isle of *Delos*, whylome men report
Amid th' *Aegeanica* long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* trauelling 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.

They to him hearken, as beleeemeth meet,
And passe on forward: so their way does lie,
That one of those same Ilands which doe flit
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 siting did espy
A daintie damzell, dressing of her beare,
By whom a litle skip petfloting did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore;
For the had cause to buie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathe more
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore.
Which when the saw, she left her locks vndight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drue with all her power and might.
Whom

16

Whom overtaking, shee in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purple 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 ought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurments did forsake,
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
Here now behooueth 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 Quicksand,
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 quicksand nigh, with water couered;
But by the checked way they did defery
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of *Enbrisyfyhed*.

19

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
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 traucell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th' other side they see that perious Poole,
That called was the *Whirlpoole of Decay*,
In which full many had with haples 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 brauic 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 billowes rore
Outrageously, as they couraged 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 horrour strange did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous host arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing sentle dismayd;

23

Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that euer should so foule defects
From her most cunning hand escaped be;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydræes*, 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 deseru'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The grieclly *Wasserman*, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to peruse,
The horrible *Sea-satyre*, that doth stee
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffus*, whom Mariners etchew
No lesse the rocks (as traucellers informe)
And greedy *Rosmarines* with vilages 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 fearen 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 dread,
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
Into 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 plaints did fly:
At last they in an Iland did clyp
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 *Guyon* hearing, straight his *Palmer* bade
To steere the boat towards that dolefull *Mayd*,
That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad :
Who him aviling better, to him said ;
Faire Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd :
For all it were to harken to her cry ;
For she is inly nothing ill appayd,
But oonly 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* brait
Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,
Ne euer shooke, ne euer fought to bait
His tired armes for toylike 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 steeleed
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 deceitfull shade.

31
They were faire Ladies till they fondly striv'd
With th'*Helconian* maides for mastery ;
Of whom they overcome were depriv'd
Of their proud beauty, and th'one moisty
Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry :
But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,
And their sweet skill in wooed melody ;
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
T'allurewake Travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32
So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
Their pleasant voes they sweetly thus applide ;
O thou faire sonne of gentle *Faery*,
That art in mighty armes most magnifice
Above all knights, that ever battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile :
Here may thy storme, bet vesell safely ride ;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet Ian, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

33
With that, the rolling sea reiounding soft,
In his big bane them fildly answered,
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
A solemn Meane vnto them measured,
The whites sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whistled
His Treble a strange kind of harmonie ;
Which *Guyon* senses softly tuckled,
And he the *Boatman* bad rowe easly,
And let him heare some part of their rare melodie.

34
But him that *Palmer* from that vanity,
With temperate advise discomfelled,
That they it pass, and shortly gan desery
The land, to which their courte they leueled ;
When suddently a grosse fog ouer-spreed
With his dull vapour all that desert bar,
And beaueus chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And thus great *Vaiueriteens*'d one confuled 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 tumbling into mischiefe vncypide.
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 tynight ;
And fore annoyed, groping in that grieved night.

36
Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fallall birds about them flocked were,
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 *Bat*, dayes enemy,
The rusefull *Strich*, still warning on the bere,
The Whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy ;
The helth's *Harpies*, Prophets of sad detuoie.

37
All those, and all that else does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fild their tyles with feare ;
Yet stayd they not, but toward 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 whites the nimble boate so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
And his sage *Palmer*, that him gouerned ;
But th'other by his boat behind did stay.
They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for cerry 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 *Wens* 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 vpstart crests,
Ran towards, to deuoure thole vncpected 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:
Eftionnes 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 cunningly
Of which *Caduceus* whylome was made;
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wons the *Strygian* realmes invade,
Through gally horror, and eternal shade;
Th' internall 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 thordly doe arriue,
Whereas the *Bower of blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
That Nature worke by art can imitate:
In which what-cuer in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing scote,
Or that may daintieit fantasie aggregate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

43
Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Atwell their entred guests to keepe within,
As those vnruy beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard their force, that fortillage to win,
But wisdomes powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightiest things cfforced 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 peece
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 they 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 *Cressida* wed.

46
All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be read; that cuer 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 wise,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

47
They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foreseee,
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not seee,
Yet each doth in himsele 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 seee.
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 plain, on euery side
Strowed with pleasure, whole 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'assault the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holefome smell.

More

52
 More sweet and wholsome, 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 loue did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
 When-euer they their heauenly bowies forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
 Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

53
 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, being goodly dight
 With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54
 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 themselues 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.

55
 And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
 Which did themselues amongst the leaues enfold,
 As lurking from the view of couctous guest,
 That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne, as over-burdened,
 Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,
 Clad in faire weeds, but foule disorderd,
 And garments loose, that seem'd vnto womanhed.

56
 In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose lappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scru'd, with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
 That to faire wine-presse made the wine more sweeter:
 Thereof the vs'd to giue to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guise, all Strangers goodly to greet.

57
 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 fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the load:
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the lame amend, ne yet withstood,
 But suffred him to passe, all were she loth;
 Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

58
 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 happieffe enioie:
 The painted flowres, the trees vplighting hie,
 The dales for shade, 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.

59
 One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
 That Nature had for wantonnesse enfolded
 Art, and that Art: 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.

60
 And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shyny, that the silver flood
 Through eury channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with pure imagerece
 Was over-wrought, and shapés of naked boyes,
 Of which some seem'd with liuely iollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whil'st others did themselues embay in liquid ioies.

61
 And over all, of purest gold was spread
 A trayle of Iuice in his natue hew:
 For, the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well auis'd it view,
 Would surely deeme it to be Iric tree:
 Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,
 That themselues dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of Cryfall seem'd for wantonnesse to weepe.

62
 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 little lake it seem'd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits high,
 That through the waues one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with Iaspur shining bright,
 That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did layle vpright.

63
 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* hapned 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 lit 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 toire restraine;
The whites their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Crystall waues appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoyle 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 heare
Crystalline humor dropped downe apace,
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And some-what gan relect his earnest pafe,
His stubborne breast gan secreet pleasure to embrace.

66
The wanton Maydens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at this wvonted guile;
Then th'one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a stranger did avile:
But th'other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps doft displaid,
And all that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, the vnto 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 thicke, her cloth'd around,
As th'Ivorie in golden mantle gowod:
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 lovely face shee for his looking left.

68
Withall she laughed, and sice blisht 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 pafe,
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 n. any sights, that courage cold could reare.

69
On which when gazing him the *Palmer* saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And (countfild well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of Bliss*
Of her fond laouourites lo nam'd amis:
When thus the *Palmer*: Now Sir, well avise:
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:
Heere wvones *Acrasia*, whom I trust surptise,
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 eare,
Such as atonce might not on liuing ground,
Sauc in this *Paradise*, 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 conforited in one harmonie;
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71
The ioyous birds, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempred sweet;
Th' *Angelicall* soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments diuine repondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto 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 forcerece
And witchcraft, she from far did thither bring:
There she had him now layd aslumbering;
In secreet shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whil't round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their long with light licentious toyes.

73
And all the while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixt in his sight,
As seeking medicine, when she was srong,
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 the sighted soft, as if his case she rew'd.

74
The whiles, some one did chaunt this louely lay:
Ah see, who-so faire thing dooft faire to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the *Virgin Rose*, how sweetly sice
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestie,
That fayrer seems, the lesse ye see her may:
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soone after, how she fades and 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 earlt 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, soone 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 ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds
Their diuile notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuance of his pleasing words,
The constant paire heard all that he did say,
Yet swarod not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That waron 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 fin,
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 nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched dew, doe nor in thaire more lightly see.

78
Her (nowy breast was bare to ready spoile
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote there-with beild;
And yet through languor of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more clare then *Nectar*, forth distild,
That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:
And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which the thrild
Fraile harts, yet queached not; like starry light
Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more

79
The young man sleepeing by her, seem'd to bee
Some goodly fwaire 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 sleepeing, in his well proportiond 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 sleepeing praife) 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 enchauntment, 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 same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So hild them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fouler frame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

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 found;
But *Perdant* (so he hight) he soone vnryde,
And counsell sage in freed thereof to him applide.

83
But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittiflesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he tur'd to balefulnesse:
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers spoyld, their Cabinets suppress'd,
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
Charm'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 Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournfull meede of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86
Straight-way he with his yertuous staffe them strooke,
And fraight of beasts 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 filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whil' st weather issues and wind.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, for the term ending on the 31st day of December, 1901.

President: William W. Taft
 Vice-President: Charles D. Clark
 Secretary: John W. Aldrich
 Treasurer: John D. Rockefeller
 Members: John W. Aldrich, Charles D. Clark, John D. Rockefeller, William W. Taft, and others.



THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING
THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS.

OR

Of Chastitie.



¹
L falles me heere to write of Chastitie,
That fairest vertue, farre aboute the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forraine ensamples, it to haue exprest
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraignes brest,

And form'd to luely 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.

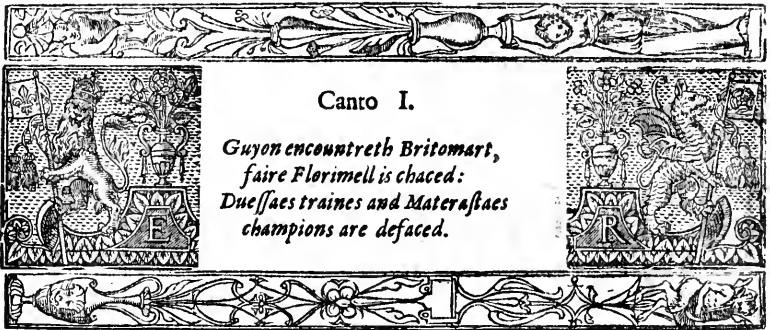
²
But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zewis* or *Praxiteles*,
His daedale hand would faime, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanship aduencure darre,
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

³
How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuinet wits did raigne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constrain

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 showes may shadowie,
And antique prayles voto present persons fit.

⁴
But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more luely, or more trew,
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkled,
In which a gracious seruauit picture d
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

⁵
But let that same delicious Poet lend
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fairest *Cynthia* refuse,
In mittours 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.



THe famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
 After long wayes, & perilous paines endured,
 Hating their weary limbes to perfect plight
 Restord, & fory wounds right well recured,
 Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured
 To make there longer sojourn and abode;
 But when thereto they might not be allured,
 From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,
 They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Atarha* 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 witness 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 trauelled through wastefull wayes,
 Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
 To hunt for glory and renowned praise;
 Full many Countries they did ouer-runne,
 From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
 And many hard adventures did atchieue;
 Of all the which they honour euer woone,
 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 pricked
 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 reuaine,
 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;
 Nathelasse, 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 shiuering 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 wast before;
 For, not thy fault, but secret power seene,
 That speare enchaunted was, which laid thee on the Green.

But weneedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
 Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldest renew,
 That of a single Daniell 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 faire taught alas)
 Whose image she had scene in *Fenn* looking glasse.

Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vp-rofe,
 For to revenge that foule reprochefull shame,
 And snatching his bright sword, began to clofe
 With her on foot, and stouly forward came;
 Die rather 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 encounter he should reare:
 For, death late on the point of that enchanted speare.

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 leene
 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 fond,
 To lose long gotten honour with one euill bond.

By such good meanes he him discourtelled,
 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, that swar'd alide,
 And to the ill purveyance of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tide:
 So in his angry courage fairly pacified.

Thus, reconciliation 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 euer it embast,
 Ne armes to beare against the others side:
 To 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.

O goodly visage 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.

Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,
 Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
 Their puissance, whylome full dcerly tryde:
 At length they came into a Forrest wide,
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
 Full grieftly feard: Therein they long did ride,
 Yet tract of liuing creature none they found,
 Save Bears, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them around.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
 Vpon a milk-white Palfrey all alone,
 A goodly Lady did foreby them rish,
 Whose face did seeme as cleere as Crystall stone,
 And eke (through teare) as white as Whales bone:
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
 And all her feed with trinfell trappings stone,
 Which fled to fast, that nothing mote him hold,
 And feare them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
 As fearing euill, that pursfwd her fast;
 And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loosely disperst with puffe of eury blast:
 All as a blazing starre doth farre out-cast
 His haire beames, and flaming locks dispreed,
 At fight whereof the people stand agast:
 But the sage Wilard telles (as he has read)
 That it importunes death, and dolefull drenchthead.

So, as they gazed after her awhile,
 Lo, where a grieftly Foster foorth did rish,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
 His tyeling 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 gorie sides the bloud did gush:
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
 And in his elaw with hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
 Full of great envie, and fell ieaalousie,
 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 hue
 Her selfe pursfwd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame aliue:
 But after the foule Foster *Timias* did sturue.

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whose constant mind,
 Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
 Ne reekt of Ladies loue, did stay behynd,
 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 perous Pace,
 With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
 Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
 A stately Castle farre away she spyde,
 To which her steps dierly she did frame,
 That Cattle was most goodly edifyde,
 And plac't for pleasure nigh that Forrest side:
 But faire before the gate a spatiuous Plaine,
 Mantled with Greene, it selfe did spredden wide,
 On which the law fixe knights, that did darraigne
 Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine.

Mainly

21

Mainly they all attonce vpon him layd,
 And fore beset on eury side around,
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,
 Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground,
 All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and eury way
 To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
 Made them recoyle, and fflye from drad decay,
 That none of all the fixe, before him durst assay:

22

Like dastard curtes, that hauing at a bay
 The salvage beast embost in weary chace,
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
 Ne byte before, but come from place to place,
 To get a snatch, when turned in his face.
 In such distresse and doubtfull icopardy,
 When *Britomart* him saw, shee ran apace
 Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
 Bade those satne fixe forbear that single enemy.

23

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
 Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surcease,
 But gathering him round about more neare,
 Their dircfull ranour rather did increase;
 Till that the rushing through the thickest preace,
 Perforce dispersed their compacted gyre,
 And soone compelled 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 liefer were then such despight,
 So vnto wrong to yield my wrested 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 compelled by maistery;
 For, soone as maistery comes, sweet loue anone
 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 be autie hath no liuing peere;
 There-to so bountious and so debonaire,
 That neuer any mote with her compaire,
 Shee hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,
 That eury 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 *Britomart*, 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 seruite done,
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
 And proue his cause. With that, her mortall appeare
 She mightly auested 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 remaioe;
 Which two did yield before she 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 weakenesse, 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 enterin, and reape the duereward:
 Shee granted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyous*,
 (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,
 Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies fight,
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

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 eury pillour, and of eury 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 stranger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner roome, whole royall e
And rich purveyance might vncath be read;
More Princes place be seeme 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 maintaind, and each gan diuersly deuise.

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 *Perus* and her *Paramour*
The faire *Adonn*, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuise, and wondrous wit,
First did it shew the bitter balefull flowre,
Which her allyd with many a feruent fire,
When first her tender hart was with his beauty smit;

35
Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Enuic't the Boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her *Paramour* to be;
Now making gilonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his *Beaupeers*, 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 starry skyes,
And her soft armelay vnderneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spies
Shee secretly would search each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well-sweet *Rosemaries*,
And fragrant violets, and *Pances* trim,
And euer with sweet *Nectar* she did sprinkle him.

37
So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And ioyn'd his loue in secret vnespide,
But, for she saw him bent to cruel 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 wayes: but all in vaine;
For, who can shun the chauce 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 stains 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 guise,
Some for vnnimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vie, that vs'd it might:
And all was full of *Danzels*, and of *Squires*,
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 thereo applide
Their dainty layes and dalect melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornfull eye,
They fdeigned 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 beautie, fanning that acaaque
Her wanton eyes, all signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glance,
Without regard of grace, or cornely amenaunce.

42
Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuise
Their goodly enterainment and great gleees
Shee caused them be led in courteous wise
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:
The *Rederoffe* 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 appeere.

43
As when faire *Cynthia*, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright head
Discouers to the world discornit;
Of the poore traueler that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which faire *Britomart* gau light vnto the day.

44
And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarm'd, and did themselves present
Vnto her view, and company vsought;
For they all seem'd courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all riualltie,
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* hight,
A iolly person, and of comely view;
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *Ioacante* did enfew;
Basciante did himselfe most curious shew;
But fierce *Bacchante*, seem'd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes *Noelante* greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well becene;
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46
For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terror mixed there-withall,
That as the one stir'd vp affections base,
So th'other did mens rash desires appall,
And hold them backe, that would in error fall;
As he that hath espyde a vermicell Rose,
To which tharpe thornes and briers the way forfall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
But wishing it farre off, his idle with 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 wax,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her sickle hart conceued hastic fire,
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreame desire,
And ranfackt all her veines with passion entire.

48
Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into tearmes of open outrage burst,
That plaine discouer'd her incontinence,
Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
For, she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensual delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
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 affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:
E'mongst the Roses 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 bride 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 crafty glance
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignorance.

51
Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,
Where they were seru'd 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 delightful sport
To loofe her warlike limbs and strong effort:
But when the mote not there-vnto be woone,
(For, she her sex vnder that strange purport
Did vse to hide, and plaine apparauce shunne.)
In plainer wise to tell her grieuance shee beganne;

53
And all atonce discovered her desire
With sighs, and sobs, & plaints, and pittious griefe,
The outward sparks of her in-burning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her grieffe,
That but if she did leaue her short reliefe,
And doe her comfort, the mote algates die.
But the chaste *Damzell*, that had neuer priefs
Of such malengin 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 grieffe,
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 light faith anox;
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 wise,
Scorne the faire offer of good will protest;
For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,
But with faire countenance, as belcomed best,
Her entertain'd; nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd
Her loue too light, to wooc a wandring guest:
Which thee misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
That so like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

56
There-with awhile the 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 insilled 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 *Bascio mans* gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport & courtly play.

Some

57
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make mieriment,
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecassa* bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent,
By this th'eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe ylpent,
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* trowe
Into the Ocean deepe to driue their weary droue.

58
High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
Etsfoones long waxen torches wren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery guite:
Tho, when the Britonelle saw all the rest
Avoided quite, thice gan her selfe delpoile,
And safe commit to her lost feathered net;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,
She foundly slep, and carefull thoughts did quite alloyle.

59
Now, when as all the world in siloece deepe
Ythrowd was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faie *Malecassa*, whose engrieued spight
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And vnder the blacke veile of guilty Night,
Her with a tearlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines faie enveloped.

60
Then panting soft, and trembling enery ioyor,
Her feare all 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 lost 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'embrodred quilt she lightly 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 houte 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.

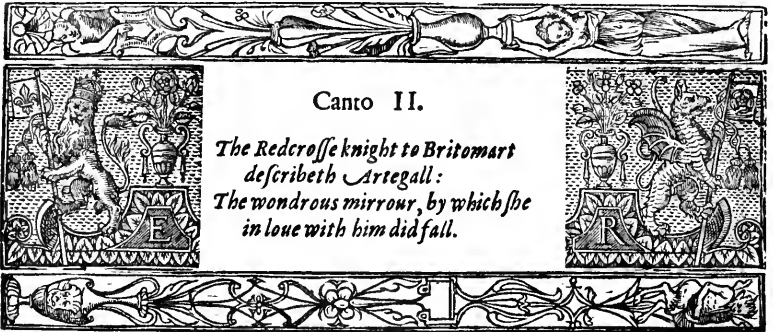
63
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the found,
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with their acions:
Where when confutedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senselesse ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,
Threatoing the poyn't of her auenging blade,
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

64
About their Lady first they flocet around:
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen wound;
And afterward: they gan with foule reproche
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contest broche:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approche,
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselves embolde;
Her succour eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

65
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bowe and arrowe ketone,
Which forth he tent with felonous depigat,
And fell intent against the Virgin sheene:
The mortall Steele it did 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 lily smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

66
Where-with corag'd, she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of themoule mischief could elchew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,
A yowning 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 *Britomart* her arrayd,
And her brist'ur armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she longer there be staid,
Where to loose life, and to vngentle trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies serming gent:
So carely, ere the groue Earths gryefie stude,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their journey went.



Here 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 & cheualric
They doe impart, ne maken reemorie
Of their braue gests 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 gironld bore away,
Till envious Men (feareing 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 cker'cnay.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages spent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose praise I write;
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
O soueraigne Queene, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as duette doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they doe lighte,
And struing fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy selfe thy praises tell, & make them knowen farre.

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 mind,
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 drest;
But fairest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

Therewith shee sighing softly, had no powre
To speake awhile, ne ready answer make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a Feuer fir, did quake,
And euery daintie limbe with horrour shake;
And euer and anon 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 weete, that from the howre
I taken was from Nurfes tender pap,
I haue been trained vp in warlike stowre,
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,
Me leuer were with poynt of foe-mans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is set,
To hunt out 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,
Farre 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 fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weete of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late soule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Artegall* hee 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 tail,
Her shortly answered; Faire Marttall 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 shame
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
Or euer doe that more deseru'd 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 fought:
You and your countrye 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 alixed had
Her hart on knight; so goodly glorifide,
How euer finely thee it faine to hide:
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,
In the deare closer of her paine, full iude,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced there.

12
But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
Her list in thrife-full rearmes with him to balke,
And thus replie: How euer, Sir, ye hie
Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,
It liketh me as 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 fayroul fallie may find.
Ah, but if reason faire might you perfwade,
To shake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
Sayd be perhaps ye should it better find;
For, hardly thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard condition to bind,
On euer hope to march in euall fight;
Whoe proudle paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

14
Ne footlic is it easie for to read,
Where now ouer 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,
Wherelo he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
So is hit to eueraine honour rais'd to heuens bight.

15
His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased,
And tolyl ranke into her molten hart;
Hart, that is inly linnr, 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 faund gainesay;
(So, discord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.)

16
And said, Sir knight, these idle tearms forbear,
And sitth it is weath to finde his haunt,
Till me some markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter parauant;
For, perdy ooe shall other slay, or daunt: (sted,
What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what
And whatio else his person most may vaunt?
All which the *Redersse* knight to point ared,
And him in euery part before her fashioned.

17
Yet him in euery part before she koev,
How-euer list 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;
Whoe root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruite 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 noo South wales is hight,
What time king *Ryense* rain'd, and dealed right.
The great Magician *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguz'd,
Whoe vertues through the wide world loone were solem-
(niz'd

19
It vertue had, to shew in perfe^{ct} fight,
What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heuens hight,
So that it to the looker apperayn'd;
What-euer foe had wrought, or friend had sayn'd,
Therein discouered was, ne ought mote p'us,
Ne ought in secret from the same remayn'd;
For-thy it round and hollow shap'd 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 Phas* long did lurke
From all mens view, and none might her discourse,
Yet the might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptoleme* it for his lemans sake
Y builded all of glafs, by Magick powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his lot was false, he with a peazze 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 debar.
 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 mirror faire,
 Herselfe awhile therein the view'd in vaine;
 Tho, her aizing of the vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoke 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 highft set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 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 whole bright ventayle lifted 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 enuoloped 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, ncfurther fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her vnguiltie age
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vluckie lot
 Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot;
 Of hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
 So sily, that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smile full smoothly at her weeleffe wofull sound.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her losly crest,
 Ruffed of loue, gan lowely to auail,
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
 With which she cast triumphed, now did quail:
 Sad, solempne, lowre, and full of fancies fraile
 She wore; 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 sleepe 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 wail, and often sterpe
 Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weepe.

29

And if that any drop of slombing rest
 Did chance to fill into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest;
 Straight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight
 Of dreadfull thiogs the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her bed she did arise,
 As one with view of ghastly fecnds 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 tost with such vnrest,
 Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glauré* highr,
 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 plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
 Changed thy luely cheare, and liuing 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 spred
 Abroad thy fresh youtnes fairest flowre, but lofe
 Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their wearie cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beafts 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 grieffe,
 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 eury vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen colde away to flie;
And her faire dewey eyes with kisses deate
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And cuer her importun'd, not to feare
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35
The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurse! what needeth the 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, despair no whit;
For, Neuer fore, but might a salue obtaine:
That blinded god, which bath 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 doone.
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begoone.

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 breest 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 ouer sawe.
Hath me subiect to loues cruell lawe:
The same one day, as me misfortunate led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrour sawe,
And pleaded with that seeming goodly-bed,
Vnto the hidden booke with baite I swallowed.

39
Sithens, it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore
Now rankleth in this lame fraile fleshy mould,
That all mine entrails flowe with poynous gore,
And th'vicer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running sore hind remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe faloe from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miserie.

40
Daughter, said she, what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such monster of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary voto 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 yeeld your heart whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyrannic of 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 vied wicked art:
Yet playd *Pisyphe* 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 lewdoes bands from his faire company.

42
But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestow'd not amiss:
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis,
Which that vp-leaning on her elbowe weake,
Her alabaster breest the soft did kites,
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 thofe ye blame, yet may it not appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helples griefe augment.
For they, how-cuer 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 mild be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow waxe, 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 beguil'd;
I fonder lone a shade, the body farre cruel'd.

45
 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.

46
 But if thou may with reason yett represse
 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.

47
 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 little 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.

48
 Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
 They both vprofe and tooke their ready way
 Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,
 With great deuotion, and with little zeale
 For, the faire Damzell from the holy herie
 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.

49
 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.

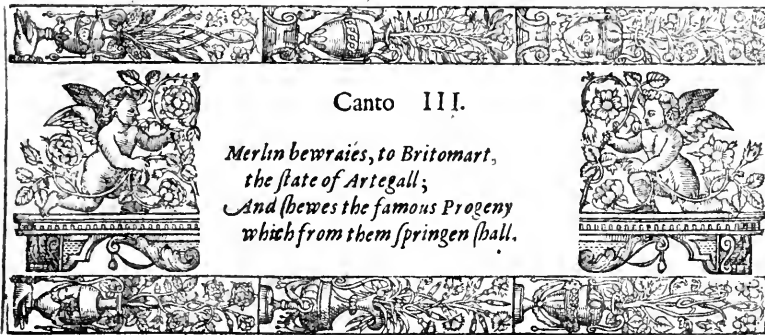
50
 Then taking thrice three haire from off her head,
 Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,
 And round at out the pots mouth, bound the thread,
 And after hauing whispered a space
 Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,
 She to the virgin said, thrice said she it;
 Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
 Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me spit;
 Th'vneuen number for this butiessse is most fit.

51
 That said, her round about she from her turnd,
 She turned her contrary to the Sunne:
 Thrice she her turnd' contrary, and return'd,
 All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
 And euer what she did, was straight vndonc.
 So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
 But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No idle charmes so lightly may remoue;
 That well can witnesse, who by triall it does proue.

52
 Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auaille,
 Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,
 But that she still did waste, and still did waille,
 That through long langour, and hart-burning brame
 She shortly like a pynded ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Strygian stound.
 That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame
 Of her mis carriage should in her be fond
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.

Canto





Canto III.

*Merlin bewraies, to Britomart,
the state of Artegall;
And shewes the famous Progeny
which from them springen shall.*

OH sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above,
Amongst th'eternall spheres & lamping sky,
And these pourd into men, which me call loue;
Not that same, which doth bale 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 doo seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpose of diuine foresight
Thou doost effect in destined descentes,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirrest vp th' Herōes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy drad darts in none 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 loyces thou afterwards did raise
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth haue spred their liuing praise,
That same in trampe of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phaëto* 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 foule reprice,
And fore reproche, 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 view'd 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 infinite endeavour to haue sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To *Mavidanum*, that is now by change
Of name *Cary-Merlin* calld, they took 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 counsell'd 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 little space
From the swift *Barry*, tombing downe apace,
Amongst the woody hilles of *Dymowore*:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruel Feends should thee vnwares 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 roffe, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
 And oftentimes great groanes, and grieuous stounds,
 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 compass 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 thole feends may not their work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement 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 wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the sky
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:
 The laod 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 begonne
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
 On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Manilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
 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 stubborn fiends he to his seruice 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 vnkowen of yore.
 Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore,
 Vnwares haue prekt: for, either fall end,
 Or other mighty cause, vs two did hither 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 remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, 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 elte-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 infest,
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow brest,
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
 Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18

The wisard could no longer beare her bord,
 Or brasting 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 powtes to thee are pleased to reuale.

19

The doubtfull Maid, seeing her selfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure Ivory
 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 aered.

And

20
And laide, Sith then thou knowest all our grieffe,
(For what dost not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pity our plaint, and yeeld vs meet reliefe,
With that, the Prophet fillawhile did say,
And then his spirit thus gin forth display;
Most noble Virgine, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to ioue, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fist thy tender heart opprellith fore.

21
For, so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin,
Till they to heauens hight forth stretched bee.
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall spring, out of the ancient *Troiane* blood,
Which shall renew the sleeping memory
Of those same antique Peeres, the heauens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Asiatic* riuers stained with their blood.

22
Renowned Kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend;
Braue Captains, and most mighty Warriours,
That in all their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdoms all amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
Against their foiein foe, that comes from *Fart*,
Till vniuersall peace compound all euill tarre.

23
It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glancing vpones 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:
Nes thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To loue the prouest 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 Magician
What meanes shall she 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 themselves, their purpose to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the Fates are firme,
And may not striike, though all the world doe shake:
Yet ought mens good aduours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

25
The man, whom heauens haue ordain'd to bee
The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wouneth in the land of *Fayre*,
Yet is no *Fayr* boine, ne sib at all
To Elfs, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false *Faeries* stolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did erall;
Ne ether to himselfe is knowen this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

26
But sooth he is the sonne of *Garloü*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Coraish King,
And for his warlike teates renowned is,
From where the Day out of the sea doth spring,
Vntill the cloure of the Encing,
From thence him firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his native foyle thou backe shal bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand
The powre of forrein Paynims, which invade thy land.

27
Great ayde thereto his mightie puissance,
And dread name, shall giue in that sad day:
Where also prooffe of thy prow 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 cutoff by practice criminal
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

28
Where thee yet shalt heaue, for memorie
Of his late puissance, his Image dead,
That liuing him in all actiuitie
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,
Against 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 spred his baner braue
Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike *Mertians* 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 fin.

30
His sonne, hight *Portipore*, shall him succede
In kingdome, but not in felicitie:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battels cry:
But at the last, to th'importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forc't to yeeld,
But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfite in victorious field.

31
Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
How like a Giant in each maely part
Beares he himselfe with portly maictee,
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 fundry kings to doe their homage feuerall.

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 *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightineffe
 Ireland tabdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptineffe,
 Shall ouerwin the Sea with many one
 Of his Norweyes, to assilt the Britons fone.

33
 He in his fury all shall ouer-tunne,
 And holy Church with faithlesse hands deface,
 That thy sad people vtterly 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 grass, 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 backe repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twife,
 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 forreie
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,
 But him shall sleie, and on a gallowes bleake
 Shall giue th'enchaunter 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 fatal paine;
 But *Penda*, fearefull of like destiny,
 Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and swear fealty.

37
 Him shall he make his fatal Instrument,
 To afflict the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
 With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on hie,
 Shall him defcate withouten bloud imbred:
 Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
 Shall *Neuenfeld* be cald to all posterity.

38
 Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth isflw,
 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 fouly die,
 But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39
 Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raigne
 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 enuie,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puillance 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 native place,
 Shall be by vision stayd from his intent:
 For, the heuens haue decre'd to displace
 The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment,
 And to the *Saxon* 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 wassfull 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 defac't,
 And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

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 notifie.
 For twife foure handreth shall be full supplide,
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shall be,
 And their importune Fates all satisfide:
 Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.)
 Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire
 For

44
For *Abodorick*, whose surname shall be Great,
Shall of himselfe a brane ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The siluage 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 felues all peaceably
Enjoy 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 Eate 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 *Nesfria* come roling, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battalious bold brood,
Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Danishe Tyrants head shall rend
Th' vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoyle of the country conquered
Amongst 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 soveraigne name;
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclaime:

48
Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the Nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And euile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle might so tore with all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49
But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercomen of the Ipirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he law, yet note discoure:
Which suddain sit, and halfe extaticke stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confus'd in behauiour;
At last, the fury past, to former hew
She turned againe, & chearfull looks as erst did shew.

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 retur'd,
Where they in secret counsell leile 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 counsellaye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;
Yee see that good king *Pther* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, right
Olla and *Oza*, 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 felues disguise,
And our weak hands, whom neede new strength shall
The dreadfull speare and sheld to exercise:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wife,
I weene, would you misseme; for ye been tall,
And large of limbe, & archiue an hard empirie,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

53
And sooth, it ought your courage much in flame,
To heare so often, in that royall house,
From whence to none inferiour ye came,
Bards tell of many womeo 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 *Guendolen*,
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 *Meneua*
Which *Pther* with those forein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which held
Great *P'sin* thence 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 the hight?
Faire *Angela*, quoth shee, 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.

56

Her hearty words do deepe into the mind
Of the young Damzell lunk, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspire;
That the relolv'd, vowing to her Sire,
Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don,
And counsell with her Nurse her mayds auyre
To turne into a nuffie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

57

Th' old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conueniently puruay:
It fortun'd (to tyme their tyme 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.

58

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hanged hie
In his chiefe Church, for endless monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th' euening late old *Glauce* thither led
Fairst *Britomart*, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelled,
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

59

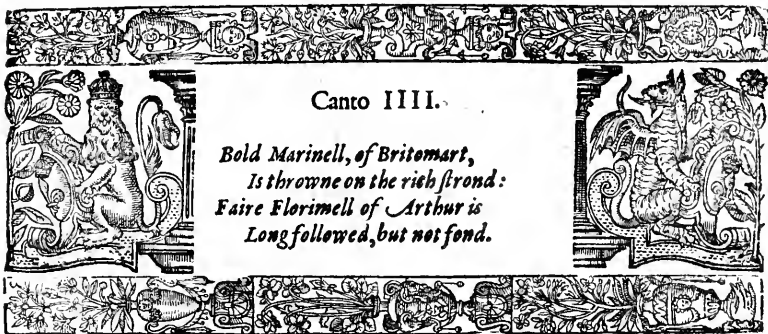
Beside those armes there stood a mighty spear,
Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
And vs'd the same in battaile aye to beare;
Since which it had bene here preser'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in fell could sit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare the tooke, & shield, which hong by it;
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

60

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 euall 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,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth couu'nd, & passed forward night.

61

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, the fond
Of diuerse things discourses 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 vnfeined heart,
The *Redcrosse* knight diuert; but forth rode *Britomart*.



1

WHere is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieueméts don by wom?
Where be the battels, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did teate,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Been they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

3

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 teates, which *Homer* spake
Of bold *Panthesflee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* blood to oft in *Troian* Plaine;
But when I read, how stout *Deboras* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camil*' hath slaine
The huge *Orflockus*, I twell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
 Cannot with noble *Brisomart* 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 to 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 *Rederosse* knight,
 She learned had the esteeme of *Arthegal*,
 And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,
 A friendly league of loue perpetuall
 Shee with him bound, and *Conceit*ooke withall.
 Then he forth on his journey did proceed,
 To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

But *Brisomart* kept on her former course,
 Ne euer doft her armes, but all the way
 Grew penurie through that amorous discourse,
 By which the *Rederosse* knight did earst display
 Her loue's shape, and chearfullon artay;
 A thousand thoughts shee fasthond in her mind,
 And in her feining fancie did purtray
 Him such, as fittest for her loue could finde,
 Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kinde.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound shee fed,
 And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;
 But for 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 bore,
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging surquedrye did daynd
 That the fast earth affronted them to rore,
 And their deuouing coueizee restrain'd,
 Thereat shee sigh'd deepe, and after, thus complaynd;

Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous grieffe,
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
 Farre from the hoped Haven of relieffe,
 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 stinthy stormy strife,
 Which in these troubled bowels reignes, & rage th rise.

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 staires, gainst tide and wind:
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the fear,
 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 glad some port of her intent:
 Then when I shall my selfe in liuely see,
 A table for eternal 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 priuie grieffe;
 For, her great courage would not let her weepe,
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe retriue
 Her to restraine, and giue her good relieffe,
 Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her told
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould
 Of her immortal wombe, to be in heauen 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 ceast, and on her dight
 Her helmet, to her Courser mounting light:
 Her former sorrowe into suddaine wrath,
 Both coosen passions of distressed 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 engross,
 The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last
 The watry South-winde from the sea-board coast
 Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lost,
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showr;
 So the faire *Brisomart* hauing disco'it
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of grieffe dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Estsoones her goodly shield addressing 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 example take,
 I read thee soone retire, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

15
Y thrill with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
Words fearene 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 sharpe peare 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 puffsance,
That through his threeleque scuchin pearcing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked Steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lance,
Till sadly louncing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17
Like as the sacred Oze, 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
Disfaines 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 gracell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howre,
But them despitd all; for, all was in her powre.

19
Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
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 Brand to trauell, whereas he did woone,
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

21
An hundred knights of honourable name
He had tubdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Faery lond 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 periwade,
T'endow her sonne, 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 dooe his Nephew in all riches flowe;
Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
Out of their hollowe bowome 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 he weepe
And often waile 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 ofien to the iute of many Jare,
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-thy 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, the 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 thee gaue him warning euery day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for luing clay,
From loue in course of nature to refrain:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from faire Ladies loue did flye;
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates die:
Dic, 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 sleepes in most security,
And safest seemes, him sooneest doth amare,
And findeth dew effect or loone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bade him womens loue to hate;
For, she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

28
This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* propheted should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay
To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.
So tickle be the tearmes of mortall fate,
And full of subtle sophismes, which doe play
With double senses, and with false debate.
T'approoue 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 fownd,
Through heauy stroke of *Briomartis* 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 farre away
She flong, and her faire deawie locks yrent,
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamefome mirth to grieuous dreriment:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a fowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
With yelling out-crics, and with striking fowne;
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31
Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fit
Arofe, shee bade her charer to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bade eke attonce their charers to be fought;
Tho, full of bitter griefe and penfue thought,
Shee 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 mourn'd 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 grieftly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wooed them to see.

33
A treme of *Dolphins*, ranged in array,
Drew the smooth charer of *Lad Cymbent*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey
To the long trains, at her commandment:
As swift as Swallows on the waues they went,
That their broad fliggy finnes no lome did teare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them lent;
The rest, of other fishes drawn were,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did teare.

34
Soone as they beene arri'd vpon the brim
Of the *Rich strand*, their charers they forlore,
And let their treme fishes softly swim
Along the margin of the fomy shore,
Let their their finnes should buze, and furbate fore
Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:
And comming to the place, where all in fowre
And cruddy blood enwallowd they found
The luckelie *Marinell*, lying in deadly fownd;

35
His mother fownd thrice, and the third time
Could fearee recovered be out of her paine;
Had shee not been deuoid of mortall fime,
She should not then haue been reuiu'd againe:
But loone as life recovered had the raice,
She made so pituous moane and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could fearee from teares refraine,
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her lobbng breaches with *Lad complement*,

36
Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,
The wretched daughter of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduancement? O is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vborne
Thy *Granfire Neereus* promist 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 irreuoicable destiny be wett.

37
Fond *Proteus*, father of false propheticis,
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 fearee loue: but they that loue doe lue;
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgiue,
And to my selfe, and to accus'd fate
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wildom bought too late.

38
O what auails it of immortall feed
To beenyred and neuer borne to die!
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
Then waste in woe and wailfull miserie;
Who dyes, the vermost dolour doth abie;
But who that liues, is left to waite his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicitie.
Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crofs
To see friends *Graue*, then dead the *Graue* selfe to crofs.

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 clofed, 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 forrowed their fill,
 They softly gan to featch his grieffly wound:
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarm'd, and spredde on the ground
 Their watchet mantles fring'd with silver round,
 They softly wip't away the icelly'd blood
 From th'orifice; which bawing well vp-bound,
 They pour'd in soweraigne balme, and Ne 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 *Apollous* 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 she 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 cosse 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 soweraigne 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 overtooke
 The warlike Mayd, th'enfample of that might,
 But fairly well she thriu'd, and well did brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her tight course for ought forooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursue,
 To bring to passe his michieuous 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 foule outrage they impatient,
 And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
 To resckw her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountaines & through
 Thioe 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 resckw,
 Themselues they did dispart, each to aslay,
 Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timeas*, the Princes gentle Squire,
 That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud envy and indignant ire,
 After that wicked foster fiercely went.
 So been they three three fundry waies ybeat,
 But fairest fortune to the Prince befall,
 Whose chauce it was, that soone he did repent
 To take that way, in which that *Damozell*
 Was fled afore, afraid 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 euermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept warie heed:
 Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
 To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:
 Full milde to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meecke words, to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hastie flight;
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
 Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
 Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
 Doubleth her 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 vncouth shield and strange armes her disinayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were fildome scene,
That fast the from him fled, no lesse affrayd
Then of wilde beasts if thee had chased beene:
Yet he her follow'd fill with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen shene,
And wand his other brethren ioyeous,
To light their blessed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52
All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
And grisly shadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thousand starres 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 fowly wite
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd alope,
And curied night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

53
Tho, when her waies he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disauenture 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 steed 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 brest,
And thousand faucies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the fights of semblants vaine:
Ofst did he with, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee:
And curer hastie Night he blamed bitterly.

55
Night, thou foule mother of annoyance fild,
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 froud of *Corytus* slowe
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous
(Blacks *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngracious,
Halfe of thy daier doost lead in horreur hideous.

56
What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That 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 prate thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calls thee, his goddesse in his errour blind,
And great dame Natures hand-maid, cheating euery kind.

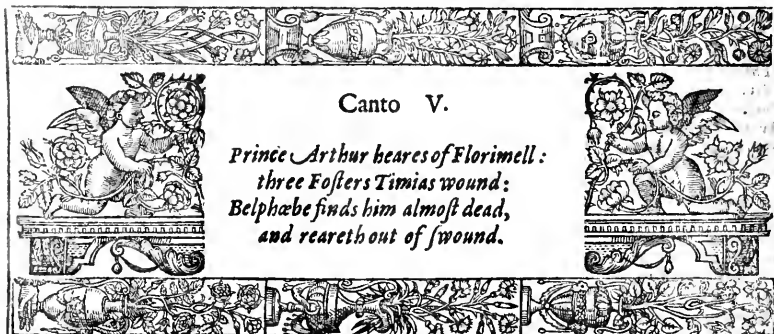
57
But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart:
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares;
And dreadfull visions, in the which alme
The drearie image of sad death appears:
So from the wearie spirit thou doost drue
Desired rest, and men of happynesse deprue.

58
Vnder thy mantle bl.cke there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceit, and danger imminent;
Foule horror, and eke hellish detriment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, 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.
Dyces dearest children be the blessed seed,
Which darknes shall subdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.
Our life is day: but death with darknesse doth begin.

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 waine:
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-wear,
In restless angur and vniquiet paine:
And early, ere the morrow did vpeare
His dewy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp arose, as halfe in great disdain,
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 teem'd to apply his steps to his intent.



Canto V.

*Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Fosters Timias wound:
Belphebe finds him almost dead,
and reareth out of swound.*

Wonder it is to see, in diuerse minds
How diuersly Loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste his carelesse day:
But in braue spirit it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idleness,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentleness,
Euer to creep 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 swift pursuit him forward still doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,
To find some issue thence, till 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 roning through that same
Thick forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarf him answerd, Sir, all 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 become a noble mayd;
Her faire locks in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The furest signe whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliu, I trowe.

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 shee 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 ranome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But stoward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,
And fro me rest both life and light artoone.
But Dwarf arcad, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?
For, of her error strange I haue great ruth and monne.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so shee bee,
The hountiest 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 *Marimell* 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 lets 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 forraigne foe
Hee is yflaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

10
Five dayes there be, since he (they say) was flaine,
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 magnide:
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 wcaues he armes, that ill them vse for Ladies sake.

12
So with the Dwarfie he back return'd againe,
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote 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 beee avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Darnzell: Him he chased long
Through the thicke woods, wherin 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 him selfe 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 complained, how that hee
Had vsed been' of that foole-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words be furd to bloody ire.

16
Forth-with, themselves with their sad instruments
Of poyle 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 drieue
Their brother to reproche and shameful sight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he alieue
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 voenth for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnkowne
Mote algates passe; for-thy themselves they set
There in await, with thicke woods over-groene,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the foord to let.

18
It fortun'd, as they deuised had,
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,
Vnwetting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the foord 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 doct afore.

19
With that, at him a quiering dart he threw,
With foell force and villinious despight,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That strooke the hardy Squire did fore displease,
But more, that him he could not come to smite;
For, by no means the high banke he could feate,
But labour'd long in that deepe foord with vaine disceate.

20
And still the Foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anone one feat out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vnlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21

At last (through wrath and vengeance making way)
 Hee on the banke arriv'd with mickle paine,
 Where the third brother him did fore assay,
 And droue 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 bad to let him in
 Into the balefull house of endless night,
 Where wicked ghosts doe wail 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
 Afrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
 Full of fierce fury, and indignat hate,
 To him he turned; and with rigour fell
 Smote him so rudely on the Pannickell,
 That to the chyn he cleft his head in twaine:
 Downe on the ground his carcasse groueling fell;
 His fustill soule, with desperate disdain,
 Out of her fleshly terme 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 avengement sad,
 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
 His bootlesse bowe in feeble hand vpcought,
 And there with shot an arrow at the lad;
 Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,
 And giannang, fell to ground, but him annoyed naughts

25

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
 But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
 Right as he entering was ic to 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 much chiefe 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 renouwe;
 For, of that cruell wound he bled so fore,
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swounde;
 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 aliue:
 Else shall thy loung Lord thee see no more;
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
 And eke thy life of honour, which thou didst achieve.

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 *Braggadocchio* did affray,
 And made him fast out of the forest ruone;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as *Phaebus* sunne,

28

Shee, on a day, as shee purlew'd the chace
 Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
 She wounded bad, the same along did trace
 By tract of bloud, which she had freshly scene
 To haue besprinkled all the grassie Greene;
 By the great peruse 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 worse was deceau'd,

29

Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire
 With bloud deformed lay in deadly swound:
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 The crysfall humour stood congealed round;
 His locks, like faded leaues fallen to ground,
 Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,
 And his sweet lips, on which before that stound
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
 Spoyld of their rosiered, were waxen pale and wan,

30

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,
 That could haue made a rock of stone to rewe,
 Or riue in twain: 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 point of pity pierced through her tender hart

31

Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
 Yet in his frozen members did remaine,
 And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
 That the weakc soule her seat did yett retainc,
 She cast to comfort him with busie painc:
 His double-folded deck shee rear'd vp right,
 And rubb'd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
 His mayled haberjoo shee did vndight,
 And from his head his heauy burgonet did light.

32

Into the woods thence forth in haste she went,
 To seeke for heabes, that mote him remedy;
 For, she of heabes had great intendment,
 Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
 Her nursed 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 fouraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
 Shee powdered 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'abate all spalme, and soke the swelling bruze;
 And after, hauing searcht the intuse deepe,
 She with her scarf did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

34

By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;
 And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,
 His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy raine,
 He vp gan lift toward the azure 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 ioying him beside.

35

Merce deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,
 That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,
 To sead 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 drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36

Therest shee 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 mortal 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 captured see.

37

By this, her Damfels, which the former chace
 Had vnderaken, after her arriu'd,
 As did *Beplabe*, in the bloody place,
 And thereby deem'd the beast had beene deplu'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 dresse his wound,
 They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
 How him in deadly case their Lady found,
 And reskewed out of the heauenly sound.
 Eftsoons his wauke courser, which was strayd
 Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in wound,
 Shee made thine Damfels search: which beeing stayd,
 They did han'ter thercoo, and forth with them conuayd.

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
 Amongst the pumy stones, 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 there was pight
 A faire Paulion, scarcely to be seene,
 The which was all within most richly dight,
 That greatst Princes liuing it noie 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 l'auies new drest;
 Daily shee dressed 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 shee 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 vwarie dart, which did rebound
 From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
 What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
 To be captiued in endlessse durance
 Of sorrow and despair without allegiance?

43

Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
 So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
 Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
 Still when-as hee beheld the heauenly Mayd,
 Whiles daily plaisters to his wound shee layd,
 So still his maladie the more increas'd,
 The whiles her matchlesse beauty him disanayd.
 Ah God! what other could hee doe at least,
 But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releas't?

44

Long while he strove in his courageous brest,
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,
 And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
 Still when her excellencies hee did view,
 Her fouraigine bounty, and celestiall hew,
 The same to loue hee strongly was constrain'd:
 But when his meane estate hee did renew,
 Hee from such hardie boldnesse was restrain'd,
 And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plaid;

45
Vnthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
With which her soueraine mercy thou doost quight?
Thy life she sued by her gracious deed,
But thou doost weene with villainous despight
To blot her honour, and her heavenly 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 disloyaltie 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 heavenly 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 warred hee long time agaiost 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 ranlack 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 peacing leuin, which the inner part
Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49
Which seeing, faire *Belphebe* gan to feare,
Lest that his wounds were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked steele empoynd were:
Little shee weend, that loue hee close concealed;
Yet still he wasted, as the snowe congealed,
When the bright sun his beames thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,
But rather chose to die for soore 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 restoratiues, 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'vnworthy world forlore
Shee did enuy that soueraine salue, in secret store.

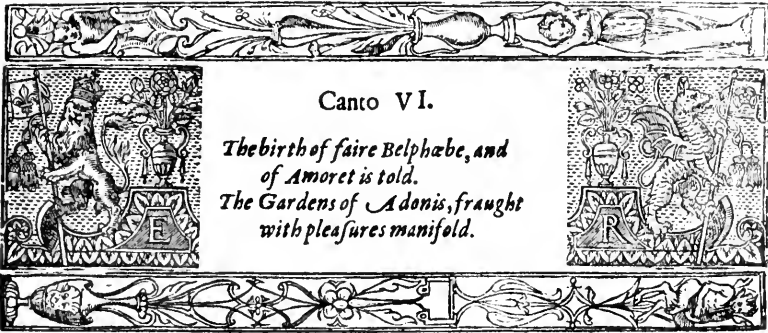
51
That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morn,
More deare then life shee tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred shee the Middyes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon so showre,
But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
When-so the froward sky began to lowre:
But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,
Shee did it faire dispred, and let it flourish faire.

52
Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradice 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 breast, 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 heavenly 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 virgionall,
That shall embellish more your beauty bright,
And crowne your heads with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

54
To your faire selues a faire ensamble frame,
Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphebe* faire;
To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, noone liuing may compare:
Ne poyssous Envy iustly can empare
The praye 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 ensamble 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 struing 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.*

Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,
The great Schoolemistresse of all curtesie:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme 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 laugh't on *Venus* from his foueraigne 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 fiewe
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 mentioed.
It was vpon a Sommers shiuy day
(When *Titan* sayre his hore beames did display)
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

Till faint through irkesome wearineffe, adown
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slumbring s'wound
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 so sweet lense 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,
Inhoise shapes of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne bath shin'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 the nought thereof, but fore affright,
Wondred to see her belly fo 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 ouerkeest,
And seized euery tent with sorrow fore opprest.

11

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing lost
Her litle 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 aboute,
(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 more 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 vfd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not ;
But many there she found, which fore accused
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot
His cruell deeds and wicked wiles did spot :
Ladies and Lords shee euery where mote heare
Complaining, how with his empoynd shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
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 seene, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hor artullerie ;
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 heecllesse 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 hired,
Shee sweetly heard com-plain, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen ; yet thee did smile thereat.

16

But when in none of all these shee him got,
Shee gaue a wite where else he mote him bid :
At last, she her be-thought, that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wide,
In which full many louely Nymphes abide,
Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde :
For-thy she thither cast her course 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 chase of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fontaine in a rewe,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dantie limbes the dustie sweat,
And soyle, which did deform 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 vnlaet
Her siluer buskins from her dimble thigh,
And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbraet,
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 damiels slack,
That had not her theretof before avis'd,
But suffred her so carelessly disguised
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Vpgath'ring, in her bolome 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 sayre *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 (balte weeping) shee thus answerd,
That shee her dearest sonne *Cupidio* sought,
Who in his forwardnes from her was fled ;
That she repented fore, to haue him angere'd.

Thereat

21
 Thereat *Diana* gan to smile in scorne
 Of her vane plaint, and to her scoffing said;
 Great pittie were, 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 becomes it to vprayd
 A dolefull hart with so disdainfull pride;
 The likethat mine, may be your paine another tide.

22
 As you in woods and wanton wilder nesse
 Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts;
 So my delight is all in ioyfull nesse,
 In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:
 And ill becomes you with your lustie creasts,
 To scorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
 We both are bound to follow heauens behests,
 And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:
 Spare (gentle sister) with reproche my paine to ecke;

23
 And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,
 To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secret wise;
 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 hide:
 For, he is faire and fresh in face and guise,
 As any Nymph (let not it be euided.)
 So laying, 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 *Strygian* 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 fore displeas'd,
 She inly 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 wandring 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 trauince whylere:
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Vnawares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27
 Vnawares shee them conceiu'd, vnawares she bore:
 She bore withouten paine, that shee conceiu'd
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need im-plore
Iucinae ayde; which when they both perceiu'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of leafe betreu'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-rooke,
 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 *Belphæbe* 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 dismayd.

29
 Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwell.
 Where most shee wonnes, when shee can earth doo
 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 fame
 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 to much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

31
 It sited 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 moteo 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 desires
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which doer 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 to 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 tet, or sowe,
To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,
All things as they created were, doe growe,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bade them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the cloudes, to moisten their rootes dry;
For, in themselves, eternall moisture they imply.

35
Infinite shapcs of creatures there are bred,
And vocouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
And euery sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely row:
Some fit for reasonable soules to indwe,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawnc of fishes hew
In endless ranks along arranged 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 euerslasting 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 horrore,
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 grieffly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth lo;
Ne when the life decays, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But changed is, and often altrd 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 *Adams* 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 slogs,
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 pearc'd with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despyght.
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 delightfull Garden growes,
Should bappy 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 fond ieaalousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, or any does enmie
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42
There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For, both the bonghes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke atonce the heauy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
And their true lousers 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 court 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 Iwie-twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprisole among,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That neither *Phaëton* beams could through the throng,
Nor *Aeolus* sharpe blast could worke them any wrong.

And

45
 And all about grew euery sort of flowre,
 To which lad louers were transform'd of yore;
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phæbus* paramoure
 And dearest loue,
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watry shore,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whole purple gore
 Me seemes I see *Aminas* wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

46
 There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy
 Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
 There yet some say in secret he does ly,
 Lapped in flowres and precious spycerie,
 By her bid from the world, and from the skill
 Of *Stygian* gods, which do her loue envie;
 But she her selfe, when sweeter that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

47
 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 perpetual,
 Transformed oft, and changed diuersly:
 For, him the Father of all formesthey call;
 Therefore needs mote he lue, that liuing giues to all.

48
 There now he liueth in eternall blis,
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
 For, that 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 Monot, that none him loosen
 (may.

49
 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 lad darts
 Aside, with faire *Adonis* plays his wanton parts.

50
 And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him plays,
 Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconeyld,
 After long troubles and vnmett vbrayer,
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyld,
 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 aggregate;
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* laie.

51
 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 feminite:
 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.

52
 In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
 Of grace and beaury noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes view,
 To be th'enslave 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
 Admyr'd her goodly haecour, and found
 His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

53
 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 eadured fore,
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
 Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
 Her former loue and stedfast loyaltie,
 As ye may elsewhere read that reful history.

54
 But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
 What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
 Which fled so fast from that same softer stearne,
 Whom with his brethren *Timeas* flew, befell:
 That was to weete, the goodly *Florinell*;
 Who wandering for to seeke her louer deare,
 Her louer deare, her dearest *Marinell*,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.



Canto VII.

*The Witches sonne loues Florimell:
she flies, he faines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Giants tyrannie.*



Like as an Hyond forth singled from the heard,
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 slack 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 rains out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and able puissaunce
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
And carried her beyond all iopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He, hauing through incellant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was fuddain strooke with great astonishment;

And forc't calight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traoueller vnwonted 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 hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subiect to the fame,
All couerd with thick 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 vnknewne, whom-euer she euuide,

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 vpstart 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; (daze)
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her feuse did

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
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 Cryfall eyne,
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like two orient pearles, did purely shine
 Vpon her snowy cheek; and therewithall
 She sigh'd soft, 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 mitchiefe, was much moued at so pitious sight.

9
 And gan recomfort her in her rude wife,
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faier
 And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
 Nor 'deignfull of so homely fashon,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
 Sate downe vpon the dusty ground anon,
 As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

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 or some goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble sprights;
 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 lasciuious lord, for nothing good to donoe,
 But stretch'd forth in idleness alwaies,
 Ne euer cast his mind to couet praise,
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;
 But all the day before the sunny rayes
 He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
 Such lasciuie both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12
 He, comming home at vnder time, there found
 The faire creature that he euer saw,
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
 The sight whereof did greatly him aaw,
 And his base thought with terror and with awe
 So inly smote, that as one which had gaz'd
 On the bright Sunne vnares, 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 depriv'd,
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reiu'd
 From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wonder'd.

14
 But the faire Virgin was so meeke and milde,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port, and to their leases wild
 Her gentle speech applide, that in short space
 She grew familiar in that desert place.
 During which time, the Chorle through her so kinde
 And curteile vte conceiu'd affection base,
 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 carite thought durst not so high aspire:
 But with soft sighes, and lovely semblances,
 Hee ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread; many resemblances
 To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16
 Oft from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
 His mistresse prayles sweetly caroled:
 Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire head
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirell wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow seruant wild;
 All which she of him took with couenaunce meeke & mild.

17
 But past awhile, when she fit season saw
 To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wife herselfe thence to withdrawe,
 For feare of mischief, which, the did forecast
 Might be, the witch or that her sonne compass:
 Her weary Palfrey, closely as the might,
 Now well recouered 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 affear'd,
 And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
 For, still she feared to be ouer-hent
 Of that vile Hag, or that vnciuile sonne:
 Who, when too late awaking well they kent
 That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne
 To make exceeding mone, as they had been 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 heare:
 That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
 Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare
 Least his fraile senses were empentht quight,
 And loue to frenzy turn'd, sith loue is franticke 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 trod 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

Effoones 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 thick 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 fore her terrifide,
 That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die:
 And her flit 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 pale 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 distresse,
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

25

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
 Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,
 Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th' *Aegean* stond,
 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 floating 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 perious 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 hating him embowelled,
 To fill his hellish 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 be, then seemen rich:
 For, both to be and seeme to him was labour rich.

29

It was to weete, the good Sir *Satyran*,
 That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduutures 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 compiled,
 And in his scutchin bote a Satyres hed:
 He comming present, where the monster vilde
 Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkals sed,
 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 fecnd was rent without remorse:
 Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
 To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
 For, her he dearely loued, and in all
 His famous conquests highly magnifide:
 Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
 From her in flight, he found, that did him fore appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
 Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked fecnd;
 And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
 Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend
 Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
 He did engrauce, and much ill blood did spend,
 Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh
 And fiercc he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

³²
 Hewist not how him to despoile of life,
 Ne how to win the wither victory,
 Sith him he saw still stronger growe through strife,
 And him selfe weaker through infirmity,
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
 Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt
 Vpon the Beast, that with great cruelty
 Rored, and rag'd to be vnder-kept:
 Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

³³
 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 scemes 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:

³⁴
 So him he held, and did through might amate,
 So long he held him, and him bet so long,
 That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,
 And meekely stoupt 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.

³⁵
 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.

³⁶
 Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
 He spyde far off a mighty Giantesse,
 Fast flying on a Courser dappled 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.

³⁷
 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-ty,
 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.

³⁸
 Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth bear
 A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on high
 An Ægle, that with plummy wings doth there
 The subtle 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 peccet stare.

³⁹
 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 biggelle like a mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driued,
 But glancing on the tempered metall, braut
 In thousand shiuers, and so forth befide her past.

⁴⁰
 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 charet wheeles it nigh to smite:
 But who that imites it, marres his ioyous ply,
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

⁴¹
 Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
 Her dreadful 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.

⁴²
 And on his collar laying puissant hand,
 Out of his wauering 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 neuer was touched in his noble spight,
 And gan increase his speed, as she increast her sight.

⁴³
 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 stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

By this, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake
 Out of his dream, that did him long entrances;
 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 stire.

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 Giantesse *Arganté* is behight,
 A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
 Warre against heauen, and heaped hills on hight,
 To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his right:
 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 weat, the mighty *Olyphant*, that wrought
 Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
 And many hath to foule confusion brought.
 These twiwoes, men say (a thing far passing thought)
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclos'd they were,
 Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
 In fleshly 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 fouly to deuoure
 Her natu: flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;
 Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
 And suffred beafts her body to deflowre:
 So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

But ouer all the country she did range,
 To seek young men, to queoch her flaming thirst,
 And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
 Whom-so shee fitteft 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 be must,
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her desile:

Me feely wretch shee so at vantage caught,
 After shee long in 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 faire *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 belecmet well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saue
 That Giantesse, is not such, as shee seemed,
 But a faire virgin, that in Martuall lawe,
 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 so chaste a wight.

Her well belecmet that *Quest*, quoth *Satyrane*:
 But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
 Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?
 That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss,
 That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
 After long lute and weary seruicis,
 Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
 And how she might be sure, that I would neuer serue;

I, glad by any means 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 cury where, where with my power or skill
 I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
 And at the twelue 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 desarts,
 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 cruell punishment;

To weat, 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 he, 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 witley staid;
 For, onely three they were dispos'd to well:
 And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,
 To find them out. Mote I (then laughing said
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy proffred curtesie deny'd?
 Or ill they seemed sure au'z'd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

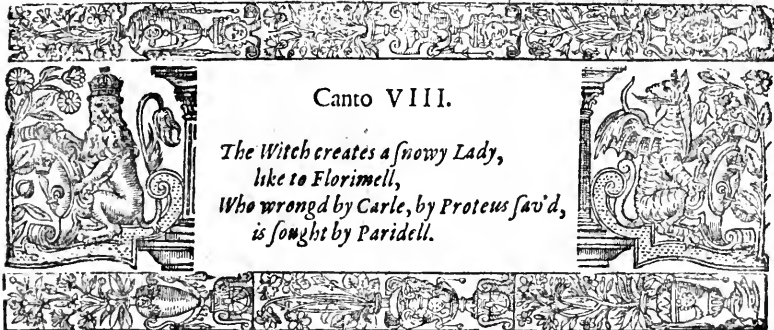
57
 The first which then refused me, said hee,
 Certes was but a common Courtesane,
 Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,
 Because I could not giue her many a Iane.
 (Thereat full hartily laugh *Satyrane*)
 The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
 Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
 Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
 Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58
 The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,
 Whom I in country cottage found by chance;
 Full little weened I, that chasteite
 Had lodging in to meane a maintenance:

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
 Dwelt simple truth in feerely fastness.
 Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
 In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;
 But was as farr at last, as when I first begonne.

59
 Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
 That chasteite did for it selte embrace,
 But were for other causes firme and found;
 Either for want of handsome time and place,
 Or elle for feare of shame and soule disgrace.
 Thus am I hopelesse euer 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 *Satyrane*, 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 wronged by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
 is sought by Paridell.

1
 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 craves rather mercy, then retriect.

2
 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 erst destroyd,
 She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

3
 And with it running hastily to her sonne,
 Thought with that sight him much to haue relieued;
 Who there by deeming sure the thing as donne,
 His former grieffe with iune fresh reuiued
 Much more then erst, and would haue algates riuied
 The hart out of his breitt: 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 slaine,
 Had she not fled into a secret mew,
 Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
 The masters of her art: there was the faire
 To call them all in order to her ayde,
 And them conuere vpon eternal 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 looke
 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 massie mould congeal'd,
 Which he had gathered in a shady glade
 Of the *Riphaean* hills, to her reucaled
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceal'd:
 The same she tempered with fine Mercury,
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,
 And mingled them with perfect vermil,
 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 golden 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 carcase dead;

8
 A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
 And faire resemblance about all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of darknes fell somewhile,
 From heauens blis and euerlasting 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 counterfeits 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 algate
 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 joyed 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 freshnoesse 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 euer in despair,
 Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12
 He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
 Deckt 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 gaine say: I will away her beare.

13
 The fearefull Chorle durst not gaine say, nor doo,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
 Who finding little leasure her to woo,
 On *Tromparts* steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away.
 Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
 And next to none, after that happy day,
 Being possessed of that spoyle, which seemed
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14
 But when he sawe himselfe free from pursure,
 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 kindnesse 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 sayn'd to cheare his Lady in dismay;
 Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
 And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely

16

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that same boaster, as he more, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bid him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And filld his senses with abasment great ;
Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extream,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme ;

17

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween'st 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 wex exceeding wroth, and him arced
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 puillance,
Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
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 yode,
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 auengert selfe,
Not satisfide so farre her to estrange
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

21

For, being fled into the Fishers boat,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty Maine did stote,
And with the tide draue forward carelesly ;
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the sky,
And all his windes *Dan Acolus* did keepe
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As plying to see her wail 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 thrice his brest he stroke,
For maruell of that accident extream ;
But when he saw that blazing beauties beam,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He marueld more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak't, or that some extalie
Affotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23

But when her well auizing, he perceiued
To be no vision, nor fantastick sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen sight ;
Tho. rudely askt her, how she thither came.
Ah, said she, father, I n'ot read 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 farre 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 cock-boat well,
Least worse on sea then vs on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell :
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy 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 hear, 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 withstood,
And shamefully reproued for his rudenesse fond.

26

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme ;
Hard isto teach an olde horse amble trew.
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extream,
Anonow he strength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him soule miskeeme :
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 reul'd ;
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To saue her honor from that villaine wild,
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 ? well may she you reprove
Of falshood, or of sloth, when most it may behoue.

But

28
But if that thou, *Sir Satyrane*, didst weete,
Or thou, *Sir Peridure*, her foy 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 burioing fury mote abate;
But if *Sir Calidore* could it presage,
No liuing creature could his cruelte asswage.

29
But sith that none of all her knights is nie,
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
And foueraigne fauour towards chastity,
Do succour fend to her distressed case:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortun'd, whilest thus she fisy stroue,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
Along the fomy waues driuing his sinny droue.

30
Proteus is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Nephtunes* mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all troy hore,
And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas fo rusefully resound,
His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;
Which, with a teeme of faly *Pheacas* bound,
Was drawe vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31
And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten carde or sayle,
He thereto saue that yrke some sight, which smote
Deepe in indignation and compassion fraile
Into his heart attonce: freight did he haile
The greedy vellein from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little faile,
And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,
Him bet fo 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 asswoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she bid her face, and loudly slught.

33
Her selfe not saued yet from danger dred
She thought, but chang'd from one to other feares
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* she did see thereby.

34
But he endeoured with speech's milde,
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more herfoeman 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
Benumbd fo ioly, 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 froty 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 rooke he him yet trembling fiore of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggregate
The virgin, whom he had abus'd fo 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 roting billowes in their proud disdain;
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 engrauie:
There was his woanne, ne liuing wight was scene,
Sauc 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 fight:
But she both offers and the offerer
Despise, 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 she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;
So firmly he had sealed vp her breast.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
But she a morrall creature loued best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she 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 offered kingdomes vnto her in view,
 To be his Lemman and his Lady trew:
 But when all this he nothing sawe preuaile,
 With harder meanes he callt 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, nor fauour, nor with all
 Hee selfe 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,
 Than any shoulde of fallensse her reprove,
 Or loosensse, that she lightly did remoue.
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heauenly praise with Saints abone,
 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 t'advance thy goodly chastitee,
 And to enroll thy memorable name,
 In th'heart of eury honorable Dame,
 That at thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
 It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*,
 A long discourse of hir adventures vaine,
 The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th'*Hyaena* 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 faire 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 tuine of proud *Marinell*,
 And suddain parture of faire *Florimell*,
 To find him forth: and after her are gone
 All the braue knights, that doon in armes excell,
 To sauegard her, ywandered all alone;
 Emongst the rest, my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

Ah gentle knight, said then *Sir Satyrane*,
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
 And offered sacrifice vnto the dead:
 For dead, I surely doubt thou maist tread
 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 brow
 Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismaid to bee;
 Then said, Faire Sir, how may I ween it trow
 That yee doe tell in such vncertainte?
 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 rewe
 T'haue seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast
 The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, flew;
 And of his bowels made a bloody feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least;
 Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicioo encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast alway,
 Distayn'd with dirt and blood, as relique of the prey.

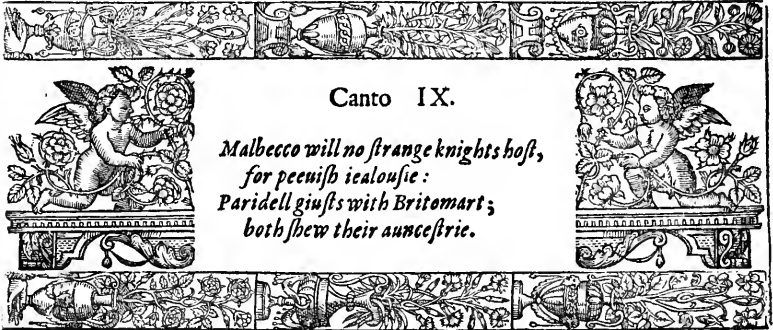
Aye me, said *Paridell*, the signes be sad,
 And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
 That Ladies safety is fore to be drad:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
 Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succede,
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay:
 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 Sonne now ginnes to flake his beames,
 In dewy vapours of the Westerne Maine,
 And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
 More 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 turne your gate.

That

That counsell pleased well; to 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 peenish ieaousie:
 Paridell giusts with Britomart;
 both siew 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 legionc
 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 *Satyrane* 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 priuities,
 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 lousely Lasse,

Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpasse,
 The which to him both far vnquall yeeres,
 And also farre vnlike conditions has;
 For, she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint & icalous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply;
 The priuy guitt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect in truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Vpon her with his other blinkt 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* she 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 Satyrane* 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 goe 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 wiltull wandring feet;
 But fast good will with gentle courtesies,
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
 May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then

8
Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,
That hath him selfe 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 ſcorne of his owne will,
And rather doe not rancke all, and himſelfe kill?

9
Nay, let vs firſt, ſaid *Satyraue*, intreat
The man by gentle means, to let vs in,
And afterwards affray 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 meſpriſe,
As may be worthy of his haynous ſin.
That counſell plea'd: 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 maſter, 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 threatned him with force, and puniſhment extreme.

11
But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent.
And now ſo long before the wicket ſaſt
They waited, that the night was forward ſpent;
And the faire welkin, foully ouer-caſt,
Gan blown vp a bitter ſtormy blaſt,
With ſhowre and haile ſo horrible and dread,
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 beſought:
But, like to as the reſt, he prayd for nought;
For, ſtatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himſelfe to fore abus'd,
And euermore the Carle of curteſie accus'd.

13
But, to avoyd th' intolerable ſhowre,
Hee was compeld to ſeeke ſome refuge neare,
And to that ſted (to throw him from the ſhowre)
Hee came, which full of gueſts he found whyſeare,
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 lieſe or loth;
And them deſid each, and ſo deſid them both.

14
Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkneſſe to debate;
Yet both full lieſe him lodging to haue leaue,
And both full lieſe his boaiſting to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten ſo deſpightfully,
As if he did a dogge to kenell rate,
That durſt not barke; 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' earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And thut vp faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge element againſt her kind
To moue, and tremble as it were agaſt,
Vntill that it an iſſue forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blaſt
Confounds both land and ſea, and ſkyes doth ouer-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 bruſted with the blowe,
Could not ariſe, the counterchange to ſcorce,
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;
Then drew he his bright ſword, & gan about him throwe.

17
But *Satyraue*, forth ſtepping, did them ſtay,
And with faire treatie pacifide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that Caſtles Lord they gan conſpire,
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the ſame with vnquencheable fire,
And that incurteous Carle (their common foe)
To doe ſoule death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

18
Malbecco, ſeeing them reſolv'd indeed
To ſlame 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 reſuſe.

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 themſelues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themſelues by *Pulcaines* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruizd 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
Vp-bounden, did themselves adowne display,
And raught vnto her beeles; 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

21

(streames.
She also doft her heauy haberjon,
Which the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tuck about her short when she did ride,
Shew lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank side
Downe to her foot, with carrelle modestie.
Then of them all she plainly was espide
To be a woman-wight (vnwist to bee)
The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

22

Like as *Minerva*, 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 loold her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntie
From her lit arme, to rest in glorious victory.

23

Which when as they beheld, they (mitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each 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 note their hungry view be satisfied;
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 tried 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 censure 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 in 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 atcaunce,
Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde
Sir *Satyrene*, that glaucnes 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 lookes, 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 eyes his meaning wisely red,
And with the like him answerd euer more:
She sent at him one fire dart, whose hed
Empoyfned was with priuie lust, and ialous 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: othing 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 silver 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 he red out of the learned line;
(A sacrament profane in mysterie of wic.)

31

And when-so of his hand the pledge she sought,
The guilty cup she faind to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her vile 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 scape,
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccos* cape.

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 euery one his kiored, 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
Trey, 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 heau't a direfull destioie ;
What boos' sit 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 thent ?

34
Most famous Worthy of the world, by whom
That warre was kindled, which did *Trey* inflame,
And stately towres of *Iliou* whilome
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris, far renown'd through noble fame ;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From *Lacedamon* fetcht the fairest Dame
That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse ;

35
Faire Helens, flowre of beauty excellent,
And girland 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 vnder furrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy banks with bloud all overflowne.

36
From him, my linsage I deriue aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Trey*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard light,
On faire *Oenone* got a lovely boy :
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She of his Father, *Paris* did name ;
Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* stalme destroy,
Gath' red the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th' Ile of *Paros* came.

37
That was by him call'd *Paris*, which before
Hight *Nausa* : there he many yeares did raigne,
And built *Nausicle* by the *Ponticke* shore ;
The which he dying, left next in remaine
To *Paridas* his sonne.
From whom I *Paridell* by kio descent ;
But for faire Ladies loue, and glorious gaine,
My natiue 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 rucfull story of *Sir Paridell*)
She was compassion'd at that pittous act,
With zealous enuy of *Greekes* cruell tact,
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 *Troyes* allies cold.

39
Then sighing soft awhile, at last, she thus :
O lamentable fall of famous towne !
Which reign'd lo many yeers victorious,
And of all *Asia* bore the loueraigne crowne,
In one sad night consum'd, and thrown downe ;
What stony hart, that beares thy haplesse fate,
Is not emperer't with deepe compassionne,
And makes ensample of maas wretched state,
That flowres so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late ?

40
Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your paine :
For, nothing may imprisse so deare constraint,
As Countries cause, and common eyes dilidaine.
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 fed ;
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where he through fatall error long was led
Full many yeeres, and weetelesse wandered
From shore to shore, amongst the *Zybricke* sands,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perils past in forraine lands,
To saue his people sad from Victors vengefull 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 : (to the Fates ordain'd.)
Wedlocke contra'ct in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complain'd ;
The riuall Saine, the Victor (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly prayd 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 striue,
Into 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 it flourish'd, and long time stoud,
Till *Remulus* renewing it, to *Remus* 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 feate of soueraigne king
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdome yet is to arise,
Out of the *Troians* scattered is 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,
Ypon 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 forraine 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 I 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 raght to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmost angle of the world he knew.

48

For, that fame *Brute* (whom much he did aduance
In all his speech) was *Sytrius* his sonne,
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrows glaunce,
Hee fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or else for shame, so foule reproche to shonne;
And with him led to sea a youthly traine,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
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,
Saue 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

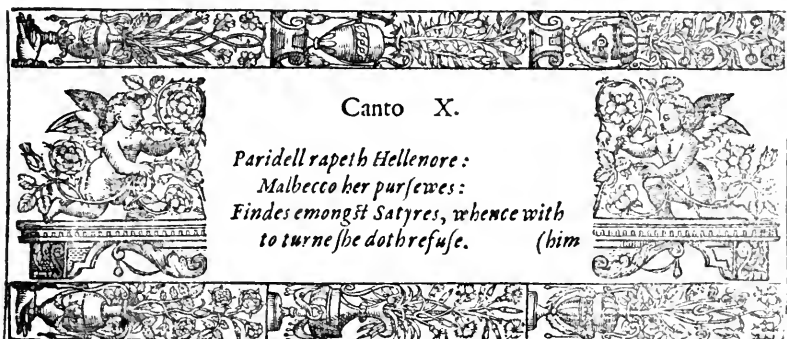
His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is cke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowned far away,
That who from East to West will end-long seeke,
Cannot two fairer Citiees find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I lay
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your country kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

52

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Ypon 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, vnwares away her wondering 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 iopardy,
That now the humid ought was farforth spent,
And heauenly lampes were halfendeale 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:
findes amongst Satyres, whence with
to turne she doth refuse. (him)*

THe morrow next, so soone as *Phœbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And sicth *Aurora* had the shady dainp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
Fairst *Britomart* and that same Faerie knight
Vprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurtes he did amend.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them staid,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grieuouly
To house a guest, that would be needs obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting meature, moueeth surquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans vnruly 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:
Food is the feare that findes no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happeo 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 absent.
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to find:
False loue, why 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 leest all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deicee.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccoes* halfe an eye did wile:
His halfe an eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile.
Both eyes and hart at once, during the while
That he there iourned his wounds to heale,
That *Cupid* leste it teeing, 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 more to him afford,
Yet bore to faue a lile, that none espide
His secret dust, 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 vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentleesse, or hospitiages breach.

But, when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plide,
And all the sleights vobosomd in his bart;
He sigh't, he sobd, he swound, he perdy did,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast beside:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to lue,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments beside,
Saying, but if thee 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 surpris her sprights,
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,
Branles, Ballads, virelays, and verses vaine;
Of purposes, or riddles he devis'd,
And thousands like, which flowd in his braioe,
With which he fed her fancy, and enus'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 pleasing
 At hand with humble pride, and fleawd gnoile,
 So closely yet, that none but shee it viewed,
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
 Thus finely did he his false oets 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 Pecece, 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 : thereof 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 hight,
 Did clap her hands, and ioied at that dolefull sight.

13
 This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ranne with fory haste
 To queech 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 fraight 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 disliquet mind was much dismaide :
 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 disclame :
 Both was he loth to lose his loued Dame,
 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 sinners bloud.

16
 Thus, whilst all things in troublous vprorde 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-stealth faire)
 Gaued 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 quoccht whylere
 Into huge waues of grieife and lealouise
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nie,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight ;
 Hee ran'd, he wept, he stamp, he loud did cry,
 And all the passions that in man may light,
 Did him antonce oppresse, and vex his cautiue spright.

18
 Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieife,
 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 grieife 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 sought her farre and nere,
 And every 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 surpris
 The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
 One day, as he forepassed by the Plaine
 With weary pace, he farre away elsid
 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 avize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree ;
For, th' one was armed all in warlike wrize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize ;
And th' other, all yclad in garments light,
Discolour'd like to womanish 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, vnswetting 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 sweet.

23
But it was scornfull *Braggadochio*,
That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,
Since late he fled from his too earnest foe ;
Whom such when as *Malbecco* spyed cleare,
He turned backe, and would haue fled areere ;
Till *Trompart* running hast'ly, him did slay,
And bade before his foueraine Lord appere :
That was him loath, yet durst he not gaine-say,
And comming him before, loued louted on the lay.

24
The Boaster, at him stercoely bent his brow,
As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meckely 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 impetious speach,
Was all abasht, and lowe prostrating, said ;
Good Sir, let not my rudedesse be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid ;
For, I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driuento distresse,
That seeke a Lady. There he suddaine staid,
And did the rest with grieuous signes 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 sliew thy smart
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That cheerefull word his weakie hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint 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 enoyde the gentlest Dame alue ;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honour striue,
By treacherous deceit did me depriue ;
Through open out-rage he 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 advanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my selfe (albe I simple fuch)
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

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 vn courteous and vnkempt ;
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 lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
Was inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his eare him rounded close behind ;
Yet stout he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to seafe ;
Till *Trompart* lowely to the ground inclin'd,
Besonght him his great courage to appeafe,
And pardon simple man, that rashly did him displeafe.

31
Bigge looking, like a doughty Douzepere,
At last, he thus ; Thou clod of v'ic't 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 anisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

32
And more, I grant 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 reit, and knighthood spent,
By *Sanzlamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweate, 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.

Th.

33

The foolish man therat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word (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, brauc 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 lought 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 giue 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'ould be clogd. So had he feru'd many one.

36

The gentle Lady, loofe at random left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, life a forlorne west,
Till on a day the *Satyres* her elpide
Straying alone withouten groomer or guide;
Her vp they rooke, and with them home her led,
With them as hou'ewife 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 arriv'd heere,
Where those two gunlers with *Malbecco* were:
Soone as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,
He faint'd, 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 whiles, 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 pass'd kend,
He vp remounted light, and after said to wend.

39

Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:
But let him pale as lightly as he came:
For, little good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to thame.
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 avise ye well,
Before ye enterprife 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 pleas'd not *Malbeccoes* mind;
For, he was much afraid, himselfe alone to find.

42

Then is it best, said he, that ye doe leaue
Your treasure here in some securitie,
Either fast clos'd in some hollow greaue,
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 pricke be vnto your treasures Graue.
It pleas'd: 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 hard 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 nimibly led
Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their lonely fellowship full glade,
Daunc't liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

⁴⁵
The silly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grievous fore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'ynkindnes of his *Hellenore*,
All day they daunced with great lusted,ed,
And with their horned feet the greene grafs wore,
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping *Phaëbus* gan to hide his golden bed.

⁴⁶
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to truffle,
And all their goodly beards did gather round;
But every *Satyre* first did giue a bulle
To *Hellenore*: so bulles did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the Earths gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That every bird and beaſt awarced made
To shrowd theſelues, whiles ſleep their ſenſes did invade.

⁴⁷
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 goatſh beard,
He did the better counterſeite aright:
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him elyde or heard.

⁴⁸
At night, when all they went to ſleepe, he viewd,
Where-as his louely 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 loſt a night did ring his nations bell.

⁴⁹
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.

⁵⁰
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, or let him be deſcried,
But harken to his lore, and all his counſell hide.

⁵¹
Tho, gan he her perſwade, to leaue that lewd
And loathſome lile, of God and man abhor'd,
And home retourne, where all ſhould be renew'd
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* full to wonne.

⁵²
Hee wooed her, till day ſpring he eſpide;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on eury ſide,
And trode downe in the dirt, where his hote 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.

⁵³
So ſoone as he the Priſon doore did paſſe,
Hee ranne as faſt as both his feet could beate,
And neuer looked who behind him was,
Ne ſcarely who before: like as a Beare
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hies to reare
An hony-combe, the waketill dogs eſpy,
And him aſſaying, ſore his carcaſſe teare,
That hardly he away with life does flie,
Ne ſtays, till laſe himſelfe hee ſee from icopardy.

⁵⁴
Ne ſaid 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 extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ranne away, ran with himſelfe away:
That who ſo ſtrangely had him ſeene beſtad,
With vpſtarthaire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From *Limbo* lake him late eſcap'd ſure would ſay.

⁵⁵
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 nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:
Griefe, and deſpight, and iealouſie, and ſcorn
Did all the way him follow hard behind:
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd ſo forlorne,
So ſhamefully forlorne of woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

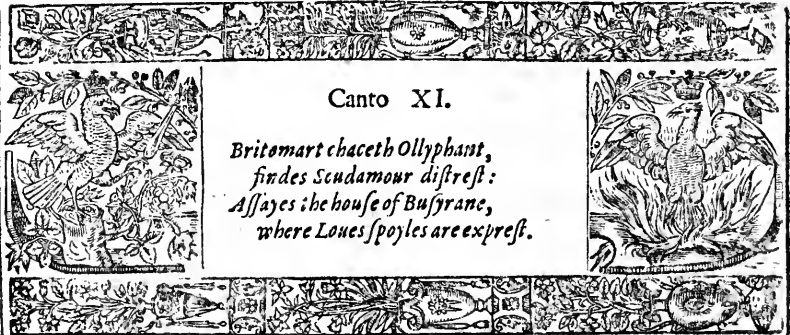
⁵⁶
Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtayd his ſight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
ouer the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrifie:
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:
From thence he threw himſelfe deſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpight,
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in liuing ſight.

57
But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring 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 to long did crall,
That at the last he found a Cauer 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 poisonous)
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt, or dread suspitious,
That doth with curlesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liuer with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deaths eternall 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,
Hateful both to himselfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy griefe, and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so deform'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 spoyle are exprest.*

O Hateful! hellish Snake, what fury first
Brought thee first to balefull house of *Proserpine*,
Where in her bosom she thee long had nurs't,
And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Foule Jealousie, that turnest loue diuine
To ieylesse dread, and mak't the louing hart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with felic-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O let him farre be banished away,
And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell;
Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures Well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th' hearts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
And of faire *Britomart* consume take,
That was as true in loue, as *Turtle* to her make.

Who with *Satyran* (as curst yee red)
Forth riding from *Malbecco*s bofleesse hous,
Fare off espide a young man, the which fled
From an huge Giant, that with hideous
And hateful out-rage long him chased thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argent eyle* and vicious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest wylere;
This all as bad as shee, and worse, if worse ought were,

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 pursfew,
Shee was emmoued in her noble mind,
T'employ her puillance to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

5
 Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her farre behind,
 But with like fiercenesse did enow the chace:
 Whom, when the Giant saw, he soone resign'd
 His former suit, and from thence fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
 And each did strue the other to out-goe:
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space;
 For, he was long, and swift as any Roe,
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

6
 It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,
 But *Bristomart*, the flowre 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 forreit newe,
 Where hee is thrownd in securty:
 The wood they enter, and search euery where,
 They searched diuersly; so both diuided were.

7
 Faire *Bristomart* 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 therby, where-euer it in field was showne.

8
 His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,
 As if he had been slumbring in the shade,
 That the braue Maid would not for courtesie,
 Out of his quiet slumber him abraide,
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:
 Still as shee stood, she heard with grieuous throb
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pity did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

9
 At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
 He said: O soueraigne Lord that sitt on hie,
 And raig'n't in blis emongst thy blessed Saints,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
 So long vnreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 Or dost thy iustice sleepe, and silent lye?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor rightcounes no meed?

10
 If good find grace, and rightcounes 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 heavenly iustice may withstand
 The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,
 Why then is *Eufirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seauen months day, in secret den
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

11
 My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend
 In dolefull darknes from the view of day,
 Whil't deadly tormentos do her chaste breast rend,
 And the sharp fleete doth rue her hart in way,
 All for thee *Scudamore* will not deny,
 Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
 For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a wound.

12
 There an huge heape of singults did oppresse
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
 His toltzing tongue with pangs of dreinesse,
 Choking the remnant of his plaintif speach,
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach,
 Which when she heard, and saw the gaffly fit,
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great ruth and terroure she was smit,
 Fearing least from her cage the weary foule would flit.

13
 Tho, stooping downe, shee him amoued light;
 Who there-with some-what starting, vp gain looke,
 And seeing him behiud a stranger knight,
 Where-as no liuing creature he mistooke,
 With great indignance he that sight forsooke,
 And downe againe himselfe did disdainefully
 Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forehead strooke:
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his grieffe, and spake thus curtely:

14
 Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe conceived grieffe
 Well seemes t' exceed the powre of patience,
 Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
 You send, submit you to high prouidence;
 And euer in your noble hart prepeuse,
 That all the sorrow in the world, is lesse
 Then vertues might, and valnes confidence:
 For, who will bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not heere thinke to liue; for, life is wretchednesse.

15
 Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked felon lo
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thral'd 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 to neere the quickie did goe,
 That vp his head he reared easily;
 And leauiog on his elbow, these few words let fly:

16
 What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
 And lowe vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
 Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
 Out of her thraldome, and continuall feare?
 For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
 By strong enchantments, and black Magicke leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deep her clofe embard,
 And many dreadfull hinds 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 coostrate
 Loue to you conceiue in her disdainfull brest;
 Till so she doe, shee must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releif:
 What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18

With this sad herfall of his heauy streffe,
 The warlike Damzell was empaffiond fore,
 And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
 Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
 For, nothing so much pittie doth implore,
 As gentle Ladies be these miserie.
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will (with prooffe of last extremitie)
 Deliuer her fro thence, or wish her for you die.

19

Ah! gentlest Knight aliuie, said *Scudamore*;
 What huge heroicke magnanimitie
 Dwells in thy bountious brest? what couldst 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 went, 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 moun't'naunce of a shot,
 Till they arriu'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 smouldry 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 asaid
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to appoehen 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 tastest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.
 This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,
 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'enchautments, 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 channes,
 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 chance,
 Then enterprised praile for dread to disauance.

25

There-with, resolv'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 forcing clouds into sad showres ymol;
 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 stubborne 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 bent.

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 efferced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the grass,
 Did beat and bouose 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 backe ded
 And

29
 And in those Tapets wren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate:
 And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblant, did exteare;
 And eke all Cupids warres 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-pearcing dart,
 And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
 In strange disguise, to stak his scalding smart;
 Now like a Ram, faire Helle to peruaite,
 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 obey her seruants lawe!

31
 Soone after that into a golden shouere
 Himselfe he chang'd faire Danae to view,
 And through the rooffe of her strong brazen towere
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
 The whiles her foolish garde, that lit'e knew
 Of such deceit, kept th' yon dore fast bard,
 And watcht, that none should enter nor ssewe;
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
 When as the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

32
 Then was he turned 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 wixt her eye-lids closely spide,
 How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

33
 Then shew'd it, how the Thebane Semetes,
 Deceiu'd of oicalous Iuno did require
 To see him in his soueraigne maiestee,
 Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
 Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
 But faire Almena a better match did make,
 Loying 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 snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
 How the rude Shepheards after him did flare,
 Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
 And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35
 In Satyres shape, Antiope he snatcht:
 And like a fire, when he Aegon's assaid:
 A shepheard, when Memosyne 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 throned,
 And icoffing thus vnto his mother said,
 Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,
 And take me for their Ioue, whiles Ioue to earth is gone.

36
 And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
 Vast there enuouen, and the sad distresse
 In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
 That thou bewraist his mothers wantonnesse,
 When she with Mars was meyn in ioyfulnesse:
 For thy he thrid thee with a leaden dart,
 To loue faire Daphné, which thee loued leste:
 Leste the thee lovd, 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 flowers do liue, and loue thee beare;
 The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breue;
 For grieft whereof, ye mote haue liuely teene
 The god himselfe tending his golden beare,
 And breaking quite his girdlon euer greene,
 With other signes of sorrow, and impatient teene.

38
 Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
 The sonne of Clymène he did repent,
 Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
 Himselfe in thousand peeces foodly 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,
 Forc't him eftsouones 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-heard vile became,
 The seruant of Admetus cow-heard vile.
 Whiles that from heauen he suffred exile.
 Long were to tell each other louely fit,
 Now like a Lion, hunting after poble,
 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 teine-wise side.

His sea-horſes did ſeeme to ſtort amaine,
 And from their noſethrilles 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 ſhoot forth his beame.
 The god himſelfe did penſue ſeem and ſad,
 And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
 For, priny loue his breſt empearced had;
 Ne ought, but deare *Bifalnis*, ay could make him glad.

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
 And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arné* hight;
 For whom he turnd himſelfe into a ſteare,
 And fed on fodder, to beguile her ſight.
 Allo 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 repair.
 On whom he got faire *Pegafus*, that flutteth in the ayre.

Next, *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
 That ſullein *Saturne* euer wend to loue?
 Yet loue is ſullein, and *Saturne*-like ſcene,
 As he did for *Eriſoné* it proue.)
 That to a *Centauré* did himſelfe tranſmoue.
 So prov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
 Whcn for to compaſſe *Philurys* 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 pang, 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 threeke;
 With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike ſmarts,
 Priuily mouſtning his horrid cheek.
 There was he painted full of burning darts,
 And many wid wounds lanced through his inward parts.

Ne did he ſpare (ſo crnell was the Elſe)
 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 ſpoyles, 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 raſcall rabblement,
 Without reſpect of perſon or of port,
 To ſhew Dan *Cupid*'s powre and great effort:
 And round about, a border was cntrayld
 Of broken bowes and arrowes ſhuered ſhort,
 And a long bloody riuier through them rayld,
 So liuely and ſo like, that liuing cenſe 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 aloud,
 Of maſſe gold, which with his owne light ſhone;
 And wings it had with ſundry colours dighr,
 More ſundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*,
 Bears in his boated fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright,
 When her ditcoloured bowe the ſpedd through heauen

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fiſt
 A mortall bowe and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he ſhot at randon, when him liſt,
 Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
 (Ah maſt 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 ſanc *Britomart* amazed,
 Ne ſeing could her wonder iatiſie,
 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,
 Our the dore thus written ſhe did ſpy,
Behold: ſhee oft and oft it ouer-read,
 Yet could not finde what ſenſe it figured:
 But what ſo were therco or writ or ment,
 Shee was no whit thereby diſcouraged
 From profecuting of her firſt intent,
 But forward with bold ſteps into the next roome went.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
 And richler by many parts arrayd:
 For, not with ariſs made in painefull 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 theſe were made,
 Such as falſe loue doth oft vpon him wear.
 For, loue in thouſand manſtrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the gliſtring walles were hong
 With warlike ſpoyles, 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, & hauberques rent;
 And their proud girlonds of tury triumph bayes
 Troden in duſt with tury iſolent,
 To ſhew the Victors might and mercelleſſe intent.

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 empinckesse,
And solemne silence ouer all that place:
Strange thing it seem'd that none was to possesse
So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

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 muz'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; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

55
Thus there shee waited vntill euenoude,
Yet liuing creature none the sawe appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hide,
From mortall view, and wrap in darknetle 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 wel-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
THo, when as cheerless Night ycouered bad
Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,
That euery wight, dismayd with darknes sad,
In silence & in sleepe themselues did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet found aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stir'd to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

2
With that, an hideous storme of wind arose,
With dreadtull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Enfowd, whole noyance filld the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the sixt;
Yet the bold *Britannes* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast 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 bene tore:

And forth issued, 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, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a Play,
By luely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred toft away:
And passing by, his name discouered,
Euse, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5
The noble mayd, still standing, all this viewd,
And meruaild at his strange intendment.
With that, a ioyous fellowship issued
Of Minstrals, making goodly merimeut,
With wanton Bards, and Rytners impudent;
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet concert:
After whom, marche a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

Q. 2.

The

6
The whiles a most delicious harmony,
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to found,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround :
And when it ceast shrill trumpets 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 louely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare ;
Marchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare
To great *Aleides*, 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 lay,
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 lecm'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 swaine this elders fyre,
And gaue him being, common to them twaine :
His garment was disguised vey vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet fat awry ;
Twixt both his hands few sparks be close djd straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life concei'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 *Albanse*-wife :
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrink he did auise,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrink, 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 dreadful, 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 thoughtt himselfe not safe enough theriby,
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 aether pale of hew, and wingy-heeld ;
And euer more on danger fixt his eye,
Gaintt 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 louely to behold ;
In silken samite she was light arrayd,
And her faire locks were wouen 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 vnto 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 purloynd, (haire,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deews were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

15
But he was foule, ill-faoured, and grim,
Vnder his eye-brows looking still afaunce ;
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 pafe.

16
Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere ;
Griefe, all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet ioly 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 appareild
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 starled heare :
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 *Pleasure*;
 He looking lompath and tull fullen lad,
 And hanging downe his beavy countenance;
 She chearfull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
 As if no sorrow shee felt, ne drad;
 That euill matched paire they seem'd to bee:
 An angry Walpe th'one in a wiall 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 villicines, 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 living 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 despoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (o ruefull 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 siluer basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
 And those two villicins, which her steps vpitayd,
 When her weake fectes could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
 Her forward still with torture did constraîne,
 And euermore entreated her consuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himselve
 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, himselve 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 laine:
Reproach deapightfull, carelesse, and vnkind;
Shame most ill fauour'd, betiiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproach* did scould;
Reproach sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brood-yrons in her hand did hold:
 All thre to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confus'd rout
 Of perions flockt, whose names is hard to read:
 Emongt them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Vnquiet Care, and foed *Vnchristified*,
Lowd Losse of Time, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
Inconstant Change, and false *Disloyaltie*,
 Consuming *Riotes*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heauenly vengeance, *Want Infirmitie*,
Vile Pometie, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whole names and natures I n'ote readen well;
 So many moe, as there be fantasies
 In waucring womens wit, that none can tell,
 Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
 All which disguised marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber with that Damozell,
 And then returned (hauing marcht thence)
 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.
 Thoe 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 auail, there sleights and art
 Shee cast to vie, both fit for hard emprise;
 For-thy, from that same roome uot 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 morrowe fresh, her telfe 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.

So soone as she was entred, round about
 She cast her eyes, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which the Law without:
 But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne liuing wight she sawe in all that room,
 Save that same wofull Lady; both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste gutt round with iron bands,
 Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before, the vile Enchaunter 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 remoue.

Soone as that virgin knight he sawe in place,
 His wicked bookes in haste he ouertrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface;
 And fiercely running to the Lady trew,
 A murtherous knife out of his pocket drew;
 The which he thought, for villainous despight,
 In her tormented body to embrew:
 But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand with-held, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wreat;
 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 impress,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
 Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
 Dearnely 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, life she him enuide, and longd reuenge to see:

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
 For so huge mischief, and vile villany,
 Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
 Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to 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.

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 verte,
 That horror gan the virgins heart to perfe,
 And her faire locks vp stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lines reherse;
 And all the while he read, she did extend
 Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
 And all the doores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismaied 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.

The cruell Steele which thrild her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:
 And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding breast, and ruen bowels gor'd,
 Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;
 And euery part to safety full sound,
 As she were neuer hurt, was loone restor'd.
 Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
 And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

Before faire *Brisomart*, 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 prowesse freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notifie,
 And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

But *Brisomart*, 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 eomfort to you take,
 And put away remembrance of late teene;
 In stead thereof knowe, that your louing Make
 Hath no lesse grieue endured for your gentlesake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
 Vpon th'enchauter, which had her distreit
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
 He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, oow 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 to 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 entres wont to cruelly to torch.

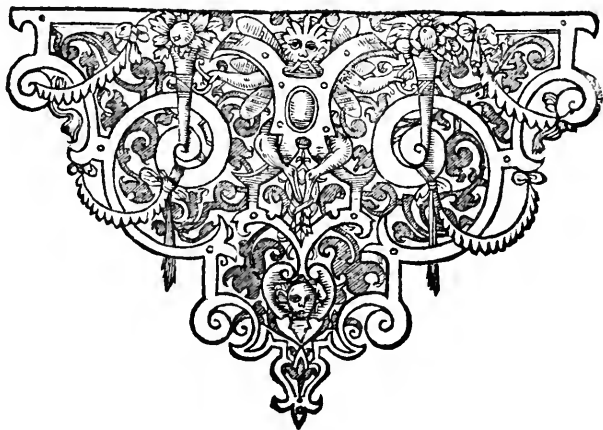
43
 More easie i flew now, then entrance late
 Shee found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
 Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,
 And passage hard to all, that thither came,
 Was vanish quite, as it were not the same,
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.
 Th'Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
 To haue effort 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 pentine *Scudamore*
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
 Neither of them shee found where she them late:
 Th'ereat her noble hart was itonil'd to re;
 But most, faire *Amoret*, whole gentle:pright
 Now gan to feed on hope, which she betore
 Conceiv'd had, to see her owne deare knight,
 Being thereof beguy'd was fill'd with new affright.

45
 But he sad man, when he had long in dreed
 Awaited there for *Britomart's* returne,
 Yet sawe her not nor signe of her good speed,
 His expectation to despair'd did turne,
 Misdemeing sure that her those flames did burne;
 And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
 Who her deare noursings losse no lesse did mourne,
 Thence to depart for further aide'enquire:
 Where 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 living 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'access 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
Judge it ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne,
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wrisht thy Queene anew,
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farr 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 exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuite,
W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

Colin, 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 lifts 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 pety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty 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 fiers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroicke deedes.

So mought thy *Redresse* / night with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vale in type of Faery land,
Egyza's blest d field, that *Abian* hight:
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty flowers.

But (iolly 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.

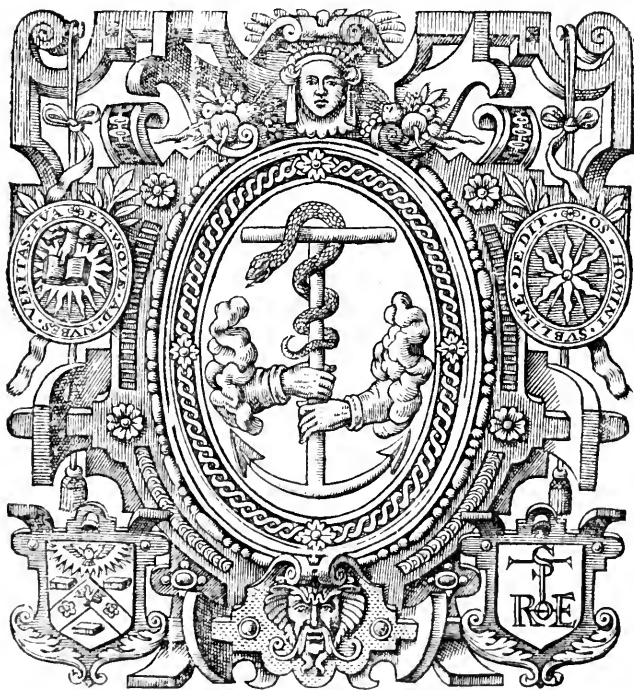
Hobynoll.

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 D M O E S

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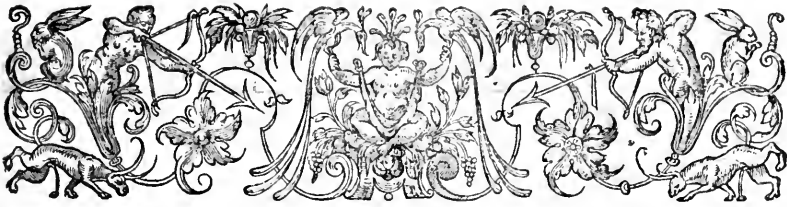
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THE FOVRTH BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE
QUEENE:

CONTAINING
The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,
OR
Of Friendship.

T¹ He rugged forehead, that with graue foresight
Wields kingdoms causes, & affaires of State,
My looser rimes; I wote, doth sharply wite,
For praying 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 ver-ues discipled,
Then with vaine poems weeds to haue their fancies fed.

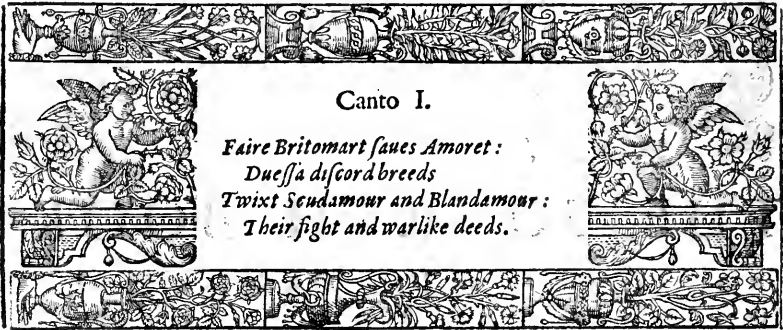
Such one's ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:
For-ty they ought not thing vnknowne reprocue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.
For, it of honour and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true Louers with immortal blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not lue amis,

Which whose hilt 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 Hero's wonne,

In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witness the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critics, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full many lessons did apply,
The which the Stoick Censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my Soueraigne Queene,
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,
And treasures of true loue culocked 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 alme I weene:
To her, this song most fitly is adrest,
The Queen of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou drad infant, *Penny* dearing dowe,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awefull Majestie renoue:
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweet smyling 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.

OF 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 *Floris* ſe vaworthy vaine:
 The decre compaſſion of whole bitter ſit
 My ſoftened heart fo ſorely doth conſtraine,
 That I with reares full oft doe pitee it,
 And oftentimes doe wiſh it neuer had been writ.

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
 In perilous fight, ſhe neuer ioied day,
 A perilous fight when he with force her brought
 From twenty knights that did him all aſſay:
 Yet ſaierly well he did them all diſmay:
 And with great glory both the ſhield of loue,
 And eke the Lady ſelſe he brought away;
 Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
 A new vnknown miſchiefe did from him remoue.

For, that ſime vile Enchanter *Bufyan*,
 The very ſelſe ſime day that ſhe was wedded,
 Amidſt the bridale feaſt, whil't every man
 Surcharged 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 ſhown:
 And there the Lady ill of friends beſtedded,
 By way of ſport, as oft in *Maſkes* is known,
 Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknown.

Seauen monthes 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 wile, 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
 The diuerſe viſage and demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft beſell.
 For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
 Left ſhe with blame her honour ſhould attain,
 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,
 That her *luyes* Lord, and Patrone of her health,
 Right well deſerued as his duefull meed,
 Her loue, her ſeruice, and her vtmoſt wealth.
 All is his iuſtly, that all freely death:
 Narbleſſe her honour, dearer then her life,
 She fought to ſaue, as thing reſerud from ſtealth;
 Die had the leuet with Enchanters knife,
 Then to be falſe in loue, profeſt a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made ſo much the greater
 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 gheſſe:
 For, otherwhiles to her ſhe purpoſe made
 Of loue, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſſe,
 That much ſhe fear'd his mind wold grow to ſom exceſſ.

His will ſhe fear'd; for him ſhe ſurely thought
 To be a man, ſuch as indeed he ſeemed;
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
 For which no ſeruice ſhe too much eſteemed:
 Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of foule 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 eueing, 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 mou'd to eye her fore.
 The custome of that place was such, that here
 Which had no Loue nor Lemman that in store,
 Should either wione 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, wexed inly wroth,
 But for the present did her anger throw;
 And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So forth they went, and both together iusted;
 But that same younker toone 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 vnknowoe,
 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 dout.

The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:
 Whome she requir'd, that sith 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 yielded 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 admitted:
 So none should be out-shut, sith all of Loues were fitted.

With that, her glistering helmet she vnaced;
 Which doft, 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 fire light,
 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 dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit.
 Some thought, that some enchantment fained it,
 Some, that *Belona* in that waile like 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,
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.

VWhere, all that night they of their Loues did treat,
 And hard adventures twixt themselues alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great,
 And grieftfull pity priuately be-mone.
 The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* shone,
 They both vp-rose, and to their waies them 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 harts 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-ould Chameleon colours new;
 So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
 The other, no whit better was then shee,
 But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
 And daily more offense vnto each degree.

Her name was *Arcé*, mother of debate,
 And all dissension, which doth daily growe
 Amongst fragile men, that many a publique state
 And many a priuate oft doth over-throwe.
 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 spirits,
 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 farre vnder ground,
 VVith thornes and barren brakes enuirood round,
 That none the same may easily out-win;
 Yet many waies to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in:
 For, discord harder is to end then to begin.

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 rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,
Altars defild, and holy things defact,
Disheuered speares, and shufled yronne in twaine,
Great Cities raiack't, and strong Castles ras't,
Nations captiued, and huge armies flaine:
Of all which ruines there huge reliques did remaine.

22
There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of fatall Salem, and sad Iliou,
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 *Nymrod* strong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes sue,
Which shad to them the spoyles 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 *Centaur*s drunken soules to hell,
That vnder great *Aleides* turie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
That each of life fought others to deprive,
All minalets 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 vnnatural;
Some of deare Louers, tovs perpetual;
Witness there broken bands there to be seene,
Their gilons rent, their fioures 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 weedes,
Which shee her selfe had sowne all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
The feedes of euill words, and factious deedes;
VWhich when to ripensse due they growe warre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iare;
The which most often end in blond-shed and in warre.

26
And those same cursed seedes doe also serue
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food;
For, life it is to her, when others stieue
Through intricate debate, and deadly food,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
VWhich why she from her childhood hath ben fed.
For, shee at first was borne of helish 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, vimeets a mouth to bee,
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 diuided,
That neuer thought one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

28
Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with eury light report,
And as her eares, so ke her feet were odde,
And much volike; 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 hands twaine:
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
That one did make, the other maid againe,
And fought to bring all things vnto decay:
VWhereby great riches, gathered many a day,
Shee in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessors often did dismay.
For, all her study was, and all her thought, (wrought)
How shee might overthrowe the things that Concord

30
So much her malice did her might surpass,
That euen th' Almighty selfe shee did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith shee her selfe was of his grace indigne:
For, all this worlds faire workmanship shee tride,
Vnto his last conclusion 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 *Duessa* rode;
And seruing her in her malicious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To lell 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 toly youthfull Knight,
That bore great sway in armies and chualtrie;
And was indeed a man of nuckle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did defrye
His sickle mind full of inconstancie,
And now himselfe hee fitted had right well,
VWith two companions of like qualitie,
Faithles *Duessa*, 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 *Britomart*,
 Like knight adventurous in outward view,
 With his faire *Paragon* (his conquers part)
 Approching nigh, et' soones his wanton hart
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting said;
 Lo therce, Sir *Paridell*, for your desert,
 Good luck presents you with yond' lovely mayd,
 For pity that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that, the lovely paire drew nigh to hand:
 Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine bebell;
 Albe in hart he like affection fond,
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
 That did those armes and that same scutcheon weld,
 He had small lust to buy his Loue so deare:
 But answerd, Sir, him wife I neuer held,
 That hauing once escaped perill neere,
 VVould afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might
 I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
 Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
 Ne for light Ladies loue, that loone is lost.
 The hot-spurre youth so scorn'ng to be cross,
 Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth hee,
 And I without your perill or your cost,
 Will challenge yond' same other for my fee:
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him (carce could see.

The warlike *Britonnesse* her loone addressd,
 And with such words welcome did receaue
 Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
 That bec'ng forc't his fad'le loone to leaue,
 Himselfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:
 And made him selfe th'ensample of his folly,
 Which done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
 And left him now as sad, 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 grieft 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 disaile and euill plight;
 Till that ere long they chanced to spy
 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 grieft renew.

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 euermore,
 Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
 And eke because his Loue he wonne by right:
 VVhich when he thought, it grieued him full fore,
 That through the brutes of his former fight,
 He now voable 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,
 Yewill 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 theright.

With that, he put his spurres vnto his steed,
 VVith speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like thist out of a bow prenting 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 fetter,
 That what of them became, the menc'es did scarcely weet.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
 Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,
 Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
 That filler all the Sea with foime, diuides
 The doubtfull current into diuers strides:
 So fell those two in sight of both their prides;
 But *Scudamour* himselfe did foone vp-raise,
 And mounting light, his foe for lying long vbraies.

VVho, rolled on an heape, lay stilkin wound,
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rail:
 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 helmet, 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,
 False traitour *Scudamour*, that hast by sight
 And soule advantage this good knight dismayd,
 A knight much better then thy selfe bebight;
 VVell failes 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 weaken'd, then thou doost him over-ronne;
 So hast thou to thy selfe false 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 *Duessia* said,
 Why doe ye strive for Ladies loue so fore,
 Whole chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd
 Amongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
 That the your Loue list loue another knight,
 Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;
 For, loue is iree, and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maiordome or might.

47
 So false *Duessia*: but vile *Ate* thus;
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That strive and storme with strife out-rageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 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 oath,
 Swear she is yours, and strive 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, maugre 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 bill,
 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 gricfe, as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a Stag with shuining dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smarrt.

50
 So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
 Ne wotd he had to speake for great dismay,
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard
 Of our 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 thereat to triumph without victorie.

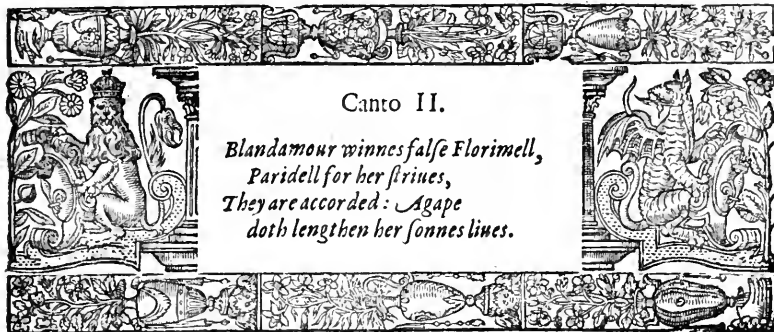
51
 Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost spend,
 And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten,
 Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Duessia* cryde,
 VVnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;
 Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights deside.

52
 But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)
 Staid not to answer, scarcely did retrain,
 But that in all those knights and Ladies fight,
 He for 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 vnjust,
 VVhat vengeance due can equal 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 euermore 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.*

Irebrand of Hell, first tind in *Phlegeton*,
By thousand Furies, & frō the nce out-thrown
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.

2
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-rige of his furious fit relented.
Such musick is wise words with time conected,
To moderate stiffe mindes, dispos'd to strue:
Such as that prudent Roman well invented,
Wt at time his people into parts did riuē,
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

3
Such vs'd wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule delpight,
And *Paridell* her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked, and nor good for ought.
Both they vnwife, and warelesse of the cuill,
That by themselves, vnto themselves is wrought,
Through that false VVitch and that foule aged dreull,
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate dcuill.

4
With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a Iustie Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferraugb* hight,
He that from *Brageadoechio* 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.

5
Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting, as the wauering winde,
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)
Beheld, eftsloones 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 dampish thus behind,
Sith so good fortune doth to you present
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment

6
But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to barme, but made this faire denial;
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 scorn,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in diddaine
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By means wherof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

7
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 lay)
His hart with secret enuy gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

8
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 aliuē on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
With humil' left suit that he imagine mo',
And all things did deuise, and all things doo,
That might her loue prepare, and liking winn theretoo.

9
 Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And such fond fauours sparingly dispenc't:
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy lookes tempting with loose dalliance;
 Some-times estranging him in ferner wife,
 That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,
 Hee seem'd brought to bed in Paradise, (wife)
 And proud himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most

10
 So great a mistresse 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 sight,
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

11
 Yet hee to her did daily seruire more,
 And daily more deceiu'd was thereby;
 Yet *Paridell* him enuid therefore,
 As seeming plac'd in sole felicitie:
 So blind is lust, false colours to desirey.
 But *Ate* soone discouering his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,
 Did priuily 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 opinioe 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 tway:
 Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
 VVhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
 Render therefore therein to me nuy 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 floure
 Would'st gather fame, and yet no pains would'st take:
 But not so easie will I her forsake;
 This hand her womne, this hand shall her defend,
 With that, they gan their shuering 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 auenges end,
 That both their speares with pittielesse remorse,
 Through shield and maile, and haberjou did wend,
 And in their flesh a grieufully passage rend,
 That with the fury of their owne affect,
 Each other hostile and man to ground did send;
 VVhere lying still awhile, both did forget
 The perilous present stound, 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 watty lea,
 They stemme each other with to fell despight,
 That with the shock of their owne heedleis might,
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh aunder;
 They which from shore beheld the dreadful sight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
 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 themselues awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her that *Fiorinell* 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 atonce haue rent
 Out of their breasts, that streames of blood did raile
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple bloud 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 fore,
 Become of fained friendship which they vow'd afore:

19
 And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
 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 trauell'd that way;
 VVho 'eing 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 on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke to appease their deadly hate,
 But gaz'd 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 lookt a little vp at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battell be broken,
 Both greedy seeke on other to be broken.
 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 altry, as none can tell.
 Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,
 Seest 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 sight
 (For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)
 And lowly to her louting, thus behight;
 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 mischief that befell;
 Long may you liue in health and happy state,
 Shee little answer'd him, but lightly did agrate.

24
 Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new;
 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 aduised well:
 But rather ought in friendship for her sake
 To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
 That seeke perforce her from you both to take;
 And of your gotten spoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25
 There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance sterne,
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
 Arcad, 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 fo befell,
 That *Satyrane* a girdle did vp-take,
 Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*;
 Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeued 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 Enuis sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemne feast, with publike turneying,
 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 to gard,
 And saue her honour with your ventrous 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 asuage,
 Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as thei protestted done,
 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, he not farre behind him had his Make,
 To wect, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
 That twixt them selues 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,
 Deeming 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 Loves deare,
 Courageous *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
 With *Canacee* and *Cambins*, hakt in louely bond.

32
 Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,
 Those two were foes, the fellonst 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 vadehided)
 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-wear,
That famous monument hath quite defac't,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs here.
O curled Eld! the canker-worme of writs;
How may these rimes (so rude as doth appeare)
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, & brought to nought by littlabits?

34
Then pardon, O 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 vaice 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 learnedst Lady in her dayes,
Well seene in eusy 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 beasls 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 gouernment,
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 watcht 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 voquier 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 berought
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 weete whose she should bee:
All mighty men, and dreadfull derring dooers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by consent should 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 challenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approvd oft in perils manifold,
Which hee atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Mott confidence and hope of happy speed,
Concried by a ring, which shee him sent;
That amongst the many vertues (which wee reed)
Had power to stanch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40
Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubt 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 vied *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax vied *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 fo 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 she (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 vnwares vpon her laying hold,
 That stroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as hath been told) (hold.)
 Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46
 VVhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripefull 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, (flout.)
 Their daies mote be abridged through their courage

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 boule she went.
 Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
 Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyss*,
 Where *Demogorgon* 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 vnwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
 Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
 By grisly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
 That cruell *Atropos* estfoones 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 kee 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, it did her much amare,
 To see their thrids so thin, as spiders 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 *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
 And said, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine
 As of humane, that they may alced be,
 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 thred with fatal knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the thre,
 VVhich is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Estfoones 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 thrid, that his may lo be trebly wext.

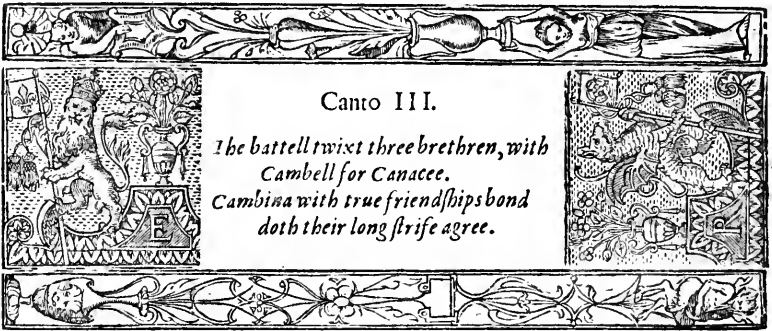
53
 They granted it; and then that careful *Fay*
 Departed thence with full contented mind;
 And comming home, in warlike fresh array
 Them found all thre according to their kind:
 But vnto them what destiny was assign'd,
 Or how their liues were eekt, shee did not tell;
 But euermore, when she fit time could find,
 Shee warn'd them to tend 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 ioynd all:
 Vpon which ground this same great battell grew
 (Great matter growing of beginning small;)
 The which for length I will not here pursell,
 But rather will referre it for a Caoto oew.

S.

Canto





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 vniuersall date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thou'nd perils which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the Maines,
That euer howe they knocke at Deaths gate?
And hee that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth paine.

Therefore this Fay I hold 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 curtesie:
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree,
No more renowned for their chivalrie:
That made them dreaded much of all men faire 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 pawn'd the faire to keepe aright.
That day (the dreddest day that liuing might
Did euer see vpon this world to thinke)
So soone as beuer'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 prease 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 six array,
Faire 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 fearlessse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wrest.
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,
In braue array, and goodly amenance,
With scutchins 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,
VVith 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 ioreat,
Carelesse of perill in their fierce affret,
As if that liue 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 approued 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 vnrarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvantage:
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chauce;
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enbaunce
His haughty courage to vengeance fell: (swell,
Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to
VVith

9
 With that, his poynant speare he fierce adventured,
 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 Onke, whose pith and sap is feare,
 At pisse of every storme doth stagger heere and there:

10
 Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
 Againe he droue at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
 The mortall poynt most cruelly empight:
 Where fast infix'd, whil't he fought by sight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder take,
 And left the head behind: with which despight
 He all entrag'd, his shattering speare did shake,
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him betpake;

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 forbear, doth not forgive the det.
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
 And passing forth with furious affret,
 Peare't through his heuer 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 troouche on left;
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
 Out of his head-peece *Cambell* hercelly rest:
 And with such fury back at him it hett,
 That making way vnto his dearest life,
 His weafand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
 Thence streames of purple blood, issuing rife,
 Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

13
 His weary ghost, asoyld from st shly band,
 Did not (as others wont) directly flie
 Vnto her rest in *Platoes* grieffly land;
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne change! was vnto a starre in sky:
 But through traduction was eessoones deriued,
 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 sorry for so heauy sight,
 Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:
 But rather stid to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rust hercelly forth, the battell to renew,
 As in reuersion 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 felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
 But riu'd were, like rotten wood a'under,
 Whil't 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
 Hue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to affwage,
 And gaie a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out, doe strite vp strife-full broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,
 But either deignes with other to partake:
 So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

17
 Full many stroakes, that mortally were ment,
 The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two:
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or wardle or avoyded and let goe,
 That still the life stood feareless of her foe:
 Till *Diamond*, disdeigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune wauering 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 soule had fire out of the body riu'd,
 And stinct all the strife incontinent:
 But *Cambells* fate that fortune did prevent:
 For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd a'afide,
 And to gaue way vnto his fell intent:
 Whio missing of the marke which he had eyde, (slide)
 Was with the force nigh fell, whil't his right foot 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 sou'e 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 adventure 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 headlesse of that stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly slept.

21
They, which that pitious spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the head-lesse trunk to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to wield,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes succession in those brethren three,
For, notwithstanding that one soule was rest,
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 entring into *Triamond*, him filld
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had been ythrild
With point 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 addrest;
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 scene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely weene:
So fresh befeemed, and so fierce in fight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers 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 weaken'd 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 desperate 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 pouted from the sky:
Hee stroke, he fount, he foynd, he hew'd, he lasht,
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 so retrate.

27
Like as the tyde that comes from 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 force:
But when the flood is spent, then hack againe
His borrowed waters forc't to redsbourie,
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 halfe vanquish't, then the other seem'd;
Yet Victors both themselves alwaies esteemed.
And all the while, the discentrayled blood,
A lowne their sides like little riuers strem'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 fe't his blood to waste, ne powres emperish't,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherish't,
And all his wounds, and all his bruises guarisht:
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often scene 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 spright:
So did one soule out of his body fly
Vnto her native home, from mortall misery.

31
But nithel'sse, whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All vnawares he stirr'd vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame been rear'd,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe-affear'd
Of th'vncouth sight, as he some ghost had scene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his iole sward;
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 *Styzyan* gods t'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, eftsfoones 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 th'arm-pitful, that through both sides the wound appeared.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
 And falling heauy on *Cambelloes* crest,
 Strooke him so hugely, that in swoones 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 *Indges* rose, and *Marshals* of the field
 Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend,
 And *Canacee* gan wale her dearest friend.
 All suddenly they both vp-started light,
 The one out of the wound, 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 donne;
 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 troublous 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 ween what that sudden clamour ment;
 Lo, where they slide with peedy whirling pace,
 One in a charet of strange furoiment,
 Towards them drining 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 poure all others did excell;
 Now made forget their former cruell mood;
 T'obey their rides best, 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 Magicke leare,
 And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,
 Hauing therein been trained many a yeare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she faire exceld all other:
 Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,
 Of th'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'vnruely preace
 Of people, thronging thick 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 shriekt, some being harmed hould,
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shour,
 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 hold,
 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 assuage
 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.
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the gods to drinke thereof allyn'd;
 But such as drink, eternall 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.

45
 Much more of price and of more gracious powre
 Is this, then that faine water of Ardenne,
 The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,
 Describ'd by that famous Tuscan penne:
 For, that had might to change the harts of men
 Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:
 But this doth harred make in loue to brenne,
 And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce,
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

46
 At last, arriuing by the lifes side,
 She with her rod did softly smite the rails,
 Which straight flew open, and gaue her way to ride.
 Effroutines 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.

47
 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 refraine
 From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke)
 By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

48
 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 drunk an harty draught.

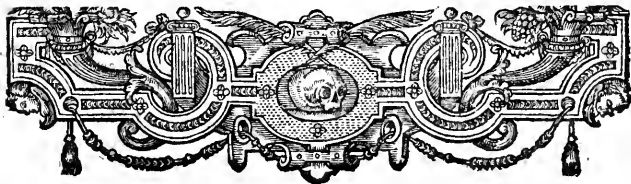
49
 Of which so soone as they once tasted, had
 (Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)
 In stead of strokes, each other kist glad,
 And louely haulft from feare of treason free,
 And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortal foes to friendly to agree,
 For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,
 They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50
 All which, when gentle *Canace* 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 entertain'ing her with curtsies meet,
 Profit to her true friendship and affection sweet.

51
 Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
 The trumpets sound'd, and they all arose,
 Thence to depart with glee and glad some cheere,
 Those warlike Champions both together chose,
 Homeward to march, the meliours there to repose,
 And wife *Cambina*, taking by her side
 Faire *Canace* as fresh as in morning rose,
 Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people, and much glonfide.

52
 Where making ioyous feasts, their dayes they spent
 In perfect loue, deuoid of hatefull strife,
 Allid with bands of mutual complement;
 For, *Triamud* had *Canace* to wife,
 With whom he led a long and happy life;
 And *Cambell* tooke *Cambina* to his ferce,
 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 elſewhere.

Canto



Canto IIII.

*Satyraue makes a Turneyment
for loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
and Artegalt doth quell.*

ST often fals (as here it east befall)
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friends;
That friends protest, are chang'd to fo-mē fel:
The cause of both, of both their hues depeſs;
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 faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, eyes like ill grounded feeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
Twix *Cambell* and *Sir Triamond* befall;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stir'd vp twix *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by course befalls me here to tell:
Who, hauing those two other knights beside
Marching afoe, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deseride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

Who, back returning, tolde as he had seene,
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;
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.

Yet nigh approaching, he them soule 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 tearmes their louers to deface.
Whole sharp prouokement their incens't so fore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vltage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselues afoe:
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina*, with persuasions mild,
Did mitigate the fiercenelle of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcy'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 befall,
Of that great Turney, which was blaz'd broad,
For that rich girle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

To which folke more 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 couite seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom *Sir Paridell* himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repress.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare and lootes to disaduance,
As if he nought but peace and pleasure ment,
Now false into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanie,
His rouing eye did on the Lady glauce,
Vvch *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
Whom sure he wend, that he somwhere tofore had eyde.

It was to weete, that snowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Eragadocchio* wonne:
Vvhem 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 his owne prize,
Vvhom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprise:
Which scornfull offer *Blandamour* gan soone despise.

9
 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 wioune, as I haue done in fight:
 And lo she shall be placed here in fight,
 Together with this Hag beside her let,
 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.

10
 That offer pleased all the company.
 So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;
 At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
 But *Bragadorchio* 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.

11
 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 l'artell, 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 mind nor friendship dwells nor enmity.

12
 But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest,
 Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 To strice vp strife, when most vs needdth 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 yes may prolong;
 And then it shall be tried if ye will,
 Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

13
 They all agreed: so turning all to game,
 And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way.
 And all th' 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.

14
 There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide
 Themselues asunder: *Blandamour* with those
 Of his, on th' ouer; the rest on th' other side.
 But boastfull *Bragadorchio* rather chose,
 For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest them'clues in troupes did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to euery one;
 The knights in couples march, with Ladies linkt attone.

15
 Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
 Bearing that precious relique in an arke
 Of gold, that bad eyes might hit not profane:
 Which drawing lustily 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.

16
 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 vovoes 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.

17
 Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
 An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And vauncing forth from all the other band
 Of knights, address't his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing himselfe all ready for the field,
 Against whom, there singled from the other side
 A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
 And had in many a battell off been tride,
 Hight *Branchewall* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

18
 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 herd, 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 wield.

19
 VVhich when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
 He pricked 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.

20
 VVhich *Bragadorchio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd,
 But *Triamond*, halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Steraly step forth, and raught 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 themselues again vpreare.

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 *Palmerd* 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 swoune, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismayd,
When as he sawe the mercilesse *sfrray*,
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 wisht haue been, that in lo had a steed.

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 anvil glode,
There where he sawe the valiant *Triamond*
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lo'e,
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 feele 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 feare he him vpheld from falling in a swound.

25
Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew
Out of the field, that none percei'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 iudg'd to beare the bell.

26
The morrow next the *Turney* gan anew,
And with the first, the hardy *Satyrane*
Apeared 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 straine,
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 counterfeiance he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which *Triamond* had wore, 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 disceine, and lo went forth to fight.

28
There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found, *Lord in his name*
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gau his glory to envy.
And cast t'auenge 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 lwords themselves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous maruels
That all the rest it did amazed make, (here
Ne any da'd their perill to partake;
Now cussing close, now chasing to and fro,
New hurting round, aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grappling goe,
Chauing, 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 sigh he cast;
VVhich vantage *Cambell* did pursue lo fast,
That ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So fore he slow'd him on the compass crest;
That forced him to leaue his lofty fell,
And redely tumbling downe vnder his horse feet fell.

31
Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rett his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;
VVhen 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 turnd vpon them all,
And with his broadiron 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 rore,
In royall hart disdainng 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 sought:
 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 found 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 hauck makes;
 That they which lead him, loone enforced beene
 To let him loofe 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 del'pight;
 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 ruaine without all remorse;
 So did these two through all the field, their toes enforce.

36

Fircely they follow'd on their bold emprize,
 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 preferd:
 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 *Satyane* 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 vnwearied powre his party still assured.

38

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
 But that his vmost prowesse there made knowne,
 That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
 By shuered speare, and swords all vnder strowen,
 By scattered shields was easie to be shouen.
 There might ye see loofe fcedes 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 queynt disguise, full hard to be delcride,
 For, all his armour was like saluage weed,
 VWith woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leues attrapt, that seemed fit
 For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His word which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluage esse sans fineffe, shewing secret wit.

40

Hce at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare
 At him, that first appeared in his sight:
 That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
 Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,
 Approued oft in many perous fight.
 Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
 And ouer-bore beyond his crouper 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 euey one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
 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 wife,
 Most answerable to his wild disguise
 It seemed, him to tearme the saluage knight.
 But certes his right name was otherwife,
 Thogh known to few, that *Arbegall* he hight, (might)
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of

43

Thus was Sir *Satyane* with all his band,
 By his sole manhood and atchieuement 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 cuening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
 Then ruffled forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;
 So, dought may be esteemed happy till the end.

44

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At *Arbegall*, in middest 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 lef 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.

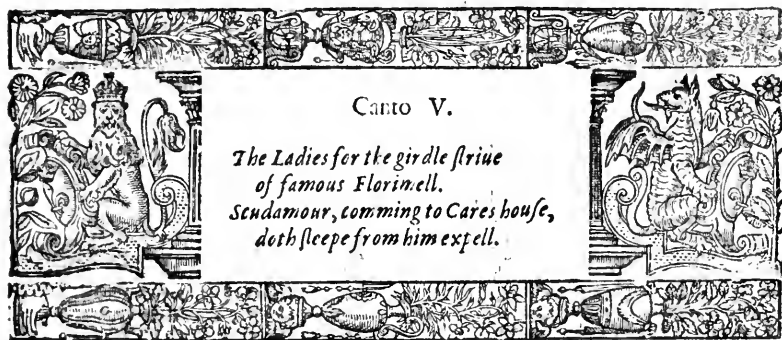
Where.

45
Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And cast 'avenge the shame doth 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, for, no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous *Britemars* did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms achieu'd,
And ouerthrew what euer came her neare,
That all these stranger knights full sore agrieu'd,
And that late weaker hand of ch'allengers relieu'd.

47
Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,
That all brute beasts forc't to retrain'd to meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, saine from them clues to flie;
All traouellers torment'd are with paine:
A watry cloud doth ouercast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden floure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48
So did the warlike *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 loudly gan to tray,
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 trumpet will alio rest while.



CANTO V.

*The Ladies for the girdle striue
of famous Florimell.
Scudamour, coming to Cares house,
doth sleepe from him expell.*

1
That hath been through all ages euer scene,
That with the praye of armes and chivalry,
The prize of beauty still hath toynd been;
And that for reasons speciall punitie:
For, rather doth on other much relye:
For, he mee seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can his best defend from willeeny;
And the most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fareth it, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

2
So fely row here commeth next in place;
After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace:
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
That many wish to win for glory vaine,
And not for vertuous we, which some do tell
That glorious he! did in itselfe contome,
Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3
That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
And winchhood true, to all that did it beare:
But whoso euer contrarie doth proue,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loole, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dane *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
Whattime she vs'd to lue in wuichly fort;
But layd aside, when to shevs'd her loofer sport.

4
Her husband *Vulcan* whyleme for her sake,
V Vher first he leued her with heart entire,
This precious ornament they lay did make,
And wrought in *Lacemes* with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues lust hire,
Gave it to her for euer to remaie,
There with to bird lasciuious desire,
And loose she Clions strenghtly to restraine;
V Vhich vertue it for euer after did reiaie.

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,
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre,
She with the pleatant *Graces* wont 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 fought, as shall appeare;
For, peerelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this, their feast all being coded,
The Iudges which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne detenced,
To deeme this doubtfull 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 mentearm'd Knight of the Hebeene 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 vncouquer'd did appeare;
For, last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9
But therat greatly g'udged *Artheyall*,
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 only thought of that despightfull deed
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next encow'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 hew
And passing beauty did estoones 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 estoones 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 shene,
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd 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 heaucny faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtrait bewties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue fought.

13
At last, the most redoubted *Britanessie*,
Her lovely *Amores* did open shew:
Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse
The heaucny pourtrait 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 seemed faire and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phæbé's* light,
Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
All that her sawe, with wonder rauisht were,
And weend no mortall creature she should be,
But some celestall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *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 base metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his fallshood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
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
Granted 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 meanes 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 fight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came,
But fliee her selfe did thinke it done for sight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the fame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, estoones 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 scene 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, *Virgint vnblest*,
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many to vnmanly spent.

19
Therewith all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise assaid, to proue that girdles powre;
And haming it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Wherewith the rest gan greatly to enuie:
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 nathelisse to be, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them, that iudged it:
And she herselfe adjudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebenes speare, as wonne in fight,
But *Eritomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She helie esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

21
VVhom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themelues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that, the Judges did arret 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 *Satryan* she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* therewith full greatly grudged,
And little prais'd his labours euilt speed,
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse therewith did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir *Satryan*.
Thereto him *Atti* stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

23
And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did inuence,
Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,
Deferred for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:
Whereto her selfe he did to witness call;
Who being askt accordingly confessed all.

24
Therewith exceeding wroth was *Satryan*;
And wroth with *Satryan* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eritomart*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stir'd vp strife full roure,
And ready were new battell to darraioe.
Each one profess't to be her Paramour,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

25
Which troublous stirre when *Satryan* auiz'd,
He gan to cast how to appeale the fame;
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to fet that fairest Dame,
To whom each one his challenge 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 midst plac't among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vow'd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beauty clost 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 *Braggadocchio* herselfe alone
She came of her accord, in sight 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 asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue resc'd 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 lay.
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 percein'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed,
In which pursuit hew 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

For

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.
 Vnucky Mayd to seeke her enemy!
 Vnucky Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him not descie.

30

So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle:
 Yet neither royle 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 iecalous discontent
 Had filld, that he to sell reuenge was fully bent;

31

Bent to reuenge on blameles *Britomart*
 The crime, which cursed, *Até* kindled cast,
 The which like thornes did prick his iecalous heart,
 And through his soule like poysoned arrow pearc't,
 That by no reason it might be reuert,
 For ought that *Glaucé* 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 trauelled, the drooping night
 Covered with cloudy storme and bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to euery liuing wight,
 Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
 That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre:
 Not farre away, not meet for any guest.
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

33

Vnder a steepe billes side it placed was;
 There where the mouldred earth had caue'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 some black-smith dwellt in that desert ground.

34

There entring 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 emongst 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 groomies, but one then other more;
 For, by degrees they all were disgreed;
 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,
 Faire passing *Broncus*, or *Pyracon* great,
 The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
 Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* avengefull threat.
 So dreadfully he did the Anvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drue:
 So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could riu,
 And rend aunder quite, if he thereto list striue.

38

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, 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 bellows blew amaine,
 Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:
 Those *Peniuenes* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellows 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 limbe to haue redrest.
 And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
 Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,
 That needed much her weakaue 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 more himselfe repose,
 And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
 But whersoever he did himselfe dispose,
 He by no means could wished ease obtaine:
 So euery place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

And

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
 The hammers found his senses did molest;
 And euermore, 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 obliet'd to the very soule.

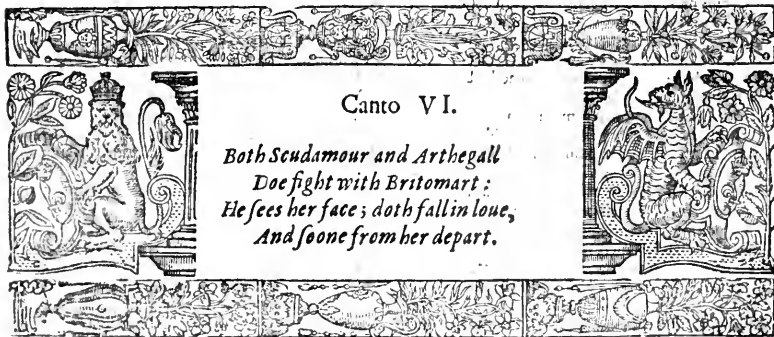
And if by fortune any litle nap,
 Vpon his heavy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
 Et doones one of those villains him did rap
 Vpon his head-peece with his iron mall;
 That he was soone awake therewithall,
 And lightly started vp as one affraid;
 On as if one him suddenly did call.
 So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay mizing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he mized, 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 foundell sleepe, his daily feare
 His ydle braine gan busily molest,
 And made him dreame those two disloyal 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 fore't to wake
 He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
 And started vp avenge'd 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 flee.

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 lump of lead;
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguish one more plainly read,
 And ghes't the man to be difmayd with ieaious dread.

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
 And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
 And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
 VVho, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
 Both equal paines, and equal perill shared:
 The end whereof and dangerous euent
 Shall for another cantile be spard.
 But here my weary teeme nigh over-spent
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.



Canto VI.

*Both Scudamour and Arthegall
 Doe fight with Britomart;
 He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
 And soone from her depart.*

1
What equal torment to the griefe of mind,
 And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,
 That inly teeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,
 And nouriseth her owne consuming smart?
 VVhat medicine can any Leaches art
 Yee'd such a sore, that doth her griuance hide,
 And will to none her maladje 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, loone 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

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 wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
 Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
 I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
 That almost had against you trespassed this day.

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.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth hee, areed;
 Or, doe you here within this forrest woonne?
 (That seemeth well to answere 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 soule despight,
 When-euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

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,
 Fro 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.

VVhen *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well, that it was *Bristomart*,
 The which from him his fairest Loue did beare.
 Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,
 For fell despight, and gnaw his icalous heart,
 That thus he sharply laid; 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.

For, lately he my Loue hath from 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 wrathes on *Bristomart* agreed.

VVhiles thus they communed, lo farre away
 A knight so riding towards them they spide,
 Atry'd in forraine armes and strange array:
 Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descride
 To be the fame, 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.

Which beeing yeelded, he his threatfull speare,
 Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran.
 Who, soone as she him saw approaching neare
 VVith lo fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him, well as she can;
 But entertaind him in so rude a wife,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
 VVhence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did deuize.

But *Artegall*, beholding his mischance,
 New matter added to his fiercer sic;
 And est auenting his Steele-headed launce,
 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.

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 assayed,
 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 zui-
 (led.)

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 fairly blest
 From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
 Till on her horses binder parts it fell;
 VVhere biting deepe, so deadly it impress't,
 That quite it chynd his back behind the fell,
 And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
 Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
 VVith dreadfull force fallies 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 launce,
 Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke:
 And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

15
So furiously three 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 Steele 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 fresh assaile,
Heaping huge strookes, as thicke as showre of haile,
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrail.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,
That work't it such wick on her, to w^ol^o thou dearest art.

17
VVhat iron courage euer 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 furie, or some fiend
This 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 liues end.

18
Thus long they tract, and trauester to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,
Still as advantage they elsid thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but the still more decreed.
At last, his lucklesse hand he heard on hie,
Having his ferces 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 (vnscene afore)
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in sight,
Deawed with silver diops, through sweating fore;
But somewhat redder then be seem'd aright,
Through toilelesse heat, & labour of her weary fight.

20
And round about the same, her yellow haire
Hauing through stirring loos'd then wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in Goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtil wire so shinc cleare.
For, it did glister like the golden land,
The which *Palaïs* with his waters there,
Throws 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 powereles arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his reuengefull purpose shrunke back;
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had sense,
And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did lacke:
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine 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 besought his errour fraile,
That had done our-rage into high degree:
Whil'st trer-bling 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 over him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or lue, for ought 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 abrajd,
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,
He was there-with right wondrously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That perelesse patterne of Dame Natures pride;
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25
But *Glauré*, seeing all that chaunced there,
VVell weening how their errour to asoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salew with seemely bel-acoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deere,
To graunt vnto those warriors truce awhile;
VVhich yellded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they weré.

26
VVhen *Britomart* with shap' auizfull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Arthegall*,
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
Shee gan estooones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Lorg sine in that er chaunted glafs 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.

27
 Yet shee is forc't to haue againe vp-held,
 As fainting choler, which was turn'd to cold:
 But euer when his vitage the 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 shee would haue mis-

28
 But *Scudamour*, now woxen inly glad,
 That all his zealous feare, he false had found,
 And how that Hæg his loue 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,

29
 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 vital powres with motion nimble,
 To succour it, themselues gan there assemble
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
 Right plaine appear'd, though shee it would dissemble,
 And fayned still her former angry mood.
 Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

30
 When *Glaucé* thus gan wisely all vp-knit;
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
 To benefactors of this vncouth fir,
 Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
 Against the coule of kind: ne meruaile nought,
 Ne henceforth feare the thing that hather too,
 Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
 Fearing least shee your Loues away should woo,
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes yee see there wants theretoo.

31
 And you Sir *Arthegall*, the salvage knight,
 Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand
 Hath corrued 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 deriu'd from aboue:
 Which, beeing knit with verue, neuer will remoue.

32
 And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 Whose fire weie better turn'd to other flame;
 And wiping our 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 *Br. romars*:
 But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioy'd in secret hart.

33
 Yet durst hee nor make loue so suddenly,
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw,
 From one to ether so quite contrary:
 Besides, her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,
 That it his raging fancie did restrain,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull boundes with-draws;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faue,
 Like to a stubborne steed whom strong hand would re-
 (straine.

34
 But *Scudamour*, whose hart with doubtfull feare
 And feeble hope hung all this while tulpence,
 Desiring of his *Amores* to beere
 Some gladfull newes and lure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake; But sir, without offence
 Mote I request you tydings of my Loue,
 My *Amores*, sith you her reced from thence,
 Where shee captiu'd long, great woes did proue;
 That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

35
 To whom, thus *Britomars*: Certes, Sir Knight,
 What is of her become, or whether rest,
 I cannot vnto you aread aright.
 For, from that time I from Enchaunters theft
 Her freed, in which yee her all hopeleile left,
 I her perseru'd from perill and from feare,
 And euermore from villanie her kept:
 Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
 Then shee, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

36
 Till on a day, as through a desert wilde
 We trauelled, both weary of the way,
 VVe did sight, and late 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 whyleare,
 But thought shee 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.

37
 VVhen *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 stood, like to amazed Steare,
 That yet of mortall stroke the thound dorth beare:
 Till *Glaucé* thus; Faire Sir, be nought disdain'd
 With needlesse aread, till certainte ye beare:
 For, yet shee may be safe, though some what fraid;
 It's best to hope the best, though of the worst afraid.

38
 Nath'lesse, he hardly of her cheer full speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled fight
 Shew'd change of better chere: so seere a breach
 That sudden newes had made into his spright;
 But *Br. romars* him fauently thus beight;
 Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye haue:
 But comfort take: for by this heauens 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 being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pass,
 Vnto some restiſſe 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 weaty limbes recur'd, after late vſage bad.

40
 In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way
 Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*:
 And with meeke service and such suit did lay
 Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart;
 Which, seeing whylome *Loues* with louely dart,
 More eare was new imprintion to receiue,
 How-euer she her paine with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
 Vaine is the art that seekes 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 congee came to take.
 But her there-with full fore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leave her late betrothed Make;
 Her dearest Loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

43
 Yet hee with strong persuasions 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 hoined Moone three courses did expire.

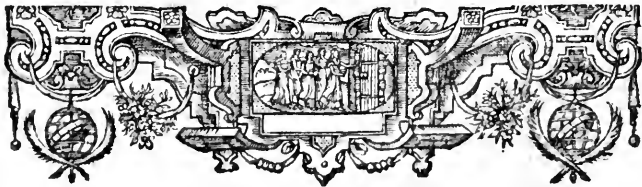
44
 VVith which, she for the present was appeas'd,
 And yielded leaue, how-euer malcontent
 Shee inty were, and in her mind displeas'd.
 So, early on the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
 As whylome was the custome ancient
 Amongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride;
 Sane that shee algates him awhile accompanie.

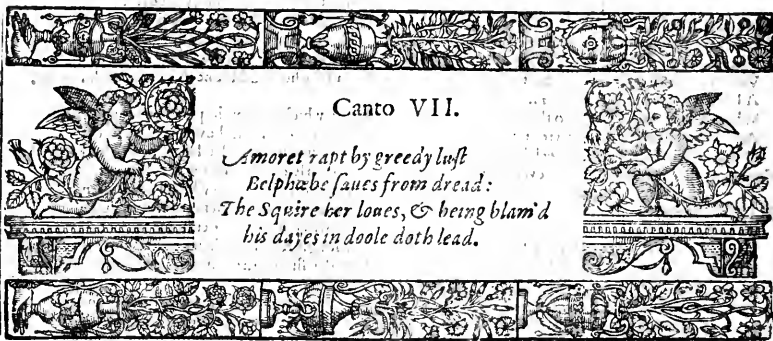
45
 And by the way, shee fundry purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the perils where-to he was bound,
 The feare where-of he m'd much her to affray:
 But all she did was but to weare out day,
 Full often-times she leaue of him did take;
 And eist againe deuiz'd some what to 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 ortunes government,
 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 a other kind;
 For vertues onely sake (which doth beget
 True loue and faithfull friendship) she by her did set.

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 stolne away from her beloued 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 lones, & being blam'd
his dayes in doole doth lead.*

Great God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And let thy Kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
What glory, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies vnto me to fore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their lues thou hast needst long a fore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*,
And 'o and so to noble *Eritomarr*:
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 desert wide,
VVith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pitty is to heare the perils which she ride.

So soone as she, with that braue *Britonnesse*,
Had left that Turneyment for beautes prize,
They trauel'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, heauy sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of *Eritomarr* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
VVhen 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 *Britomarr* heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary trauell she lay sleeping found.

It was to weet, a wilde and saluage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All ower-growne with haire, that could whape
An bardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For, he hu'd all on ruin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The figure 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, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment scene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knotty snags were thorned all a fore,
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in fed,
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

This vgly creature, in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forest bore her quite away,
VVith bryers and bushes all to rent and teracht;
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 beating,
Ran till he came to th' end of all his way,
Vnto his Cave, farr from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, tonight 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 foast, she waked out of dread
Straight into grieffe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dead horrout where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a fwoound;
Ne wist whether about 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:
V Which she long listning, softly askt againe
V What 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 thuse owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ore-fight.

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 worthe, 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 vallall to the vilest wretch alise;
Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
The heavens 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-ftriue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

13
Now twenty dayes (by which the sonnes of men
Diuide their works) haue past through heauen sheene,
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;
During which space, these fory eyes haue seene
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'ft hither to augment our moone;
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 attone?
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
VWith 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 meett, voflesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

16
But for his meanenesse and disparagement,
My Sire (who mee too dearely well did loue)
Voto my choife by no means would assent,
But often did my folly foule reprove.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether will'd or nixed friend or foe,
I me resol'd the vtmost end to proue;
And rather then my Loue abandon so,
Both, Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo!

17
Thence-forth, I sought by secret meanes 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 high,
Within a Groue appointed him to meett;
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 vn touched 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 Cae; and rolling thence the stoue,
VWhich went 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,
She staid not th'vmoft end thereof to try,
But like a gaffly Gelt, whose wits are reared,
Ran forth in hafte with hideous out-cry,
For horrou of his shameful villany.
But after her full lightly he vp-tofe,
And her purfwd as fast as fhee did flye
Full fast the flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feels the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22
Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staires,
But over-leaps them all, like Roebuck light,
And through the thickest makes her nightest wayes;
And euer-more when with regardfull fight
Shee looking back, espies that grisly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spure to hafte her flight:
More swift then *Myrrh*' or *Daphné* in her race,
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in faluage chafe.

23
Long fo she fled, and fo he follow'd long;
Ne living ayde for her on earth appears,
But if the heaueus help to redresse her wrong,
Moued with pity of her plentious teares,
It fortun'd *Belphabé* with her Peeres
The woody Nymphes, and with that louely boy,
VVas hunting then the Libbards and Beares
In these wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth, that oit doth noble minds annoy.

24
It fo befell (as oft it fals in chace)
That each of them from other fundred were,
And that same gentile Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this same cursed caytue did appeare,
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 grenning laughter mote fare off be rad.

25
Which dreary fight the gentle Squire espying,
Doth hafte to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,
And him affayles with all the might he may:
Yet will not lie the louely lpyole 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 craft in fight;
For, euer when the Squire his Lauein 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 needes it must in fight)
Whil'ft 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 enumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, to beare;
For, hardly could he come the earle to touch,
But that he hee, must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare.
A streame of cole-blacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud 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 fo fore,
That forc't him fte backe, himselfe to saue:
Yet hethere-with so felly still did raue,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once vp-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'ft thus in battell they embused were,
Belphabé (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 these approaching nigh espide,
With bow in hand, and arrowes ready beare,
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 fte, shee speedly purfwd
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
And euer in her bow shee ready slewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke design'd:
As when *Latomæ* daughter, cruell kind,
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tnd
Gainst wofull *Diobés* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did moue her miserable case.

31
So well she sped her, and fo far the ventred,
That ere vnto his hellith den he raght,
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 arriuing, through it thild
His greedy throat, there-with in two diftraught,
That all his vitall spirits there-by spild,
And all his hairy breft with gory bloud was filld.

32
Whom, when on ground the grouching saw to roule,
She ran in hafte his life to haue bereft:
But ere he could him reach, the finfull soule,
Hauing his carrion corse quite fenselless left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoyle and theft.
Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbes, whil'ft all with filthy blood
The place there, over-flowne, seem'd like a sudden flood.

Thence,

33
Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darke some dreieries she found,
Ne creature law, but harkned now and then
Some little whilpering, and soft eroming found.
VVith that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour 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 dunnial wight.

34
Then forth the sad *Aemylia* flewed,
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A Lemn fit for such a Louer deare.
That mou'd *Belphebe* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to ruc 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 swoune, full sadly fet,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,
VVhich softly shild, and kissing them aweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For, of that Carle she forely briz'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 wasild
With deepe disdain, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thild,
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore,
But drawing nigh, ere hee her well beheld;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for euermore.

37
Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieved 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 hee did grace intreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes hee 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 grieif, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy caise:
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 couered 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 vse no more,
Ne thence-forth euer strike in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernes (of men forlorne,
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,
Vocomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly washed;
That in short time his face they over-grow,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispreed,
That who he whylome was, vncath was to be red.

41
There he continued in this careful plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed 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, tempred 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 wandring wood did stray,
Hauing espide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did woonne:
VVearing therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shun, (sin.)
Or else some wwood-man, throwed 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 over-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 pittly much his plight, that he'd like out-cast thrall.

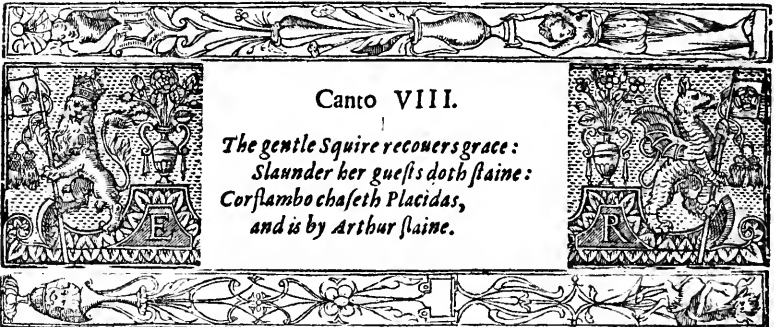
44
But to his speech he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had been dum,
Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,
As one with grieif and anguish over-cum,
And vnto euery thing did answer Mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his vncooth guife 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 maolineffe,
 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 Iword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on eury treee,
 How he the name of one engrauen had,
 Which likely was his liefest Loue to bee,
 For whom he now so toreyly was bestad;

VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphebé*, he ne 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,

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
 Ne ought moie 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 provide,
 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.*

Ell 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 lost, which rigour can abate,
 And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein inlected lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
 VVhose tender hart the faire *Belphebé* had
 VVith one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
 In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
 He euer talked; but with peniunce sad,
 And penitence sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
 Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
 But alwaies wept and walk'd night and day,
 As blasted bloosm through heat doth languish & decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wife
 His doole he made) there chaunc'd a *Turtle-Doue*
 To come, where he his dolours did deuife,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest Lone;

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 moone his vnderclerued smart,
 And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full pitiously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyl'd, that in the lame
 He seem'd o't he heard his owne right name.
 With that, he forth would poure so plerious 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 *Bears*.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vse,
 VVithouten dread of perill to repaire
 Vnto his woone; and with her mournfull Muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfear:
 And eury day, for gerdon 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 2 day, as shee him fate beside,
 By chance he certaine remineris forth drew,
 Which yet with him's reliques did abide
 Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
 On him, whil'ft 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 Game 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 eye returnd 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 wondrous his *Belphebe* faire.

9
 There found shee her (as then it did betide)
 Sitting in couert 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 attentive eye,
 At length did marke about her purple brest
 That precious jewell, which shee formerly
 Had knowne: right well, with colour ribband drest:
 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 the night approach't, the Dove
 Would sit a little 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 soft away:
 Till that at length, into that herse wide
 Shee drew her iare, 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 devis'd,
 As if he would haue made him vnderstand,
 His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd,
 Whom when shee saw in wretched weeds disguis'd,
 With heary glib deform'd, and meager 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 do him any grace.

13
 Hee her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
 And kiss the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And wash't 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 rufull lookes vnto her sent,
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

14
 Yet nathemore, his meaning shee ared,
 But wondred much at his so seelouth case;
 And by his persons secret seem'd hied
 Well weend, that hee 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 ywrake,
 Or selfe dishab'd 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 whose dayes in willfull woe ate 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 ioly deepe, hee thus bespake;
 Then haue they all themselues against me bent:
 For heauen (first author of my languishment)
 Enuying my too 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 dreed,
 Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight
 Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
 Then when your pleasure is to deeme a right,
 Ye may redresse, and mee restore to light,
 Which fory words, her mighty hart did mate
 With mild regard, to seee his rufull plight,
 That her in-burning wrath shee gan abate,
 And him receiue againe to former fauours state.

18

In which, be long time afterwards did lead
 An happy life, with grace and good accord
 Fearelesse of Fortunes change, or Enuies dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
 Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;
 But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
 Him seeking euermore, yet no where ~~him~~ deseride;

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
 He chanc'd to come where those two Ladies late,
Aemylia 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 away,
 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 signs 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 farte 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 felnicke and for ire,
 And there-out sucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
 For, she was stuf with rancour and despight
 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 professe;
 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 contioually to frame;
 With which the guiltlesse perſons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name:
 Ne neuer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
 So chaste and loyal liu'd, but she would strue
 With forged caute them falsely to defame:
 Ne euer thing so well was doon aliue,
 But she with blame would blot, & of due praise deprue.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,
 To expresse the meaning of the inward mind;
 But noylome breath, and poylous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cankred malice lin'd,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
 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 misſaps, and fortunelesse misfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcomed 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 wilde,
 To be vnjustly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as these rimes be red
 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 spight
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,
 More hard for hungry steed to abtaine from plectant fare.

But antique age, yet in the infancy³⁰
 Of time, did live then like an innocent;
 In simple truth and blamelesse chastity;
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;
 But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue for it selfe in foueraigne awe:
 Then loyall stout had royall regiment,
 And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,³¹
 And eke the Doue fate by the Faulcons side;
 Ne each of other feared fraude or toyt,
 But did in safe security abide,
 Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
 (Whereof it hight) and hauing shoudry tride
 The traines of war, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold,

Then beauty, which was made to represent³²
 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 vassall of the Victors might;
 Then did her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,
 Despis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran,

And now it is so vtterly decayd,³³
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But if few plants (prefer'd through heauenly ayde)
 In Princels 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 remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly seed.

Tho, soone as day discouered heauens face³⁴
 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 themselves vnto their journey dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly pased,
 That them to view had been an vncouth sight;
 How all the way the Prince on foot-pafe traced,
 The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,³⁵
 That shamefull Hig (the sluader of her sex)
 Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled fore,
 Him calling thiefe, them whores; that much did vex
 His noble hart: there-to she did annex
 False 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.

At last, when they wer pass'd out of sight,³⁶
 Yet she did not her spightfull speech forbeare,
 But after them did baite, and full back-bite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare;
 Like as a curie doth felly bite and teare
 The stone, which passed stranger at him threw;
 So she them seeing past the reach of care,
 Against the stones and trees did raile anew,
 Till she had duld the sting, which in her tonges end grew.

They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,³⁷
 With easie steps so soft as foote could stride,
 Both for great tebblelesse, which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ride;
 And eke through heauy armes, which fore annoyd
 The Prince on foot, not wanted so to fare;
 Whose steady hand was faire his steed to guide,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length, they spide, where towards them with speed³⁸
 A Squire came gallopping, as he would fie;
 Bearing a little Dwarf before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
 That leem'd his strikes 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.

For, from his fearefull eyes two ferie beames³⁹
 More sharpe then points of needles did proceed,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of dead 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 powtefull eyes close venim doth conuay
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that fame Squire,⁴⁰
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine in his auengetull 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.

Et soones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine⁴¹
 From loyly 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 time to him arad,
 Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:
 That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
 Had not the noble Prince his 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
 Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
 Nath'lesse, it fell wth so despeiteous 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 swoone.

Where-as, the Prince full wroth, his strong right hand
 In full auengement heaued vp on him,
 And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand
 So fore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby
 He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:
 And sure, had nor his mafficion mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt been happely,
 It would haue cleft him to the girthing 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 sware;
 And vow by *Mahonne* that he should be flaine.
 With that, his murderous mace he vp did reare,
 That seemed nought the touse 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 prooffe thereof, and it auoyded light.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
 To ward his body from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his might and maine,
 So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
 His head before him 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 bloudy 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 e right fory 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 fall 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 bloudy fight,
 Ne host's 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 cuer vanquished afore,
 But cuer 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 them vnto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes, into their hart's 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 bright,
 The faire *Pæana*, who seemes outwardly
 So faire, as cuer yet saw lining 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 loole 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 fo high; her friends with counsell sage,
 Disswad her from such a disparage.
 But since, whole hart to loue was wholly lent,
 Out of his hand's could not redeeme her gage,
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Retolv'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 onne, that lies there on the laire
 An headlesse heape, him vnwares there caught;
 And, all dismay'd 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 least if she 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 spare
 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 were
 By her committed be, of spectall 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 to y for the feruent zeale,
 Which I to him as to my soule did beare)
 I thither went; where I did long conceale
 My selfe, till that the Dwarf did me reueale,
 And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree
 Did secretly out of her prison feale;
 For, me he did mistake that Squire to bee:
 For, neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

56

Then was I taken, and before her brought:
 Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
 Beeing likewise bequiled in her thought,
 Gan blame me much for beeing so vntrew,
 To seeke by flight her fellowship t'elchew,
 That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing aliue.
 Thence shee commaunded me to prison new;
 Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor strive,
 But suffred that same Dwarf to me to her dungeon driue.

57

There did I find mine onely faithfull friend
 In heauy plight and full 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 more 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 thal dome brought,
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
 Yet ouer-rul'd, at last he did to mee agree.

59

The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
 The Dwarf cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
 To come forth, with vnto his Ladies bowre.
 In stead of whom, forth came I *Plaudas*,

And vnderfernd, 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 beot 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 well 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 sake,
 For whole 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 to 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 enlarge,
 But if that Dwarf I could with mee conuay,
 I lightly snatched him vp, and with mee bore away.

62

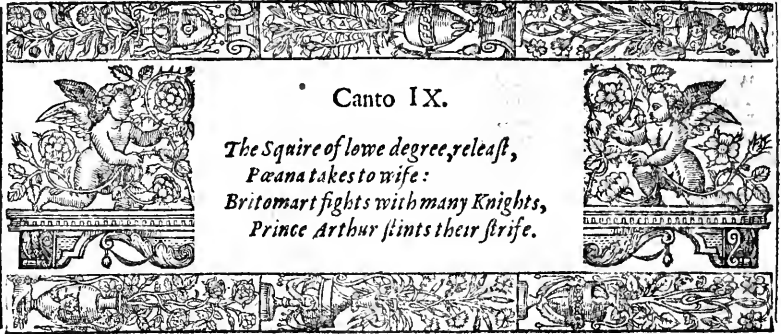
There-at he shriek aloud, that with his cry
 The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 And me puruew'd; but nathemore would I
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 But haue perforce him hither brought away.
 Thus as they talked be, where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through difmay)
 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 ran, 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 pats,
 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 merclesse did lie.
 Then, after many teares and sorrowes 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.



And 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 frame;
So loue of soule doth loue of body pass.
No lesse then perfect gold farmounts the meaneest 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 merne,
Yet did this trusty Squire with proud disdain,
For his friends sake her offered fauours scorne,
And she 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 lye in prison sad,
He gan aduise how best he mote darraine
That enterprize for greatest glories gain.
That headlesse Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,
Vpon his viall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride, as it alue 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 matter beare,
Till to his Castle they approached neere,
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vpbar'd;
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 after sorrow to the note,
As she had learned reatily by rote;
That with the sweetesse of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote:
Till better him be thinking of the right,
He her vnder attachment, 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 answer she receiued,
But saw him senselesse by the Squire vp-staid,
Shee weened well, that then she was betrayd:
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 the 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 diuently conferred of their case;
She, though full oft the both of them had seene
Aunder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire she lovd to deare,
Deceiued through great kinnesse of their face.
For, they lo like in person did appeare,
That she the vncertayned, 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 counterfeited her lesse to care,
As if that by one part:ere seene somewhere,
She had them made a Paragon to be;
Of, whether it through skill, or error were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wonder'd 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 haie 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 to take 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 captiue Lady faire
The faire *Pazana* he enlarged free;
And by the rest did let in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladfome countenance nor pleasant glee;
But greued was for losse both of her fire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touch'd was with griefe extreme,
For losse of her new Loue, the hope of her desire.

14
But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To let her ceas of mischance 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 thewes and speeche well applide,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heart.
For, though she were most faire, and goodly did,
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 griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
Not to despise that Dame, which lovd him leife,
Till he had made of her some better price,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
There to he offered for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and Lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

16
From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blis,
They lovd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iare, ne spite of enimis
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
And she, whom Nature did to faire create
Till she mote match the fairest of her dayes,
Yet with lewd lous and lustie temperate
Had it desier'd; therewith reform'd her waies, (ptais'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 traueil as with child
Of his old loue, concei'd in secret breast,
Resolued to pursue his former guest;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faie *Amoret*, whom Fortune by request
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

18
Feare of her safety did her not constraîne,
For, well she wist now in a mighty bond,
Her person late in penall, did remaine,
Who able was, all dangers to withstand,
But now in feare of shame she irone did stonde,
Seeing her selfe all loiy succourles;
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 learned had of yore
The course of loole affection to foretell,
And Lawfull lust to rule with reason's lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their Loues disperd diuersly,
Yet neyther flew'd to other their hearts priuily.

20
At length they came, where-as a troupe of Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seeneed:
Sixe they were, all full of fell delphight;
But feare of them the battell best beleemed,
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
Those soute were they, from whom lallie *Florimell*
By *Eraz gaocho* lately was redeemed;
To weat, steele *Clariell*,
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 iife
 With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
 So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasures
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all that him did moue.
 So diuerfly these 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 corles, and their liues deprive:

23
 As when *Dan Acolus* in great displeasure,
 For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
 Vpon the Sea to wreake his fell intent;
 They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
 From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full sore,
 And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide vprore,
 As if in stead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

24
 Cause 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 weer which way she straid,
 Met her together: where, through lewd vpbraid
 Of *Até* and *Duessá* they fell out;
 And each one taking part in others aid,
 This cruell conflict raised there about,
 Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt.

25
 For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
 The better had, and bet the others backe;
 Eftsoones the others did the field recone,
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:
 Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
 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
 Gainsst *Blandamour*, whom alwayes he enuide:
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* side.
 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 hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the chis the vermed bloud out sponne,
 And all adowne their tyesen sides did roone.
 Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and so great out-rage donne:
 But looth is said, and tride in each degree,
 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 knight,
 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 Tourney for the snowy 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 themselues gan turne their ferocious ire,
 And cruell blades yet steaming with hot blood,
 Against those two let driue, as they were wood:
 Who wondring much at that fo'ndaine fire,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
 Ne yielded foot, ne once abacke did sit,
 But being doubly finiten, likewise doubly smit.

30
 The war-like Dame was on her part assaid
 Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* at once;
 And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
 Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:
 Yet did thoe two themselues: so brauely beare,
 That th' other lute gained by the loone,
 But with their owne repayed duely were,
 And vsury withall: such gain was gotten deare.

31
 Full 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 oode doth proue
 The taste of bloud of some en-gored beaste,
 No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
 From greedy hold of that his bloody feast:
 So little did they hearken to her sweet bechast.

32
 Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
 With odds of so vnequall match opposit,
 His mighty hart with indignation tweld,
 And inward grudge full is he sick breast:
 Eftsoones himselfe he to their ayde address;
 And thrusting ferce into the thickest preate,
 Duided them, how euer loth to rest,
 And would thim in same trome battell to force cease,
 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 herelye 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 sic,
 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 sleet;
 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 suffrance hartned more,
 Himselfe he beat their furies to abate:
 And layd at them so sharply 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 folker prise;
 Had not those two him instantly desired
 T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.
 At whole 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 so cruell heat
 He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat;

36
 And told at large, how that lame errant Knight,
 To weat, saue *Eritomar*, 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 affoyled,
 And shew'd that she 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 freedome clame,
 And in that right, should by all Knights be shielded:
 Gainst which me seems this war ye wrongfully haue wriel-
 (ded.)

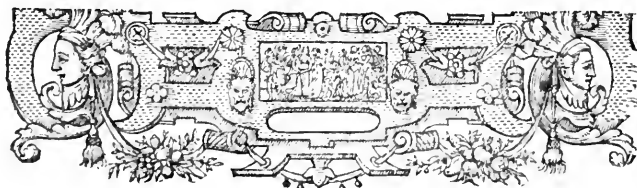
38
 And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remains:
 For, I thereby my former Loue haue lost;
 Whom seeking euer since with endlesse paines,
 Hath me much sorrow and much trauell cost:
 Aye me! to see that gentle mayd so tost,
 But *Scudamour*, then sighing deepe, thus said;
 Certes, her losse ought me 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 howe,
 I neuer ioyed 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 taske to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
 Is now so well accorded all anew;
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to vs in order dew
 All that aduerture, which ye did assay
 For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well away.

41
 So gan the rest him likewise to require;
 But *Eritomar* did him importune hard,
 To take on him that paine: whose great desire
 He g'ad 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.*

Rue 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 fetled mindes remoue;
But seeme gainst common sense to them most sweet;
As boasting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
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 trauell 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 bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prife
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares posselt,
I hauing armes then taken, gan a while
To winne me honour by some noble gift,
And purchas'd me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (to young mens thoughts are bold)
That this fame 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 sell 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 pauement 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 meane 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 fought in vaine,
The shield of Loue, whose gerd on 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,
*Bluffed 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 yerne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,
That all the Castle ringing with the clap.
Straight forth I scow'd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that hit gl'ust from his hors'es hoofe.

10
Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him vnfeared.
Estfoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeat: d
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the Plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

11
So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges wter 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 weete, 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 proud 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 flay,
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 vnspittid 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 minure 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 shap'es by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling still (will.)
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the workmans

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 hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stop't the entrance with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that els'e faime enter would.

17
His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,
And faint-hart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at first espiall
Of 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.
Agaime, 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 kayes.

19
But I, though meaneest 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 either beat him in, or driue him out.
Estfoones 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 v' auale, 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 fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did carst 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

21

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come
 Within the compasse of thar 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:
 Not sense of man for coy and curious nice,
 But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
 Nor hart could wish for any queint deuce,
 But there it present was, and did traile sense enuice.

23

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise to bee,
 So lausfully enrich with Natures treasure,
 That if the happy soules, which do possesse,
 Th' Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,
 Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
 They soone would loathe their lesse happinesse,
 And wish to life return'd againe I ghesse.
 That in this ioyous place they mote haue icynce free.

24

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;
 Faire lawns, to take the sunne in season 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, disloigned from common gaze;
 Delightfull bowres, to s'lace 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 flowing 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 spotlesse 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 like intent,
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 Farre from all fraude, or tined blandishment;
 Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more inspire.

27

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* deare;
 True *Iomathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
 Stout *Thofeus*, and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades, and *Orestes* by his side;
 Milde *Titus*, and *Gessippus* 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 ialousie,
 Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;
 Whil'st I, through paines and perous icopardy,
 Was forc't to seeke my lifes deare patronesse: (stresse,
 Much dearer be the things, which come through hard dis-

29

Yet all those fights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps with-hold, but that forth-right
 Vnto that purpos'd place I did need 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 euerly 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* lought 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' Almightyes see;
 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 there in fate an amiable Dame,
 That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
 And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
 Stragg 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
 Emouen was with gold, that rought full lowe adowne.

32

On cyther 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 fo well them tempred both,
That she them forced band to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hated* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Vnwillng to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his iron tuskes at that displeasing fight.

34
Concord sice cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise duinely 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, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted mnds, sweet rest and quiet lends.

35
By her the heauen is in his course contained,
And all the world in state vnmoued stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bonnd 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 wife me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Loue did let me pass:
But *Hated* would my entrance haue restrained,
And with his club me threatned 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 teared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chains, & girlandz 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 fet,
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 hight;
For, all the Priests wete 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 durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But such more rare, and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to crytall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But being faire and briclike, likest glasse did seeme.

40
But it in shape and beaury 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 finned,
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 fure 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 louses, 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 heauenly toys;
The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldest brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

43
And all about her altar, scattered lay
Great sorts of Louers pittiously complaining;
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdainng,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently sayng,
As euery one had cause of good or ill,
Amongst the rest, some one through loues costringing
Tormented fore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

44
Great *Venus*, Queene of beaury 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 stie:
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the cloudes do feare,
And when thou sprest thy mantle forth on he,
The waters play, and pleasant fands appeare,
And heauens 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, rhy pretty pages,
Pruiely prickd with thy lullfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leany cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

46
Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant 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 viall 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 sighing 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,
Wayting when as the Anthem should be sung on hie.

49
The first of them did seem 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 *Shamefastnes*;
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her dresse,
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 *Curtesie*,
That vnto euery person knew her part;
And her before was seated ouertwart
Soft *Silence*, and submisle *Obedience*,
Both linkt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girloonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

52
Thus fate they all around in seemly 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 same was fairest *Amore* in place,
Shining with beauties light, and beauenly 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 shamefast feare,
Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer woone
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

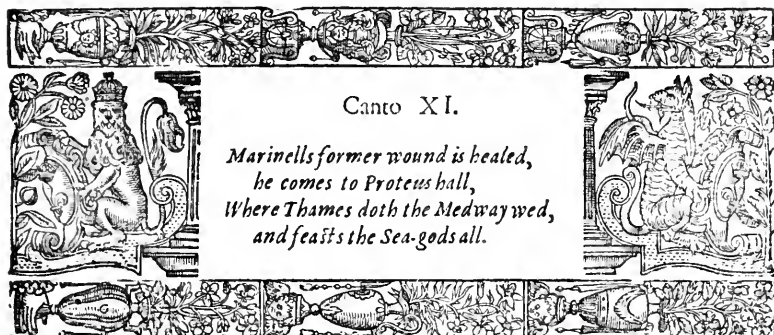
54
Thereat that foremost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer-bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemly shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* seruices was fold.
To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteth best,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold:
For, ill your goddesse 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 emblazon'd 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 toyle,
For no intreary would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

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 witching Inuiles: but yet for nought,
 That euer she to me could say or doe,
 Could shee her wished freedom 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 *Letan* from the *Stygian* Princes boure.
 But euermore my shield did me defend,
 Against the storme of cuety dreadfull stoure:
 Thus safely 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.*

¶ Vt ah for pittie! that I haue thus 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, vlesse some heavenly powre ber fire
 By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,
 She lenger yet is like captiud to bee:
 That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee:

¶ Heree neede you to remember, how ere-while
 Vnlovely *Proteus*, misting to his mind
 That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
 Her threw into a dungeon deep and blind,
 And there in chaines 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 law,
 He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

¶ Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither yron barres, nor brazen lock
 Did neede 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 rot'd
 As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft:
 Besides, ten thousand monsters toyle abhord
 Did waite about it, gaping grimly, all begor'd.

¶ And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
 And darknesse dread, th'it 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 deltride,
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

¶ 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 entife.
 Nath'lesse, his pride tull dearly he did prise;
 For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
 Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

¶ Yet farre and neere the Nymph his moeth sought,
 And many salues did to his lore apply,
 And many herbes did vfe. But when as nought
 Shee saw could ease his rankling maladie,
 At last, to *Tryphon* shee for helpe did hie
 This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods furgeon 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 hearken to her request,
And did so well employ his careful paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who fore against his will did him detain,
For feare of perill, which to him moue fall,
Through his too ventrous prowesse proude 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 *Proteus* house 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 brasse 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 nouisling of Dame *Memory* his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquite 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 watty 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 *Dia* me imperiall:
And by his side, his Queene with Coronall,
Faire *Amphitrite*, most diuinely faire,
Whose luoty 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 march'd farre 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
Thorcy, the father of that fatal brood,
By whom those old Heroës wonne such fame;
And *Glancus*, that wife toothslayes 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* long;
Neleus and *Pelias*, louely brethren both;
Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Cæteus* strong;
Eurypilus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

15
There also, some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations, which the world possesse;
Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncientest,
And *Inachus*, renown'd about the rest;
Phænis, and *Aon*, and *Pelægus* 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 prooffe of his great puissance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass
Into old *Gall*, that now 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 pright
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 fill'd?
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 possesse:
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 ledde of the Gods vnfold,
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him forcitold,
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud *Priams* towne. So wife is *Nereus* old,
 And fo well skild; nath'lesse he takes great ioy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphes to sport & toy.

20
 And after him the famous riuers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautife:
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
 Looy *Rhodanus*, whose founte springs from the skie;
 Faire *Ister*, flowing from the Mountaines hie;
 Diuine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood
 Of *Greekes* and *Troians*, which therein did die;
Pactolus, gl'ftring with his golden flood, (flood.
 And *Tigris* hie, whose streams of none may be with-

21
 Great *Ganges*, and immortall *Euphrates*,
 Deepe *Indus*, and *Mæander* intricate,
 Slow *Lenæus*, and tempestuous *Phasids*,
 Swift *Rhene*, and *Alphens* still immaculate:
Oraxes, teard for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybius, renowned for the *Romaines* fame,
 Rich *Oranot* hie, though but knowne late;
 And that huge *Riuier*, which doth heare his name
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possesseth the same.

22
 Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men to rich a kingdome hold;
 And shume 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 heereof it selfe hath sold;
 The which, for sparing little cost or paines
 Lose fo immortall glory, and fo endlesse gaines.

23
 Then was there heard a most celestiall found
 Of faint musick, which did next ensw
 Before the spoule: that was *Ariou* crownd:
 Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
 The cares and hurts of all that goodly crew,
 That euen yet the *Dolph* him, which him here
 Through the *Treazan* seas from *Pirates* view,
 Sw'nd still by him almost at his bore,
 And all the raging Seas, for ioy forgot to rore.

24
 So went he playing on the watry Plain.
 Soone after whom the lovely *Bridegome* 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 old, that scarce her way could

25
 Therefore on either side she was sustained (hight
 Of two small rooms, which by their names were
 The *Churne* and *Charwell*, two small streames, which
 The enclues her footing to direct aright, (pained
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 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 afo're
 With bowed back, by reason of the loade,
 And ancient heauy 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 nourtery,
 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 *Cryfall* glafs,
 So cunningly enwoun were, that few
 Could weene, in whicher they were false or tiew,
 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 *Ioues* palace she doth take her way;
 Old *Cybele*, arrayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a *Diademe* combatul wide
 With hundred turrets, like a *Turribant*:
 VVith such an one was *Thamis* beautifide;
 That was to weet, the famous *Troynouant*,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly restant.

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 *Kent*, and the *Thetis* gray,
 The morfish *Cole*, and the lost *studing* Breane,
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his way,
 And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand sisters play, and deck his pleasant stream.

30
 Then came his neighbour foulds, 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 starcly *Seuerne* grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming *Humert*, 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, 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 tinny 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 Gristow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
 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 Wylbourne with passage slye,
 That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
 And of himselfe doth name the shire ther-by:
 And Mole, that like a nouling Mole doth make
 His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
 Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
 And Clare, and Harwath both doth beautifie:
 Him follow'd Yar, soft wathing Norwich wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish vnto their festiual, (call.
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they Rufins

Next these, the plentious Ouze came far from land,
 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 Mute, and many a learned wit.

And after him, the fatall Welland went,
 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 Neuse downe softly slid;
 And bountious Trent, that in him selfe ercames
 Both thirty forts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony banke
 That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feebledd Britoos strongly flanke
 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,
 That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
 Sixe valant Knights, on one faire Nymph yborne,
 VVhich did in noble deedes of armes excell,
 And woned 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 riuier drowned quight.

But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne
 Lucrinas them aueng'd, and the same date,
 VVhich the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
 By equall doome repaid on his owne pate:
 For, in the selfe same riuier, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
 And nam'd the Riuier 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,
 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 doe call,
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irish Riuers absent were,
 Sith no lelle famous then the rest they be,
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome neere,
 Why should they not be likewise in loue agree,
 And ioy likewise this solemoe 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,
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
 The spacious Shenan 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 ouer-ran,
 Strong *Allo* tumbling from Slewoagher steep,
 And *Mulla* mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
 VVhich that great Giant *Blomius* begot
 Of the faire Nymph *Rhesusa* wandring there.
 One day, as shee to sunne the season hot,
 Vnder Slewbloome in shady groue was got,
 This Giant found her, and by force desowr'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.

The

43
The first, the gentle Shur, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorne rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roslepointe boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoo'd
Great heapes of Salmon in his deepe bofome:
All which long fundred, 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 embayd Mayre,
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Iland faire
Encl. leth 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 seemely good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruaice, as to them befell.

45
Then came the Bride, the louing *Medea* came,
Clad in a vesture of vnkowen gear,
And vncouth f. shoon, yet her well became;
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and there
With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
And wau'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet eury 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 floue
Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throwe
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise, on her head
A Chapelet of sundry flowres she wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour, shed,
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congeald 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 pass'd Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Duane* & eke the *Frits*, 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 Ocean daughter to him bare;

The gray-eyde *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had,
Swift *Proto*, milde *Fucraté*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endoré*, *Sao* lad,
Light *Dotó*, wanton *Glaucé*, and *Galené* glad;

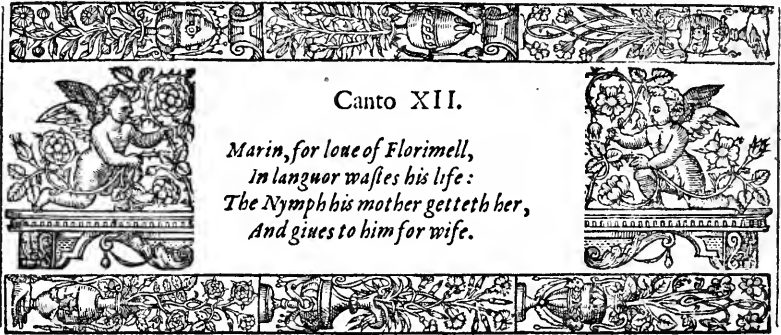
49
White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamené*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Loudly *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimené*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweet *Melite*,
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
VVondred *Agaué*, *Poru*, and *Nesea*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,
And *Panope*, and wife *Protomedea*,
And loow-neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathaa*;

50
Speedy *Hippolobé*, and chaste *Altea*,
Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronea* lige,
Euaforé, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she, that with her least word can assuage
The turging seas, when they doe forest rage,
Cymodocé, and stout *Autoué*,
And *Neso*, and *Eioné* well in age,
And seeming still to smile, *Glaucanomé*,
And she that hight of many helts *Polynomé*;

51
Fresht *Almeda*, deckt with girland greene;
Hypnoe, with salt bedewd wrefis;
Laonedia, like the crysfall sheene;
Liagoré, much prayd for wile chests;
And *Psamathe*, for her broad knowy breasts;
Cymo, *Eupomé*, and *Themisté* lust;
And she that vertue leues and vice detests,
Euarua, and *Menippé* true in trust,
And *Nemertea* leard 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 lue from wreckes of wrathfull winde,
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Ocean's seede, but *Ioues* and *Phalrus* 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 hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckoo tight,
But well I wore, that these which I descry,
VVere present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of lucklesse *Marinell*, *Cymodocé*;
Which, for my Mute 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.*

Quhat an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
To count the Seas abundant progeny!
Whot fruitful seed far passeth those in land,
And al' o' those which won in th' azure sky.
For, much more eath to tell the stars on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme 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 *Pennus* 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 sholes, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I haue er'd in count
O' gods, of Nymphs, of Rivers yet vread:
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those fame 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 *Protemus* house they filld even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees, disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *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 immortal wombe,
He might not with immortal 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 vncouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
There vnto him beid a disoluentious 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 bemoane.
So feerfully her case she did complain,
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 giue 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 farr 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 joy 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 plant vnto his cares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
— There did the pause, enforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppress.
And after she had wept and wayld a space,
She gain 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 attone,
 And let him liue vnlov'd, or loue 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 dretts him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him heere with me:
 One prison fitrest 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 whete he list goes loofe, and laughs at me.
 So euer loofe, to euer happy be.
 But where so loofe or happy that thou art,
 Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
 With that he wept and wail'd, as if her heart
 Would quite haue burst through great abundance of her

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 misfate,
 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 bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart was teucht with tender ruth,
 And mighty courage something mollifide,
 Dame *Venus* loune that tameth stubborne youth
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
 Into his mouth his maystefing 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 deuise,
 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 feard his mothers former charge
 Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
 Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targo
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to contraine:
 But loone 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 auriour of her punishment;
 And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame
 To damne himselfe by euery euill name,
 And deeme vnworthy of or loue or life,
 That had despis'd to chaste and faire a Dame,
 Which him had sought through trouble & long strifes;
 Yet had reius'd a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
 And romed round about the rock in vaine,
 As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where;
 As he listning if he mote her heare againe;
 And still bemoaning her vnworthy paine:
 Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vnwares
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fars,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereated cares.

And now by this, the feast 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 bowte,
 In solitary fate from wight,
 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 empearc't his heart to deep,
 That of no worldly thing he tocke delight;
 Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
 But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe;

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
 Gan fade, and lively 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 sicke of loue
 He waxe, that longer he n'ote stand vpright,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd about,
 Like ruefull ghoost, 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 cause 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 cyne:
Which greiu'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 fatal wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly 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 vntreuealed.

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 throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her Patient;
Where teaching every part, her well assured,
That no old fore 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 reueale: 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 engriued 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 sonne, gan first to scold,
And chide at him, that made her misbeliue:
But afterwards she gan him loft to shriue,
And wooe with faire intreaty, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphs his heart lo fore did miue.
For, sure the 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 fatal read,
That warn'd him of womens loue beware;
VVhich beeing meane of mortall creatures lead,
For loue of Nymphs shee thought she need not care,
But promis't 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 asfret to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

28
Yet since she sawe the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was laid,
It was no time to scan the prophetic,
VVhether old *Protem* 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 deny'd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies liberty might enterprize.

29
To *Protem* selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,
VVho was the roote and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaneer 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 none, but to the Seas sole Sovereaine.
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 answer'd; Then it is by name,
Protem, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as property:
And yet nor his, nor his in equity,
But yours the waift by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to repleuie, and my feare repleuie:
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliuie.

32
He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Vnder the Sea-gods scale autenticall,
Commanding *Protem* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sitence kept as thrall.
Which the receiuing with meet thankfulnessse,
Departed straight to *Protem*s therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

³³
 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 bceing fore bestad.

³⁴
 VVho soone as he beheld that angels face,
 Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
 His cheared heart effloones away gan chace
 Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,

And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
 As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
 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.

³⁵
 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 leife was she in secret heart affected,
 But that she masked it with modesty,
 For feare she should of lightneffe be detected:
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

Canto



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THE
FIFT BOOKE OF
THE FAERY QVEENE:

CONTAINING
 The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR
Of Iustice.

Soft as I, with state of present time,
 The Image of the antique world compare;
 When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
 And the first blossom of faire vertue bare,
 Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
 As that, through long continuance of his course,
 Me seemes the world is ruone quight out of square,
 From the first point of his appointed fourte,
 And being once amisse growes daily worfe and worfe.

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 (to backward bred)
 Were throwe by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
 And if then those may any worfe be red,
 They into that ere long will be degeered.

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 iugne, and was of all admired.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
 Is now call'd vice; and that which vice was hight,
 Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
 Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
 As all things else in time are changed quight.
 Ne wonder; for the heauens revolution
 Is wandred farre, from where it first was pight,
 And so do make contrary constitation
 Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For, who so list into the heauens looke,
 And search the courses of the rowling spheeres,
 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 fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their stepdames 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 buttred those two twinnes of *Ioue*,
 That they haue crufted the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great *Nemean* Lions groue.
 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 inuious decay.

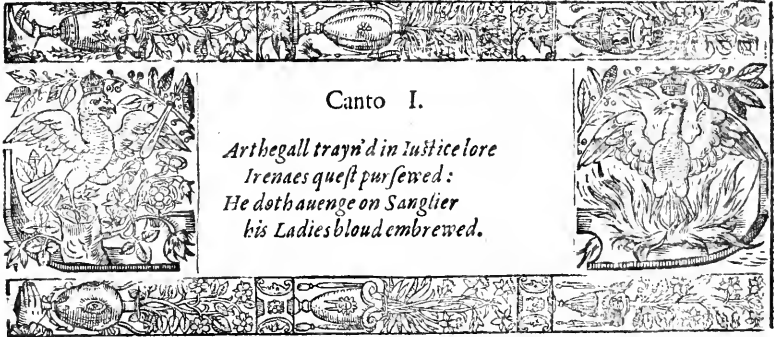
7
 Ne is that fame great glorious lamp of light,
 That doth enlumine all those lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
 But is miscarried with the other Spheres.
 For, since the tearme of fourteene hundred yeares
 That learned *Ptoleme* his height did take,
 He's declined from 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' 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 goodnesse 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 vniuersall raigned amongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground;
 Iustice late high ador'd with *Iolaine* feasts;
 And to all people did diuide her drad bechasts;

10
 Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperall might;
 Whose loue, aigne 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 fight,
 To fit in his owne tear, his cause to end,
 And rule his peopl: right, as he doth recommend.

11
 Drad seueraigne goddess, that doest highest sit
 In seat of iudgement, in th' *Almighties* stead,
 And with musicklike might and wondrous wit
 Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
 That lustfull Nations files with awefull dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy balest thrall,
 That dare do out of so diuine a read,
 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
Though vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times of which I doe entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice
 Beg in to spring; which shortly grew ful great,
 And with their boughes the gentle plants did bear.
 But euermore some of the vertuous race
 Role vp inspired with heroicke 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 ouercome,
 And wrong repressed, and eстал list right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly for donne.
 There Iustice first her Princely rule begonne,
 Next *Hercules* his like example stued,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued;
 The club of Iustice drad, with kingly powe enueded.

And

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,
 The Champion of true Iustice, *Arthegall*,
 Whom (as ye lately met remember well)
 An hard aduerture, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted perill forth did call;
 That was, to succour a distressed Dame,
 Whom a strong tyrant did vnjustly thrall,
 And from the heritage, which she did claime,
 Did with strong hand withhold: *Granorso* was his name.

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 Empereffe,
 Whose glory is to ayde all suppliants pore,
 And of weake Prioces to be Patroneffe,
 Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;
 For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

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.

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 speeches milde,
 To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
 Into a caue from company exile,
 In which she nourishd him, till yeares he taught,
 And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

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 wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught,
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
 Vnill the ripeness of mans yeares he taught;
 That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
 And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;
 No any liu'd on ground, that durst withstand
 His dreadfull heat, much lesse him march in fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreackfull hand,
 Whien-to he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,
 She gaue vnto him, gotten by her flight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In *Ioues* eternal boufe, 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,
 Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Giants

For, of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the fame,
 And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
 For, there no substance was so firme and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleane, where-so it cam e;
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
 But wherefoeuer it did light, it throughly shar'd.

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*, sixt in her degree:
 And next her selfe, her righteous ballaunce hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groom
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Always to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with *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 did holde,
 With which he threat out falshood, & did truth vnfolde.

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 fore his sorrowfull sad tie,
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbed cye.

To whom as they approached, they espide
 A fory sight, as euer seene with eye;
 An headlesse Lady lying him beside,
 In her owne blood all wallow'd woefully,
 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,
 Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
 That euer I this dismal day did see:
 Full farr 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 blood 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 waxed 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 courser her downe throwne,
 Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight:

18
 Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching holde, gan loud to crie
 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 cropt 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 pricked 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 that it seem'd aboue 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 eft require,
 Whil't he reformed that vncull foe:
 And streight at him with all his force did goe,
 Who mou'd no more the therewith, then when a rocke
 Is lightly striken with some stones throwe;
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
 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 vnwitt, so ill he had,
 That him he, could not wag. Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
 The fight whereof the Lady fore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
 But he her quickly staid, and forc't to wend withall.

23
 When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*
 By that same careful 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 accuser thereupon deside:
 For, neyther he did shed that Ladies blood,
 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 fairest Loue to gaine,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth therout to straine;

25
 And said, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
 Can hardly burby Sacrament be tride,
 Or else by ordcle, 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 hisfull 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 despit
 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 slaine.
But that same Squire, to whom she was more deere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield, she rather should with him remaine
Alive, 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* perceived;
Not to thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme
The huing Lady, which from thee he reaved:
For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.
And you, fir Knight, that lone 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 iterly gan repine at his behast;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repress,
And forced him, maugre 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 leauing 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, & rownes Lady *Momera*,
does raise her Castle quight.

1
Nought is more honorable to a Knight,
Ne better doth becomme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull
And place deterr'd with the Gods on hie. (deeds,
Herein the nobleste of this Knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

2
To which as he now was vpon the way,
He chanc'd to meet a Dwarf in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward haste to slay,
Till he of tydings more with him discourte.
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourte:
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,
How she was found againe, and spous'd to *Marinell*.

3
For, this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarf;
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattered fowle,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,
And safe returne, he was full only glad;
And askt him where, and when her bridle chaire
Should be tolemt: as'd: for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her ioufall ad.

4
Within three dayes, quoth he, as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the *Strand*;
What time, if I might me let, I will be there
To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A curle I cruell *Sarazin* doth wonne,
That keeps a Budge's passage by strong lion's;
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to thonne.

5
 What mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence
 Is he, that doth to trauellers such haimes?
 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 still support;
 Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farms,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
 By which he still them holds, & keeps with strong effort.

6
 And daily hee his wrongs concealeth more:
 For, neuer wight he lets to passe that way,
 Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
 Else he doth hold him 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 himselfe 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 riuier floues,
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
 Into the which whom-so he ouer-throues,
 All destitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:
 But he himselfe, through practice vsuall,
 Leaps forth into the flood, and there alwayes
 His foe, confuted through his suddaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally difmaies,
 And eyther 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 purchaseth all the countrey lying ny
 With the reuenew 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 the 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 ready 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 answered wroth, lo, there thy hire;
 And with that word him strook, that straight he did expire.

12
 Which, when the Pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
 And straight himselfe vnto the fight address;
 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 vnbrest,
 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 vie 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 befrad.

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 collar griped fast,
 That with the straint, his west and nigh he brast.
 There they together stroue and struggled long,
 Eyther 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 whet,
 The maisterdome of each by force to gaue,
 And dreadfull bataile twixt them do straine:
 They snuff, they foort, they bounce, they rage, they
 That all the sea (disturbed with their traine) (rore,
 Doth frie with some about the furies 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 himselfe 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 vie 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 traind and thoroughly 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 himfelfe vp-right,
But from the water to the land tooke his flight.

18
But *Arthegall* purfew'd him fill fo neare,
With bright Chryfaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
About 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 gnawed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despair'd quight,
Or curst the hand, w^{ch} 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 mirrour 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 p^{er}te.

20
That done, vnto the Caffe he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the 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 Caffe 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 bount 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 Caffe 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-rage, and him faire besought,
Sith nee ther 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 pitious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great sacks, with enlesse riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,
And powred forth over the Caffe wall,
That she might win som time (though dearly bought)
Whil'ft 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 enter'd, nought did then auail
For wight, against his powre themselues to reare:
Each one did flie; their barts began to taile,
And hid them selues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

25
Long they her sought, yet no where could they find her,
That sure they ween'd she was escap'd away:
But *Talus*, that could like a linc-hound wind her,
And all things secrete 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,
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegall* himfelfe her teemelesse plight did rew,

26
Yet for no pittie would he change the courfe
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lie;
Who rascely hal'd her forth without remorse;
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet submissively,
But her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thole feere of siluer try
(Which sought vnto iustice and iustice fold)
Cliopect; & sayld 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 Caffe wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood,
Ther after, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoyle of peoples cuill gotten good,
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke;
And burning all to ashes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28
And lastly, all that Caffe quite he rased,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparacion,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* thoroughly had performed,
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.
Which done, vnto his former journey he retourned.

29
In which they measur'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,
If ought 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 l all the earth vp-take,
And all the sea, diuided each from eyther:
So would he of the fire one ballance make,
And one of th' ayre, without wind, or weather:
Then would he ballance 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 vncquall 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 empare.
And so were Realmes and Nations run awry,
All which he vnderooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed auentinely;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33
Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And claster thicke vnto his leasings vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony croke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vnccontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,
How he misled the simple peopies traine,
In disdainfu lwise he drew vnto him deare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34
Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equal 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 eery thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,
What was the poyle of eery 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 ballances fo 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 eery one do knowe their certaine bound,
In which they do these many yeares remaine;
And amongst them all no change hath yet beene 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 Elfe, said then the Giant wroth,
Sceft 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 increast,
By all that dying to it turned bee?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the moist, that some were giuen to the least?

38
Therefore, I will throwe downe thofe 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 rage;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39
Of things vncseene 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 not the lowly dales disdain;
The dales do not the lofty hills enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;
He maketh subiects to the ir powre obey;
He pulleth downe, he fetcheth 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 shonne,
Ne loofe that he hath bound with steadfast band.
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in band,
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 vader 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 kuowe,
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 *Arbegaile*, let it be tride.
First in one ballaunce let the true asid'e.
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 slaid.
For, by no meanes the false will with the truth be way'd.

46
Now take the right likewise, said *Arbegaile*,
And countepoise 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 chaufit, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

47
Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:
But *Arbegaile* him fairely gan aswage,
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 middelt 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 misseeke.
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 spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe 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 spyryng with huge ruine humbled.

51
That when the people, which had there-about
Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mourning, 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 resolving, to reuerge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

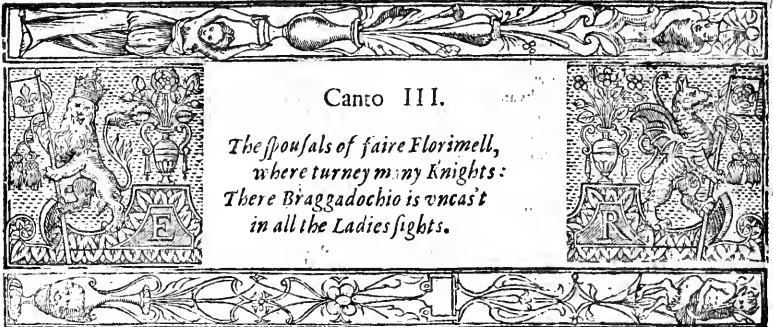
52
Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In war-like wise, when *Arbegaile* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t' embrow
In the base blood of such a rascal crew:
And otherwise, that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with flame would him pursue.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

53

But gone 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 slaie gan lay,
 He like a waine 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:

54

As when a Fanlon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks, fore by the brooke,
 The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them almost ouer-tooke,
 Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,
 Amongst the flaps and couert round about:
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke,
 And none appear'd of all that rais'd all court,
 To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him through out.



1

After long stormes and tempests ouer-blowne,
 The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
 So when as fortune all her spight hath shown,
 Somt listful houres at last must needs appeare;
 Elle should afflict wights oft-times despire,
 So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
 In which captiu'd three many moneths did mourne,
 To taste of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

2

Who, being freed from *Trotus* cruell band
 By *Marimell*, 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 giuists ordain'd therefore.
 To which there did resort from euery side
 Of Lords and Ladies in hight great store;
 Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

3

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
 The goodly seruice, the deuif-full fights,
 The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
 The royall banquetts, 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.

4

When all men had with full fatiety
 Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deeds of armes and prooue of cheualric
 They gan themselves adresse, full rich aguz'd,
 As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd,
 And first of all issu'd *Sir Marimell*,
 And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
 To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,
 And to maintaine, that the all others did excell.

5

The first of them was hight *Sir Orimont*,
 A noble Knight, and trideciu hard assayes:
 The second had to name *Sir Bellifont*,
 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 ferre in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

6

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 tramps found; then all together runne,
 Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
 And many Knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell; yet little lost or woune:
 But all that day the greatst praise redounded
 To *Marimell*, whose name the Heralds loud refound.

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 deserved best.
So they parted 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,
Rasling off helmes, and riuing plates asunder,
That euery 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 ouertaken.

10
If fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,
Sir *Arbeggall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadachio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame,
Where, when he understood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mou'd at so 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 assaild with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred Knights of that array;
Of which the one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
The other itayd behind to god the pray.
But he ere long the former list 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 assest on all the other crew.
Whom with fore hauck soone they ouerthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill throw.
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 *Braggadachio* 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 *Judges* rose,
And all these Knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open ha'l, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those.

14
And thither also came in open fight
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 *Arbeggall*
Came *Braggadachio*, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne, broad blaz'd in a golden field.

15
The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the prize
Of all that Trough. Then the trumpets still
Don *Braggadachios* name resounded thence:
So courage left a cloake to cowardise.
And then to him came faire *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
And the thankes thanks him yield, that ha'l so well
Approvd that day, that the all others did excell.

16
To whom the boaster, that all Knights did blot,
With proud disdain'd 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 vnder take,
Bot' her, and like all others so excell:
And further did vnconly speeces crake.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turnd' aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

17
Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimel*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
Counted from peoples gazement with a veile.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde,
With great amazement they were stupide;
And said, that surely *Florimel* it was,
Or, if it were not *Florimel* to trise,
That *Florimel* 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 friends 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 ever as he did th. more auize,
The more to be true *Florimel* he did iuzize.

19
As when two sunnes appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in *Phæbus* charet fiery bright;
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adora'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold to strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene
The semblant of this 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'st all base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endued,
And others worth with leasings doo'r 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 be sheweth here,
Is not (I wege) *Florimell* 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,
Adora'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesk ywrought
A great increas in her faire blushing face;
As Roses did with Lillies interlace,
For, of these words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceiued 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 knowy one,
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And trial, wherether should the honour get.
Straight way to soone as both together met,
Th' enchanted Damzell vanish into nought:
Her knowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,
But th' empty girdle, which about her waite was wrought.

25
As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a wary 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 horrour 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 bit 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 soule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbacking est,
Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:
Who round about her tender waite 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 waite
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Vnlesse that shee were continent and chaste,
But it would loofe 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 praece 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 them drew, to stay th' auengers force;
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by sight deceaued.

³¹
 VWho, all that pitious story, which befall
 About that wofull couple, which were flaine,
 And their young bloudy babe to him gan tell;
 VVith whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
 His horce purloyned was by tubtull traine:
 For which he challenged the thiefe to fight.
 But he for nought could him there-to constrain:
 For, as the death he hated such despyght,
 And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

³²
 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 desiry,
 He askt, what princ tokens he did beare,
 If that, said *Guyon*, may you fansie,
 VV than his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
 Shap' like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

³³
 VVhereof 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 embrodred head-stall tooke:
 But by the shoulder him to tore he bit,
 That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

³⁴
 Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
 Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
 And called *Brizadore* (so was he hight):
 VV whose voyce so loone as he did vnder take,
 Est-loones he stood as still as any stake,
 And soffred 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 friske, and flourg aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

³⁵
 Thereby *Sir Arthegall* did plaine aceed,
 That vnto him the horc 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, til he an horc haue gained,
 But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraid,
 And him reuil'd, and rased, and disdain'd,
 That iudgement so vsiait against him had ordained.

³⁶
 Much was the Knight incenit with his lewd word,
 To haue reuenged that his villany:
 And thrice did lay his had vpon his sword,
 To haue him flaine, or deadly doen aby,
 But *Guyon* did his cholere pacifie,
 Saying, *Sir Knight*, it would dishonour bee
 To you, that are our iudge of equiry,
 To wreake your wrath on such a Carle as hee:
 It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

³⁷
 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 shauie, and foully shent:
 Then from him rest his shield, and it reuerset,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood bled,
 And himselfe haffuld, and his armes vnhersit,
 And broke his sword in twaine, & all his armour sperfit.

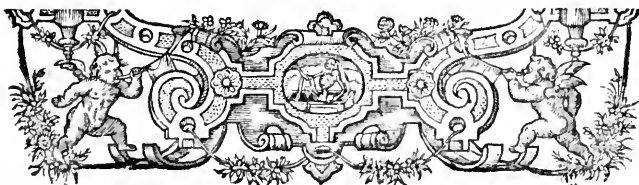
³⁸
 The whiles, his guilefull grome was fled away:
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to fue.
 VVho over-taking him, did disarray,
 And all his tace deform'd with infamy,
 And out of Court him scourged openly.
 So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
 And armes dishonour with his villany,
 From all braue knights be benisit with defame:
 For, oft their lewdoes blotteth good deserts with blame.

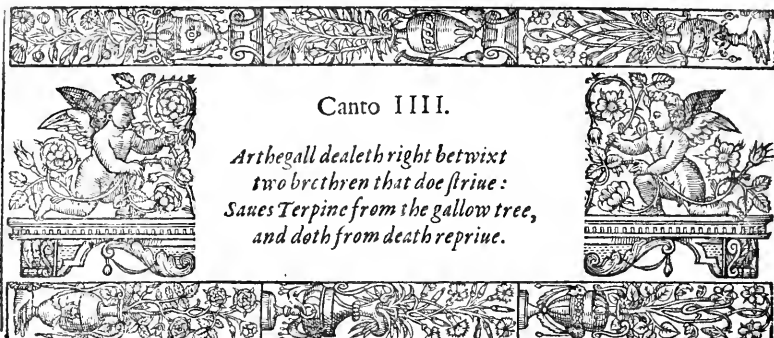
³⁹
 Now, when these counterfeits were thus vncleaid
 Out of the fore-side of their forgery,
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
 A! gan to left and gibe full merrily
 At the remembrance of their knauey.
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To thinke with how great want of brauey
 He them abused, through his tubtull fights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

⁴⁰
 There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spending their ioyous dayes and glaeffull 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 tyme lurowes end
 Our weary yokes, to gather sickeley fights,
 That when as time to *Arthegall* shall tend,
 We on his first adventure may han forward send.

Z

Canto





Canto III.

*Arthegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe strive:
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death reprive.*

¹
WHo-so vpon him selfe will take the skill
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had need of mighty hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome
And for to maister wrong & puissant pride. (decide,
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-doers iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

²
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.
VWhereof no braver precedent this day
Remaines on earth, preteru'd from iron rust
Of iustice obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

³
VWho, 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 *Strond*,
To followe his aduentures first intent,
VWhich long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great iron goome, his gard & gouernment.

⁴
VWith 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 afluage their ires,
Now with fair words; but words did little good: (mood
Now with sharp threats; but threats the more increast their

⁵
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 wreckt vpon the sands,
Or beeing carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at odds did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands.
But euermore those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

⁶
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 iustitie,
So stood they both in readinesse there-by,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
VWhen *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

⁷
To whom the elder did this answere frame;
Then weete 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.

⁸
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 thare:
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.

Thep

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 quight,
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 life 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 leue his vgly vniomie,
Can to repent that she had been 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 had,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary Burke at last vpon mine lie did rest:

12
VWhere I by chance then wandering on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good endeour,
From deadfull mouth of death, which threatned 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 shee.

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 herselfe 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't 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 deniall.

16
When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye enuit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bid 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 *Arthevall*, thus to the younger said;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothersland 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 so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

18
Then turning to the elder, thus he said;
Now *Eracidas*, let this likewise be shewne;
Your brothers treasure, which from him is fraid,
Beeing 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 own should seeme.

19
For, equall right in equall things doth stand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possess't,
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 to 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 *Arthevall*
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 courte he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblance wide.
To whom when he approached neere in fight
(An vncooth fight) he plainly then defende
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 pinnon'd 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 bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to decry;
And with full heauy hart with them he bar'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands to graue a death should die.

23
But they like tyrants, merciesse the more,
Reioyced at his miserable 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, deceiv'd their intent;
Yet though himselfe did shame on woman-kind
His mightie hart to ster'd, he *Talant*
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
Who with fewe swordes of his yron slaie,
Dispers'd 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, ordaysnd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him *Talant* tooke out of perplexite,
And horror of soule death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restor'd vnto living light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,
Beholding all that womanish weake 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 discretion,
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 dimall day
Is false on you, by heauens 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
Merrily teame, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scoote of knight hood this same day.
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will surpasse th humane thought.

28
Right true: but faulty men vse 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 state.
Then sith ye needs, quoth he, wil know my shame,
And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearte 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 farr 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 feruēt loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
Ere when she lawe at latt, that he 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 mistreat.
First, she doth them of war like armes despoile,
And clothe in womans weeds: and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to eate their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wing;
Ne doth she giue them othring 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 catcheth 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 aseruice of her band,
I rather chose to die in liues despight,
Then lead that shameful life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

33
How high that Amazon (Lad *Ashegall*)?
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 *Tirpin* from you lightly throwe
This squalid weede, the patterne of despair,
And wend with me, that ye may see 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 deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Those iron fetters, wherewith he was giu'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 *Radegane*.

36
Where they arriuing, by the watchman were
Defcried straight; who all the City warn'd,
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 harnesse 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 to fiew,
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 vrbard,
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 slayd,
And better bad aduise, ere they assayd,
Vnknown perill of bold womens pride.
Then all the rout vpon them rudely layd,
And heaped stickes to fast on euery side,
And arrowes hayld so thicke, that they could not abide.

39
But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
Sir *Tirpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide,
T' auenge that shame, they did on him commit;
All sodanely 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 grouell,
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 wreak,
And his contempt, that did her iudgement break:
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
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 *Ashegall* in that distresse
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
In which he swam, and ran to his redresse.
There hee assaying fiercely first, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:
And had she not iwarded 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 Gayles, by chance hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her by hue,
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarry 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 & sdeignfull pride halfe mad;
For, ouer had she suffred such deliight,
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike mayds about her flockt so fast,
That they dispersed them, maugre their might,
And with their troups did far alunder 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 vent, and courtst, and ouer-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many ence did dare
Him to assault, nor once approach him neare;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their decuring enemy,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flee.

But when as daies faire shyny beame, yclowded
 With fearefull shadowes of desoim'd night,
 Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
 Bold *Radigund* (with loud 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, etc she would once retrate.

When thus the field was voyded all away,
 And all th'gs quieted, the Elfin Knight
 (Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
 Caus'd his paunth to be richly pyght
 Before the Citie gate, in open fight;
 Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
 Together with *fit Terpin* all that night:
 But *Talus* vs'd in times of icopardie
 To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gouwing griefe,
 For the rebuke which she sustan'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe;
 But toss'd 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 teene that day a disaduentrous fight.

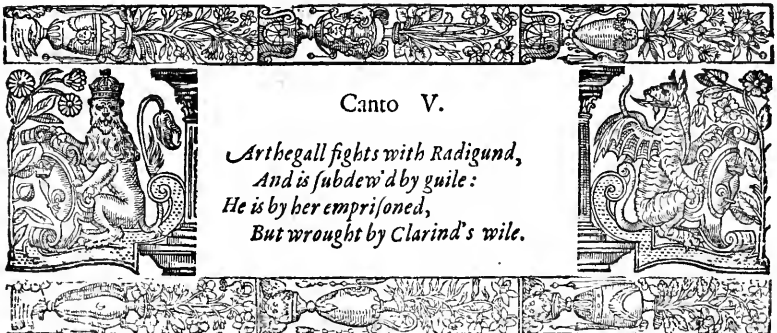
She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
 Her name was *Clarind*, and thus to her sayd;
 Goe damzell quickly, do thy selfe adrefce

To do the message, which I shall exprefe.
 Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
 Who yesterday droue vs to such distrefe;
 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 straght, 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 of shal hungry fit.

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 fame 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 weer,
 Them fairely entertayn'd with cur'ties 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.*

SOoone as day, forth dawning from the East,
 Nights humid curtaine frō the heauens with-
 And early calling forth both mā & beast, drew
 Commanded them their daily works renew,

These noble warriors, mindfull to pursfew
 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 filke
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vpon satin white as milke,
Trailed with ribbands diuersly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tacked for light motion
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it rought
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 stones, 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 shauimes 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 eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That batrels 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
(doubt.

6
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 fl-we, himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more hee did abide;
She hew'd, she foyn'd, she list, she laid on euery side.

7
Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
VVening at last to win aduantage new;
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:
Which sayng, he gan fiercely her purtew;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne 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 tuany ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire yee would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her selfe she 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 dicarded.

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 corag'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 blood forth

10
Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to ypbraid 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 vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance tearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered 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 raced.

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, vpspringing 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 cruelnesse:
 And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
 And more encrease 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 vncmet for flight,
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
 The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still:
 Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble Knight, and foerly him constrain.

16
 Nought could he do, but flun 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 heark, 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 sword,
 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'd, and forthwith led
 Vnto the crooke, 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 numbered:
 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 loth'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 plac'd him most lowe,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
 That he thereon should spin both flaxe & tow;
 A sordid offence for a mind so braue.
 So hard it is to be a womans slaue,
 Yet he itooke 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 wonne in fight.

24
 Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,
 How for *Tislas* 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 onlyoyed
 In combats of sweet Loue, & with his mistress 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 withstand,
 To purchase a licentious liberty:
 But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
 That they were borne to bafe humility,
 Vnlesse the heauens them list to lawfull souerainty.

Thus

Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,
 Scrving proud *Radigand* with true subjection;
 How-euer it his tobie heart did gall,
 T'obay a womans tyrannous dictation,
 That might haue had of life or death election:
 But hauing chosen, now he might not changee.
 During which time, the warlike Amazon,
 Whole wandering fancie after lust did range,
 Can cast a secret liking to this captiue strange.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
 She chaw'd the cud of leuers careful plight;
 Yet could it not so thorowly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spight,
 But it tormented her both day and night:
 Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
 To serue the lowely vassall of her might,
 And of her seruant make her soueraigne Lord:
 So great her pride, that the such balenels much abhord.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through it 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 straggled had in vaine,
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mood conuert
 To meeke obsequence of loues mighty raine,
 And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

Vnto her selfe in secret shee did call
 Her neerer hand-mayd, whom shee most did trust,
 And to her said; *Carin'la*, whom of all
 I trust a liewe, sit. I thee to first:
 Now is the time, that I vntimely must
 Thereto make t'ryall, in my greatest need:
 It is to hapned, that the heauens vniust,
 Spying my happy freedome, haue agreed,
 To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
 To lide the blush which in her visage rose,
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
 Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose:
 But soone shee did her countenance compose,
 And to her turning, thus began to spee;
 Thus griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,
 Thereto compell'd through heart-murdering paine,
 But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth still restrain.

As my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)
 Can dread of ought your deare life heart withhold,
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
 And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face be hold?
 Say on, my soueraigne Lady, and be bold,
 Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foote lie?
 Therewith much comforted, shee gan to hold
 The cause of her conceurd malady,
 As one that would coufesse, yet faunc would it deny.

Clarind, did seee, thou seest yond Fayrie Knight,
 Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde
 Subiected hath to my vncquall might:
 What right is it, that he should thusdome finde,
 For lending life to me a wretch vnkind,
 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, as bound to thee I may continue still:

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
 Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
 As now in miserable state he stands;
 But with sweeter leue and true beneuolence,
 Void of malicious minde, or foule offence.
 To which if thou canst wite him any way,
 VVithout discovery of my thought's pretence,
 Both goodly in deed of him if purchase maye,
 And eke with gratefull seruice me might well apay.

Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,
 Loe here this Ring, which the lady wanton be,
 And token true to old *Eumenias*,
 From time to time, when the worst best shalt see,
 That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
 Goe now. *Clarinda*, will thy wits aduise,
 And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
 Armes of louely looks, and speeces wise,
 With which thou canst euen *Iene* humilde to loue entise.

The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,
 Did with iure promise of her good endeavour,
 Gue her great comfort, and some heauens content.
 So from her parting, shee thenceforth did labour
 By all the means shee might, to curry fauour
 With the *Elin* Knight, her Ladies best beloved;
 With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
 Euen at the market-white of his hart shee touch'd,
 And with wide glaucing words, one day shee thus him
 (proued)

Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state
 Fortune, enuyr good, hath telly howred,
 And cruell heauens laue heapt an heauy late;
 I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drowned
 In sad despair, and all thy liewe stownd
 In stupid sorrow, first thy iust merit
 Might eke haue with felicity been crowned:
 Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
 To thinke how this long death thou mightest ditcherit.

Much did he maruell at her vncouth speech,
 Whose hidden drift he cou'd not well perceiue;
 And gan to doubt, least the liewe sought to appech
 Of treason or some guetull traine did weaue,
 Through which shee might his wretched life receiue.
 Both which to bare, hee with this answer met her;
 Faire *Danzell*, that with ruth (said he) perceiue
 O my misshaps, art thou out to wite me letter,
 For such your kind regard, I can but tell 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 (vnlake) they should for cuer 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 perfwere, 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 Tigres, nor so salvage minded,
As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:
And sooth offeene, that proudest hearts base loue bath
(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 voto,
Chieflly by him, whose life her law doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als' of Princely grace to be eoclin'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 strayt,
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 saue 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,
But to her selfe it secretly retained,
VVithin the closet of her court brest:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to await fit time shee weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts varesst.

45
One day, her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demand of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues successe, her lingring 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 foone
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 tearmes, to learne
So fond 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 playt.

47
Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to storme, and rage, and read her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did he in her least eye-lids fall;
Cf which she vow'd with many a cursed 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 prouaile;
Leaue noy; he vnpromitt, that may him perswade;
Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great auaille,
With which the gods themselues are milder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,
Let him feele bardnesse of thy heauy arme: (harne,
Who wil not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with
Some

50
Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;
For, I him finde to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with stichter lawe,
That he with worke may be forewearer.
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 chanes, 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 demeaere: thenceforth not like a Louer,
But like a Rebelle stout I will him vie.
For, I resolute this sieg not to giue ouer,
Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
So she departed, full of griefe and fdaine,
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 subtile nets she did vnfold,
And all the engins 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 sayning 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 entayles fryde
The more that she it sought to couer and to hide.

54
For, coming to this knight, she purpose fained,
How earnest suit she carst for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perwade:
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.

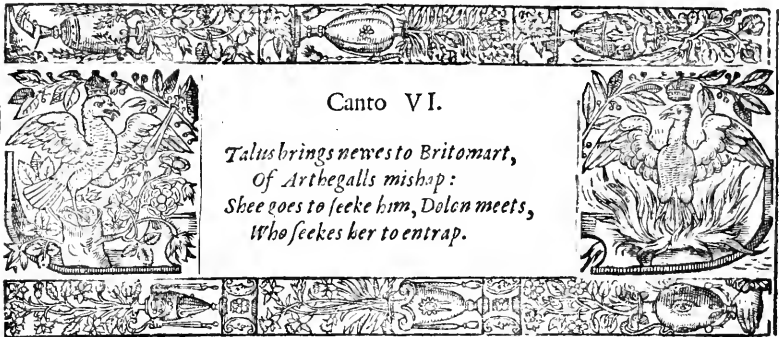
55
And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of holde.
The Fairy glad to gaue his liberty,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
To feede the humour of her malady,
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 mistress most vnkinde
She daily told, her loue he did desie;
And him she told, her Dame his freedome 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 freedome gayned,
Which in another Canto will be best contained.

Canto





Canto VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Artbegalls mishap:
Shee goes to seeke him, Dolan meets,
Who seekes her to entrap.*

Some men, I wote, will deepe in *Arthegall*
Great weakenes, and report of him much ill,
For yielding to himselfe a wretched thrill,
To th'insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth 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 himselfe to well behaue,
That notwithstanding all the lot till bare,
With which those Amazons his love still craued,
To his owne Loue his loyalty he saued:
Whose character in th'Adamantine mould,
Of his true heart so firmly was engraued,
That no new lones in prison euer could
Bereauit thence: such blot his honour vncleish should.

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Eritonart*,
Scarce so conceiued 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 vtmost 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 aduenturous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytous treync, or had vnwares opprest:
But most she did her troubled mind molest,
And secretly filht with ielous feare,
Least some new lous had him for her possist;
Yet loth she 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
Shee him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with error to beguile,
Shee fiv'd to count the time agone anew,
As if before she had not counted trew.
For houres, but dayes; or weekes that passed were,
Shee 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 shee 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 resoluid 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 adrest.
There looking forth, shee in her hart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vntrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, in ore swift then wind,
To beare vnto her Loue the message of her mind.

There as shee looked long, at last shee spide
One coming towards her with hasty speed:
Well weend shee then, ere him shee plane descride,
That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arede
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegall*: his gloome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would shee stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.

Euco 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 yroo man, albe he wanted sense?
 And sorrowes feeling, yet with confidence
 Of his ill newes, did indly 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.

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 wicked destiny?
 And is he vanquish't by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
 But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,
 That him captiu'd hath in haplesse woe.
 Cease thou bad newes-man; badly doest thou hide
 Thy Maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
 The rest my selfe too readily can 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.

There she began to make her monefull plaint
 Against her Knight, for being fo vntrew;
 And him to touch with falsehoods fowle attaint,
 That all his other honour ouerthrew.
 Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rewe,
 For yeelding to a strangers loue fo light,
 Whose life and manners strange she neuer knew;
 And euermore she did him sharply twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
 How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last;
 And then againe she did her selfe torment,
 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 alow,
 As women wont, but with deep sighes, and sigoules few.

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 stild for all his nurses might,
 But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight;
 Now scratching her, and her loose locks mituling;
 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.

But when she had with such vniquiet 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 *Arbegas* detain:
 And what he did, and in what state he stood,
 And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

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 doom; e, 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?

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 foudaine stounds of wrath and grieffe attone;
 Ne would abide, till she had answer made;
 But streight her selfe did dight, and armor'd on;
 And mounting to her steed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
 To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
 Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
 Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
 But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
 The fellesse 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.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
 Chawing the cud of grieffe and inward paine,
 She chaunc't to meet, toward the euen-side
 A Knight, that softly paced on the Plaine,
 As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraine,
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant, that no euil ment.

He, comming neere, gan gently her salute
 With curteous words, in the most comely wise;
 Who though desirous 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 furietho 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 possesed of one thought,
 That gaue none other place. Which when-as hee
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
 He list no longer to vnto loathfull speach,
 But her besought to take it well in gree.
 Sith shady damp had dimd the heauens reach,
 To lodge wth 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 arriuing they receiued were
 In seemely wise, as them besemed best:
 For, he their Host them goodly well did cheare,
 And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

23
 Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
 Then *Britomars* vnto a bowre was brought;
 Where groomes awayted her to haue vnto rest,
 But she ne 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 warlike weeds, till the reuenge had wrought
 Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;
 Which she would sure 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, recomforthlesse, with heart deepe priued,
 Not suttring the least twinkling sleepe to start
 Into her eye, which th' hart mote haue reliaued;
 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 sleepe?
 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 appeale;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
 As sundry change her seemed best to ease.
 Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to cease
 His eye lids sad, but watcht continually,
 Lying without her dore in great discaise;
 Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
 Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

27
 What time the natiue Bel-man of the night,
 The bird that warn'd *Peter* of his fall,
 First rings his siluer bell e' each sleepey wight,
 That shold 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 loft was raisd againe, that no man could it spie.

28
 With sight whereof she was dismayd 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 ensue 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 rascal rout, with weapons rudely dight,
 Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glimic of night,
 He stared vp, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his threster 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 apace did plie,
 Where-euer in the datke 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 forc't to 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 fo great mischieuous 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 borne, but little good could finde,
 And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
 Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,
 But with the sbats and wales 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 erwhile
 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 heedynesse,
 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 islew'd out of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent t' avenge 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 sought, but them all empty fond :
 They all were fled for feare ; but whether, neither kond.

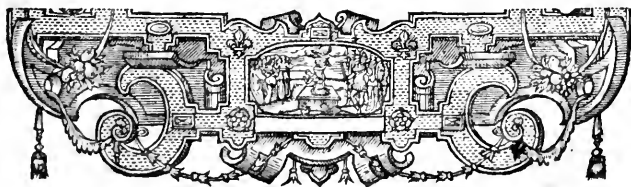
36
 She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
 But tooke her steed ; and thereon mourning light,
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.
 She had not rid the mountenance of a sight,
 But that she sawe, there present in her sight,
 Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
 On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight.
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
 That if two met, the one more needs fall ouer the lidge.

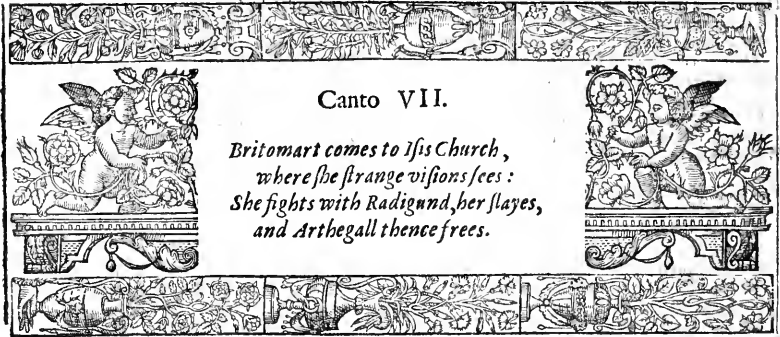
37
 There they did thinke themselues on her to wreake :
 Who as she nigh vnto them drewe, the one
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake ;
 Thou recreant false traytour, that with lone
 Of arms hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the darknesse of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone ;
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
 Of *Gwitzor*, by thee slaine, and murdered by thy flight.

38
 Strange were the wordes in *Brizomartis* 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 staid 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, bis challenge he releast :
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
 Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

40
 As when the flashing Leuin baps to light
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
 That way betwixt them none appears in sight ;
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth reare
 Th' one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare ;
 The other it with force doth 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.





Canto VII.

*Britomart comes to Isis Church,
where she strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slayes,
and Arthegall thence frees.*



Ought 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 theſe lues, whence mortal me im-
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore (plore
Of higheſt Ioue, who doth true iuſtice deale
To his inferior gods, and euenmore
Therewith contains his heauenly Common-wealth:
The ſkill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iuſtice was a god of ſoueraigne grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honors in the higheſt place;
Calling him great *Oſyris*, of the race
Of th' old *Ægyptian* Kings, that whilome were;
With ſained colours ſhading a true caſe:
For that *Oſyris*, whileſt he liued here,
The juſteſt man aliuē, and trueſt did appeare.

His wife was *Isis*, whom theſe likewiſe made
A goddeſſe of great power and ſoueraignty,
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, ſhee 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 ſize
Of many Prielts, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily ſacrifices,
All clad in linnen robes with ſiluer hem'd;
And on their heads with long lockes comely kemb'd
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 Champion ſhe, them greeting, as ſhe could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whoſe goodly building when ſhe did behelde,
Borne vpon ſtately Pillars, all diſtred
With ſhining golde, and arch'd 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 ſhew 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 ſuppreſſe both forged guilt,
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 deſining.
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand the ſnooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke,
By this, the day with d'imppe was ouer-caſt,
And ioyous light the houſe of Ioue forlooke:
Which when ſhe ſawe, her helmet ſhe vnlaçt,
And by the Altars ſide her ſelfe to ſlumber 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 mortific.
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 bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is bloud;
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were Plaine
By thundring Ioue in the Phl: grean Plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had dama'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

11
And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bowome, forth she brought
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloudy 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 ought
The fell contagion may there of refraine;
Ne, within reason's rule, her maulding mood containe.

12
There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,
Vnder the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweetest her beavy 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 heavenly 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 strowe
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,
Into outrageous flames vnto the ground
That all the Temple put in icopa dy
Of flaming, and her fell 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 owne peccelless 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 meeke,
Himselfe before her feet he lowely threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,
That of his game shee 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 fearfull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vnouth sight.

17
So, there vpon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightome 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 refulat was,

18
But by the change of her vnhearefull looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiuenesse 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 eull 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 pensiu miode,
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 errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adu'r'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20
Then gan she to declare the whole discouise
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 heard,
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stidly staired,
Like one adawed with some dreafull spright:
So, fld with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

21

Magnifick Virgin, that in quaint disguise
Of British armes doost maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprise,
How could'st thou wren 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 whereof, 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 sere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:
And after wards, a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreme.
So blest be thee God, and gree thee 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 women 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 foone as dawning light
Bade do away the dampe of I doouzie 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 shee full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vniquiet rest
Did closely harbour such a ialous 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 the vsed full to tye her fone;
To serue her so, as the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sterly frownd
For high diddaine of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them found,
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 vs'd in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without flaine or spot,
For other vs'd then they them translated,
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vs'd they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with cquall greedinesse:
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loofe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand:
To which the Lion strongly doth gain-say,
That she to hurt the beast first tooke in hand;
And therefore ought it hate, where euer she it fond.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blows vnmercifully fore:
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 blood, which from their sides did flowe,
And gush'd through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did frowe,
Like fruitles seed, of which, vnclimely death should growe.

32

At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
Hauing by chance epyde aduantage deare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbaying, 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 enricu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent 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 empierced to the very braine,
 And her proud person lowe prostrated on the Flaie.

34
 Where being layd, the wrathfull Brittonesse
 Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
 But in reuenge both of her Loues 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 sight, when all her war-like traine
 There present saw, each one (of offense bereft)
 Fled fast into the towne, and her sole Victor left.

35
 But yet, so fast they could not home re:ete,
 But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
 And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
 Pelmeil with them attonce did enter in.
 There then a pitious laughter did begin:
 For, all that euer came within his reach,
 He with his iron shafte did thriffo 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 Conquereffe
 Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
 Where though reuengfull vow she did professe,
 Yet when she saw the heaps which he did make
 Of slaughterd carcasses, her hart did quake
 For very ruth, which did it almost riae,
 That she his fury willed him to slake:
 For, else he sure had left not one alive,
 But all in his reuenge of spirit would depriae.

37
 Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
 She for that iron prison did enquire,
 In which her wretched Loue was captiue liyd:
 Which breaking open with indigna:ire,
 She entered in to all the parts entire.
 Where when she saw that lothly vncoouth sight,
 Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,
 Her hart gan gawdge, for very deepe despight
 Of so vnmanly 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 secret shame,
 She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
 To haue beheld a spectacle to sad:
 And then too well belieu'd, that which to-fore
 Icalous suspect as true vntually 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, mongst vnertaine feares.

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 bloud 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 fleshy 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 bene reit from many a noble Knight;
 Whom that proud Amazon subdew had,
 Whil't Fortune fauour'd her (successe in fight):
 In which when-as she lim anew had clad,
 She was reuiu'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

42
 So, there awhile they afterwards remained,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
 During which space she there as Princees reigned,
 And changing all that forme of common weale,
 The liberty of women did repeale,
 Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
 To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
 That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,
 Her wisdome did admire, and harkned to her loring.

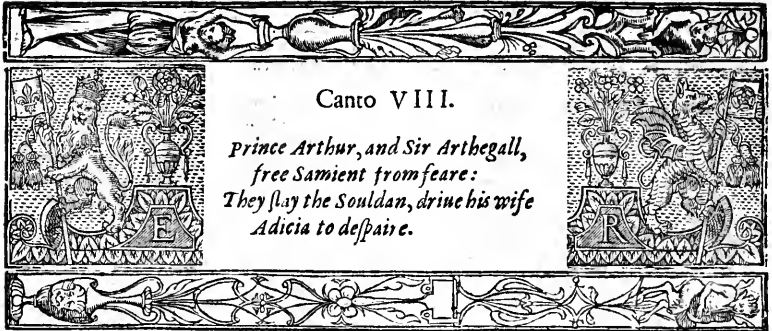
43
 For all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
 Had throwed been, she did from thraldome free;
 And Magistrates of all that Citie made,
 And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
 And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
 Made them sweare fealty to *Arithagal*.
 Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
 He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,
 Vpon his first iuenture, which him forth did call.

44
 Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
 For his departure, her new cause of grieffe;
 Yet wilyly moderat: d her owne smart,
 Seeing his honour, which she tendred chiefe,
 Constist much in that aduentures chiefe.
 The care whereof, and hope of his successe
 Gaue vnto her great comfort and relieffe,
 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 forme-what cease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease,
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.



Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
free Samient from feare:
They slay the Souldan, drine his wife
Adicia to despaine.*

1
Nought vnder heauē so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,
As beauties louely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors 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 hardened 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 himselſe 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 goernment.

4
So traoulling, he channe'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 chac't,

In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre out-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 those two, and force him turne his face;
How cuer loth he 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 bound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his courſe, 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 skil 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, misfortune 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 despitous plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Page, which before him past.

9

In stead of whom, finding there ready preft
 Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion
 He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
 Who, seeing him come still to fiercely on,
 Against him made againe. So both anon
 Together met, and strongly eyther strooke
 And broke their speares; yet neyther has forgon
 His horses back, yet to & fro long thooke, (quooke,
 And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

10

But when againe they had recouered 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 scene, and now her friends
 For her beginning a more fearful fray;
 She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rears,
 Crying to them their cruell 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 enterprize
 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 ruenge on mee.

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
 To weet if it were true as she had told;
 Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
 Estfoons they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
 And Ventails reare, each other to behold.
 Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,
 So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his hat and heu,
 And touchd with iure affection, nigh him drew;

13

Saying, Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 That all vnwetting haue you wrongd thus fore:
 Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:
 Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore
 Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,
 Or what so penance shall by you be red,
 To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
 To craue the same, whom error fo mistid,
 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 perfwade
 To faire accordance, and both faultis 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 receu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd;
 And for what cause they chased for that *Maid*,
 Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
 But by aduerture found them faring so,
 As by the way vnwittingly 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 to fast away did flie;
 And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them aitone,
 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 renoune,
 For her great bouny knowne ouer all,
 And fouraine 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 wonnes 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 bringeth vnder hand.

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
 Which he vnto her people does each day,
 But that he seekes by traytous traines to spill
 Her person, and her sacred selfe to stay:
 That O ye heauens defend, 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 selfe.

20

To all which cruell tyrannic, they say,
 He is prouok't, and stir'd vp day and night
 By his bad wife, that high *Adicia*,
 Who counfels 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 do so.

21

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
 With that his wife in friendly wife to deale,
 For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
 Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,
 And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.
 So me in message vnto her she sent,
 To treat with her by way of entercdeale,
 Of final 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, disdayning all accord,
 Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,
 Recuiling 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, loone after me she sent
 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
 To be by them dishonoured and shent :
 But thank be God, and your good hardiment,
 They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
 So said this Damzell, that high *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 avengement strong
 Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained ;
 And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
 And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
 To their deileigne to make the easier way,
 They did this complot twixt themselves 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 discouered by his fight,
 Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.
 Soone after whom, the Prince arriued there ;
 And sending to the Souldan in despight
 A bold defiance, did of him require
 That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

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 Charrēt hie,
 With iron wheelles and hooks arm'd dreadfully,
 And drawne 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 spred ;

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 glistering armes right goodly well besene,
 That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene ;
 And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
 Playing his Pages part, as he had bene
 Before directed by his Lord ; to th' end
 He should his slaie to final 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 slaughter and avengement :
 But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
 Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
 In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight :
 More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

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 *Achides* great,
 So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
 Eyther the Prince in peeces to haue torne
 With his sharpe wheelles, in his first rages 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 restlesse rigour did eschew.
 Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
 A shiuering 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 neare;
 But he was mounted in his seat so high,
 And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
 So fast away, that ere his ready speere
 He could aduance, he late 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.

Again, 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 wyes had deuiz'd of yore.
 The wicked that 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 grieuous wound in his curiuen 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 fec't 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 fle;
 And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound,
 That hunting after game hath carrion found,
 So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
 That his good steed, all were he much renown'd
 For noble courage, and for hardy race,
 Durst not endure their fight, but fled from place to place.

Thus, long they trac't, and traues't 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 aslay he might him reach.
 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 had 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 them from flying stay,
 With raiues, or wonted ioke, 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 fle, 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 swears, and railes,
 And back with both his hands vnto him hailes:
 T' e're they raiues, regarded now no more;
 He to them calles and t'pakes, 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 leauing th' ener-burning lampe affray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes bent,
 And left their scorched path yet to 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.

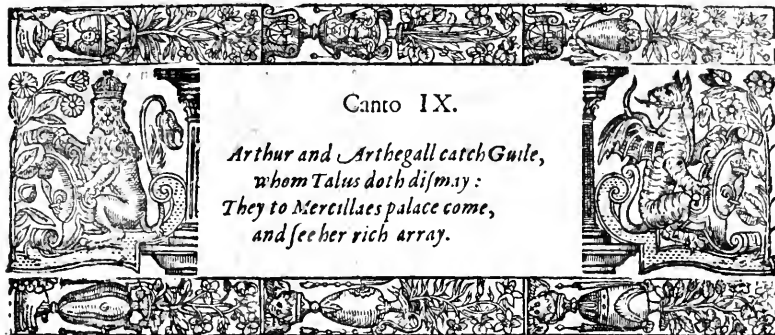
Yet still the Prince pursued him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind.
 At last, they haue all cuer-trowne to ground
 Quite topside tutuey, and the Pagan heard
 Amongst the iron hookes and grapples keene,
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
 But leaured all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.

Like as the cursed sonne of Theseus,
 That following his chace in dayly morne,
 To see 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 little monument.

- 44
 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, mongst 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 euer warred bee.
- 45
 So, on a tree before the Tyrants dore,
 He caud them be hung in all mens sight;
 To be a monument for euermore.
 Which when his Lady from the Castles high
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled spright:
 Yet not, as women wone in dolefull fit,
 She was dismay'd, or fainted through affright,
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
 And gan cistfooues deuse to be aueng'd for it.
- 46
 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 rao with all her force and might,
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despight.
- 47
 Like raging *Iuo*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husbands murther'd infant out;
 Or sell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strad
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare,
 Yet neyther *Iuo*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Maeades* so furious were,
 As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.
- 48
 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 fist 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 posterore dore,
 Vnto the wilde wood ran, her dolours to deplore.
- 49
 As a mad bitch, when as the frantick fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth ronne at random, 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 scath
 In cruelty and outrage she did pass,
 To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.
- 50
 Then *Arthegall*, himselfe 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 courage 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 final force them all he ouercame.
- 51
 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 Mervillaes palace come,
and see her rich array.*

WHAT Tigre, or what other saluage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might)
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with
Not fit amongst men, that do with reason mel,
But amongst wilde beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
VWhere still 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 lulverted his vnrighteous state.

Where, having with Sir *Arthegall* a space
Well solac'd 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 wou'd by all the meanes his might,
And earnestly becoug't, 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 falls) 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 wou'd in a rock not farre away,
That robbed all the Country there about, (out,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

Thereto, both his owne wishe wit, she said,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde:
For he to 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 deceue one looking in his face:
Therefore by name *Malegin* they him call,
Well knowne by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and heuen far vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell,
And all within, it full of 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 hearts gan
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (Yeare,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace,
Were not, said shee, 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, said they, stay your intent,
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue bent.

So, forth they past, till they approached 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 there-vpon
Gan to aduise, what best wete to be done,
So both agreed to fend that wayd .fore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raising pittifull vproe,
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 foile
 Hauing her selfe in wretched wise abiected,
 Gan weepe and waille, as if great grieffe had her affected.

10
 The cry whereof, entering the hollow Caue,
 Effoones 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 ragged.

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 rooke;
 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 perfwade
 To banish feare: and with *Sardonian* smile
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 Gan forth to lay his bayte bet to beguile,
 That frō her selfe vnwares he might her stealfe 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'f the lent her inuentiue mind,
 He suddently 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 purfew,
 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 fight,
 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 purfew'd where-euer that he went,
 Both ouer rocks, and hilles, and euery place:
 Where-so he fled, he follow'd him apace:
 So that he shortly forc'd 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 bear, till that at last
 Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
 But he then stoncs at it for 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 flights.
 Who whil'f 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,
 Being 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 slaile
 Gan driue at him, with so huge might and maice,
 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 approched, thus she said:
 Lo, now, right noble Knights, arriv'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 so manifold;
And passing little further, commen we,
V Where they a stately Pallace did behold,
O' poinpous shoue, much more then she had told;
VVith many towres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skv,
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 nickle might,
That fate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe our guile, and malice, and despite,
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,
Are woot in Princes Courts to work great feathe 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,
VVhich 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 vnwotted 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 Scriene, 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,
B O N F O N S : 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 becene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheen
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either 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 spread,
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,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enfold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glistring?

29

Seemed those little Angels did vphold
The cloth of State, and on their purple wings
Did beare the penants, through their nimble be 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 Maestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
VVith which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre to 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 enforce't, or friends fought ayde,
She could it sternly 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 to adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that bright
Lite, by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32

They also doe by his diuine permission,
Vpon the thrones of mortal Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend:
Thole did vpon *Mercilles* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wis: *Eunome*, mild *Eirene*;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments cleane,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heavenly streng.

B b 2

Thus

Thus did the 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
 An hardy courage, like captiued thrall,
 With a strong iron chaine and collar bound,
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious ioud,
 And softly roynce, when saluage choler gan redound.

So, sitting high in draddled soueraintie, (brought;
 Those two strange Knights were to her presence
 Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,
 Did to her milde obeyfance, as they ought,
 And meekest boone, that they imagine inought.
 To whom she eke inclining her withall,
 As a faire stoupe of her high loaring thought,
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempered with some maiestie imperiall.

As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame
 Towards the westerne 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,
 Bate some-what of that Maiestie and awe,
 That whylome wont to do so many quake,
 And with more milde aspect those two to entertaine.

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
 When these two stranger knights arriv'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, there 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 forraine 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 fure
 The peoples great compassion vnto her alure.

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 rang 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 mischief vnto many a knight,
 By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
 But not for those the now in question came,
 Though also those mote quention'd be aright,
 But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
 Which the 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 practis'd how for to deprive
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 designses,
 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 kingdoms title climb.
 But false *Duessa*, now vntitled Queene,
 Was brought to her sad doome, as heere was to be scene.

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 sage old Sire, that had to name
 The *Kingdoms* care, with a white siluer 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 refute;
 Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
 High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
 Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons lute,
 Importune care of their owne publike caule;
 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 *Pitty* with full tender heart,
And with her ioynd *Regard* of woman-head;
And then came *Dan-er* 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 empassionate
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when *Zelus* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest feruour to augment,
And in any fearefull objects to them to present.

47
He gan r'efforce the euidence anew,
And new accitements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The cursed *Até*, brought her face to face,
VWho priuy was, and party in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

48
Then brought he forth, with grisly grim aspect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect.
And there with guilty bloud-shed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Euen foule *Adultery* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, 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 estoones was drawn cleane.
But *Arthegall*, with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was she guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zelus* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Meryll* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50
But she, whose Princely breast was touched neare
With pitious ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine the lawe by all, that she did heare,
That she of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her saue lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

Canto X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprife
For Belge for to fight:
Forioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

Some Clarke doe doubt in their deuiceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mery*, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth 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 euerlasting seat
Shee first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For, if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preferue unviolated right,
Oft smilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more the more 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 heerein do't all earthly Princes pass;
 What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour raise,
 Vp to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
 And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
 From th'vntime it brinke of the *Armerick* shore,
 Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
 Those Nations farre thy iustice doe adore;
 But thine own people dothy iusticy praise more.

Much more it praised was of those two knights;
 The noble Prince, and righteous *Arhegall*;
 When they had seene and heard her doom arights
 Against *Daesses*, damned by them all;
 But by her tempred without grife or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
 And yet euen then ruing her wifull 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 curteties,
 Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare,
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
 Approouing daily to their noble eyes
 Royall examples of her merities rare,
 And worthy patterns of her clemencies;
 Which vntill this day mongt many lining are,
 VWho them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
 Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
 To seek for succour of her and her Peares,
 With humble prayers and intreatfull reares;
 Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
 Her lood, 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 floure, before this fatal teene
 Them ouertooke, and their faire blossoms blasted,
 More happy mother would her surly weene,
 Then famous *Trobes*, before the tasted
Latonas childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
 Had left her now but siue of all that brood;
 For, twelue of them he did by times deuote,
 And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
 VVhil' st he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
 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 thre, 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 drad,
 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
 Artyung, to his kyne for food allynd;
 The fayrest kyne alius, 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 walkt about them euer and anon,
 With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begoten by great *Zyphus*,
 And sentle *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 sad land, where he his fire did quell,
 And came to this, where *Belgé* then did dwell,
 And florist 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 forrein foes,
 That should their powre against her right oppose.
 Whereof the glad, now needing strong defence,
 Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose:
 Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence,
 The better to confirme her fearlessse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit
 All to his hands, and gaue him foueraine powre
 To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.
 Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
 To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,
 Giuing her dearest children one by one
 Vnto a 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 great *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 gift:
 To whom their fate they humbly did present,
 In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst

Empire
 of Spaine

15
Among 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 heare;
Nor undertake the fame, for coward feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admy'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 armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heaueus faire,
VVhen he was ready to his speed to mount,
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17
Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him royall gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind betwene,
And leauing *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 fill prepare.
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 pleasant soyle, and Citie glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty to sore the drad,
That to those fennes for safenece she did fly,
And there her selfe did hide from his bad tyranny.

19
There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitary without liuing wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
Shee gan take heart, and looke vp ioyfully:
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,
Sayd 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 turue, and tunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21
Then turning vnto him; And you Sir Knight;
Sayd she, that taken haue thus toyle some paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight, of gaine
May you in heauen in mortall guerdon gaine
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:
For other need may hope for none of mine,
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine;
And that to wretched one, as yet hee see
Is liker lingring death, then deathed life to bee.

22
Much was he moued with her pitious plight;
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty speed,
Gan to comfort 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 she 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 Citiees lackt, and their sky-threatening towres?
Roted, and made in smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely the marshes, and many boggs,
In which the fearefull cwtises do build their bowres;
Yield me an hostry amongst the croking frogs;
And harbour heere in safety from those rauinous dogs?

24
Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe;
Some place shall vs receiue, and harbor yeeld;
If not, we will it force, mauger you foe;
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:
And if all faile, yet farewell 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 & weeces, forth with him wends.

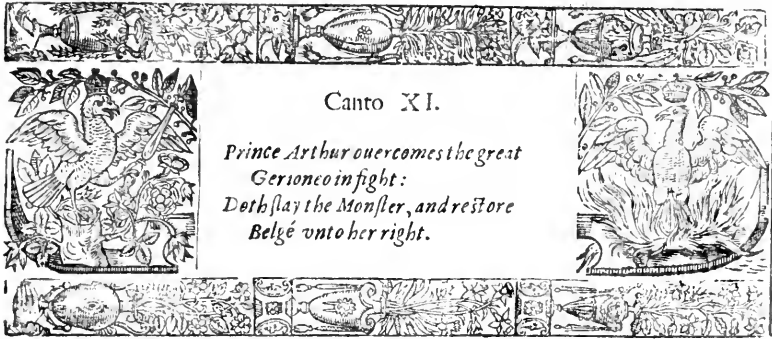
25
They came vnto a Citie faire vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had been:
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced clean:
Her stately towres, and buildings lunn; sitene;
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had been,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

26
That Castle was the strength of all that State,
Vntill that State by strength was pulled downe:
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended beaueus list to lowe
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne.
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do coniuere,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

- 27
 But he had brought it now in feruile 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, tull rich besene,
 On which that cursed Idole farre proclaimed,
 He hath set vp, and him his god hath named,
 Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
 The flesh of men, to Gods owne likeness 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 scene 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 Senesch all of draded might,
 That by his powre oppressed euery one,
 And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
 To whom he woult shew all the shame 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 to 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,
 Effoones 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 delpight,
 Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
 Into 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 Princes; 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 thraldome bound,
 To wander in the grieufully shades of night.
 There did the Prince him leaue in deadly swoond,
 And thence vnto the Castle marched right,
 To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.
- 34
 But as he nigher drew, these 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 at once on him enchaince,
 As three great Culuerings for batterly bent,
 And leuc'd all against one certaine place,
 Doe all at once their thunders rage forth-rent,
 That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.
- 35
 So all at once they on the Prince did thonder;
 VVho from his saddle swarurd nought a side,
 Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
 But like a Bulwark, firmly did abide;
 Rebouting 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 carry them away;
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
 To be aueng'd of their vnknighly 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 carkeasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
 His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.
- 37
 The other which was entred, laboured fast
 To sperr the gate; but that same lump of clay,
 VVhose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
 Right in the middell 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 oppose against his powre, he forth issued
 Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
 And her gan cheare, with what she there had viewed,
 And what she had not scene, within vnto her shewed.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
For to great prauellie, as he there had proued, ...
Much greater then was due in her weeing,
With great admirance inwardly was moued,

And honourd him, with all that her behoued,
Thenceforth into that Castle he her leu'd,
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
Gerion in fight:
Dethslay the Monster, and restore
Belgé vnto her right.*

T Ofte fals in course of common life,
That right, long time is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auerice, 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 lad *Belgé* seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And lent redress 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 tennel hall lowe on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and friske in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle vnfound;
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better chaire.

Nathelesse, himselfe he armed all in haste,
And forth he fard with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had,
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate;
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatening bade
Deliu'r 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 streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;
And asked him, if that he were the lame,

Who all that wrong vnto that wo'sull 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 hand.

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 quite:
That the bold Prince was forced foot to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despite;
The whil't at him to 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 shut from side to side,
From hand to hand, and with such nimble flesy
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which vncouth vfe when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wadding of his hand,
Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he sawe the stroke to deuid,
He would it meet, and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to shift,
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 sodainely 'taunge himselfe againe,
 Gan into one assemblé all the might
 Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
 But the sad steele 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 eke 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 enraun'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 luckled to his gear;
 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' Adamaatine shield, which he did beare,
 So well was tempered, that (for all his maue)
 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 importuoc might,
 That two mote of his armes did fall away,
 Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets slyght
 Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
 Like a fell maffie through enraging heat,
 And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
 Against his gods, and sic to them did threat,
 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,
 Enwall'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 the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people both of towne and land,
 Which there flood gazing from the Cities wall
 Vpon these warriours, greedy t'nderstand
 To whether should the victory befall:
 Now when they sawe it false, they eke him greeted all.

16

But *Belge*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe
 Before his feet, in all that peoples sight, (wo.
 Mongt ioyes mixing some tears, mongt 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 weake impes replanted by thy might;
 What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
 But euen that which thou fawcst, 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 to requight,
 But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thank him for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus farr haue tendred my poore case,
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
 Till ye haue rooted all the relikes out
 Of that vile race, and stablished 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 defend,
 And feeds on all the carcasses, that die
 In sacrifice vnto that curled feend:
 Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,
 That euer leapt: 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 lawe of masse 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 islewd, from vnder th'Altars Imooke,
 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 terride, that feared nothing ill.

23
 An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
 Was stretched forth, that nigh filld all the place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
 Horrible, hideous, and of helish 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 ruine 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 empiht;
 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 loofe, but suffred deadly doole.
 So also did this Monster vie like flight.
 To many a one, which came into her school,
 Whom she did put to death, deceued like a fool.

26
 She coming forth, when as the first beheld
 The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
 Her ready to assaile, was greatly wond.
 And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
 That back she would haue turnd for great affright.
 But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
 That fore't her turne againe in her despight,
 To laue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
 And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd 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 reave out of the hand, that did it hend.
 Strongly he strove 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 feete 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 flugge, and stand halfe aghast
 With trembling joynts, as he for terror shooke;
 Who nought was terride, but greater courage tooke.

29
 As when the Mast of some well rimbed 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,
 Whilst still she stands as stomie 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 ioyned 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 *Belge* selfe was therewith stonied fore,
 As if the onely found thereof she feard.
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
 Vpoo 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 thown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31
 But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
 Vnder her wombe his fatal sword he thrust,
 And for her entrails 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 fish, and poyson therewith rufht,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

32
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 whaped 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 dard.

33
Whom when she sawe so 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 to costly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathly toyle.

34
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 euellasting prayle,
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

35
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 iourney him adrest,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

36
But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weat, to worke *Irenas* 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.

37
There as he trauid 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 soveraine Queene her suite for to commend.

38
V Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight aliué,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hitter drue,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is the thrall, or doth she not suruive?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and found;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

39
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 vnrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come: where she (affraid of nought)
By guilefull treason and by subtilt sight
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprisonment had, and her life oftent fought.

40
And now he hath to her prefirst a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battalious array
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby. Those tydings sad
Did much abash Sir *Arthegall* to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and wlage bad.

41
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 wote sicke vnto me, ye heauens, that knew
How eere I am from blame of this vpbraid:
For, ye into like thalldome me did throwe,
And kept from accomplishing the faith, which I did owe.

42
But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tydings to assit 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.

43
Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then said:
For I liue till those ten dayes haue end,
A sure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,
Though I this deare life for her do spend;
So backward he atone with him did wend,
Tho, as they tole together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confulse 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 chusing to and fro,
That fought with lawlesse poure him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And fure away, amid their rake-hell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hand
To him for ayd, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

45
Yet still he strives, ne any petril spares,
To rescue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadful 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 beat,
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 safety 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 shafte began to lay about;
From whose fierne pretence 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 sauing him from dangrous depaure
Of those, which fought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* did then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfure,
And who he was, and what those villains were,
The which with mortall malice him purtu'd so neere.

49
To whom he thus; My name is *Barbon* hight,
VVell knowne, and far renowned here tofore,
Vntill late mischiefe did vpon me light,
That all my former prais hath blemisht fore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
= Ye with those caytives sawe *Flous dela* 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 fure 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
Entyce her, to him to: to accord.
(O! who may not w th gifts and words be temptet?)
Sith which, she hath me euer since abhorit,
And to my foe hath guilefully contented:
Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51
And now he hath this troupe of vllaines sent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gunt 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*, forlorne
Your owne good shield in dangerous difmay;
That is the greatest shame and toulest scorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may,
To lose the badge, that should his deeds display,
To whom Sir *Barbon*, blessing halfe for shame,
That shall I vnto you, quoth he, hewray;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deem it doon of wil, that through inforcement came.

53
Truc is, that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcroffe*;
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a shield, in which he did entolde
His decre Redecmers badge vpon the baffe:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith *Grantorto* scilicet 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 enmie,
That bloody leuchin being battered fore,
I laid aside, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtayned:
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;
For, she by force is still from me detayned,
And with corrupted bribes is to vntuith mist-trained.

55
To whom thus *Arthegall*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought to hard may light,
That it to such a straight mote you conlaine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours title, that is your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in distadantrous field;
Dye rather, then do ought, that mote dishonour yeeld.

56
 Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,
 My former shield I may resume againe:
 To temporize is not from truth to sweue,
 Ne for aduar taget terme to entertaine,
 When as needfull doth it conframe,
 Fic on such forgery, said *Arthegall*,
 Vnder one hood to shadow faces twalne.
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
 Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

57
 Yet let me you of curtesie request,
 Said *Burbon*, to assist me now at need
 Against these peasants, which hate me oppress:
 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,
 Off fyes 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 flic, 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,
 Gant which no sight nor rescue mote auaille,
 Made cruell haucke 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 brode:
 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 tight,
 But that those villens through their vjage bad
 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 sice, 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 forelore
 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 charge 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 *Phabus* lampe doth shine more
 (clare.

63
 VVhy then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
 Vnto a strangers loue, so 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 sold,
 And honour with indignity debafed:
 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 gent mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
 Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
 But hanging downe her head with heavy 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 vnpietied 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 tumult.
 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 Bourbon 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 raiguel
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 *Geriannes* found,
Who for like cauie faire *Belig* did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly conſound:
And ſo be now *Grantorto*, who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outrageouneſſe.

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 forſaekt. But now time drawing on,
To him aſſynd, her high becheſt to doo,
To the ſea ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weete, if ſhipping ready he mote there deſcrie.

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;
Vvhercaſ they ready found, them to repell,
Great hoſtes of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbade to land, and footing did forſtall.

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 thofe troupes in view,
Did win the ſhore, whence he them chaſt 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 thofe, which earſt did ſie away for feare
Of their arrivall: where-with troubled fore,
He all his forces ſtreight to him did reare,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to haue iocountred, 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 bruſt, and battered them without remouſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horſe,
That they lay 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 allwaie
Their forces ſurie, and their terror ſlake:
Till he an Herald call'd, and to him ſpake,
Vviling 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 *Irenact* 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 convenient to areed,
In which, they two the combat might darraine,
Which message when *Granorto* heard, full faine
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. (faine
But yet olde *Sergis* did so well him paine,
That from clofe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull 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 noae tydings bore
Of *Arthegalls* arrivall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full fore;
VVening her lifes last hour 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 receive the doom of her decay,
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Arthegall*, in battalious array
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 witheted 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
Disperses the glory of her leaves gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
VVhen *Arthegall* the sawe in that array,
There wayting 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 rustie 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 Giant for his monstrous bight,
And did in strength most forts of men surpass,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight;
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,
That could haue fraid one with the very fight,
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' *Elfo* swayne, that oft had scene like fight,
Was with his ghalty count'naunce nothing queld,
But gan him straight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

17
The Trumpets sound, 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 thick 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 thund his strokes, where-euer they did fall,
And way did gine vnto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth see
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and wereth his main-sheat,
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 woundes 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,
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud, thence gushing grievously,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple die:
Therewith 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 with his hand the blowe his shield did cast,
Which thereon teizing, tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein did sticke to fast,
That by no meanes 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 *Ashegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was there-with to fore,
He gaue him let driue more herely 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 from doubtful stead.
Again, whiles he him saw to ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,
He 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 ioyfulnesse
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 founded 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 kingdomes 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 busie paine
How to reforme that tagged Common-weale:
And that same iron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he feat,
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull 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 euenies clowd still dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heaviness.

28
Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whenceforth he set,
He had not pass'd farre vpon the strand,
When-as two old ill fauour'd Flays he met,
By the way side being together set,
Two grieufully creatures; and, to 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 dulleyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mishap much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: 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 she 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 sit
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like Puttocks claws: with th' one of which she
Her curted 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 poison dropping lothsomly.

31
Her name was *Envy*, knownen well thereby;
Whose 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 entrails 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 bend,
Then would she mly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her flesh for felicitie, which she inward hid:
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 thee;
Agreeing 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, (reueal'd)
That all thee fought, 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 thee heard of any,
Shee would it ecke, & make much worfe by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That euery matter worfe was for her melling.
Her name was light *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 fame, 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 sharpe 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, but spils,
And faimes to weaue 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 wanted 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 beene two shepheards cures, had scide
A rauencous Wolfe amongst the feathered flocks,
And *Envy* first, as she 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 she does take,
The which wyleare she was to greedily
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen toake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully.
The curst Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chaw'd thereon, 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, gin him reuile,
And foully raile, with all she could invent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And soule abuson both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stained with reprochefull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traines hauing surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

41
There-to the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barks 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 traine.

42
And still among, most bitter words they spake,
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
That they the mildest man aliu would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that so false slanders at him threw.
And more, to make the pearce & wound more deepe,
Shee with the sting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in flesh poyson steepe:
Yet he 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 deseru'd,
VVould her haue chastiz'd with his iron saile,
If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preferu'd,
And him forbidden, who his heaft obseru'd.
So much the more at him still did the fould,
And stones did cast, yet be for nought would swerue
From his right courie, 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.

THe 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
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, & chears my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps, that on *Pernasse* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches faire excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly furie into them infuse;
Guide ye in my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,
No 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,
VWhere it in siluer bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdain.

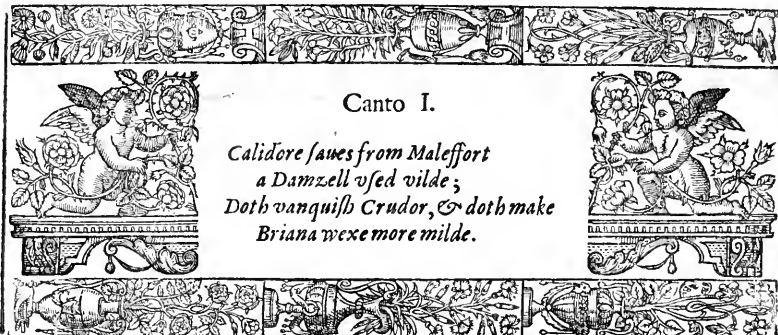
Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, beeing deriu'd at first
From heauenly seedes of bounty soueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurs't,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,
Then is the bloosme of comely curtesie;
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 plentifully seeme,
Yet beeing matcht with plainc Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained shewes esteerne,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeerne.

But in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is bought but forgerie,
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 seat is deepe within the mind,
And not in outward shewes, but inward thoughts defin'd.
But

But where shall I in all Antiquity
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
 The goodly prafe of Princely curtesie,
 As in your felicitie, ô soveraigne Lady *Queene*?
 In whole pure mind, as in a mirror sheene,
 It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
 But meriteth indeed an higher name:
 Yc to from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to your selfe do it returne 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.



Court, it seemes, men Courtesie do call,
 For that it there most vseth to abound;
 And well befemeth, that in Princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the
 And root of ciuill conuersation. (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.

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
 Then *Calidore*, beioued over all:
 In whom, it seemes, that gentleness of spirit
 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 battalous affray,
 That him did much renowne, and far his fame display.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady foud
 In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,
 For his faire visage and condition found,
 The which in all mens liking gained place,
 And with the greatest, purchast 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.

And now he was in trauell on his way,
 Vpon an hard adventure sore befad,
 VWhen-as by chance 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 lptight:

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 emprize,
 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.

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
 To tread an endlesse 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 befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be restifide.
 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 him overtake, or else subdued:
 Yet knowe I neuer how, or in what place,
 To finde him out; yet still I forward trace.
 Wheras 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 soule commixture of his filthy blot:
 Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
 Till he to perfect tipencife 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 fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then sene the salvage Iland I did leane;
 Said *Arthegall*, I such a Beast did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,
 That all in spight and malice did agree,
 With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
 But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
 Did not 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 Arthegall*,
 And keepe your body from the danger that ad:
 For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;
 So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted feuerall.

Sir Calidore thence trauctled 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 pittious sound
 Of his still cries him called by 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 misdeiert,
 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 Cattle strong,
 VVhich doth of seruice a custome lewd and ill,
 And it hath long maintind 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 locks doe sturue away;
 And that bright beard for to, which they for passage

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
 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 *Briana* light,
 Then which a prouder Lady liueth 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 *Crudor*, who through high disdain
 And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mind,
 Refused hath to yield her loue againe,
 Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,
 VVith beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd
 Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
 And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,
 Calld *Malesfort*, a man of mickle might,
 VVho executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

He, this same day, as I that way did come
 With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
 In execution of her lawlesse doome,
 Did leaue vs vs flying both for feare:
 For, little bootes against his hand to reare,
 Me first he tooke, vnable to withstand;
 And whiles he her pursued every where,
 Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
 Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue found.

Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a rarefull 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 cry to left,
 They saw that Caste from farre, with hand vnblest
 Halting that mayden by the yellow haire,
 That all her garments hom her snowy breast,
 And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
 Ne would he spare her pittie, nor refraine for feare.

VVhich haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
 Esteemes he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
 With hearts dismay, and inward dolour queld,
 For to pursue that villaine, which had rest
 That pitous spoile by to iniurious theft,
 Whom overtaking, louder to him he cride;
 Leafe by or quickly that misgotten weite,
 To him that hath it better in thine hand,
 And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art deside.

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 captiue that desist 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 fro me free.

VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as vntayd,
 And oft recoile to shunne his sharpe despight.
 But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirit par'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.

Like as a water streame, whose swelling furfe
 Shall driue 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,
 VVho as he full decayd, fo he encreased more.

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 constraine,
 His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.
 Whome *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,
 Hec him pursu'd and chased through the Plaine,
 That be for dread of death gan loude to cry
 Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 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 carcase tumbling downe within the dore,
 Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
 That it could not be shut, whilst *Calidore*
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Steare, in heat of Sommers day,
 With 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 vncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and soule vpbraide with faulty blame.

Falfe traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,
 But some of armes, that hast with guilty hand
 Murdred my men, and flaine my Seneschall;
 Now comma'tt thou to rob my house vnmansly
 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, yett shame shall thee with shame re-

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 curtsie,
 No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame forgoe
 This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
 And doe in stead thereof mild cur'tsie shoue
 To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine
 More then his loue, which thus yefecke t'obtaine.
 Where-with, all full of wrath, she thus replyd;
 Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much disdaine
 Thy courteous lore, that doost my loue deride,
 Who scornes thy idle scoffe, and bids thee be decide.

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 eart' ye spake me so deface.

With that, a Dwarfie she cald to her in haste,
 And taking from her hand a ring of gold
 (A priuy token which betweene 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,
 VVo through strong powre had now herselfe in hold,
 Hauing late flaine her Seneschall in fight,
 And all her people murdred with outrageous might.

The Dwarfie his way did halte, and went all night;
 But *Calidore* did with her there abide
 The comming of that so much threatned Knight,
 Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pride,
 And soule entreaty him indignifide,
 That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:
 Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guide,
 Did well endure her womanish disdainie,
 And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

³¹
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 alme or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he willed her doe away all dread;
And that of him shee mote assured stand,
He sent to her his balencet, as a faithfull band.

³²
Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,
And gan t'argument her bitteresse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayd 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.

³³
Well weend he fraight, that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maineaine;
Ne said to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymett in midst of the Plaine,
VVith so fell fury and despitious force,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,
Neither of othertaking pittie nor remorse.

³⁴
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 wight to wound.
But when *Briana* saw that dreary found,
There where shee 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.

³⁵
Nath'lesse, at length himselfe he did vp-reare
In lustlesse wife; 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 thooke off lusksifnesse, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foot then horseback would ensw.

³⁶
There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for maistery of might.
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Whch as it still increas'd, so still increas'd
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releas'd,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers temper ceas'd.

³⁷
Thus, long they trac't and traueit 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 nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeance, 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.

³⁸
At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie
Attonee did vmaet, with all their power and might,
Thinking the vtmost of their force to try,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quick of fight,
And nimble handed then his enemy,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet mote him formerly,
That made him stoop to ground with meeke humility.

³⁹
And ere he could recouer foot againe,
He following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he prouching cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlae'c
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.

⁴⁰
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 earne.

⁴¹
For, nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'ie 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 learn'd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is fraile, and full of sicklenesse,
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;
What hapst to day to me, to morrow may to you.

⁴²
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 eury stead and found.

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 sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
VVithoutten dowre or compolition;
But to releafe his former foule condition.

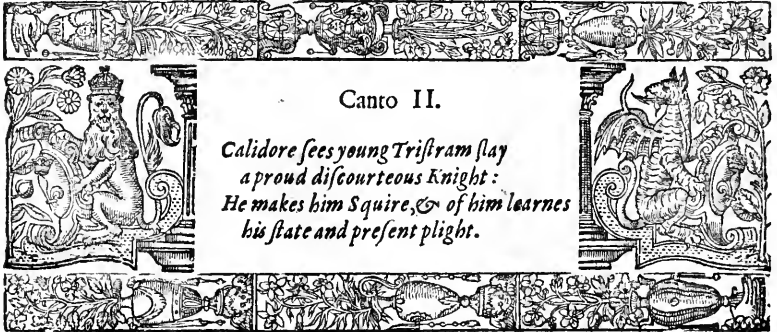
44
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Binding himselte most firmly to obey,
He vp arose, how euer life or loth,
And iwore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull distmay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who coming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* 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 faine,
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 euermore;
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

47
But *Calidore*, himselte would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;
But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Senelchall he lately freed,
And to his danzell, as their rightfull need,
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
What 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 euery deed, and word that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did seale 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 vncomely fray,
 And to 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 my 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 siluer lace;
 And on his head a hood with agetles sprad,
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of colliclt cordwaine,
 Pinkt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle swaine;
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whole fellow he before had sent apart;
 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 eyed,
 At length bespake; What meanes 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 againe,
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
 May witnesse well; did offer first to wrong,
 Nefurely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
 But he me first, through pride and pinnance 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 sterne vp-rore.

That shall I sooth say he, to you declare,
 I, whole vnripe yeeres are yet vnfit
 For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
 Do spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
 To saluage chase; where I thereon in my hit
 In all this forest, and wilde woody raine,
 Where, as this day I was entrangit in,
 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 this 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 increafe 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 taunses vnto his teeth againe,
 That he straightway with haughty choler burned,
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
 Which I, enforce't 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 broke.
 Yet vnto 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 whitel, 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 gaue: (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 itreuocable,
 Please it you Lady, to vs to aread,
 What cause could make him to dishonourable,
 To driue you from foot vnfit to read
 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 selfe to clere,
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

16

This day, as he and I together went
 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 lours, free from all iolous spies:
 Fa're was the Lady sure, that more 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 pretence he did spy
 To be a let, he bade me by and by
 For to aight: but when as I was loth,
 My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
 He with strong hand downe f'rd his steed me throw' th,
 And wth presumptuous powe against that knight straig' t

18

Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete
 For Ladies seruice, and for lous delight,
 Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:
 Where of he taking oddes, straight bids him dight
 Him selfe to yeeld his Loue, or else to fight.
 Whereat the other strutting vp disdain'd,
 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
 Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
 He him requested, 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 highly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
 Ne true would giue, nor any tearmes aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him more;
 From which to thinke to saue him selfe, it bootet not,

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,
 Whil' st they together for the quarry stroue,
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
 And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.
 My Knight, hers foone (as seeme) to danger droue,
 And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan rouse,
 And range through all the wood, where to he wist
 Shee hidden was, and fought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
 A'ter 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 bare the packe,
 Stroue to appeale him, and perswaded long
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
 When forward we should fare, he flarre 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 enforce't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met;
 And being mou'd with pity of my plight,
 Spake as was meet, for ease of my regret:
 Whereof befell, what now is in your sight,
 Now ture, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
 Me seemes, that him selfe fell 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 him selfe so stoutly well acquit;
 Seeing his face so louely ierme and coy,
 And hearing th' answers of his pregent wit,
 He pray'd it much, and much admired it:
 That ture he weend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly sit:
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these words, as to him seem'd good:

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faire,
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost won,
 Which daily may to thy sweet lookes repaire,
 As they are wont vnto *Latomæ's* loe,
 After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don:
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 As be thy worth thou worthy hast vnto,
 Or surely borne of som *Herodick* seed,
 That in thy face appeares, and gracious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee to tell
 (Vnto 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 beate,
 And with thee growe in worship and great weale,
 For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
 I neuer saw in any, greater hoop appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be
 Sir Knight, that by discourcing my estate,
 Harme may arise vnto mee;
 Nath'lesse, sith ye so courteous seem'd late,
 To you I will not feare it to relate.
 Then wote ye, that I am a *Baton* borne,
 Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
 Or fortune I my country haue forlorne,
 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 rage
 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 thenight
 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 forraine Land, where-as no need
 Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30
 So, taking counsell of a wife 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 *Faery*, where no night
 Should weete of mee, or worke me any wrong.
 To whose wife read the hearking, 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 saluage chace amongst my peres,
 Of all that rangeth in the Forrest Greene;
 Of which, none is to me vnknoone, that ev'r was seene.

32
 Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on perch,
 Whether high towing, 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, yett 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 battailous 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 easte he gan 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 swear
 Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all;
 And neuer to be recreant, for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
 Full glad and ioyous then young *Trifram* grew,
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,
 Long shut vp in the bud from 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 euery 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 daughty 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 seruice faine,
 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 despoyleing 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 trauid'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, saie vpon the ground
 His wofull Lady, pittiously complayning
 With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constraying
 To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
 Which sory sight when *Calidore* did view
 With heavy cyne, from teares vneath refraying,
 His mighty hart their mournfull caic 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 vnearm'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 lory ba: t few heavy words forth fight.

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 reauie
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
 Yet when she fled into that couert greage,
 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.

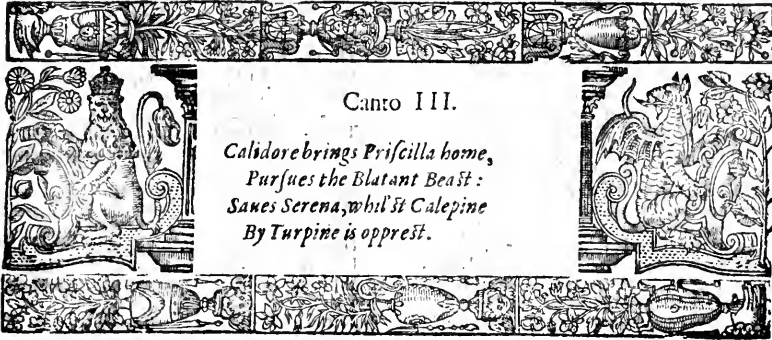
She then, like as she best could vnderstand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quattered a thwart, and bearing in his target
 A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a sommer barge.

45
 Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse straightway,
 By many signes which she described had,
 That this was he, whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
 And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:
 For, he that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
 Is now himselve 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 herselfe in that sad dreare.

47
 Yet could she not deuise by any wit,
 How thence she might conuay 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 opprest.*

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet said,
The gentle mind by getle 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, sel some teene, a trotting Stallion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So sel some teene, that one in balencle set
Doth noble cottage shew, with courteous manners mett.

But euer more contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle maoniers breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deseride,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete 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 *Aodus* 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 iuly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so doolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; Ah lory 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 forrowings,
In stead of comfort; which we should embrace:
This is the state of *Keasars* and of Kings,
Let none therefore, that is in meener place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlukey case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his gricfe, 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 pensine thought,
With thinking to what case her name should now be

For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt therein by, who fought her to affie
To a great Peere: but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But low'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her nic,
The lusty *Aladine*; though meener 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 pretumption
The gentle *Aladine* did carst mouade,
Being vnarm'd, and set in seeret shade.
Where of the now bethinking, gan t' aduize,
How great a hazard she at carst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan deuize,
How she the blame might salue with coloured 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 them, and so well she watch him,
That of the deadly swoun, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispatch him,
And droue 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, she 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
Ech others grieue with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equal care to cast,
How to salue whole her hazardd 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 butt
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 vnto his former way.

14
But first him seem'd fit that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salue him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely Lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And mou'd speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to ouer-passe:
Mongit which he namely did to him discourse,
Of former dayes mishap, his sorrowes wicked course.

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 besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To life-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 passed 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 flight,
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 passed thorough that dayes paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensive man, throgh 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:
Witnesse thercof 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 aduaunce.
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 cautious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becoming her degree.

21
To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie;
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 wits and goodly wit,
He soon allayd that Knights conceit'd displeasure,
That he beought him downe by him to sit,
That they more 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 fate, 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 duets flowres distinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as hiking led
Her waucring 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 *Blatant Beast*, forth rushing vnaware,
Caught her thus loofely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud, to fiew her sad misfayre
Vnto the Knights, and calling off for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily 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 chace,
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 nathelless, 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 lites were nigh a wonder brast.

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 gup't with grieuful wound,
His weapons loone 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 mansion of mortality.
Then vp heooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And letting on his steed, her did sustaine
With careful hands looting foot her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

29
Now when as *Pharbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his *Inne* began to drawe apace;
Tho, waxing weary of that toyle some paine,
In traucelling on foot so long a space,
Not wou on foot with heauy 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 stound,
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)
Beought 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 safe 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 raine.
With which rude speech his Lady much displeas'd,
Did him reprove, yet could him not restraime,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue cald,
For pity of his Dame, whom she sawe so diseald.

33
 Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet, inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentleness refused,
 And carelesly into the riuers goth,
 As in despite 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 vpriight,
 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 despight,
 He laugh't, and mock't 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
 Vnknightly 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 threatfull words at all,
 But laugh't them out, as if his greater pride
 Did scorne the challenge of to safe 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,
 Nachelesse 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 sterne
 In all assaies to euery errant Knight,
 Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight,
 Ill fecemes, said he, if he so valiant be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger 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 leave 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 groomme 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 vngentle 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 awit reclame.
 Which answer when the groomme, 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 mischiefe to redresse,
 But th' 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 bedight,
Sirena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darknesse dead, and hope of liuing light,
Vpcre'd her head to see that cheerfull sight.
Then Calepine, how-cuer 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 journey 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 sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:
Till that at length, in his extreme 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 mistoubling, 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 malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, abide the bitter stoure

Of his fore vengeance, or to make aouore
Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life atonce; who nought could do, but shuin
The perill of his pride, or else be ouer-run.

49
Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill;
And like a wilde goate round about did chase,
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 felicitie 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 chesew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his speare
Strook through his shoulder, that the bloud enfew'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 crye;
Not satisfide till on the fatal ground
He saw his life pourd forth despiteously:
The which was certes in great iopardie,
Had not a woodrous chance his reskew wrought,
And sued from his cruell villany.
Such chances oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto shal to end be brought.

Canto IIII.

*Calepine by a saluage man
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,
Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some silver barked neere 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 runne,
 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 *Calopino* 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 gentleffe knew,
 Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
 Was much enmoued 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 purue:
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

4

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
 Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
 But naked without needfull vestiments,
 To clad his corpe with meet habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,
 No more then for the strokes of staves or bents:
 For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

5

He stayd not to aduize, which way were 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 at care;
 Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6

With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
 Like to a Tygre that hath mist 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 loofe, or leaue his caterprise.

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 hal'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 switt 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 flight.
 Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succeed,
 Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
 And shrieked out; a thing vncomefly 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, euer 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 encombease she did see,
 And perill by this saluage man pretended;
 Gantt whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
 By reason that her Knight was wounded sore.
 Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
 To Gods sole grace, whom she 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
 Offenselisse 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 winning neare:
 To which he easily did them perswade.
 Farre in the Forrest by a hollow glade,
 Couered with mossie shrubs, which spreading broad
 Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;
 Where foot of liuing creature neuer troad, (boode.
 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 n. offe 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 bechast.

15
 Yet howsoeuer hate and meane it were,
 Theyooke it well, and thanked God for all ;
 Which had them free'd from that deadly teare,
 And free'd from being to that cautiue 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 abler be to pass: vnto the rest.

16
 During which time, that wilde man did apply
 His best endeavour, and his d.uly paine,
 In seeking all the woods both furre and nye
 Firrberbs to drisse their wounds ; still seeming faire,
 When ought he did, that did their liking gaue,
 So as ere long he had that Knights wound
 Recured with, and made him whole againe :
 But that same Ladies hurt no berbe he found,
 Which could redresse, for it was inward y vnfound.

17
 Now when as Calpine was woken strong,
 Vpon a day he call brood to wend,
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Vntill, as teazing neyther for nor frond,
 And without sword his periton to defend,
 There him beset, vnlooked for before,
 An fad aduencure with v. happy end,
 A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his bloody sawes, beprinkled all with gore.

18
 The little babe did loudly scrike and squall,
 And all the woods with pittious plunts did fill,
 As if his crye did meane for help: to call
 To Calpine what care shoulde thine chere shrill
 Pearsing his heart with pitties point did thrill ;
 That 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 pant :
 For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,
 Them wont to weate, and wend on foot for need ;
 Now wanting them he felt himselfe to light,
 That like an Hawke, which feeling her selfe freed
 From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his teet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20
 So well he sped him, that the weary Beare
 Ere long he ouer-rooke, and for't to stay ;
 And without weapon him assaying n. arc,
 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 ctoffed in his way,
 Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse
 To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21
 But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismayd :
 But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
 Which lay theret y (so for vnc 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 cumbred did behold,
 Struing in vaine that ough his bowels brast,
 He with him los'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 enforced to breath his vtmost 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, sweet telcks 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 stay :
 And euery little limbe he searcht around,
 And euery part, that vnder tweath-bands lay,
 Least that the bests shape 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 gaue :
 But when he lookt about on euery side,
 To weet which way were best to enteruaine,
 To bring him to the place where he would faue,
 He could no path nor tract of foot delery,
 Ne by inquiry learne e. nor ghesse by ayme.
 For, nought but woods and Forrest: furre and nye,
 That all about did clothe the compass 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 weaty trauell and vncertaine toyle,
 Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end ;
 And euen more his l.vely little 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,
Him/elfe out of the forest he did winde,
And by good fortune the plaine Champain woonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote 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 deide.

27
To whom approching, when as she perceiued
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to haue been deuiued,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed,
Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd
He roler 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 cast ared to right?
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redress'd be by liuing wight,
Nath'lesse, quoth he, if need do not you bind,
Doc it dislose, to ease your grieved spright:
Oft-times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind
Find remedy vnought, which seeking cannot find.

29
Then thus began the lamentable Dame,
Sith then ye needs will knowe the griefe I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Giant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did ouerthrowe by ynder foord,
And in three battailes did lo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne 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 ouer-throwe
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 retaine
In th' heritage of our vnhappy paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
To leape into the lame after our lues 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 lame he greatly doth to thinke,
Yet was it said, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not 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 propheside,
That from his side some noble childe should rise,
The which, through fame should larre be magnifide,
And this proud Giant should with braue empirie
Quite ouerthrowe, who now gunnes to despise
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise,
Lo, this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus do moune, & poure forth cealesse teares.

34
Which when he heard, he inly touch'd was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe;
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 chew'd her, thus said; Faire Dame,
In euils, countell is the comfort chiefe;
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 childre, 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 enchace
What-auer formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now lost and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in chouldry,
Or nouise vp in lore of learn'd Philofophy.

36
And certes it hath often-times been seene,
That of the like whose linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble Knights haue raised beinge
(As their victorions deeds haue often shouen),
Being with fame through many Nations blowen;
Then those, which haue been dandled in the lap;
Therefore some thought, that those braue iumps were
Here by the gods, and fed with heuently sup,
That made them grow to high, all honorable hap.

37
The Lady, hearkning to his fensfull speech,
Found nothing that he said, vnmeet nor reason,
Huiing 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 th' it lame babe accept,
As of her owne by loey vs Meisn;
And hauing ouer it a little wept,
She bare it thence, and euer as her owne it kept,

Right

38

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skill'd ought:
Ne she life glad; for, she to 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 to well vp-brought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deeds, the which elswhere are shown.

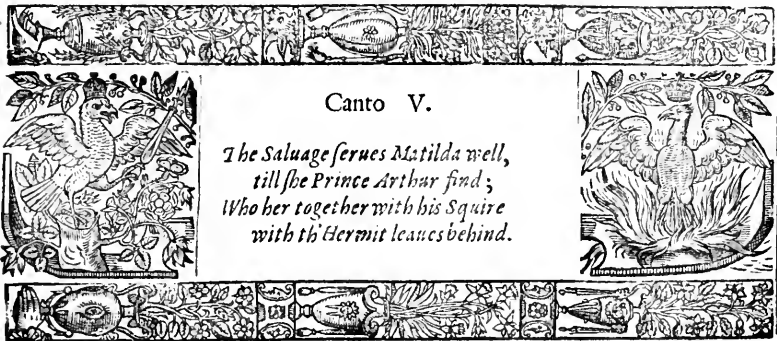
39

But *Calepine*, now beeing left alone
Vnder the green-woods side in forry plight,
VVithouten armes or sled to ride vpon,
Or hou'e to hide his head from heauens spight,

Albe that Dame (by all the meanes thenought)
Him oft desired home with her to wend;
And offred him (his courtie to require)
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 is 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 tosse;
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would sett, ne lig in ease enbest,
Till that his Ladies fight he more attaine.
Or vnderstand, that the 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't
And wretched iorowes, 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 playoly 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 thither came:
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3

Whe, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayed,
Did wepe 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 elle 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 to lament,
By which the well perceluing wha was done,
Gan teare her hoyte, and all her garrēt's rent,
And beat her breste, and pittously her selfe torment.

5

Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardless of her wounds, yet bleding rife,
That with theire blood did all the floore imbrewe,
As it her breast, new launc't with murderous knife,
Would straight disledge the wretched weary life.
There the long growching, and deep groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

E. e.

Whom

6
Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distressed,
He reared her vp from the bloudy ground,
And fought by all the meanes that he could best
Her to recure out of that itony wound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient sound,
But day and night did vex her careful 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 lo long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:
And beeing thereon mounted, forth did passe,
VVithouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8
VVhom when her Hostfaw ready to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselte adreste to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whylear
Had left behind, he gan estfoones prepare,
And put them all about him selte vnst,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:
Sir *Calepine* himselte away had hidden it.

9
So forth they traueled, an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men seem an vnouth fight;
A Saluage 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 reed;
And straight his combrous armes aside did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dread,
And in his homely wyze began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11
Bout which whil't he was busied thus hard,
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
VVhich seem'd 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 require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By strange occasion, that here needs forth be fet.

12
After that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphabé*, (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 vnjust detraction him did beard;
Yet he him selfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soueraine liking he dwelt cuermore.

13
But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie en'mies did him most despight;
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded ceke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To ouerthrowe, but to supplant by flight.
The first of them by name was call'd *Despetto*,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second nor so strong, but wise, *Decesto*;
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Desetto*.

14
Of'times their sundry powers they did employ,
And feuerall deceits, but all in vaine:
For, neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine.
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsell's now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaue.
The *Blatant Beest* the fittest meanes 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 forreit 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 vnouth 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 flight; (drew,
Who through thick wood & brakes and briers him
To weary him the more, and waste his spight;
So that he now has almost spent his spight.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further flight:
There his three foes, shrowded in gulefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharply

18
Sharply they all atonce did him assayle,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
VVith fo huge force, that seemed nothing might
Bears off their blowes from piercing thorough quite.
Yet he them all fo 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 Pull, that heeing at a bay,
Is baited of a massiffe and a hound,
And a cure-dog; that doe him sharpe assay
On euey 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 chaffe he diges the trampled ground,
And thraats his horns, & bellows like the thonder;
So did that Squire his foes diserte, and driue atonder.

20
Him well behoued fo; for, his three foes
Sought to encompass him on euey side,
And dangerously did round about enclose;
But most of all *Desetto* him annoyd,
Creeping behind, him still to haue destroyed:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent;
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 tyr'd 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 steed, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be vpon his gaid;
With noise where of 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
Morgst many foes, himselfe did faster hit,
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 think them to pursue,
The court was fo thick, 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 with his armes entire,
Him thus bespake: My life, in y lifes desire,
VVhy haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what wretches 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 tyne:
To whom the Squire nought answered againe;
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restrain,
And shut vp all his plaint in prouie paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.
After all which, vp to their steeds they went,
And forth together tode a comely complement.

25
So now they were arrived 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 true wond.
Which when the Squire beheld, he ro them stept,
Thinking to take them from that hiding bound:
But he n seeing, lightly to him lept,
And iterally 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 vnwares on th'head he strooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
Whene soone vpstarting, 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 auengement stayd.

27
VVith that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:
VWho to them stepping did them soone diuide,
And did from further violence restrain,
Albe the wilde-man hardly would retrace.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,
VVhat and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him the 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 driuen to this citty found.
I was erwhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:
Who whether he alue be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
Sith I him lately lost, vnach is to define.

29
In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
VVhere I had surely long ere this been dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wilde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kind,
Amongst wilde beasts in detest forrest bred,
It is most strange and wond'full to find
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle 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 prafe to proue your powre on wight to 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 sought 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 Mouser late, for lack of heed,
Now gan to faunt, and further could not pas
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 sought 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 makethem 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 perswade, all that shee might;
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
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, (how?
When-as these knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor

They stayd not there, but straight way in did pas,
VVhom when the Hermit present sawe in place,
From his deuotion straight he troubled was;
VVhich breaking off, he toward them did pale,
With stayed 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 curtesie well becene.

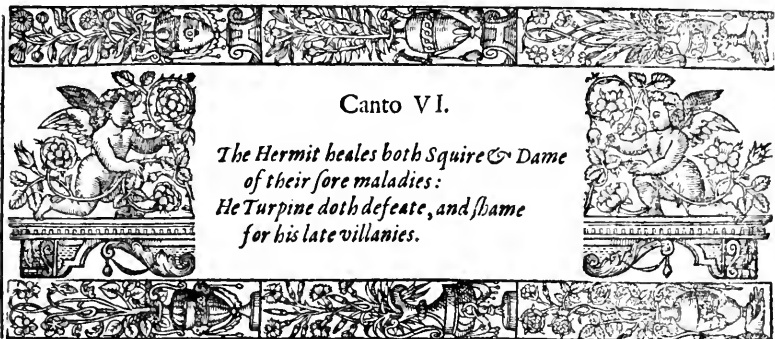
And soothly it was said by common fame,
So long as age enabl'd him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyke,
The name of Enighthood he did disavow,
And hanging vp his armes and 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, yet inly neat and cleane,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay becene,
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, bringiug 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 longer 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.*

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Infects with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poyntous sting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It euer can recured be againe:
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
Of *Pedalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are bellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaf*
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 poyntous 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 would the weaker spright.

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perillous fight;
In which he grace and glory won alwaies,
And in all battela 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 lhu'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 vntuly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,
That quite they seem'd past help of surgety;
And rather needed to be discip' hiede
With wholesome reede of sad tobrity,
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 sonne, 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 selues, 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' yee seeke, obserue this one;
First, learne your outward senses to restraine
From things that sture vp fraile affectiōs
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 first doth spring,
Which at the first before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress't with little thing:
But beeing growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poylon 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 fore,
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 stence,
And long in darksome *Stydzian* den vp-brought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

10
Echidna is a Monster direfull dread,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see ;
Sohideous 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 fearefull vglincesse.

11
To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face
(In fearefull darkeness, furthest from the skie,
And from the earth) appointed haue her place
Mongst Rocks and Caves, where she enrold 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*, fighting fore,
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,
Arcead good sire, 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 it surceaseth 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 soone 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 harmfull 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 leane,
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 dread,
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 vnlmetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17
But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbear to you to tell ;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light.
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whyleare,
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule deliight ;
And eke his Lady, though the sickly were,
So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

18
The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to becn ywrooken
Of all the vile demean, and vjage bad,
With which he had those two lo 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 thent,
Would he restrained be from his attendment.

19
Arriuing there, as did by chance befall,
He found the gate wide open, and in rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall :
Where lo! dismounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeblefecte 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 neere 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 fauioing to embase)
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.

But

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, estoones 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 flew,
That with the noyle, whil'st 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, whil'st many vnderneath him fell.

24
Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left alyue, 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 steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake on hight;

25
Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly 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 mred whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which full attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26
With dreadfull force they all did him assault,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to adresse,
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,
VVas at his back with hardesse hee deesse,
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 bufic beare
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 hastid
Through the thick yreace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shynke 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,
Whil'st every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that e'ill him chale:
That made him euermore increate his speedy pace.

30
At last, he vp into the chamber came,
VWhere-as his Lote was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him over-take alone,
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 swone:
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 stricke 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 lie as dead, and quake and quiver,
That euen the Prince his batensse did despise;
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort, and from 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

³³
 VVhom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
 And with sharp words did bitterly vpbraid;
 Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
 Whereof thou cautiue so vnworthy art;
 That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,
 And eke thy soule, for want of manly hart, (part.
 And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightlesse

³⁴
 Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy coward feate.
 For, first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou doost reate;
 Whom when thou maist, thou dost of armes despoile,
 Or of their vpper garment which they wear:
 Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
 Maintaine this euill use, thy foes thereby to foile.

³⁵
 And lastly, in approuance of thy wrong,
 To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
 Is greatest shame: for oft it fallis, that strong
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercise,
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
 Yet haue, through prowesse & their braue emprise,
 Gotten great worship in this worldes fight. (right.
 For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

³⁶
 Yet sith thy life vnto this Lady faire
 I giuen haue, liue in reproche and scorne;
 Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
 Hence to professe: for, shame is to adorne.
 VVith so braue badges one so basely borne;
 But onely breathe, sith that I did forgiue.
 So, hauing from his crauen foule torne
 Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,
 And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

³⁷
 There, whilft he thus was setting things about,
 Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,
 To whom his life he granted for her Loue,
 He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight
 He had behind him left that saluage wight,
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:
 Therefore, descending back in haste, he sought
 If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

³⁸
 There he him found environed about
 With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
 And laying yet afresh with courage stout
 Vpon the rest that did aliue remaine;
 VVhom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
 Like scattered sleepe, to seeke for safety,
 After he gotten had with busie paine
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

³⁹
 VVhom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approching to him neere, his hand he staid,
 And fought, by making signes, him to assuage:
 Who, him perceiuing, straight 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 vvworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

⁴⁰
 Whom, when the Saluage saw from danger free,
 Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,
 He well remembered that the same was hee,
 Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:
 Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did cease,
 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 vntrent:
 But straight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

⁴¹
 Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
 VVhere him *Blandina* fairely entertained,
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
 The which for him she could imagine best.
 For, well she knew the waies to win good will
 Of euery wight, that were not too infest;
 And how to please the minds of good and ill, (skill.
 Through temping of her words & looks by wondrous

⁴²
 Yet were her words and looks but false and fained,
 To some hid end to make more easie way,
 Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trained
 In: o her trap vnto their owne decay:
 There-to when needed, she would weepe and pray:
 And when her list, she could fawne and flatter;
 Now smiling smoothly, like to summers day,
 Now glooming sadly, fo to cloke her matter;
 Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

⁴³
 VVwhether such grace were giuen her by kind,
 As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not find,
 This well I wote, that she so well applide
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifide
 The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:
 VVho nathelesse, not there-with satisfide,
 His rancorous despight did not release,
 Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge furceasse.

⁴⁴
 For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did rest
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
 He watcht in close await with weapons prest,
 Willing to worke his villainous intent
 On him that had so shamefully him shent:
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whilft all the night was spent.
 The morrow next, the Prince did early rise,
 And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.



Canto VII.

*Turpine is bafful'd: his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed:
Faire Mirabellaes punishment
for lowes disdain decreed.*

Like as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:
Euen so the bafe mind it selfe displays,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight,
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vile shuffling flight,
Be arguments of a vile dung-hill-mind:
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discourteous his bafe kind.

That well appeares 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 thame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, so loone 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 nere approche in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe, for dread to be descide,
Vntill his 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 courtcoufly,
To cloke the mischief which he only ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a strange knight, that nere afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady shent:
VVhich, if they would afford him ayd at need,
For to auenge in time conuenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights 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 offered meed:
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrong full deed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

He rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
VVith a wilde man soft footing by his side,
That if ye list to haste a little more,
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that little 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 dread.

Then one of them aloud vnto him ride,
Bidding him turne againe, false traitor knight
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him descide.
With that, they both attonce with equal spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equal might
Against him ranne; but th'one did misse his marke:
And being carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunty swiftly by; like to that heat: only sparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heuens

But th'other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield, with to impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces thuered quite,
And (scattered all about) fell on the flowre.
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly stowre
Full on his beuer did him strike to fore,
That the cold fleele, through-peacing, did deuoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
 At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whiles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
 The wary fowle his bill doth backward wring;
 On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
 Her selfe quite through the body doth engore,
 And fallerh downe to ground like fenfessele thing;
 But th'other, not so swift as she before,
 Failes of her soule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

By this, the other which was passed by,
 Him selfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
 Where, when he saw his fellow lifelesse lye,
 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 feele-head no stedfast hold could find,
 But glauncing by, decei'd him of that he desyn'd.

Not so the Prince: for, his well learned speare
 Tooke surer hold, and from his horses backe
 About a lances length him forth did beare,
 And gaisst 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.

The fearefull swaine, beholding death so nie,
 Cryde out aloud for mercy him to laue;
 In lieu whereof, he would to him descry
 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 hid despight,
 For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

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.

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 vncomele plight,
 So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in sight?

Perdy, said he, in euill houre it fell,
 That euer I for meed did vndertake
 So hard a taske, 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.

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?
 He lies, said he, vpon the cold bare ground,
 Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
 VVhom afterwards, my selfe with many a wound
 Did sleie againe, as ye may see there in the stound.

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 swaine, like a fishes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
 And, him bewailing with affection bale,
 Did counterfeit kind pity, 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 displayd vpon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweet sleepe, that luld him fast in swound.

VVeary of trauell in his former 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.

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 ead
 Plaine signes in him of life and liuehead.
 Where-at much grieu'd against that stranger knight,
 That him too light of order ce did mislead,
 He would haue backe return'd from that fight,
 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 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 euery 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 toyne with him and vengeance to deuisie,
Whil'time did offer meanes 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 embrew'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 throwing 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 sterly shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quonered and quooke.

25
VWhere-at, the Prince awaking, when he spide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He started vp; and snatching nere his side
His trustie sword, the seruauent 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 laid,
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 grafs,
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 hainous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And, lastly, to depoule 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 patled by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the life ensample warned to see,
How euer they through treason doe trespassie.
But turne we now back to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding vpon an Asie,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

28
She was a Lady of great dignitie,
And litted vp to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faery,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous gins of Natures grace,
That all men did her perion much admire,
And praised the feature of her goodly face,
The beames wherof did kandle louely ire
In th' harts 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 scord 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 admird of many a wight,
And noblett she, that seru'd is of noblett 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 sigh'd for her fore,
Or who did wail, 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 louch 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 doleour die:
VWhil'st shee (the Lady of her liberty)
Did boast, her beauty had such loucraue might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or laue, or spul, 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 mercieside.
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 louses 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* heard, he waxed wroth,
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
 He bade 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 lust and seruice to his might;
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
 Therefore a Iurie was in paucid fright,
 To enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.
 To whom foule *Infamy* and fell *Deipectie*
 Gave euidence, that they were all betraid,
 And murder'd 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, r'attach that scornefull Lasse.
 The Warrant straight was made, and there-withall
 A Bailiffe erra't forth in post did passe,
 VWhom they by name their *Portamore* 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 stubborn pride, which her restrained,
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordained
 In cases like; which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborn hart, which loue before disdain'd;
 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 peeuishnesse,
 Vnto her prayers pitiously enclin'd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
 He vnto her apenance did impose:
 Which was, that through the worlds wide wildernes
 She wander should in company of those,
 Till she had sau'd fo 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,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
 Yet had she not, in all these two yeares space,
 Saued but two; yet in two yeeres before,
 Through her despitous pride, whil'st loue lackt place,
 She had destroied 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 misbecoming foule array;
 The whites, that mighty man did her demean
 With all the euill teames and cruell meane
 That he could make; And eke that angry foole,
 VWhich follow'd her, with curst hands vncleane
 Whipping her horte, did with his smarting toole
 Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augnient her doole.

40
 Ne ought it more auale 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 formervillaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling Iade, was bent her to abuse;
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her lye, nor rest a litle dead.

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 tooth he was detenced of the house
 Of those old Giants, which did warre datraine
 Against the heauen in order battailous,
 And sib to great *Orygio*, 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 euery 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 cheekelaton, 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 lame foole, which most increast her paines,
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
 Her there-with yrks, and fill in the complaints,
 The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
 To see her fore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose

45
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 forc't him th' halter from his hand to loofe,
And mauer all his might, backe to relent:
Elfe had he surely there bene slaine, or foully shent.

46
The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe;
And with his iron baton which he bore,
Let drue at him to dreadfully amaine,
That for his lifery 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 puffsance of his pride.

47
Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay
A laluge 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 loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his diddinefull 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't (that slip he dearely reu'd)
And with his iron club to ground him stooke;
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 lookee,
And saw himselfe capew'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49
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 forc't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes
He would him scorn, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greatest grieft of scorn'g

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 iought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.



Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur overcomes Disdaine,
quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
by Calepine is freed.

48
Gently Ladies, in whose lonefaine powre
Loucheth the glory of his Kingdome's life,
And th' harts of men, as your eternal dower,
In iron chaynes, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same do vie,
That pride do not to many you lift,
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

49
And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beaunes grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the looe of men, to hate.
Entaple take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery:
Which booteth not for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to release or mollifie;
For, saye 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 *Emias*,
(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 haling 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 bashfulnesse 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 treatours vntrew,
That haue with treason shalld vnto you
These two, vnworthy of your wretched hands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursue.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
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 defended 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 assay,
Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued 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 flicth, vpon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainly
To haue supplide the first, and paid the viury.

But Fortune answered not vnto his call;
For, as his hand was heaued vp on high,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brandiron bright;
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Recheaten 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 whil' 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,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage

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 gaue his friend from icopardie.

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiue'd, and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Some-times aloft he laid, some-times a lowe;
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,
Relou'd in one assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruse or remorse.

15
His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;
And with his dreadfull instruments of ire,
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 puiflant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body beare,
It crake through-out, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So hage a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt;
Whence he afraid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

17
Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimblely stept;
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 nathemore him suffred to arise;
But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those vnough words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safery lies:
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded rescue 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
Deliuere from the doonie of my delart;
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,
And dinned to endure this dreffull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20
In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre first
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloomde delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowre
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and fought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deep ground, and tight,
And to the doore of death for sorrow drew,
Complaining out on me, that would not on them teew.

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 foole:
To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole,
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,
And sitting carelesse on the corners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

22
For Ioe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smartes,
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 sav'd so many as I erst did slay.

23
Certes, said then the Prince, the God is iust,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile:
For, were no law in loue, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painfully turmoile,
His kingdom 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 contition,
Till to the brum I haue it full deffraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle steeke, 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 *Cupid's* iudgement wise,
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 feere
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

26
But, beeing vp, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had recued fall;
And with sterne eye-browes staid 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 gazet,
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,
Vnwillng to be knowne, or seene at all,
Hec 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 therewith exceedingly afound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Nec could, 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 vniuelyd 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 rife. 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 penance, 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 *Serenus*: who as carst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery toot did tremble, which did tread;
And euery body two, and two the foure did read.

32
Through hills & dales, through bushes, & through breres
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought:
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of 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 turmoyleing paine,
And often did of ioue, 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 tyme:
For being of his loue to her so light,
As her to leaue intuch 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 enried brest,
Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she laid;
Where being tyrd with trauell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
There, whil't in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,
Farelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
Falle Fortune did her safety betray,
Vnto a strange mischance, 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 neighbour's borders; ne did giue
Themselues to any trade (as for to drue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduenterous merchandize to thrive)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessites 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 euer way,
To seeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where-as this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all farelesse lay.

37
Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made a mooght 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 heauenly 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 shure, 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 themselues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersly dispose,
As each thought best to spend the ingring space.
Some with their eyes the daintiest mortels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet 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
Benumbs 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 wiltheth to himselfe, and to the rest enuie.

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 gain amongst themselues deuisse,
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 euen theeues 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 layned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which 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,
Can mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft ' aduance his arme,
Whreat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

46
Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,
And shricke 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 vaderstand that to this groue
Sir Calepine by chance, more then by choyce,
The selfe same cuening fortune hither droue,
As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did roue.

47
Long had he fought 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 forth past.

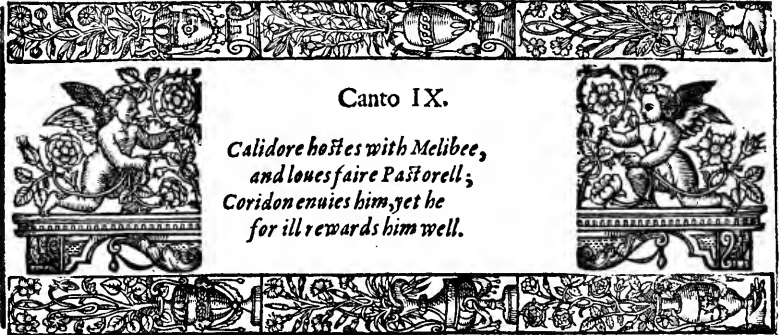
48
There by th' vncertaine glimse of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a little dawning sight
Of all, which there was doing in that quite:
Amongst whom, a woman spoild of all attire
He spide lamenting her vn lucky strife,
And groning sore from grieued heart entire;
Eftsoones he sawe one with a naked knife
Ready to lance her breast, and let out loued life.

49
With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall fiends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends:
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swames of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death elchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faucons 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 vbinde;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speeches kinde.
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him whitthero.

So inward shame of her vncomely case
 She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,

Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.
 So, all that night to him vnknown she past,
 But day that doth discouer ba! and good,
 Enswewing, made her known to him at last:
 The end whereof Ile keep vntill another cast.



Now 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 wth my coultter hath not
 Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful est,
 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 *Calidores* immortal name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last
 Sewing the *Blatant Beest*; which I forbare
 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 courthe 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 scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fed,
 Whereas the Herds were keeping of their neat,
 And shepherds singing to their flockes, 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 nic,
 That to the foulds, where sheep 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 shepheard groomes,
 Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
 The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him curteously belought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,
 Nor any wicked fecend, that mote offend
 Their happy flockes, 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 leeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wife (that well he weend)
 Offred him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And 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 therein 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 heavenly 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 heavenly wight,
Did for their foueraigne goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fairest *Pasforella* 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 groane:
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 demaure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;
He was vnwares surpriz'd in sub'till 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 slay,
And late there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre-forth spent, discouring 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 fantastic.

13

By this, the moyste night approaching fast,
Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd 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 *Pasforell*,
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 nourish 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 tundry sleep with feucrall care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whu't every one with helping hands did stiuie
Amongst themselves, and did their Labours share,
To helpe faire *Pasforella* home to driue
Her sleecey 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 rome.
The Knight full gladly loone 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 rest himselfe, till supper time befell:
By which, home came the fairest *Pasforell*,
After her flock she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature latisfide,
The which doth little 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 doe excell
In courtetie, 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 farther here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tolls the rest in dangerous disease?
Where warres, and wrecks, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflicke, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse enue,
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 ware, no better do I feed.

21

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
 Nor am enuide of any onetherefore;
 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 flockes 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 penill weaue,
 And through ambition downe themselues do driue
 To sad decay, that might contented liue.
 Me no such eates nor combrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my minds vnmooued quiet grieue;
 But all the night in slauer 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 practice, 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 vaine effe, 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 appaere.
 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'ft thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
 Hong still vpon his melting mouth at ent;
 Whole sensefull words empiere't his heart to neare,
 That he was rapt with double raiment,
 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 twixt 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 I finde,
 That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,
 Be but vaine shadovs to this safe retire
 Of life, which here in lowliness 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 heauens so much ha I graced me,
 As grant me liue in like content;
 Or that my fortunes might transposse 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; foolles 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 resolie, or bakke to turne againe,
 I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not

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 cabin both my bowre and hall,
 Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you safer liue.
 So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue,

33
 But the good man, 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 place with dangers dread.
 But if ye algates coveit to assy
 This simple sort of life, that Shepheards lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe acad.

34
 So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
 And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
 Daily beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
 During which time, he did her entertaine
 With all kinde courtshies, 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 beene
 With such queint visage, 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'er 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 addrest
 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 Patis* 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 *Pastorella* euery day,
 And kept her shep with diligent attene,
 Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
 The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and play;
 And euery cunning helping them to fold:
 And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teares 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'd her loue to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that strangers guise,
 And many iecalous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
 That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reap the harvest, ere it ripen were;
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
 Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,
 That she did loue a stranger swaine then him more dere.

39
 And euer when he came in company,
 Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,
 And byte his lip, and euen for iecalousie
 Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,
 Impatient of any Paramoure:
 Who on the other side did seeme so faire
 From making, or grudging his good houre,
 That all he could, he graced 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 faire sought,
 Or other dainty thing for her addrest;
 He would commend his gift, and make the best:
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
 Ne him could he to fancy in her breast:
 This new come shepard had his market mard,
 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 merry glee,
 As they were 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 Clout* should pipe, as one most fit;
 And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as he
 That most in *Pastorellas* 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 *Pastorella*, him to grace,
 Her flowry garlandooke from her owne head,
 And plac'd on his, he did it loose displace,
 And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:
 Then *Coridon* wore the lucke, that earst seemed dead.

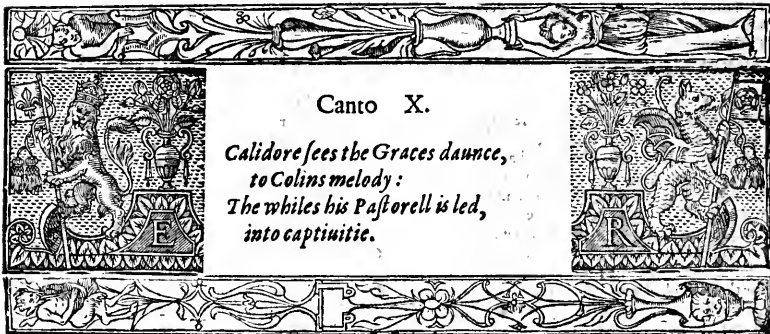
43
 Another time, when as they did dispose
 To practice games, and matters to trye,
 They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chofe;
 A garland was the meed of victory.
 There *Coridon*, forth stepping openly,
 Did challenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:
 For, he through long and perfect industry,
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the same (shame.
 Thought sure to auenge his grudge, & work his foe great
 But

44
But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake ;
For, he was strong and mightily suffice pight,
That with ooe 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*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right ;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gauc it to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.

45
Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abearc
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That cuen 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 brought
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 vs'd without crime
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 moie 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
Who now does follow the foule *Blasant Beast*,
Whil't *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high becheast,
Which by the Faery Queen was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayed
From chasing him, till he had it atchieued ?
But now, entrap't of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued ;
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath sore en-

2
That from henceforth he meanes no more to few
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 remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, sed 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 hills, 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 eteroall bailes.

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 *Glorianaes* 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't his faire *Pastorell* was elswhere,
He chaunc'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
Deurz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

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 sung 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,
Vnmard with ragged mollie or filthy muds
Ne mote wilde beafts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne flith mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,
In the woods shades, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noyesome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8

And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine
Did spread it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Eythre to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale;
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleped was mount *Acidale*.

9

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasure, ylded to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She shedd most to keepe her royall Court,
And in her soveraine maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refused and thought vnfit.

10

Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight
Approacht, him seemed that the merry found
Of a strall pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many leet fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gl'assfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

11

He durst not enter into th' open Greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be desierde,
For breaking of their dance, if he were leere;
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 ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whil' st the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse themme:
And in the midst of thole famous there was placed
Another Damzell, as a pience gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly pretence all the rest much graded.

13

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore
(When the bold *Centaures* made that bloody fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did him dismay)
Being now placed 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 heretoo 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 besee. And euer, as the crew
About her dauoc't, sweet flowers, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw;
But most of all, thole three did her with gifts endue.

15

Thole were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaids of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thole three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed parauant,
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp't alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16

She was to weat that iolly Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry sound:
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
He pyp't apace, whil' st 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 here 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 scene:
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted showe,
With which his eyes more haue deluded bene.
Therefore retelling, what it was to knowe,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

18
 But soone as he appeared to their view,
 They vanish all away out of his sight,
 And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew ;
 All faue the Shepheard, who for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that vnhappy turae.
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse fory wight,
 For that mis-hap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew oecre, 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 leadeft in this goodly merry-make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
 Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely 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, answer then that swaine,
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chase,
 Whom by no means thou canst recall againe.
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list fo to grace.
 Right fory I, said then *Sir Calidore*,
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
 But since things pasted none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues fo

21
 Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
 Then wote thou Shepheard, whatsoeuer thou be,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Penus* Damzels, all within her see,
 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 *Thesis* wedding with *Acidee*,
 In sommers shade himselfe here rested weake;
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
 Next faire *Aglaia* last *Thalia* merry,
 Sweet goddeses all three which me in mirth do chery.

23
 These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,
 Which decke the body or adorne the minde,
 To make them louely or well faououred shoue:
 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 demeane, to lowe, to hie;
 To friends, to foes: which skill men call *Ciuility*.

24
 Therefore they alwayes 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 court malice free:
 And eke themselues fo 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 goddeses, which ye did see;
 But that fourth Maid, which there amidst them traced,
 Who can aread, what creature mote she be,
 Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
 With beauenly gitts from heauen first enaced:
 But what-so fure 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 countrey 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,
 Above all other lasses beare the bell:
 Ne lesse in vertue that becomes her well,
 Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;
 For which, the Graces that bete wont to dwell,
 Haue 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 soueraine rare,
 Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dare;
 All which she with such courtisie doth grace,
 That all her Peers cannot 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'll lighten with thy rayes,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maiesty,
 Pardon thy Shepheard mougt fo many layes,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And vnderneath thy feet to place her prais;
 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 fight from thee:
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

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 traunished,
That thence he had no will away to fare, (share.
But wisht, that with that shepheard hee mote dwelling

30
But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore,
His poyntous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renew the rigour of his smart:
VWhich to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him auale, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his breast, had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies frō the maine.

31
So, taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,
He back returned to his rustick wonne,
VWhere his faire *Pasorella* did remaine:
To whom in sort, as hee first begonne,
Hee daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull seruice, void of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines or perill did hee shonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vnstamed heart procure.

32
And eaermote the Shepheard *Coridon*,
VWhat euerything hee did to her aggrate,
Did striue to match, with strong contention,
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 hee steemed dearer then his friend.
But *Calidore* loone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast sawe ready now to rend
His Loves deare spoile, in which his hart was praide,
He ran at him enrag'd, in stead of beeing fraide.

35
Hee had no weapon, but his shepheardes 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't, hee did him que'l;
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't, that had her death preuented.

36
From that day forth hee gan him to affect,
And daily more her fauour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle harticornes bale disparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not despise 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 hee woo'd her, and so well hee wrought her,
With humble seruice, and with dailie suite,
That at the last vnto his will hee brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his loue hee reapt the timely fruit,
And joyed long in clete felicity:
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That envies Louers long prosperitie,
Blew vp a bitter storme of soule aduersity.

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 liue by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheardes did invade,
And spoild their houes, and themselues did murder;
And droue away their flocks with other much disorder.

39
Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoild old *Melibæ* of all hee had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire *Pasorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sigh't,
Now made the spoile of thieues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
That euer liv'd, and th'oney glory of his might.

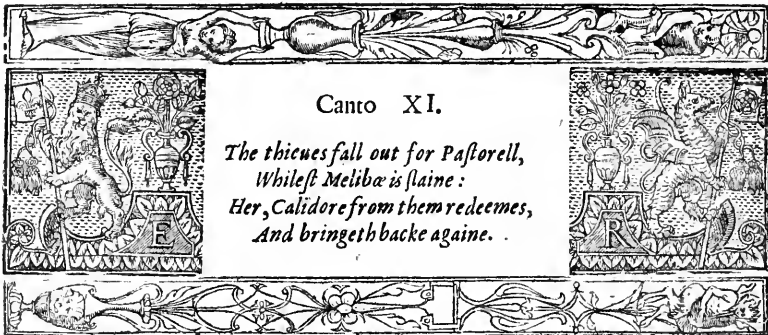
40
With them also was taken *Coridon*,
And caried captiue by those thieues away;
Who in the court of the night, that none
Mote them delc'ry, nor rescue from their prey,
Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Couerted with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard 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 discover
 For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
 From view of liuing wight, and covered ouer:
 But darknesse drad and dary night did houer
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt,
 Ne light was with window, nor with louver,
 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 to 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 gaurd
 Of grisly theues, she thought her selfe in hell,
 Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse
 (dwell).

43
 But for to tell the dolefull dieriment,
 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 theuish wonne,
 V Will in another Canto better be begonne.



1
 He ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
 V Without affliction or disquietnesse,
 That worldly chanced 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 fowres hath tempered with one sweet,
 To make it seem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2
 Like as is now befallne to this faire maide,
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song:
 V Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
 Amongst those thieues, which her in bondage strong
 Detaind; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
 And sorowes heapt on her in greater throng;
 That who-so heares her heauinesse, would rewe
 And pity her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew,

3
 V Whil't thus she in these hellish dennes remained,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts wrefe,
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordaind)
 That he, which was their Capitaine profect,

And had the chiefe command of all the rest,
 One day as he did all his prisoners view,
 V With lustfull eyes beheld that louely 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 selfe allot.
 From that day forth he kindenesse to her shewed,
 And fought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed;
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

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 loue,
 Yet ceast he not to seue and all waies proue,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue:
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day moleste.

6
At last, when him she fo importune sawe,
Fearing least he at length the reanes would lend
Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his poure she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of faueur, 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 teimes shee did him entertaine:
Which gaue him hope, and did him halie perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.
But when she sawe, though that small fauours gaue,
That further then she willing was, he prest;
She found no meanes to burie him, but to faue
A sodaine sicknesse, which her fore opprest,
And made voite to serue his lawlesse minds becheast.

8
By meanes whereof, she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in priuaty,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meet for remedy.
But she resoluy'd 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't a sort of Merchants which were wont
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such traffique after gaines to hunt,
Arriu'd in this Ile (though bare and blunt)
T'inquire for slaves; where beeing ready met
By some of these same thieues 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 bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demand deny,
And willed straight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forsalled.

11
Then forth the good old *Melibe* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:
All which he to the Merchants sale did shewe;
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 pass,
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 scene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darksome night,
VVith flarry beames about her shining bright,
These Merchants fixed 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 placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-euer priu'd with measure,
VVithouten her, whose 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 thieues
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 who-so bardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearely 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 leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the honor of the grieftly night,
In thousand dreadfull shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge haueock, whilst the candle light
Out-queecheth, 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;
Ali on consule heapes the meekes assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their tray;
And who sees not, would be afraid to heare:
Such was the consist of those cruell *Brigants* there.

18
But first of all, their captives they do kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old *Melbae* is flaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
Creeps forth of dores, whilst darknes 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 niding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was flaine, and layd on ground;
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Faith *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Lanc't through the arme, fell downe with him in drery

20 (f wound.
There lay she covered with confused prease
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.
Thereto they all at once agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were flaine, how many gone.

21
Their Capitaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the drery dying maid,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vp-held:
Her souly 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 lonely 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 soule 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 becu, 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, a second spoile to be
Of those, that hauing saued 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 sawe her now reuiu'd againe,
They left her to, in charge of one the best
Of many worth, who with vnikind disdain
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yeelding her due foode, or timely rest,
And scarcely tending her infiered 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 curaged at that ruefull sight;
That euen his hart for very fell delight,
And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:
He chauff, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he fight,
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,
Whose whelps are staine away, shee being other-where.

26
Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increas'd the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:
He sought the Plaines; but could no tyding heare.
The woods did nought but echoes vaine rebound;
The Plaines all waite and empty did appeare:
Where went the shepheards oir their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flockes, there now not one he found.

27
At last, as there he romed vp and downe,
He chanc'd one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some forey simple clowne,
With ragged weeds, and locks vp-staring hie,
As if he did from some late danger hie,
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 sily shepheards hind.

28
Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greete him sith, but askt where were the rest;
Where *Pastorell*? who full of ireth dismay,
And gushing 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 hie, this day to see,
This 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 destiny,
Or other diuinitie hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

Tho

Tho, when the shepheard³⁰ breathed had awhile,
 He thus began : VWhere shall I then commence
 This wofull tale ? or how those *Bygants* vile,
 With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence
 Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence ?
 Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue been sold
 To Marchants, but was laud' 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.

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
 This fatal chauce, this dolefull accident,
 Whose heavy tydings now I haue to tell,
 First, all the captiues which here had bent,
 VVere by them slaine: y general content ;
 Old *Melibæ*, and his good wife with all
 These eyes lawe die, and dearely did lament:
 But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
 Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall.

But what could he gainst all them doe alone ?
 It could not boote ; needs more she die at last :
 I onely leapt through great confusion
 Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,
 In dreadfull darknes, dreadfully agast ;
 That better were with them to haue been dead,
 Then here to see all detolate and waste,
 Deprived of those ioyes and iolly lead
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

VVhen *Calidore* these ruefull newes had rough,
 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 him selfe did threat ;
 Oit cursing th' heauens, that to cruell were
 To her, whose name he often did repeat ;
 And wishing oit, that he were present there,
 VVhen she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

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 thog past ;
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
 Then for to die with her, & his liues threed to breake.

Tho, *Coridon* he cry'd, sith he well knew
 The ready way vnto that thieues wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
 Vnto the place, to see what should be done.
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
 Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed ;
 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.

So, forth they goe together³⁶ (God before)
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepherds hooeks : But *Calidore*
 Had vnderneath, him armed pryncie,
 Tho, to the place when they approached nie,
 They chaunc' vpon an hill, not farr away,
 Some flocks of sheepe and the shepheard to cary ;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
 The selfe same flocks, the which those thieues had rest
 From *Melibæ* and from themselves while ere,
 And certaine of ite thieues there by them left,
 The which for want of hearts themselues 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 gan faile, albe he saw them all sleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,³⁸
 Though not his feare : for, nought may feare disswae ;
 Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thiefe
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counseild to invade
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away :
 But he, that in his mind had cleely made
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,³⁹
 Of sundry things he purpose gan to finne ;
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene
 Of *Pastorell*, were she alue or slaine.
 Mongs which, the thieues them questioned againe,
 What miller 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 masters fled, & now sought hie elsewhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made⁴⁰
 To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe :
 For, they themselues, were euill grones they said,
 Vnwont with hearts to watch, or pasture sheepe,
 But to forray the Land, or secure the deepe.
 There-to they soone agreed, and earnest to ooke,
 To keepe their flocks for hire and chepe :
 For, thev for better hire did shortly looke :
 So there all day they toode, till light the sky forooke.

Tho, when as towards darksome night it drew,⁴¹
 Vnto their hillish denes those thieues the brought ;
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
 And all the lectures of their entres fought,
 There did they find (contrary to their thought)
 That *Pastorell* et liv'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.

42
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,
Hauing of late (by diligent inquest)
Provided him a sword of meanest sort:
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.

43
VVhen to the Cauce they came, they found it fast:
But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,
The doies assailed, and the locks vp-brast.
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking 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, mildoubling least of new
Some vp-rore were like that, which lately the did view.

44
But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Passorell* to call:
Knewing 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,
Looking each howre into deaths mouth to fall,
At length, espies at hand the happy coast,
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

45
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 embract, and kist a thousand more.

46
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 entertaining them with courage stout,
Still flew the formost that came first to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

47
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 assaiing him, with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48
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 troupes, and round about him scattereth
(wide.)

49
Like as a Lion mongst an heard of Dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choise prey;
So did hee flie amongst them here and there,
And all that neere him came, did hewe 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 Caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

50
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,
Deur'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So, her vneath at last hee did reuiue,
That long had lien dead, and made againe aliuie.

51
This doen, into those theeuish dennes he went,
And thence did all the spoiles and theaures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
Of which the best hee did his Loue betake;
And also all those flocks, which they before
Had rest from *Melibae*; and from his Make,
Hee 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.*

Like 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 & croft,
And the her selfe in stormie luges tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whole course is often staied, yet neuer is astray.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from lewning his fitt 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 atchument of the *Blatant Beast*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whil'st none was him to stop, nor none 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 hight
The Lord of *Mary Islands*, farre renownd
For his great riches, and his greater might,
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlock to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Pitteland*, 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 fectre.

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 dungcon deepe
VVithout con passion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so 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;
VVherof, her wombe vnwilt to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden chuld forth brought,
Which she straight way (for dread least if her Sire
Should know thereof, to sleie he would haue fought)
Deliuert to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She should it caule be fostred vnder strange attire.

The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad
Into the empty fields, where heuing wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a sight,
VVhom, whil'st she did with watry eye behold,
Vpon the little breast (like crys'tall 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 haath, or beaueus grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,
For which it loudly cald, and pitifully cride.

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe
 His fleecie flock vpon the Plains 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 fore,
 Heooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
 So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it ourst, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
 And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her fire
 Departed life, and left vnto them all.
 Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire
 VVere turn'd, and they to freedom did retire.
 Thence-ferth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,
 And liued long in peace and loue entire,
 Without diiquet or dislike of either,
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
 For, *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
 And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*,
 No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
 Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
 There they 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 forelore;
 Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprise,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had to fore;
 That much he feared, least reprochefull blame,
 With foule dishonour him moe blot therefore;
 Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
 As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore resolving to returne in haste
 Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
 To leaue his Loue, now perill being past,
 VVith *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)
 VVith thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
 In this exploit, me needeth to declare
 VVhat did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
 During his absence left in heauy care,
 Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
 Yet did that ancient Marone 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,

VVho, in a mornig, when this Maiden faire
 Was dighting her (hauing her snowie breast
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comely tresses duely drest)
 Chaunc't to espy vpon her Iuorie chest
 The rose marke, which she remembered well
 That little Infant had, which for-his keft,
 The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
 The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

VVhich 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, being 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
 (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,
 Whilstt yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
 A little maid, the which ye childd 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 rofe, which there-on grew,
 VVhere-of her name ye then to her did giue.
 Besides, her countenances, and her likeely hew,
 Matched with equall yeeres, doe surely pricue,
 That yond same is your daughter iure, which yet doth

The Matron said no longer to enquire,
 But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
 VVhom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent vp her breast, and bofome open laid;
 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 lundry 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, wondring long at those so strange cunctes,
 A thousand times she her embraced neare,
 With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting tear.

21
 VWho-euer is the mother of one child,
 Which hauing thought long dead, the findes aliue,
 Let her by prooue of that which she hath hidde
 In her owne breast, this mothers ioy detracue:
 For, other none but paine can in couraue
 In perfect ioy, as this good Lady tell,
 When she so saue a daughter false inuinue,
 As *Pasorella* was, that nigh she luelv
 For passing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

22
 Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
 She vnto him recounted all that tell:
 Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
 Acknowledg'd to his owne faire *Pasorell*.
 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 restles 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 hauock, and such theft
 He wrought, that thence all goodnes he bereft,
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
 Who now no place but ides vnought had leit,
 At length into a Monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24
 Into their Cleysters now he broken had,
 Through which the Monkes he chased here & there,
 And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
 And search'd all their Cels and secrets neare;
 In which, what filth and ordure did appere,
 VVere irksome to report; Yet that ioule Beast,
 Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
 And ranck 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 Chaneell, and the desks downe threw,
 And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;
 And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whil't none was them to reu;
 So all confounded and disorder'd there.
 But seeing *Calidore*, awy he flew,
 Knowing his fatal hand by former feare;
 But he him fall pursuing, soone approached neare.

26
 Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
 And fierce assaying, forc't him turne againe:
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
 VVith his sharpe fleele, and ran at him amaine
 VVith open mouth, that seem'd to containe
 A full good peck within the vnto'st brim,
 All fet with iron teeth in ranges twaine,
 That terrible his tocs, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27
 And therein were a thousand tongues employ'd,
 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 grow'd continually;
 And some of Tigers, that did seeme to gree,
 And some at all, that cuer pass'd 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 fork'd things,
 That spat out poison and sore bloody gree
 At all that came within his rauening;
 And take licentious words, and hatefull things
 Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;
 Ne Kesar spared he a whit, nor Kings,
 But either blest them with intamy,
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of inury.

29
 But *Calidore*, therof no whit afraid,
 Re'countred him with fo impetuous might,
 That th'outrag of his violence he staid,
 And bett abacke, threatening in vaine to lite,
 And spetting forth the poison of his sight,
 That formed all about his bloody iawes.
 Tho, fearing vp his former feet on hie,
 He ramp't vpon him with his rauens 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 puiance forth, pursu'd to hand,
 That backward he enforced him to fall:
 And heeie downe, ere he new helpe could call,
 His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
 Like as a bullock, that in bloody stall
 Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
 Is forc'dly kept downe, til he be throughly quell.

31
 Full cruelly the Beast did rage and ree,
 To be downe held, and maistree to with might,
 That he gain'tret and forme out'boudy gree,
 Striving in vaine to reach his teete vj-riht.
 For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
 Did him surp-ise, and forc'dly subdew:
 That made him almost mad for red detraight,
 He ground, he bit, he tear'd, he vnto threw,
 And tared like a hand, nigh'thorrible in hew.

32
 Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they fine
 That great *Atides* whylome ouerthrew,
 Aten that he had labourd long in vaine,
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
 Forth budd'd, and in greater number grew.
 Such was the fury of this fleshly Beast,
 Whil't *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
 Who nath'lesse his heavy load releas't:
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increas't.

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,
VVhose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing fo vnworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
But strained him fo straightly, that he choakt him neare.

34
At last, when-as he found his force to shrinke,
And rage to quail, 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 louely 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 *Tyrnthian* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast 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 doone,
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-fo 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 earst 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*, suppressed and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endamage wight
VVith 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 scathe he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maistr'd 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 brethern 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 degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restrain,
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 wile means threa-

The end of the Sixt Booke.

TWO



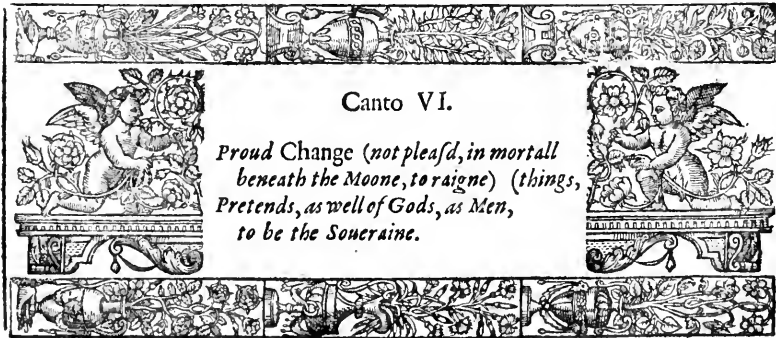
TWO CANTOS OF

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.*

¹
WHat man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth
But that thereby doth find, & plainly feele, (*sway*,
How *MUTABILITIE* in them doth play
Her cruell spoils, 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 reare, (*bear*.
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

²
But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it registred of old,
In *Faery Land* amongst records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of thole old *Titans*, that did whylome striue
With *Saturnes* sonne for heuens regiment.
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of thire steepe 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 disposed 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 fought 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 provide
 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 pittious worke of M Y T A B I 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 shee thus had brought
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
 Shee gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
 To attempt the empire of the heauens high,
 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 contraire,
 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 howr-glasse in hand,
 Hight *Time*) shee entred, were he life or sory:
 Ne staide till shee the highest stage had scand,
 Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,
 Enuirod with tenne thousand starres around,
 That duly her attended day and night:
 And by her side, there ran her *Page*, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Euening-starre intend,
 That with his Torch, still twinking like twilight,
 Her lightened all the way where shee should wend,
 And ioi to weary wandering traualers 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,
 Effloones shee cast by force and tortious might,
 Her to displace, and to her selfe to haue gain'd
 The kingdome 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:
 Wherher to men, whose fall shee did bemoene,
 Or vnto Gods, whose state shee did maligne,
 Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue Ioue
 Of her fairelight, and bounty most benigne,
 Her selfe of all that rule shee deem'd 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 coming there,
 Bade her atonce from heauens coast to pack,
 Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunderswrack.

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 starres 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 chanced heere, was darkned quite;
 And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
 Of happy wights, now vnpuruid of light,
 VVere much afraid, and wonder'd at that fight;
 Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
 And brought againe on them eternall night:
 But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
 Ran forth in haste, 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 sorely fear'd.

16
 Eftsoones 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 plumes did beat,
 That loone he came where-as the *Titanesse*
 Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:
 At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.
 Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
 At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
 Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
 Or come before high *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 principal Estate,
 With all the Gods about him congregat:
 To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
 It did them all exceedingly amate, (bold,
 Saue *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 succede
 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 *Thetis* from her siluer bed,
 And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,
 If that her might were match to her desire:
 Wherefore, if now behoues vs to aduise
 What way is best to driue her to retire;
 Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
 Arced ye sonnes of God, as best ye can deuite.

22
 So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow
 (His black eye-brow, whose whole 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 speake:
 Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wife.
 Mean-while, th' Earths daughter, though she nought did
 Of *Hermes* message; yet gan oow aduise, (reck
 What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

23
 Eftsoones she thus resolu'd; that whilst 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 extasie;
 And take what fortune time and place would lend:
 So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky
 To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
 To prosecute her plot: Good on-let bound's 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, ne wist what way to chofe.
 But *Ioue*, all fearless, forc't them to aby;
 And in his foueraine throce, gan straight dispose
 Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
 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 ioly quaking, seem'd as rett of senle,
 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 mansion to forsake?

26
 She, halfe confus'd with his great command,
 Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
 Him boldly anwer'd thus in his demaund:
 I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
 Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
 Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
 But by the fathers (be it not equide)
 I greater am in blood (whereon I build)
 Then all the Gods, though wrongfully frō heauen exil'd.

Hh For,

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)
 Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
 Both, *sonnes of Praxus*: but by vniust
 And guilefull meanes, through *Corybanters* 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 fort 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 celestiall seats with earthly mire?
 I would haue thought, that bold *Proculus* hire,
 Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Iaxions* paine,
 Or great *Promethus*, tasting of our ire,
 Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to refraine;
 And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

30

But now, this off-scurn of that cursed fry,
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;
 Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
 Should handle as the rest of her allies,
 And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he shooke
 His Neckar-dewed locks, with which the skyes
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
 And et his burning leuin-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 wile began;
 But ah! if Gods should strine with flesh yfere,
 Then shortly should the progeny of Man
 Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should do till what he can.

32

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,
 Through some vaine error or inducement light,
 To see that mortall eyes haue neuer scene;
 Or through enamble 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 bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe:
 And sure thy worth, no less then hers, doth seem to shoue.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*,
 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 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 fide,
 For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall Iudge 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 spirit
 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 knows 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 hilles & woods, mongst warres & Knights,
 I would abate the steraness 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 *Clio*, 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 *Cynobia*; that is foueraine *Queene* proffest
 Of woods and Forrests, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled wth wholsom waters, more the most on ground

But

But amongst them all, as fittest for her game,
 Eyt her for chace of beas' wild hound or boaw,
 Or for to throwne in shade from *Phæbus* flame,
 Or bathe in fountaines that do frishtly flowe,
 Or from high hills, or from the dales & lowe,
 She chose this *Aris* ; 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 head fall' *Brige* whylome stole,
 That Shepheard *Colin* dearly did condeole,
 And made her lullckle shee losse will knowe to be.
 But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee
 Yet as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

For, first the springs out of two marble Rocks,
 On which, a grove of Oakes high mounted growes ;
 That 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 courts flowes,
 (That on each side her siluer channell crowne)
 Till to the Plains she come, whose Valleys she doth

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vnd oft
 (After her weary chace and toyle come play)
 To bathe her selfe ; and after, on the soile
 And downy graffe, her daintie limbes to lay
 In court shade, where none behold her may :
 For, much she hated sight of living eye,
 Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
 To see her naked 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 gifts for her puruaid,
 Queene-apple, and red Cherries from the tree,
 With which he her allured and betray'd,
 To tell what time he might her Lady see
 When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret be.

There, to he 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 *Fanchon*, who by nought did let her,
 That he would vndertake, 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 inoe good turnes then he would tell ;
 The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple mayd did yield to him anon,
 And (it him placed) where he dole might view
 That neuer any law, lawe only one
 Who, for his birt to looke, hardly drew
 Was of his handes deuou'd in Hotters, hew
 Tho, as her manner was in lunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
 To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her array,
 She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Tone* a likly pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,
 And made his hart to tickle so 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 *Faune* indeed,
 That couldst not hold thy selfe to hidden brest,
 But wouldst needs thine owne conceit exceed,
 Babblers vnworthy beca of diuine need.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
 In hast forth started from the guilty brooke
 And running straight, where-as she 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 sought,
 Thence, forth they drew him by the borney, & 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 Daury to make bestrous gaue,
 Finding where-as some wicked beest vniware
 That breaks into her Daury' house, there doth draine
 Her streaming panes, and frustrate all her paines ;
 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 mind :

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 pluckt some by the taile,
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile :
 Yet fir (poore soule) with patience all did beare
 For, nought against their wile might countervaille :
 Ne ought he said what euer he did heare ;
 But hanging downe his head, did like a Moine 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 driue,
 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, (might)
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how liec

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 fort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought; and her to him betraid:
He, much wafferd, & her confessed short,
That 't was *Molanna* which her to bewrayd:
Then all artonce 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 heayens would haue brast:
That all the woods and dales where he did stie,
Did ring againe, and loud reccho 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 Rones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)

Of her beloved *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 tract spread.

Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that had occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forooke
All those faire Forrests about *Arlis* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth ouer-look
The richest Champain that may elle be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmones bred.

Them all, and all that she do deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy haplesse curle did lay,
To weete, 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 Chase,
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thicues abound:
Wh^{ch} too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found



Canto VII.
Peeling from Ioue, to Nature's Bar,
bold Alteration pleades
Large Euidence: but Nature soone
her righteous Doome areads.



H! whither dost thou now thou greater Muse
Me fro these woods & pleasing Forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, vnfit for her weak wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
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 tunc; and in my fable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire,

Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doene in heauen fo long ygone;
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods assembled all on *Arlis* hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land vnto vnto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
Atwell for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th' vntuly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pisus* 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 *Arioc* fearfully could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And ranged farre abroad in euerie border,
They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

5
Then forth issued (great goddess) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maestry;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and phynomy,
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 deuized,
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 so becauous 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 *Arioc* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor find like stuffe to that,
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
Yet on mount *Toadber* quite their wits forgot,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
T'anshur'd saw; his garments to did daze their eyes.

8
In a faire Plaine vpon an equal Hill,
She plac'd was in a p'auilion;
Nor such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:
Euthe' 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 shoue.

9
So hard it is for any faying wight,
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 *Fowles* parley durst not with it mel;
But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaine of Spades* defen'd it well:
Which who will read her forth for 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 volunt'ry grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the Inneli, or please the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thierby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-foote thierby
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowes 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 hore
With hardened frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken giroland now did tirc,
As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull trelth desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah gentle *Mole*! such ioyance hath thee well becene.

12
Was neuer so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whyloue assembled were,
On *Hannu* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne birthdall cheare,
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phabus* selfe that god of Poets high,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestial song, and Muicks woodrous might.

13
This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of ead,
Still moouing, yet vnmooued from her sted;
Vnfene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue told,
Before her came dame *Mutability*;
And being lowe before her presence feld,
With meeke obeyfance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plainif Plea, with words to amplifye;

14
To thee O greatest goddess, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe, I lowely 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 quall 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 themselves the whole worlds raigne;
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 fouerainty;
 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 knowen to thee.

17

Yet maugre *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 conuent;
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent,
 And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
 That only seemes vnmoūd and permanent,
 And vnto *Mutabilitie* not thrall;
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and ecke in generall.

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
 How-ener 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 bechefts;
 And men themselues 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 same on high, or these belowe,
 For, th' Ocean mouth still, from place to place;
 And euery Riuier still doth ebbe and flowe:
 Ne any Lake, that seemes most still and slowe,
 Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothenesse holde,
 When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
 With which, the clouds are also toft and roll'd;
 Now like great Hills; & streight, like fluces, them vnfold.

21

So likewise are all watry liuing wights
 Still toft, and turned, with continuall change,
 Neuer abiding in their stedfast plights.
 The fish, still floating, doe at random range,
 And neuer rest; but euermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
 Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,
 Where in to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
 But sitting still do flie, and still their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre: which whoe fees not by fensē
 (For, of all fensē it is the middle meane)
 To sit still; and, with subtile influence
 Of his thin spirite, all creatures to maintaine,
 In state of life; O weake life! that does leane
 On thing so tickle as th' vnsteady ayre;
 Which euery howie is chang'd, and altdred cleane
 With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
 The faiee 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 courouance,
 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 slights)
 Into themselues, and lose their natiee 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 neere:
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
 How-ener these, that Gods themselues do call,
 Of them do claime the rule and fouerainty:
 As, *Vesfas*, of the fire; & thereall;
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 all:
 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 yeeld thee to; and by-and-by,
 Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

28

So, forth it flew'd the Seasons of the year;
 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 flowres)
 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 esteene
 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 late the *Lizard* 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 plentiful store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banisht hunger, which to fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched tore.
 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'ft on his hoary beard his breath did fiteefe;
 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 loofed 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 bent,
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a Kid whose borne new buds:
 Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' *Argolick* fluds:
 His hornes 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 fight
 With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

34

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest maid on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
 Vpon two brethren shoulders the did ride,
 The twinnes of *Leda*; which on cyther 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 beene!
 And *Cupid* selfe about her flutted 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 vncoouth pace,
 And backward yode, as *Bargemen* went to face
 Bending their force contrary to their face,
 Like that vngracious crew which faimes 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 back a sith, 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 solde,
 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 enricht with bounty of the foyle:
 In his open hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; 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 equall gaue to each as Iustice iudg'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 fitlick and so full of lust:
 Vpon a dreadfull *Scorpion* he did ride,
 The same which by *Dianes* 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 sharp 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 fight,
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 lay, 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 fillies 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 tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hausting 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 veile, and held in hand a mace;
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare, 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 endew'd
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
But they were Virgins all, and loue eschew'd
That might forsake the charge to them fore-stew'd
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
Of heauen's gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

46

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and grieffly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Vnbodyed, vnstou'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 lay,
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 *Times* do change and moue continually.
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to *Mutability*?

48

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseife
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 wee
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.

49

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and sway'd,
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
And say they by your secret pouere are made:
But what we see not, who sha'l 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 wee
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
Ioues 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 fee, and sundry formes partake, (gray:
Now horn'd, now round, now brist, now browne and
So that as changefull as the *Mooone* men vse to lay.

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 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 viduall sphere to fare;
That euen these star-gazers Rosinthe are
At sight thereof, and darre their lying bookes:
So likewise, grim *Sir Saturne* oft doth spare
His stern aspect, and calme his crabbed looker:
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 claime,
Are you not subiect ecke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? Some say in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where:
But where soeuer they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, no other can appeare.

55
Then are ye mortal 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 checkt and char'ged from his nature's crew,
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 skae doth still remaine:
Yet doe the Starres and Signes therein still moue,
And euen it selfe is mo'ed, as wizards saie:
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to mee I subiect proue.

56
Then since within this wide great *Vniuersite*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transiencie:
What then should let, but *Lalot* should reare
My *Trophee*, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (O thou greatest goddesse crew!)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And into me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57
So hauing ended, silence long ensued,
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 fouerair'e place:
At length, the looking vp with chearetull 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;
Eue by their change their being do dilate:
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so 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 impertall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss't,
And *Nature's* selfe did vanish; whither, no man wist.

The VIII. Canto, *unperfitte.*



1
Hen I bethinke me on that speech whylcare,
Of *Mutabilitie*, and well it way:
Me fecmes, that though she all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'n's 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 flowing 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 thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight: (light.
O that great Sabaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths

FINIS.



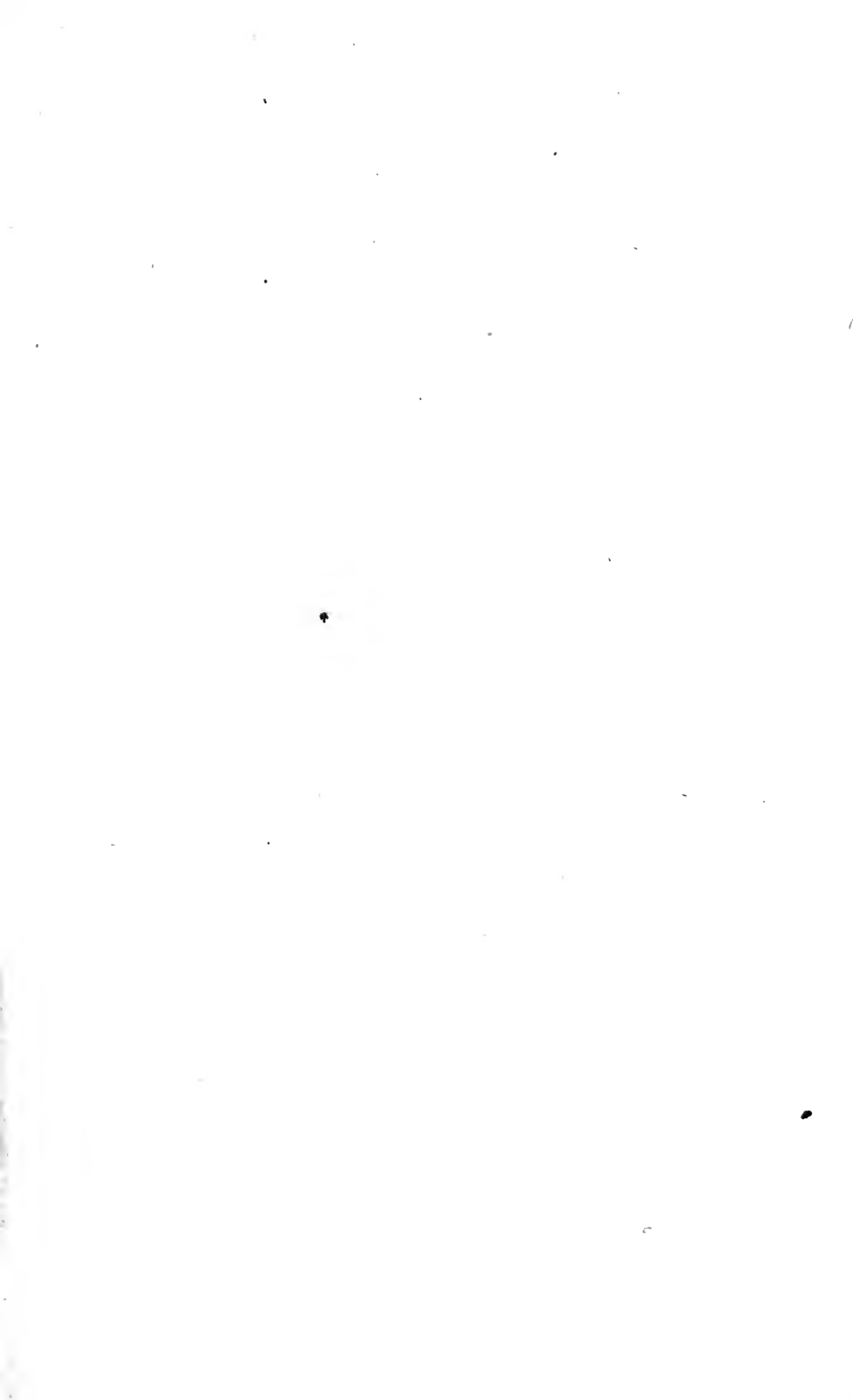
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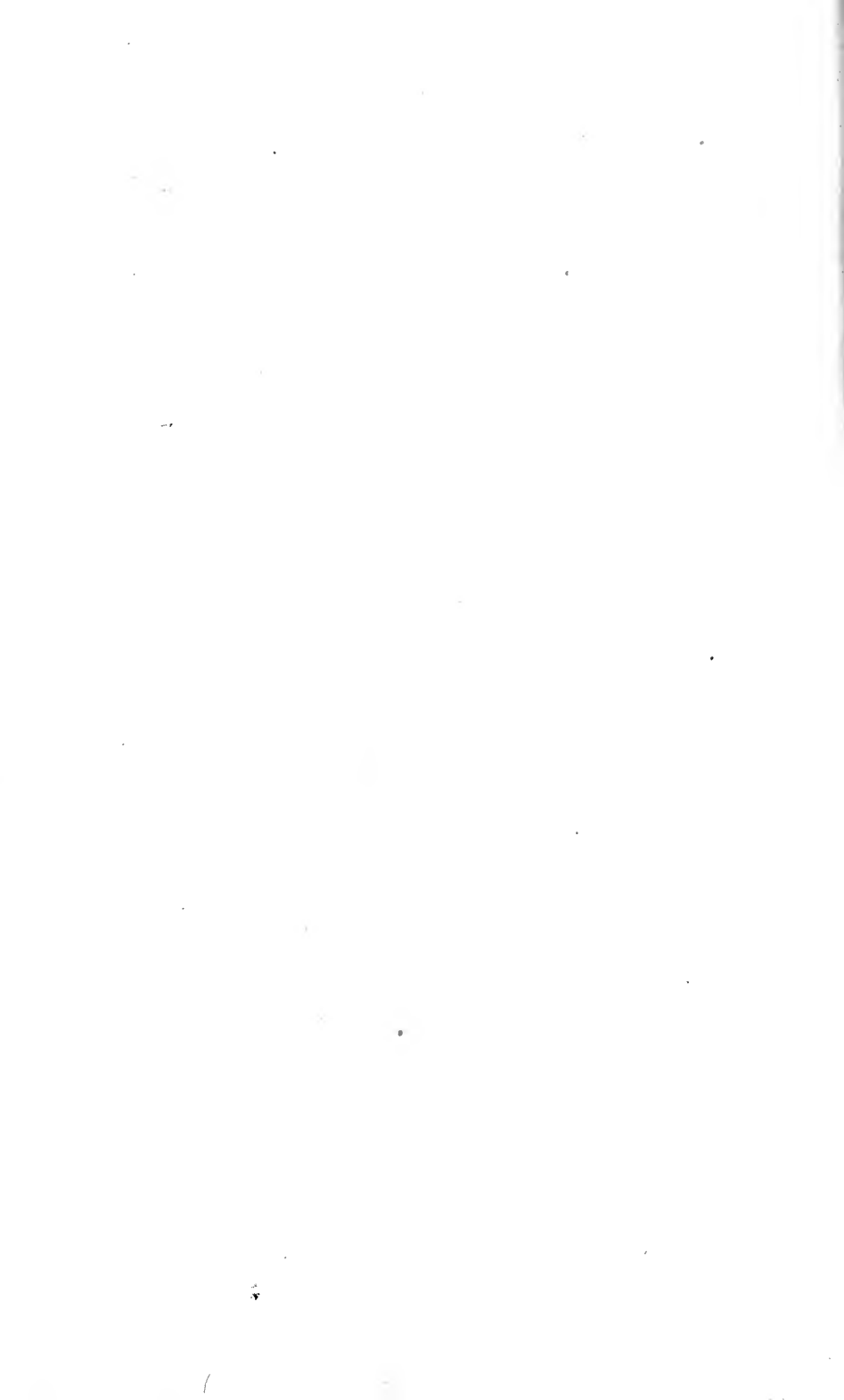


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To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most
*worthy of all titles, both of learning and chi-
ualrie, Master Philip Sidney.*



AT LONDON,
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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 shepheards swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde;
And when his honor hath thee redde,
Graue 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
patrouage 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 founded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he ſhall be not
onely kiſt, but alſo beloued of all, embraced of the moſt, and wondred 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 thoroughly 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 forth 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 oftentimes an ancient word maketh the stile seeme graue, 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 portraite, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadow the rude thicketts and craggie cliffs, that by the basenesse 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 ragges 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 themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches.

Other

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Other-some, not so well scene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straight way, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather, such as in old time *Euanders* mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted strangers, and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what they vnderstand not, they straight way deeme to be senselesse, & not at all to be vnderstood: Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that beeing blind herselfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech (which together with their Nurses milke they sucked) they haue so base and bastard iudgement, that they will not onely themselves not labour to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished; Like to the dog in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, & yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot bee kept from barking, yet I conne them thank that they reffraime from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts & members thereof, & for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such indeed as may be perceiued of the least, vnderstood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vseth to be loose, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and stronglie trussed vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly rauished them about the meannesse of common capacity. And beeing in the midst of all their brauerie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they seeme to be so pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in child-birth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Oserabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuerthelessse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhole person the Authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles, and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he saith:

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill. And

Enough is me to paint out my vprest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth hee chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument covertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Vvhich moued him rather in Aeglogues the otherwise to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following one example of the best & most ancient poets, which deuited this kinde

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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 conceale 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 passion, 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 phraes; 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 the, 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 forth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, & sundry others, whose comendation 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 poeticke, 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

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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.

NOW I trust, *M. Harney*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets doings, or elte 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.

Tittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first original of *Aeglogues*, having already touched the same. But, for the word *Aeglogues*, I knowe is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Aeglogas*, as it were, *Aegon*, or *Aeginomonlogi*. that is *Goatheards tales*. For although in *Virgil* and others, the speakers be more *Shepheards*, then *Goatheards*, 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 *Goatheards* the persons and Authors of his tales. This being, 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 vnnecessarie matter: which definition, albe in substance and meaning it 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 *Goatheards* haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse doubteth not to call them by the vsed 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 *Recreative*, 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 *Shepheards* 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 calieth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly 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, namelie, 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 Aegypt: 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 Bissextilem Annum, and brought in'to 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, therevnto 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. Notwithstand-

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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 commaunded them to keepe the feast of Pauilions, 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 simplicities 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.

IN this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepherds boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a cuntry Lasse called *Rosalind*: with which strong affection being verie fore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleafance 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 looq ypent,
So faint they woze, and feeble in the fold,
That now vvooethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepherds looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
My leeme he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his Rile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yce gods of loue, that pittie louers paie,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie :)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares voto my dolefull dittie.
And PAN thou shepherds God, that once did loue,
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground wh6 Winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirroure, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flou'rd, and after hasted
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadylies dight.
And now is come thy Winters storme fate,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst 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 walle, and woxen old.
And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas, it is already doone.

You naked trees, whose shade leaues 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 floure,
I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
Whose drops in dretyc yficles remaine.

Alfo my luftfull leafe is dry and feare,
My timely buds with wailing all are waisted:
The bloffome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed fighs is blowne away, and blafted,
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares defcend,
As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whofe knees are weake, through faft, and euill fare:
Maift wifeneffe well by thy ill gouernment,
Thy Maifters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mouming 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 fo 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 reproue,
And of my rurall muttck holdeth fcorne.
Shepheards deufe the hatech as the fmake, (make.
And laughs the fonges, that C O L I N C L O V T doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude P A N thou pleafe,
Yet for thoupleafeft not where moft I would,
And thou vnluckie Mufe, that woontft to eafe
My musing minde, yet canft not, when thou should,
Both Pipe and Mufe, ftall for the while abide.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked P H O E B Y S gan iuaile
His wearie waine, and now the froftie N I G H T,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which feene, the pensue boy halfe in defpight
Arofe, and homeward droue his funned fheepe,
Whofe hanging heads did feem his careful eafe to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora sperme.

G L O S S E.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatlie vsed, and yet haue I feene a poefie 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 *Aeglogue*. Vnder which name this poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tyrtius*, thinking it much fitter then fuch Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Onnettes, scarcely.

Combe, commeth of the verbe *Comme*, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. A swel interpreterth the same, the worthy sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, 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.

Scare, withered.

His clownifh gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse:

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol, is a fained 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 peradventure shall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Paderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read

read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrius* 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* extreainly; 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 womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuillish disciple *Vnico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible finnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshliuette. Whose abominable 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.*

Rosilinde, 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 *Livia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Iantes*, 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, enuolopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. 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 speme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



B.

Februarie,



• 30 *Aegloga secunda.*

ARGVMENT.

THis 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.

AH for pittie, will ranke Winters rage
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'awfage?
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 went 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 fall,
And then i 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 beare
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 slip vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe,
 So loytring liue you little-heard-groomes,
 Keeping your beasts in the budded broomics,
 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 cft, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
 Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,
 Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,
 Which cruddles 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 surquedric,
 With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

C V D D I E.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
 That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill,
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee,
 Through rustie eld, that hath rotted thee:
 Or siker thy head very tottie is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,
 Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop:
 But werc thy yeeres greene, as now been mine,
 To other delights thy would encline,
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of loue,
 And hery with hymes thy Lasses gloue.
 Tho wouldest thou pipe of PHILLIS praise:
 But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.
 I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embest with buble about the belt,
 Such an one shepheards would make full faine:
 Such an one would make thee young againe.

T H E N O T.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to boast:
 All that is lent to loue will be lost.

C V D D Y.

Seeft, how brag yond bullocke beares,
 So smurke, 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 flocke thy counsell can,
 So lustlelle been 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.

T H E N O T.

C V D D Y, 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 wage is death,
 Whole 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 T Y R I R Y S in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Keur?

C V D D Y.

To nought more, T H E N O T, my mind is bent,
 Then to heare novels of his deule:
 They been so well thewed, and to wife,
 What euer that good old man bespake.

T H E N O T.

Many meece tales of youth did he make,
 And some of loue, and some of chualric:
 But none fitter then this to apply.
 Now listen awhile and harken the end.

T 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 afraid:
 The body big and mightly 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 here.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
 Which proudly chruft into th'element,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossoms faire:
 And thereto ye wonned to repaire
 The sheepehards daughters to gather flowtes,
 To paint their garlonds with his coloures,
 And in his small bushes used to shrowde
 The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:
 Which made this foolish Breere wece so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And ineb be the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
 Nor for fruitie, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:
 Seeft how fresh my flowres been spred,
 Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
 With leues engrained in lustie greene,
 Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene,
 Thy waste bignesse but cumberes the ground,
 And dirkes the beautie of my blossoms round.
 The mondie mosse, which thee accloeth,
 My Cinnamon smell too much annoeth.
 Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
 So spake this bold Breere with great disdain:
 Little him answered the Oake againe,
 But yielded, 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 suruey his ground,
 And his trees of late 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 plaint,
 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 lea,
 And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed,
 With painted words thogant his proude weed,
 (As most vilen ambitious folke)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my foueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
 Thou placer 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 seere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,
 Vnto such tyrannie doth 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 forced to fall,
 That been 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 defast.
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodly head to a swage
 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 nould stiy his leasure,
 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 mought cooled bee:
 But to the root bent his sturdie stroake,
 And made many wounds in the waste Oake.
 The axes edge did oft tume 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 mysterie,
 And often crost with the Priests crew,
 And often hallowed with holy water dew.
 But sike fantasies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this miserie.
 For nought mought they quitten 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 thrunke 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 eftswoones 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 too late,
 Yore naked left and disconsolate.
 The byting frost nippt his flanke dead,
 The watne wet weighed downe his head,
 And heaped snowe burined him so sore,
 That now vpright he can stand no more:
 And being downe, is trode in the durt,
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
 For scorning Eld.

C Y D D I E.

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 frore 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 *Mimus Publilianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse:
Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.
Heardgroomes, *Chaucers* verse almost whole.
Fondflies, 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. *Chamfred*, 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 *Mantuanus*.
Belt, a girdle, or walle band. *A fon*, a foole. *Lythe*, soft and gentle.
Venteth, snuffeth in the wind. *Thy flocks father*, the ram. *Craets*, necks.
Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.
Youthis, a verie morall and pithy Allegoric of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.
Tyrrus, 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 thewed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wifenesse.
There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, 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 disdainfull yonkers. *Embellisht*, beautified and adorned.
To wonne, to haunt or frequent. *Sneb*, checke.
Woy standst, the speech is scornfull and verie presumptuous.
Engrained, died in graine.
Accloietb, accumbreth. *Adawed*, daunted and confounded.
Trees of slate, taller trees, fit for timber wood: *Sterne strife*, said *Chaucer*, fell and sturdie. *O my liege*, a manner of supplication, wherein is kindly 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*, cuermore.

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 Oak.

The blucke 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, beeing 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 bleffe. 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 beeing ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blafts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as beeing 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 grimmetle and austeritie of his countenance; but at last, beeing 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 construct 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.

THOMALIN, why ſitten wee ſo,
As wren ouerwent with wo,
Vpon ſo faſte a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall allege this bitter blaſt,
And ſlike the Winter ſorrow.

T HOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warneſt well:
For Wintes wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſan Spring appeareth.
The graſſe now ginnes to be reſtreſt:
The Swallow peepes out of her neſt,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seeſt not thilke ſame Hawthorne ſtudde,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And viter his tender head?

FLO R A now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready MAI A S bower,

T HOMALIN.

That new is vprift from bed,
Tho ſhall we ſporteu in delight,
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,
That ſornefully lookes aſkaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That now ſleepeth in LETHE lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

T HOMALIN.

WILLIE, I wene thou be aſſot:
For luſtic Loue ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenſt thou that he is awake?
Or haſt thy ſelfe his ſlumber broke?
Or made priuie to the ſame?

T HOMALIN.

No, but happily I him ſpide,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And

And were not, that my sheepe would fray,
The prinie 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 adaies counnts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not ferue,
My sheepe for that may chance to fiverue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For shens is but the third morrow,
That I chaunt to fall asleep with sorrow;
And waked againe with griece:
The while thilke same vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth strew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnoynted both liet 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 shepheards 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 Ivic todde,
(There shrouded was the litle 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 facrie, 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 trane,
And laughing lope to a tree,
His gilden 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 punie 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 punies latched.
Therewith affraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running, in the hecle:
For then I litle 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 ceale 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 crowes 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 PHEVS 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 abswage.

To quell, 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 solcinne 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.

Afauence, askew, or askint.

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.

Allorte, 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-spell for theeues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospel, or word. And so saith *Chancer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goc.

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 disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupid's* 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 scene, 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* unfolding, saith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Physicians) 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 shepherds boy of purpose to be wounded in the heele.

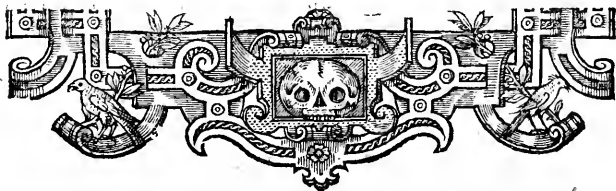
Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is set out the simplicitie of shepherds opinion of loue.

Stomping Phœbus, is a Periphraisis 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 seeme 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,



☞ *Aegloga quarta.*

ARGUMENT.

THIS Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honor & praise of our most gracious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The speakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepherds: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere fet forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misaduenture 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.

Tell 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 thirst with raine?
Like Aprill showre, so streames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, 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 decre,
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 metrimment,
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 ski'll 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 min-1 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.

T H E N O T.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee H O B B E N O L L record some one,
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in fight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

H O B B E N O L L.

Contented I : then will I sing his lay,
Of faire E L I S A, Queene of Shepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

Y E dauntie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,
do bathe your breast,
Forake your warric 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 E L I S A be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The floure of Virgins, may she flourish long,
in princely plight.
For she is S Y R I N X daughter without spot:
Which P A N 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 yce seene her angel-like face,
like P H O E B E faire?
Her heaucnly hauiour, 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 P H O E B V S 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 Sonne 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 C Y N T H I A, 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 L A T O N A E S feede:
Such follie, great sorrow to N I O B E did breede,
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

P A N may be proude, that euer he begot,
such a Bellibone,
And S Y R I N X 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,
Albec forswonke and forswat I am.

I see C A L L I O P E 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 E L I S A 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 yeuen.
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.
C H L O R I S, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Oiuie branches beares a Coronall:
Oluues been for peace,
When warres doe surceafe:
Such for a Princeesse 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 Cullumbe,
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 Pawnee,

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 long.

And if you come heather,

When Damfins 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 ybent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that been to 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 starres the daught hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certè.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet, causeth thee vweep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken.

Assempted to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is most bent to flowers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinetesse 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 vword *Poiein*, 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 vvidower. He calleth Rosalind the widowers 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 *Colin* 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 *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the vworthy poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said to 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 being offended) to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speech for *forrenne*.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a song, as Roundelayes, or Virelayes.

C.

In

In all this song, is not to be respected what the vvorthinesse of her Maestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a Prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meannesse of a shepherds wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elisa*, 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.

Ye daintie, is as it were an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, vvho abode the *Poets* feigne to beon *Parnassus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourish 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 vvch floweth the famous Spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvch 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 hoofe, suddainly thereout sprang a vvell of most cleare and pleasant vvater, vvch 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 *Arcadie*, vvhom when *Pan* being in loue pursued, she 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; vvch 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, phulos de emetietia 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 most 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 deuiseh her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherewith Princes diademes vse to be adorned and embost.

Embellisht, beautified and set out.

Phebe, the Moone, vvhom the *Poets* feigne to be sister vnto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vvniting of the two principall houses of *Lancaster* & *Yorke*: by 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 most vertuous princeesse *Elizabeth*, daughter to the fourth *Edward* of the house of *Yorke*, begat the most royall *Henrie* the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first v-nion of the White rose, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses: to vvhom 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 euncta 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 Polyhymnia, of her good singing.

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. *Pasitheia*) otherwise called *Charites*, 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 cutteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked (as they vvere indeed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her back to vvards vs, and her face from vvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two to vvard 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 fablers, & 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 otherwise, 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 foueraigntie of all flowres, and green hearbs, growing 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 growe 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. Flowvre delice, that which they vse to mistearme, flowvre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellibone, or a *Bonnibel*, homely spoken for a faire maid, or bonilaisse.

For sworne, and for seat, 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, vwhere she was honoured.

Latonaes seede, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vwhen 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: vwhereat 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 Damsins, A base reward of a clownish giur.

Tblent, Y is a pocticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This poeie is taken out of *Urgil*, & 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 who the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certè*.



May.



Aegloga quinta.

ARGUMENT.

IN 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.

IS 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 sad
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 euey where,
To gather May-bushets, and smelling Breere:
And bome they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillars ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantiac,
And girlonds of Roses, 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 beeme men of elder wit.

PALINODE,
Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of Shepheards out ge
With singing, and showing, and jolly 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 hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their muscail:
And home they bringeo in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene atone
Was Ladie FLORES, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of louely 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?

C 3.

PIERS.

PIERS.

Perdie, so farre am I from euie,
 That their fondnesse inly I pittie:
 Those sayrons little regarden their charge,
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustinesse, and wanton merriment.
 I hulke same been shepherds for the diuels stedde,
 That playen while their flocks be vnfedde.
 Well it is seene their sheepe is not their owne,
 That letten them runne at random alone.
 But they been hired for litle pay,
 Of other, that caren as litle as they,
 What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece;
 And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
 I mule, what account both thefe 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 shepherds shall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of pight,
 All for thou lackest some delicate delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
 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 foolerie.
 What shoulde shepherds do other things tend,
 Then sith their God his good does them send,
 Reopen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here lueu, 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.

Ab PALINODE, thou art a worlde childe:
 Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.
 But Shepherds (as Algrind vsed to say)
 Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 Eouunter their heritage, doe impaire:
 They must prouide for means of maintenance,
 And to continue their wont countenance.
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike worldly fountenance he must fore-lay.
 The fonn of his loynes why should he regard,
 To leaue enriched with that he hath found?
 Heke nottrilke God, that gaue him that good,
 Eke cherissh his childe, if in his waies he stood?
 For if he mislike, in lewdnesse and lust,
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
 That his father left by inheritance,
 All will be soonewasted with misgouernance.
 But through this, and other their misgiance,
 They maken many a wrong cheuiance,
 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 shepherds 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 shepherds tho:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
 For P A N himselfe was their inheritance,
 And litle them serued for their maintenance.
 The shepherds 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, nouce of vice, this of insolencie)
 Lulled the Shepherds in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeyance,
 Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance,
 And match themselife with mightie potentates,
 Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepherds swaines to looke aloft,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to hogge soft.
 Tho vnder colour of shepherds, some-while,
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepherds that did them keepe.
 This was the first fourde of shepherds towrow,
 That now will be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outrageous.
 Women that of loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:
 So when cholere is enflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage.
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offered boule?
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
 Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
 I wene the giant has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong watke vpon a weake ground.
 Thou railest on right, without reason,
 And blamest hem much, for small entheason.
 How should a shepherds liue, if not for his flock?
 What, should they pyssen in paine and woe?
 Nay, say I theto, by my deare borrow,
 If I may rest, I will liue in sorrow.
 Sorrow ne need to be hastened on:
 For he will come without calling none,
 While times enduren of tranquillite.

Vien we freely our felicitie:
 For when approachen the stormie flowres,
 We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
 And sooth to saue, nought seemeth sike strife, (flowres.)
 That shepherds to twinen each others life,
 And layen their faultes the world before,
 The while their ioues done each of them scorne,
 Let none mislike of that may not be amended:
 So conteeke, soone by concord, mought be ended,

P I E R S .

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 factors, when their falsse harts been hid,
 Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

P A L N O D E .

Now P I E R S , of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
 For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from straying,

P I E R S .

THilke same Kiddle (as I can well deuise)

Was too very foolish and vnwise,

For, on a time, in Sommer season,

The Goar 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 louely to see,

And full of fauour, as Kiddle mought see.

His velvet head began to shoote out,

And his wreathed hornes gan newly prout:

The blofomes 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 blefse thee poore Orphan, as he mought me,

And send thee ioy of thy illotie.

Thy father (that wold the spake with paine,

For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)

Thy father, had he lued this day,

To see the branches of his body display,

How would he haue ioyed 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 beight,

Or my old age 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 vpheld,

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 race.

At last, her fullen silence she broke,

And gan his new budded beard to stroke.

Kiddle (quoth she) thou kent 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 Kiddle, 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 doone.

Tho went the penfue Dame out of doore,

And chaunt 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 agall,

And Kiddle the doore parted after her fast.

It was not long after she was gone,

But the false Foxe came to the doore aone.

Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,

But all as a poore pedler he did wend:

Beating a trulle 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.

Thereat the doore he cast me downe his packe,

And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:

Ah Iere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,

That some good body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddle all this sore constraint,

And longd to know the cause of his complaint:

Tho creeping close, behind the Wickets clinke,

Priuilly he peeped out through a chinke:

Yet not to priuilly but the Foxe him spied,

For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)

Iesus blefse that sweet face I elpie,

And keepe your corps from the carefull stounds

That in my carrion carkas abounds.

The Kiddle, pitying his heauinesse,

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 reare:

Sicke, sicke, alas, a litle lacke of dead,

But I be relieued by your beastle-head.

I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour duone:

For with long traualle I am brent in the sunne.

And if that my Grandfire me sad, be true,

Siker I am very sybbe to you:

So be your goodlihead doe not disdaine

The base kindred of so simple waie.

Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,

With your ayde to forefall my nere decay,

Tho

Tho out of his packe a glasse he rooke :
Wherein while Kiddie vnares 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 make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide.
Allagast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde: but he nould answer 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 becomaine.

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 beenc 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 dawie night now draw th'nie,
I hold it best for vs home to hie.

Palinodes Embleme.

Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers his Embleme.

Tis d'ara pifsis apifso.

G L O S S E.

Thilke, 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 shole, a multitude: taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shole.

Yode, vvent. *Iouisfaunce*, ioy.

Swinke, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepherd. 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 fifth 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 *Lauatere* 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 Italie to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Isles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamius, Thamius*, (now *Thamuis* was the name of an Ægyptian, which was

Pylot

Pylot of the ship) who giuing eare 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 shriking, as hath nor bene the like. By vvhich *Pan*, though of some be vnder stood 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 ppeople, 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 *Peſeope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of *Chriſt*, the onely and vverie *Pan*, then ſuffering for his ſlocke.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common proouerbe, *Malum inuidere mihi 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 vv erſes be thus tranſlated by *Tullie*.

“*Hæc 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 toy; 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 vv iſedome bewraith then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe; the rimcs 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.

Cheruiſaunce, 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, vv ell-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 heauen 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 conjectures needlesse betold heereof.

Warke, vvorke.

Encheasion, cause, occasion.

Deare borow, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Twiten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is vnseemely.

Constecke, 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 alreadye vwith carefull vwatchvwords (as heere doth the *Gote*) vvarned his little ones, to beuare 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 *Gote*: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

Tode, 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 heat 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.

Maister of collusion, i. coloured guile, because the *Foxe* of all beafts 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 Hastings* 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 vwithin 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 *glaifes*, i. *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: vvwhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a key.

Stounds, fittes: aforefaid.

His leze, his lesson.

Medled, mingled.

Beastlihead, a greeting to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, akinne.

Newell, a new thing.

To forestall, to prevent.

Glee, cheare: aforefaid.

Deare a price, his life which he lost for those toyes.

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 yecres by Charles the ninth.

Faine, glad or desirous.

Our sir Iohn, a popish priest. A saying fit for the grossness of a shepheard; 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 wirth another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhat 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.





3 Aegloga sexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill success in his loue. For beeing (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a cuntry Lasse, *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 disloyallic. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO 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 stare,
That Paradise hast found which ADAM lost.
Here wander may thy stocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolues 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 fruitful stocke been euery where to see:
Heere no night Rauens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor cluishi gholts, 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 pierlesse 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 riper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fansticke 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 teeke for *Queene-apples* vripe,
To giue my *Rosalinde*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudie *Giroulds*, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more ripe,
And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,
Thofe weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelais,
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
I more delight, then *Lark* 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 cherping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I saw *CALLIOPE* with *Muses* moe,
Soone as thy *Oaten pipe* began to found,
Their *Iuorie Lutes* and *Timburins* forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they late around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer found.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe aback, as halfe with fume confound,
Shepherd to see, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of *Muses* *HOBINOLL*, 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 *HOEBYS* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,
I neuer list presume to *Parn-ss* 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 fume:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.

I wote my rimes been rough, and in many a way;
The fitter they, my carefulle care to fame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrift,
And poure my pitious plaints out in the same.

The God of Shepherds *TITIRVS* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilst he liued, was the fowerjaigne head
Of shepherds 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 merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sleepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discorde,
As messengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my loue where euer that hee,
And pearce her hear: with point of worthy wight:
As shee deserues that wrought to deadly sight.
And thou *MENALCAS*, that by trecherie
Didst vnderfong my wale, to wexe to light,
Shouldst well be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepherds, which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Beware with alle ill of this wicked deede:
And tell the Lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feete,
That she the truest shepherds hart in de bleed,
That liues on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBINOLL.

O carefull *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 rufull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rite ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do you forefloe,
And wet your tender Lambes, 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 Siculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betwene the two famous Rivers (vvhich are said in Scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

For sake the joye. This is no poetical fiction, but vnfainedly spoken of the
D. Poet

Poet selfe, vvho for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue 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 *Kantish* 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 faigned; 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 Goblins. 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: Insonmuch 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 phrase 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 with *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 Asles carcs 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 verifie.

O vobis, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtisie: he meaneth the falleness of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him, had chosen another.

Point of vvorthy wit, the pricke of deserued blame.

Mencalus, 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 deceue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poesie was *Auchora speme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished & turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodneile to come: vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.

IVLY.



Aegloga septima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proude & ambitious Pastors; Such as Morrell is heere imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

IS not thinke same a Gotelicard prowde
that sits on yonder banke :
Whose straying heard themselfe doth shrowde
among the buflies ranke ?

MORRELL.

What ho, thou iolly shepherds 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,
yet is his misle not mickle.
And now the sun bath reared vp,
his fierie-footed teme,
Making his way betwenee the Cup
and golden Diademe :
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
with dogges of noisome breath,
Whose baifull 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 shepherds swaine :
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORRELL.

Siker, thous but a laccie 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 rightly 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 wonned 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 PHORRE laied,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepherds all
to feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepherds beene foresaid
from places of delight :
For thy, 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 meyor.
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 shepherds clime to skie,
that leades in lowly dales :
As Gotcheards proud that sitting his,
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 aot 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

who had been dead of yore.
 And how they been to heaven forewent,
 their goods in with them go:
 Their familie onely to vs lent,
 that as we mought do fo.
 Shepherds the ywren of the best,
 and live in lowly leas:
 And tish 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 vied of his sheepe,
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
 the Altars hallowing.
 So loued he vnto the Lord,
 Such fauour couth he find,
 That neuer sithens was abhord
 the simple shepheards kind.
 And such I weene the brethren were,
 that came from *Canaan*:
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
 the flocks of mighty P A N.
 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 shepheards bee)
 And with lowd lust was ouer-laid:
 tway things doen ill agree:
 But shepheards mought be meeke and mild,
 well eyed, as ARGV S was,
 With fleshly follies vndeafle,
 and stout as steed of brasse.
 Sike one (said ALGRIND) MOSES WAS,
 that saw his Makers face,
 His face more cleare, then 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 leefe,
 and loued their flocks to feede,
 They neuer frouent 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.
 Tby been yclad 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 shepheards been)
 Their P A N their sheepe to them has fold,
 I say, as some haue seene.
 For P A L I N O D E (if thou him ken)
 yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 he saw thilke misvisege.
 For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
 as Lords done otherwhere:
 Their sheepe han crafts, and they the bread:
 the chips, and they the cheere:
 They han the fleece, and eke the fleth,
 (O filly sheepe the while)
 The corne is theirs, let others thresh,
 their hands they may not file.
 They han great store, and thrifite flocks,
 great friends, and feeble foes:
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 their boyes can looke to those.
 These Wilards welters in wealths waues,
 pamped in pleasures deepe:
 They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
 their salting flocks to keepe.
 Sike niister men been all mitgone,
 they heapen hilles of wrath:
 Sike sike shepheards han we none,
 they keepe 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 shepheards wealch:
 When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
 it is a signe of health.
 But lay me, what is ALGRIND, he
 that is to oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath been long ypent:
 One day he fate vpon a hill,
 (as now thou wouldest mee,
 But I am taught by ALGRINDS ill,
 to loue the lowe degree.)
 For sitting fo with bared scalpe,
 an Eagle sored fue,
 That weening his white head was chalke
 a shell fish downe let fue.
 She weend the shell fish to haue broke,
 but therewith bruzle his braine:
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 he lies in lingring 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 clime.

G L O S S E .

A Goteheard, by Gotes in scripture bee represented the vicked and reprobate, vvhoſe Paſtour alſo muſt needs be ſuch.

Banke, is the feate of honour. *Straying heard*, vvwhich 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 vvhy he reſused to dwell on the mountaines, becauſe there is no ſhelter againſt the ſcorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvwhich is the hottelt moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two ſignes in the firmament, through vvwhich 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 vvhereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At vvwhich time, the Dog ſtarre, vvwhich is called Syrius, or Canicula, raingeth, vvith immoderate heate cauſing peſtilence, drought, and many diſeaſes.

Ouerture, an open place: the vvord is borrowed of the French, and vſed in good Writers.

To holden chat, to talke and prate.

A loorde, vv as wont among the old Britons to ſignifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vſurped their tyrannic heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans, i. Lord Danes. At vvwhich time it is ſaid, that the infolencie and pride of that nation vv as 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 vv ere cleane ouer, or elſe abide the price of his diſpleaſure, vvwhich vv as no leſſe then preſent death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became ſo odious vvnto 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, Parnallus 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 vvence he ſaith, all night time is to be ſeene a mightie fire, as if the ſkie burned, vvwhich 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 ſaine to haue beene ſo beloved of Phœbe, i. the Moone, that he vv as by her kept aſleepe in a caue by the ſpace of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

There, that is, in Paradiſe; vvhere, 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, vvhere God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

Faunes, or Syluanes, be of Poets ſained to be Gods of the vvood.

Medway,

Medway, the name of a riuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth vvvith 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 heards good to cure diseased Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terninthou tragoon eikaton acronomia.

Nigher heauen: note the shepheards simplenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hilles is nigher vvvay to heauen.

Leuis, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, becaufe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the saying of the Poet:

Feruntque 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, goncafore.

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. *Lovted*, did honour and reuerence.

The brestren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmalters, and liued onely thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which (being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vvvith 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 vvife 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 tennyeeres 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 meanenesse of the person.

Not so true: for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

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 vvwhose report he seemeth to speake all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, vvalloy.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Ske misser men, such kind of men.

Surlly, 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 chaunce 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 Philofophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midst, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philofophers 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. CYDDY.

Tell 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 dauncing, 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 rai vs of our meiment:
But rede me, what paine doth thee so appall?
Or louest thou, or been thy yonglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my yonglings and mee:
I pine for paine, and they my plant to see.

WILLY.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight:
But and if rimes 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 plight,
A mazer wrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enehafed many a faire fight,
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 renneth 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 haucte Qytene.

PERIGOT.

There to will I pawe 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 be purchaft of me in the plaine field:
Sore aganst my will was I forst to yeeld.

WILLY.

Siker make like account of his brother,
But who shall iudge the wagar wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder herdgroome, 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 thunne the scorching heate?
PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILLY: then fit thee downe swaine:
Sike a forger neuer heardest thou, but COLIN sing,
CYDDY.

Ginne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards twaine:
Sike a iudge, as CYDDY, were for a king.

PER. **I**T fell vpon a holy cue,

WILL. hey ho holiday,
PER. When holy fathers wont to striue:
WILL. now ginneth this roundelay.

PER. Sitting vpon a hill to hie,

WILL. hey ho the high hill,

PER. The while my stocke did feede thereby,
WILL. the while the shepard selfe did spill:

PER. I saw the bouncing Bellbore:

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 wore,

WILL. hey ho chapelet,

PER. Of sweet Violets therein was store,

WILL. she sweeter then the Violet.

PER. My sheepe did leaue their wanted foode,

WILL. hey ho feely 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 crytstall glasse:

PER. All as the sunny beame fo bright,

WILL. hey ho the sunne be ame,

PER. Gluunceth from PHOEBVS 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 lightfome leuin shroudes,

WILL. fo cleaues thy foule afunder:

PER. Or as Dame CYNTHYA 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 glauce into my heart did glide,

WILL. hey ho the glider,

PER. Therewith my soule was sharpy gride,

WILL. such wounds soone wexen wider.

PER. Hissing for such the arrowe out,

WILL. hey ho PERIGOT,

PER. I left the head in my hart roote:

WILL. it was a desperate shot.

PER. There it ranketh 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 beaht,

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 thriue in wealth, the shalbe mine,
 WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.
 PER. And if for gracelesse griefe I die,
 WILL. hey ho gracelesse griefe,
 PER. Witnesse, she 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.

CVDDY.

Siker, sike a rounde neuer heard I none,
 Little lacketh PERIGOT of the best,
 And WILLE is not greatly ouer-gone,
 So weren his vnder-songs well adrest.

WILLY.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye,
 Arecde vprightly, who has the victorie?

CVDDY.

Faith of my soule, I deeme each haue gained.
 For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:
 And for PERIGOT so well hath him pained,
 To him be the wroughten Mizer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleased with the doome:
 Ne can WILLY write the witelke heardgrome.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beutie I weene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beauties *Queen*.

CVDDY.

Put tell me shepheards, shoud it not vsiend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
 Of ROSALINDE, (who knowes not ROSALINDE?)
 That COLIN made: ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
 With mery thing its good to meddle fad.

WILLY.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrownd be
 In COLINs steed, if thou this song arde:
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
 As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then listen eath vnto my heauie lay,
 And tune your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

YE wastfull woods beare witnesse of my woe,
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes refound:
 Ye carelesse birds are priuie 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 griefes augment,
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
 The Forrest wide is fitter to refound

The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
 Whose wastfull wants debarbs 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 refound,
 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 as change my restlesse woe:
 Helpe me ye banefull birds, whose shrieking found
 Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries
 Most ruthfully to tune. 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 found
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,
 Let breake your fonder sleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.

COLIN, COLIN, the shepheards ioy,
 how I admire each turning of thy verse:
 And CVDDY, fresh CVDDY, the liefest boy,
 how dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse.

CVDDY.

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. *Willome*, once.
Raft, bereft, depriued. *Misuent*, gone allray. *Ill may*, according
to Virgill:

Infelix ò semper onis pecu.

A Mazer. So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engrauen. Such prettie descriptions euery where vñeth 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 vpriightly 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 Virgill:

Squint eye, partiall iudgement.

Each hane,

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Dooe, iudgement.

Dempt, for deemed, iudged.

Wise she wiselisse, 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 hereof 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 vvwhich can: so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vvwin the best, or moderate himselfe being best, and leaue off with the best.

September.



Aegloga nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his sheepe into a farre country. The abuses whereof, & loofe liuing of popish Prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demand, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE.

DIGGON 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 wighly past,
And now at eart the darke night doth last.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee so dight?
Nener 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 lesfe,
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:
Sike queition rippeth vp cause of new woe:
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but sorrow clofe shrowded in hart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart,
Each thing imparted is more eart to beare:
When the raine is fallen, the clou is wex 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 cecked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart fore.
In the 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 fetten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a mucket of their good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baite 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 fate,
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 sore,
That is in his chiefe soweraigntee,
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,
That 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 feely sheepe (ah feely sheepe)
That heereby there I whilome vide 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 caught,
That seldome change the better brought.
Content who liues with tried fate,
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 sich.
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 casten to compasse many wrong Emprise.
But more been fraught with fraude and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:
But kinde coales of conteck 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 paund.
Marry that great PAN bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.

But let hem gaug along a Gods name:
As they ban trowed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I pray thee speake not to dirke,
Such mytter laying me fecemeth to miske.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to speake of shepheards most what;
Bad is the best (this English is flat)
Their ill haniour 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 beasty 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 decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:
For such euecheon, if you goe nie,
Few chimnyes reeken you shall espie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligg in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumell.

Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shooten nereest the prick,
Saine, other the fat from their beards doe licke.
For big Buls of Balaun brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more stoute:
But the leane soules 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 wagnmoires ouergraft,
That if thy galage once sicketh fast,
The more to winde it out thou doest swimke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke,
Yet better leaue off with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Now DIGGON, I see thou speakest too plaine:
Better it were, a little to saine,
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.
Such ill, as is 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 vvolues yrent,
All for they could be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that since the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe secne, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
But the fewer Wolues (the sooth to saine,)
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

E.

DIGGON.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wife,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
They talke not widely as they were woont,
For feare of raungers and the great hooont :
But priuily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOLL.

Or priuie 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 chafe,
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 ROFFIN not long ygoe?

HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, DIGGON, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wife, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
COLIN CLOYR I weene be his selfe boy,
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
Shepheards siche, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

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 lease stir.
Whilome there woune 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 seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eue lerned 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 ROFFY could for his labour him thanke.
At end, the shepheard his practise spied,
(For ROFFY is wife, and as AREV reied)
Fast in their folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his countersseit cote,
And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry DIGGON, 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 aboute 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 weene,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of ore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hilde the Wolfe Lowder caught :
And had not ROFFY renne to the steuen,
Lowder had been flaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thrice,
All for he did his deuoure bestie.
If sike been Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we, DIGGON, 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 DIGGON, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and waite.
We beene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miserie?
What-euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when iris is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile,
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My pitious plight and losse to amend?
Ah good HOBBINOLL, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule, DIGGON, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe, that has thee hent :
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.
But were HOBBINOLL, as God mought please,
DIGGON 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 vetcheby bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,
DIGGON 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 vvhercof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the partie heerein meant, vvho being verie friend to the Authour heereof, had bene long in forreine countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvch he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Biddé her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, vvhereof cometh beads for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bidde his beades. ſ. to ſay his prayers.

Wgbitly, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaſfred*, fold. *Deedat miſchiefe*, an vnuaſull ſpeech, but much ſturped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leefe, Deare. *Ethe*, ealie. *Thrice three Mooches*, nine Moneths, *Meaſured*, for trauailed.

Wae, vvoc. Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Carnen*, cut.

Kenne, knowe. *Crage*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, vvuarie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvch is in the end of harueſt, vvch they call the fall of the leafe: at vvch time the Wcſterne wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

Lorne, left. *Soot*, ſvccet. *Vnouth*, vnknowne. *Icerby*, there, heere and there.

As the bright, tranſlated out of Mantuan. *Enprife*, for enterpriſe. Per Syn-
copen.

Contecke, ſtrife. *Trode*, path.

Murrie that, that is, their ſoules, vvch by Popiſh Exorcifmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe.

Cromenall, purſe. *Braue*, compaſſe. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Ousgraſſ*, ouergrowne vvith graſſe. *Galage*, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the vvhole.

Buxome and bert, meeke and obedient.

Saxon King. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. VVch King cauſed all the VVolues, vvhereof then vvvas flore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroied. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue been VVolues heere found, vvleſſe they vvvere brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying that there be VVolues in England.

Nor in Chriſtendome. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeed it vvvas vvout to be an old prouerbe and common phraſe. The originall whereof vvvas, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvch remained long after in miſbeliefe, and vnchriſtened: So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great want. Executing of lawes and iuſtice.

Enawater, leaſt that. *Inly*, inwardly: aforſaid.

Priny or pert, openly ſaith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepherd in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Whó he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernaunce of his flock.

Colm Cl ut. 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 vvhofe 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 Valdiniensis*: vvvhich 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.

Belize, 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.





☞ *Aegloga decima.*

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddy is set out the perfect paterne of a Poer, 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 even 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.

CVDY.

CVDDY, for shame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs 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.

CVDY.

PIERS, I haue piped carit so long with paine,
That all mine Oaten 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 flocking 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 CVDY can arise?

PIERS.

CVDY, 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 prickte them forth with pleasure of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth tho doost their saule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepherd, that did fetch his dame

E 3.

From

From **PLVTOES** balefull Bowre withouten leaue :
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CVD D Y.

So prayen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wonden at bright **AR G V S** 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 fliedeth 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 display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West :
Whither thou list in faire **E L I S A** rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whom the louth best,
That first the white Beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger sounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string :
Of lone and lustiehead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,
All were **E L I S A** one of thilke same ring,
So mought our **CVD D I E S** name to heauen found.

CVD D Y.

Indeed the Romish **T I T Y R V S**, I heare,
Through his **M E C O E N A S** left his Outen reed,
Whereon he earst bad 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 heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah ! **M E C O E N A S** is yelad in clay,
And great **A V G V S T V S** 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 stoupe,
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 Poësie,
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 melodie.

PIERS.

O peeblese poësie, where is then thy place ?
If not in Princes palace thou doost sit
(And yet is Princes palace the most fit)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace;
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie back to heauen apace.

CVD D Y.

Ah **P E R C Y**, it is all too weake and wanne,
So high to fore and make so large a flight :
Her peece pineons been not so in plight,
For **C O L I N** fits such famous flight to scanne :
He, were he not with loue fo ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as foote 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.

CVD D Y.

All otherwise the fate 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 **B A C C H V S** fruit is friend to **P H O E B V S** wise :
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The numbers slowe as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not **P E R C I E** how the rime should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in Girdons of wilde Iuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint **B E L L O N A** 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,
CVD D Y 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 reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardifite 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 poecall wit.

Cuddy. I doubt vvhether by Cuddy be specified the Authours (selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person vvas brought in, singing a Cantion 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.

Dupper, pretie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning filices, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To refraine. This place seemeth to conspire vvvith Plato, vvho 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, vvich they vsed euery fye yeares to hold, some learned man beeing more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of vvit and Musick, vvould take vpon him to sing fye verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitye, or such like. At vvhose vvonderfull gift all men beeing astonied, and as it vvere rauished vvith delight, thinking (as it vvas indeed) that he vvas inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: vvich kinde of men aftervvard, 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 vvith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, & so were called Poets, or makers.

Senfereane. What the secret vvorking of musick is in the minds of men, as well appeareth heereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers, and those the most vvise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvas made of a certain harmonic 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 vvhen as Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he vvas distraught vvith 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, vvhen 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 fift and seauenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvich vseth to burne in our young breasts. So that it is not incredible vvich the Poet heer saith, that the musick can bereaue the soule of sense.

The sheheard that, Orpheus: of vvvhom it is said, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his vvife 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, slevv 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 *Elysa*. 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 descred 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, vvliom by his cognifance (although the fame 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 changeft thy verse to stately course, to matter of more pleafance 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 Emprour Augustus, and by him mocued to write in Iostier kind, then he earst had done.

Whereon: in these three verses are the three scuerall vvorks 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 sheweth the cause vvhy Poets vvere wont to be had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vvorthinesse and valour should through their famous poeties 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 hleifed 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 fevo Achillo sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiaro tromba Tronasti, &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 vvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly reppard that vvere of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ranfacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, 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 where more notably.

But after: he sheweth the cause of contempt of poetrie to be idleness and baseness

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 brest, the meaner sort of men.
Spoken vvith humble modestie.

Her pecced pinions, vnperfect skill:

As foote as Swanne. The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swan hath cuer vvonne small commendation for her svveet singing: but it is said of the learned, that the Svvanne a little before her death, singeth most pleafantly, as prophecyng 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 feelles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

Immortal mirroure, Beautie, vv which is an excellent obiect of poeticall spirits, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarch, saying:

*Florir facena il mio debile ingegno.
Ala sua ombra, & crescer ne gli affanni.*

A caytiue courage, A base and abiect mind.

For losse lone. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well 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 ifmy: he seemeth heere to be rauished vvith a poeticall 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 Iuic.

In buskin. It vv as the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vv ere buskins, as also in Comedies to vse socks and light shoes. So that the buskin in poetrie, is vsed for tragical 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 goddess of battell, that is Pallas: vv which may therefore vvell 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 whom 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 vvell applied to her.

Equipage, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper 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 poetrie is a diuine instinct, and vvnatural rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth *lipiphonematicos*, as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

November.



Aegloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

IN 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.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissance?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through loues misgouernance.
Now some what sing, whose enleile souenance,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine:
Whether it be hit thy loued Lasse aduance,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, 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 sullen 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 yuength and sommer dayes,
But if thou algate lust hight virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?
Reheue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepe long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is foueraigne of song,
Before him fits the Titmouse silent be:
And I, vsit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han been watred at the Muses well:
The kindly 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 Mutes meriment:
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deaths decreiment.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and dient,
DIDO the great shepheard his daughter sheene:
The fairest May she was that euer went,
Her like the has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I shall thee giue yond Coffer for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and reful becn,
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complaine,

Much

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,
Thea Kid or Collet, which I thee benempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine.
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN:

T H E N O T, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt,
But ah! too vrell I wore my humble vaioe,
And how my rimes been rugged and vnckempt:
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

V P 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,

D I D O my deare, alas is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:

O heaue herfe,

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 herfe,

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 dajes death hath shut vp in woc?
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 herfe:

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 auail,

As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliuen not for any good.

O heaue herfe,

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 countrey 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 herfe:

Als COLIN CLOYE she would not ouce disdaine,
O carefull verse.

But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heauy chaunce,
Such pleasance now displast by dolours dint:
All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blewie in blacke, the greene in gray is tint:

The gaudy girlonds deckt her graue,
The faded flowres her Corse embraue.

O heaue herfe,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with teares besprent,
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy
Where bin the nosegates that she dight for thee? (griefe)

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rust-rings, and gilt Rosemarce?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah, they been all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herfe,

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 courte:

The faded locks fall from the lostie Oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is their soure,

And flouds of teares flowe in their stead perforce.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Their sundry colours tourne.

O heaue herfe,

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 braunch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch,

O heaue herfe:

And PHILEAS 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 halefull bougys of Cyppres 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 herfe,

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 herfe,
 Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought,
 O carefull verfe.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
 And gates of hell, and fierie furies force:
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule vnbodyed of the burdenous corpse.
 Why then weepes **L O B B I N** so without remorse?
 O **L O B B I**, thy losse no longer lament,
D I D O dis dead, but into heauen hent:
 O happy herfe,
 Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes soure,
 O ioyfull verfe.

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 faint 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 herfe,
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verfe.

Vnwife and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill descent:
 But knew we fooles, what it vs brings vnill
 Die would we daily, once it to expert.
 No danger there the shepheard can asert:
 Faire fields and pleasant layes there beene,
 The fields aye fresh, the graffe aye greene:
 O happy herfe,
 Make haste ye shepheards, thither to reuert,
 O ioyfull verfe.

D I D O is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
 There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse:
 There drinks she *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 herfe,
 Cease now my long, my woe now wasted is,
 O ioyfull verfe.

T H E N O T.

Aye franke shepheard, how been thy verses meins
 With dolefull plectance, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weep for great constraint?
 Thine be the *Coffet*, 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.

Ioyssaunce, 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 Pifces, 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, vwhereof was before sufficiently said.
Dreriment, dreery and heauie cheere.
The great shepheard, is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose,
 God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnknowne, and closely
 buried in the Authours conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not *Rosalinde*, as
 some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of her also.
Sheene, faire and shining. *May*, for mayde. *Teene*, sorrow.
Gnerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

Coffet,

Coffet, a lambe brought vp vvithout the damme. *Vnkempt*, Incompti. Not combed, that is, rude and vnhandfome.

Melpomene. The sad and vvailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour & Tragedies: as saith Virgil;

Melpomene tragico proclamat maesta boatu.

Vp grieffly ghosts. The manner of the tragical 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*.

Reliue 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 vvete the maine branch novv withered; the buds, that is, beautie (as he said afore) can no more flourish.

With cakes, fit for shepherds bankets.

Heame, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tint, 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, vvich seemeth to haue been the louer 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.

Sowse, 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 fatal 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, which they draw out in length, till his fatal 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 baintat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trullesse. 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, vvich are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischief.

Eternall night, is death, or darknesse of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, A liuely 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 cternall happinesse.

Die vworld, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Afert, befall vnvvarcs.

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, vvhich is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed 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 vworld, 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 vwell vwith that vvas said, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.



December



☞ *Aegloga duodecima.*

ARGUMENT.

THis 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.

THe 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 TITIVS 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 shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Dooft saue from mischief the vnwarie sheepe.
Ale 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 shepheards Oaten reed,
Or if I euer Sonnet sung so cleare,
As it with pleasure mought thy fancie feed)
Harken awhile from thy Greene Cabinet,
The lawrell fong of careful COLINET.

Whilome in youth, when flow'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 Pricket,
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 liberie 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 same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swaine, what-euer fed in field:
And if that H O B B I N O L E right judgement bare,
To P A N his owne selfe pipe I need not yeeld.

For if the flocking Nymphes did follow P A N,
The wiser Muses after C O L I N 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 mought 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 V E N V S feate.

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 witness many a wofull stoure.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,
Working her formal 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 place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of summers pride:
All fo my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season 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 work:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
Was better seen, or hurtfull beafts to hunt?

I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How P H O E B V S failes, where V E N V S 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 to enrage the restless sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternal sleepe.

But ah vnwife and witlesse C O L I N C L O V T,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose rankling wound as yet does tifsely bleed.
Why liu'lt thou still, & yet hast thy deaths wound?
Why diest thou still, and yet aliuie art found?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted:
Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:
The care that hopped faire, is burnt and blasted,
And all my budded gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the feed, 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 erst,
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 dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han been euer among.
Ah, who has wrought my R O S A L I N D this spight,
To spill the flowers that should her girloond dignit?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Vnto the shifiting 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 threshit 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 waucering 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 blustering 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 funne now shines, clouds han all ouer-cast.

Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarie and wearie of this stound:
Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,
Was neuer pipe of reed did better found.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does haif.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me most lief:
Let me, ah let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breame winter breed you greater grieke,
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull 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 vvitnelle were:
Adiew good HOBBI NOLL, that was so true,
Tell ROSALINDE, her COLIN bids her adiew.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tytirus, Chaucer, as hath been oft said,

Lamkins, young lambes.

Als of their, seemely to expresse Virgils verse;

Pan curat oves omniumque 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, afore said.

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, vvhich is Cupids beame of flames of loue.

A comet, a blazing starre, meant of beaurie, which was the cause of his hote loue.

Venus, the goddesse of beaurie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is heere taken. So he meaneth, that beaurie, vvhich hath alway aspect to Venus, was the cause of his vnquietnesse 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 vvhod like vvhillow, fit to wreathe and bind in heapes to catch fish vwithall.

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, vvhich they gathered by the flying of birds: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscans, & from them deriued to the Romans, vvhich (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 Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes. That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, vvell appeareth by the common vworking of the in our bodies, as also by the v wonderfull enchaunments and forceries 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, vvherein

is set forth his ripe yeeres, as an vntimely haruest that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, vvherein our Poet is scene: 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 Æglouges. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the last two 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 vvite 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.

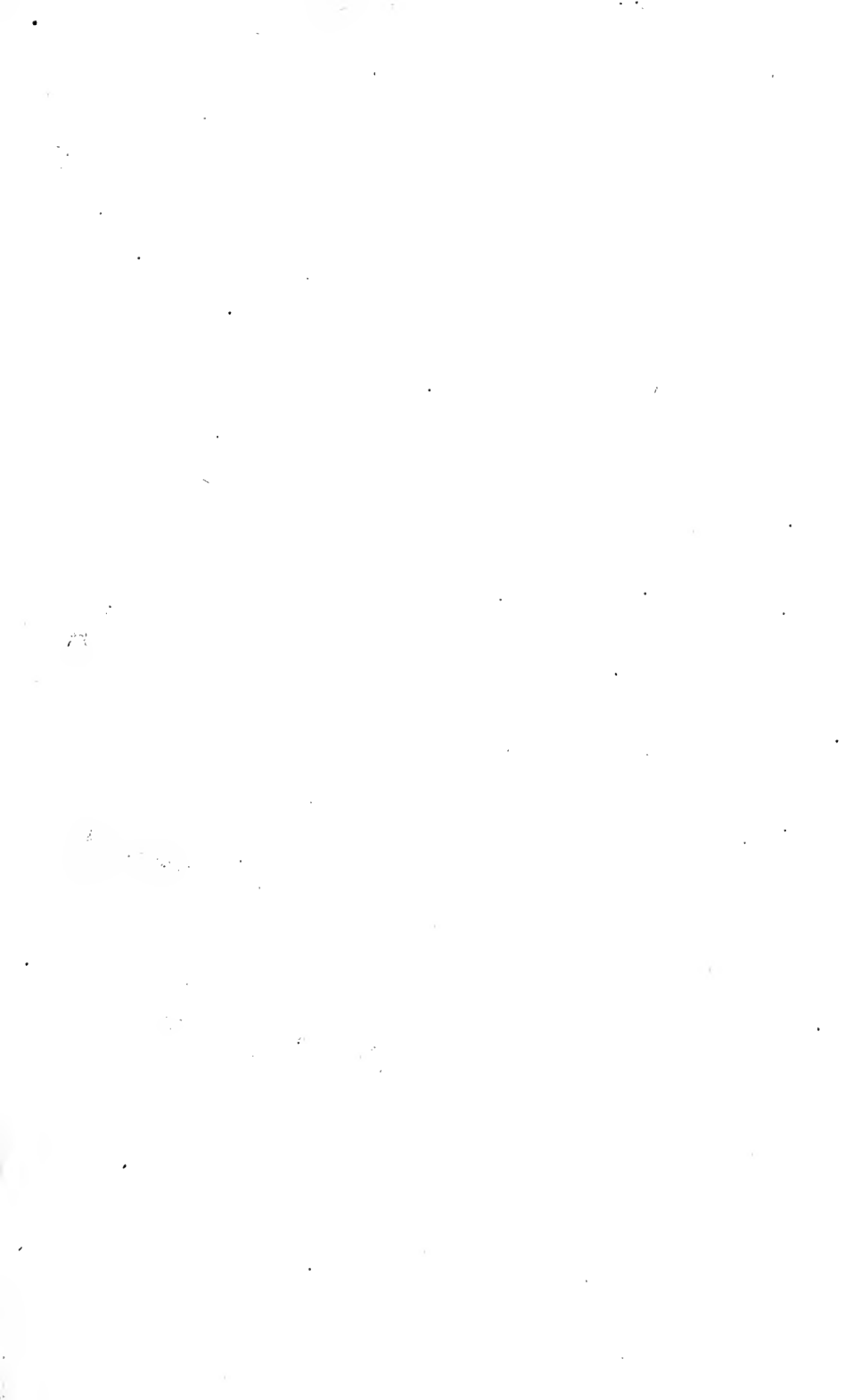
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,

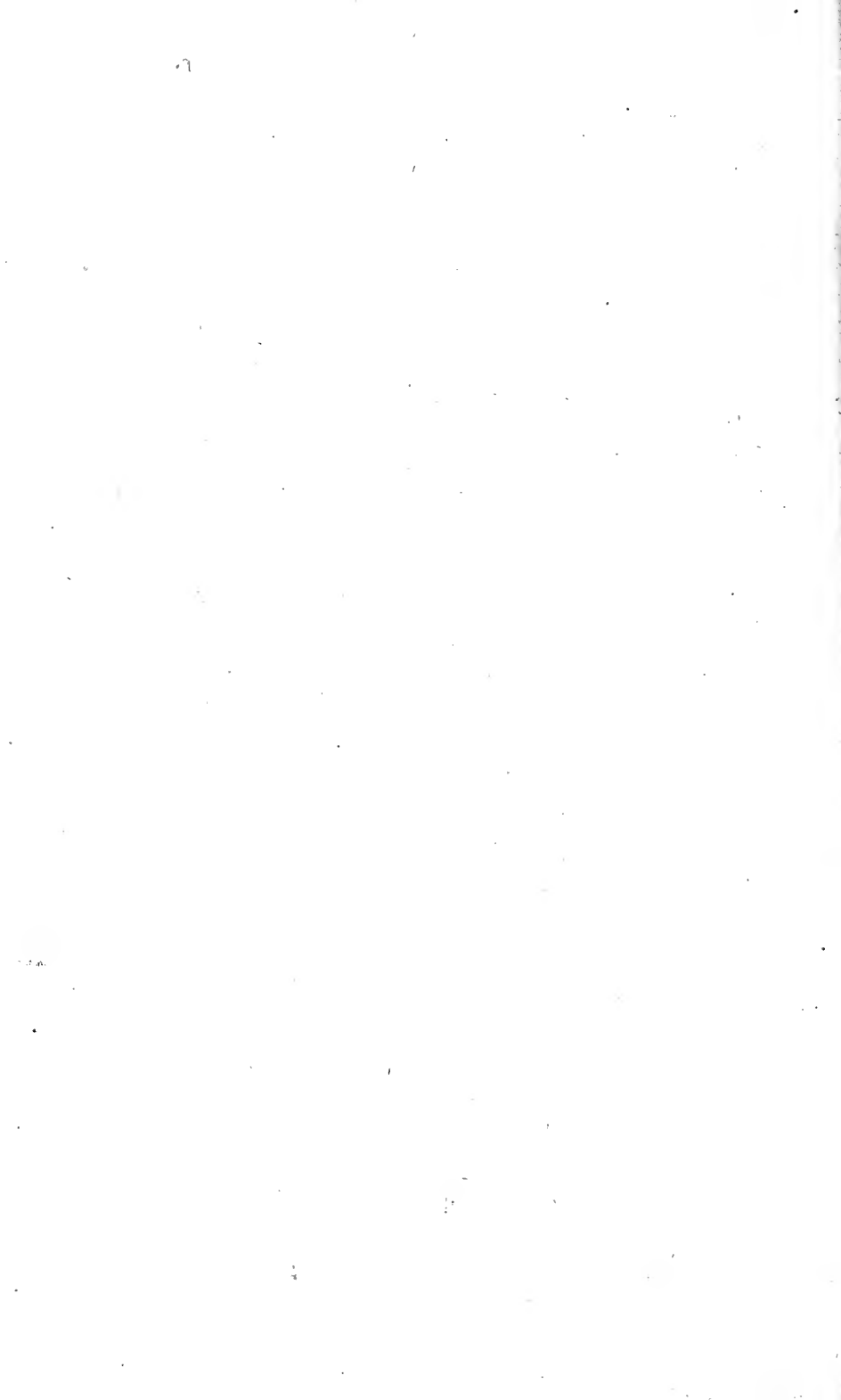
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:

*But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,
The better please, the worse displease: I aske no more.*

Mercc non mercede.

F I N I S.







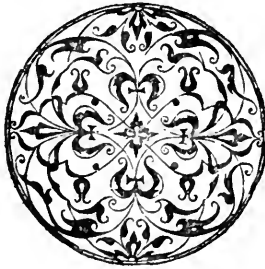
PROSOPOPIA.

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 Lownes.*
Anno Dom. 1613.

MONTAGUE

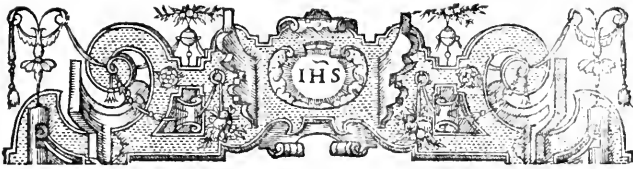
1813

Printed

London



Printed by M. A. for M. A. in London.
Anno Dom. 1813.
AT LONDON



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
the Lady *Compton* and *Mountegle*.

MOST faire and vertuous Lady ; hauing often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowne to your Ladiship, the humble affection and faithfull dueitie, 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 conceit 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, because 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 redeme it out of your hands, and discharge my vrmost duery. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humbly take leaue.

Your La: euer

humbly ;

Ed: Sp.

A 2.





PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

Mother Hubberds Tale.

IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
 That for disdain of sinfull worlds vbraide,
 Flew back to heauen, whence she was first conceiued,
 Into her silver 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 maladie
 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 refuse to doe
 His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceaue
 VVith talke, that might vniquiet fancies reauie;
 And sitting all on seats about me round,
 VVith pleasant tales (fit for that idle sound)
 They cast in coule to waste the wearie howres:
 Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
 Some of braue Knights, and their renowned Squires;
 Some of the Faeries and their strange attires;
 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 betided
 Betwix the Foxe and th'Ape by him misguid'd;
 The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirit heauie and diseased,
 He wrote 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 constrainie,
 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 balest fortunes scorne,
 Dooing my Country seruaice 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 listred high, where I did looke,
 I meane to turne the next lease of the booke:
 Yet ere that any way I doe betake,
 I meane my Gossip priuy first to make.
 Ah! ny deare Gossip (answer'd then the Ape)
 Deeply doe your sad words my wits awhape,
 Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
 And eke because my selfe am toucht neare:
 For I likewise haue wasted much good time,
 Still wayting to preferment vp to chime,
 Whil't others alwaies haue before me stept,
 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, aread
 Thy counsell: Two is better then one head.
 Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
 In some strange habit, after vncouth wise,
 Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
 Or like a Gipsen, or a Iuggeler,
 And so to wander to the worldes end,
 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 every street
 Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
 Continually subiect 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 weeke olde at home in idleness,
 Is disaduictrous, and quite fortunelless:

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 thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readinesse to bee,
The morrow next, so loone as one might see
Light out of heauens widowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments vnto them tooke,
And purthemselues (a Gods name) on their way:
VVhen-as the Ape beginning well to wey
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 therace
We enter, to resolute first therapoo.

Now lurly 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 miscounsell'd must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I aduise vpon the case,
That not to any ceraine 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 so 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 higger nagger 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 luclide 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 base 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 to more beggers bee:
For they doe swinke and sweat 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, vnconroll'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 erthe end.

IVvell 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 litle brother like but well
The purpose of the complor which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree, that Beggers life is best:
And they that thinke themselues the best of all,
Of tmes 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 counsellis 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 Gospip, ye aduised haue,
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will sauie:
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 ciuile 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, firct his intent,
In a blew iacket with a crosse of red,
And many fluts, as if that he had shed
Much blood through many wounds therein receaued,
Which had the vse 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 gurt;
And his hie broken high about the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traueling,
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,
Seemes that no foes reuengement he did feare;
In stead of them a handsome 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 abusion,

And

And that which is the noblest myserie,
 Brings to reproach and common infamie.
 Long they thus trauailed, 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'd 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 haire greatest lothing.
 The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
 To play his part, for loe he was in sight
 That (if he err'd not) should them entertaine,
 And yeeld them timely profit for their paine.
 Eftsoones the Ape him selfe gan to vpreate,
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beate,
 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 straine,
 That like a handiome swaine it him became.
 When-as they nigh approached, that good man
 Seeing them wander loofely, first began
 To 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 pity please afford,
 I would be ready both in deed and word,
 To doe you faithfull seruice all my daies,
 This yron world (that faine he weeping saies)
 Brings downe the stoutest hart to lowest state:
 For misery doth brauest mindes abate,
 And makes them seeke for that they want 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 shewe,
 Ask'd if in husbandry he ought did knowe,
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to dress, to thatch, 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 balke,
 He would haue slip't the collar had stormly
 And to him said; Good Sir, full glad am I,
 To take what paines may any living sight:
 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 so painful worke endure,
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure.
 But if that any other place you haue,
 Which asks small paines, but thirfinesse to saue,
 Or care to ouer-look, or trust to gather,
 Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father.

VVith that, the husbandman gan him a ze,
 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 aimes 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 my colte
 (Meaning the Foxe) will serue, my sheepe to gather,
 And drue to follow after their Belwether.

The Husbandman was meanelly well content,
 Triall 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'annuall increase
 Both of their Lambs, and of their woolly fleece.

Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
 And the lalle 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 th'frut.

Now, when-as Time flying with wings swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two iuels
 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 theuerie.
 For, not a lambe of all their flocks supply
 Had they to shew; but euer as they bred,
 They slew them, and vpon their fishes sed:
 For that disguised doe leu'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked shepheard to his will.
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
 And when lambes say'd, the old sheeps iunes they rest;
 That how to acquite themselves vnto their Lord,
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
 The Fox then couleld th'Ape, for to requite
 Recipie 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 were full till meaning had then he:
 For the next morrowes need they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclaps for to prevent.
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In caselesse sleepe, they without care or feare,
 Cruelly fell vpon their flock in folde,
 And of them flew 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,
 Camd 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 desierd
 Of euery one, and all their sleights espierd.
 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 luing,
 But seeke some other way to gaue 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 fouldiers Pas no better spedd,
 They for'g'd another, as for Clerks, booke-redd.
 VVho passing forth, as their aduentures sell,
 Though many haps, which needs not here to tell;
 At length, chaunc't with a formall P. iest to meete,
 VVhom they in cuill 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 tearmes gan them reuile,
 For following that trade to bate 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 deseruing
 Must either driuen be perforce to steruing,
 Or asked for their Pas by euery iouib,
 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 thelesse, becaule you shal not vs misdecme,
 But that we are as honest as we leeme,
 Yee shall our Pasport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye wil (I hope) well inuoued 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,
 Nemedded with their controuersies vaine,
 All his care was, his seruice well to saue,
 And to read Homelies on holidayes,
 VVhen that was done, he might attend his playes;
 An easie life, and fit 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 boad,

Had waies crow 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 prife. (proucd,
 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 luing
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giuing?
 How many honest men see yee arise
 Daily thereby, and growe to goodly prize?
 To Deaoes, to Archdeacons, to Commisaries,
 To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;
 All iolly Prelates, worthy rule to beare,
 Who euer them enue: yet spight bites neare.
 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;
 Becing 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 threat.
 To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:
 For, they must feede themselves, doe what we can.
 We are but chang'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 to great as it was wont of yore,
 It's now adayes, ne halfe so straight and sore.
 They whylome vsd duly euery day
 Their seruice and their holy things to say,
 At noone and euen, besides their Antheses sweet,
 Their peny Mattes, and their Complynes meet;
 Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
 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 tyed to fast, but when we list,
 Ne to weare garments bafe 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 vnclannes 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 detruer 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 willfull chastite,
But haue the Gospell of tree libertie.

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson;
And of the Priestt eithoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire.
Maiee there (said the Priestt) is an indeede.
Much good deepe learning one thereout may reede,
For, that the ground-work is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficall.

First therefore, when ye haue in hand some wife
Your selfe assured, as you can deuite,
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 goodly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reueale:
For, each thing faithd ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in lober grauitie,
And seeme as Saint-like as Saint *Kadegund*:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowely on the ground,
And vnto every one doe cirtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought sayng) 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 chaute ce nock out a Benefice,
Vnlesse thou canst one conure by deuite,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick:
And if one coult, it were but a schoole-trick,
These be the waies, by which without reward
Linings in Court be gotten, though full hard.
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Countier needs must recompenced bee
With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage
The *Primitias* of your Parsonage:
Scarce can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in priuatie.

Doe not thou therefore seeke a living there,
But of more priuate persons seeke eadwhere,
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, hor to present a wyllyht,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wyl;
That if the living yetely doe arise
To fortie pound, that then thy yongest sonne
Shall twenty haue, and twenty thou hast wouine:
Thou hast it wouine, for it is of franke gite,
And he will care for all the rest to styt;
Both, that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is vnlearn'd
Luing to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they that are great Clerks, haue neeter wayes,
For learning sake to luing them to raise:
Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driuen,
T' accepta Benefice in peeces riuin.
How sa'lt thou (friend) haue I not well discourt
Vpon this Common place (though plaine, not wourlt)?
Better a short tale, then a bad long flurring.
Needes any more to learne to get a luing?
Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degre:
Great thanks, I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doe not doubt, but duly to encline
My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly heare.
The Priestt him wishd good speed, and well to fare.
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long lo well them sped,
Through the Priests whosome countell lately taught,
And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And *Mertry Reynold* was a Priestt ordained;
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they recuell roure and goodly glee.
But ere long time had passed, they lo ill
Did order their affaires, that th' euill will
Of all their Parishes 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 neglcting his commaundement
So long persistid obstinate and hold,
Till at the length he published to hold
A Visitation, and them cyted thider:
Then was high time their wits about to gather;
VWhat dio they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbour Priestt for light condition,
To whom their luing they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the Countrey in disguise,
They fled far off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long stried heere and there,
Through euery field and forest farre and nere;
Yet reuel found occasion for their tourne,
But almost stred, did much lament and moune.

At last, they chaunc't to meet vpon the way
 The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
 VVith bells and bosses, that full lowdly rung,
 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! sir 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 eury 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 wecue, thou canst not but envie
 My wealth, compar'd to thine owne misery,
 That art so leane and meagre waxen 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 scorn of other beasts to bee:
 But read (saie Sir, of grace) from whence come yee?
 Or what of tydings you abroad doe heare?
 Newses may perhaps some good vawetting 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 tydings 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, tell 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 swift are in chafe;
 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 ytaught to bee,
 And buxome to his bands is ioy to see.
 So well his golden Circlet him befeemeth:
 But his late chaine his Liege vnmeet esteemeth;
 For so braue beasts hee loeath 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 gainefull benefit,
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.

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 vprearing hy
 Vpon his tip-toes, stalketh stately by,
 As if he were some great *Magnifico*,
 And boldly doth amongst the boldest go.
 And his man Reynold with fine counterfeiaunce
 Supports his credite and his countenance.
 Theo gan the Courtiers gaze on eury side,
 And stare on him, with big lookes baten wide,
 Wondring what mister might 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 newfangleinesse did pass:
 But his behauiour altogether was

Alla Turchesca, much the more admy'd,
 And his lookes lustre, as if he alpyr'd
 To dignitie, 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 agaiost 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 reueling,
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
 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 scesse 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 eated.
 But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
 To heare the Iuell so good men to nip:
 For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
 At euery 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 sit;
 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 vpriight with comely stedfast pace,
 And vnto all doth yeeld due curtisie;
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
 As that faine Apulitricke is wont to do:
 For he disdaines himselfe embasle there-to.
 He hates foule leasings, and vile flatterie,
 Two filthy blotis 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 deuote:
 Now menaging the mouthes of stul boroe fleedes,
 Now practising the prooue of warlike deedes,
 Now his bright armes allaying, now his speare,
 Now the high-aymed ring away to beare;
 At other times he calls 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 gowned beast him fall beside;
 A vaine enlample of the *Persian* pride,
 VVho after he had wonne th' *Assyrian* foote,
 Did euer after come on foote to goe.
 Thus when this Courty Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth reuoyce
 Vnto his rest, and there with sweet delight
 Of Musicks skill reuivues his toyled spright;
 Or else with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts:
 Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
 His minde vnto the Muses 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 forraigne lands, of people different,
 Of kingdoms change, of diuers government,
 Of dreadfull batailles, of renowned Knights;
 With which he kindly his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely vp-shot where-to he doth aime:
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he leuies 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 personage,
 That may be matter meet to gaine him praise;
 For he is fit to vse in all allayes,
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
 Or else for wise and ciuill gouernaunce.
 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 private men some-while,
 Supplanted by fine 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 eekes, 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 detrey his lewd conditions:
 But the young lustie gallants he did chose
 To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
 His willelle pleasure, and ill-pleasing vaine.
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
 With all the thrittlese games that may be found,
 With manning and with masking all around,
 VVith dice, with cards, with balliards far want,
 VVith turtlecocks, mistaking manly wit,
 VVith courtizans, and costly pastize,
 VVhere of stul somewhat to his there did tize:
 Ne them to pleasure, worie he sometimes loorne
 A Pandars coate (so cately was he borne);
 There-to he could fine louing verses frame,
 And play the Poet oit. But ah! for shame,
 Let not sweet Poesy praise, whose onely pride
 Is vertue to aduance, and vice to ride,
 Be with the worke of lofels wit declamed,
 Ne let such verses Poesy be named:
 Yet he the name on him would vasily take,
 Mangle the sacred Muses, and it make
 A fundament to the vile affectioun
 Of such, as he depended most vpon,
 And with the legy sweet thereof allure
 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 houe there halfe 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 scoff 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 purchas which he gain'd.
 For he was school'd by kind in all the skill
 Of close conuoyance, and each practise ill
 Of coofinage and cleanly knauerie,
 Which oft maiorin'd his masters brauery.
 Besides, he vs'd another slippery sleight,
 In taking on himselfe in common light,
 False personages; fit for euery sted,
 With which he thousands cleanly coofined:
 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 money, 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 coofin 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 futers, 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 ment;
 Or otherwise, false Reynold would abuse
 The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
 His Master, beeing one of great regard
 In Court, to compas any sute not hard,
 In case his paines were recompenc't with reason:
 So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his Masters friuolous 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-wyift,
 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 be 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 hate 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 rounce;
 To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne.
 Vnhappy wight, borne to delectous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance 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 ioynd,
 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 sweeteoes of contented home,
 Though eating hips, and drinking watry forme.

Thus as they them complained to and fro,
 VVhilst through the forest rechelesse 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 heath 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 ought 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 skinned, the terror of the world,
 Whence 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 blissfull happines,
 I chuse before a life of wretchednes.
 Be therefore counselled herein by mee,
 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; thouto a tree mayst climbe,
 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 nimble it to doo;

Of all the beasts which in the forests bee,
 Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good hart,
 And euer thinke a kingdome 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 flick, that vnderneath did fly;
 Vpon his uptocs oicely he vp went,
 For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
 To eury sound, that vnder heauen blew,
 Now went, now slept, 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 hue handling, and his cleanly play,
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,
 And with the Foxes helpe 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 couctous,
 That neither pleased was, to haue the raiue
 Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,
 But either (algates) would be Lords alone:
 For Loue and Lordship bide no paragone.

I am most worthy (said the Ape) ith I
 For it did put my life in leopardy:
 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 Soueraigone.

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 loone 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 slie wyles and lubull craftinesse,
 The title of the kingdome to possesse.
 Nath'lesse (my brother) since we passed are
 Vnto this poynt, we will appeare our iarre,
 And I with reason meet will iust 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 olt'sweare,
 And olt'swicare, a Diademe to beare?
 Then freely vp those royall spoyles hee tooke,
 Yet as the Lions skin be inly 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 iene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first, whom he encountered, were
The Sheepe and the 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 had 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 toste
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 perswaded them with homage due
Them to lues 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 Tygre, 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 doubtfull strife they stopt 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 warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane tyme vpon the King to attend.

The subtle Foxe so well his message said,
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomach woxe,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeede himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the beasts him feared as they ought:
And followed vnto his Palace hie,
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,
Esloones 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 beasts, 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 beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With those him elte 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 beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private 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 cruelitie, the signe of curish kinde,
And sdeignfull priete, and wilfull arrogance;
Such follows that the whom fortune doth aduance.

But the false Fox most kindly plaid his part:
For, what ouer mother wit, or arte
Could worke, he put in prooue: no practise flie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
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 he likte, he kept.
Iustice he tolde iniustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was:
But so he got it, litle did he pass,
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweet of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crums of Benefices,
And filld their mouths with meeds of malices,
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 to establish 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 towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes Palaces fell fast
To ruine: (for what thing can euer last e)
And wail'd the other Peeres for pouertie
VVere for't their ancient houles to let lie,
And their old Cortes 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 Crowne;
 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 wisdome he aboue their learning deemed.
 As for the rascall 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 gaine.
 Ne would he any let to haue access
 Vnto the Prince, but by his owne address:
 For all that else did come, were sure to faile,
 Yet would he further none but for auale.
 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 gaine,
 Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,
 How that the Wolfe her mortall enemy
 Had sithence flaine her Lambe most cruelly;
 And therefore craud'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 fo 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 flauoder 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, fo euery one was vied,
 That to giue largely to the boxe refused.
 Now when high Ioue, in whose almighty haod
 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 vsurp'd, he (deignfully) i't corn'd
 In his great hart, and hardly did reframe,
 But that with thunder-bolts he had him laide,
 And druen downe to hell, his dewest meed:
 But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scorfull 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 flie with neuer-resting speed
 Vnto the Forrest, where wilde beasts doe breed,
 And there enquire priuily, to learne,
 VVhat did of late chaunce 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 had the Lion be remitted
 Into his seat, and thole same treachours vile
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
 The sonne of *Mars* soone as he receiu'd
 That word, straight with his azure wings he cleau'd
 The liquid cloudes, and lucid firmament;
 Ne said, till that he came with sleepe descent
 Vnto the place, where his prescript did shoue.
 There stooping like an arrowe from a bowe,
 He first arriv'd on the grassie Plaine,
 And rarely passed forth with ease 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 wou'ts to decke the Gods immortal crew,
 And beautifie the finie firmament,
 He do'st, visit 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 government,
 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, hee 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 spoile;
 Through power of that, his cunning theecuries
 He wou'ts to worke, that none the same clipe;
 And through the power of that, he putteth on,
 VVhat shape he list in apparition.
 That on his head he wore: and in his hand
 He tooke *Caduceus* his snakie wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth,
 VVith that he causeth sleepe to fetze the eyes,
 And teare the hart of all his enemies;
 And when him list, an vniuersall night
 Throughout the world he makes on etery wight;
 As when his Sire with *Alcumena* lay,
 Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,

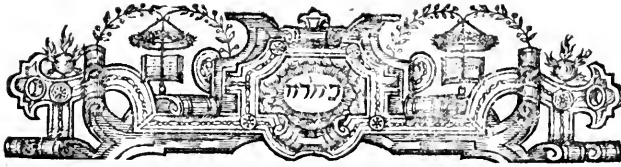
Both through the gard, which neuer him deseride,
 And through the watchmen, who him neuer spide:
 Thence, forth he past into each secret part,
 Whereas he (sawe that sorely grieu'd his hart)
 Each place abounding with foule iniuries,
 And hid with treasure rackt with robberies:
 Each place dcslide with blood of guiltles beasts,
 Which had beene flaine to serue the Apes beehals;
 Gluttony, malice, pride, and couetize,
 And lawlesnes raigning with rrouze;
 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 rize.
 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 whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonor blent:
 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,
 Gunding 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 riuin from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartlesse left;
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whole 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 watty eyn halfe weeping,
 T'excuse his former treason and abuson,
 And turning all vnto the Apes confusion:
 Nath'lesse, the reyal Beast forborne 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 rending them in peeces, fellly flew
 Throfe warders strange, and all that cle 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 had ensample see.
 The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,
 He did vnface, and then abroad let flee.
 But th' Apes long tale (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 tails, are vtterly bereft.

So *Mother Hubbard* her discourse did end:
 VWhich pardon me, if I amille haue pend;
 For, weakeweas my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.

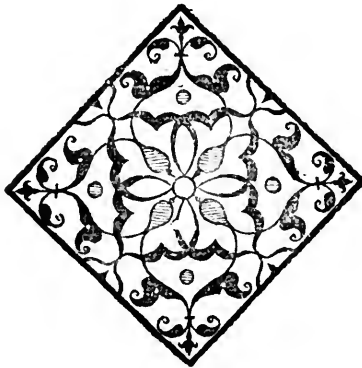
FINIS.





COLIN CLOVTS
COME HOME
AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME

By JOHN STOW



Printed by W. Stansfeld, at the
Printers, in the Strand, London.



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Ralcigh*, Captaine
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-
ncies, 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 high-
er conceipt for the meanenesse of the stile, but agreeing
with the truth in circumstance and matter. The vvhich
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 be-
ing in England) and with your good countenance protect against the ma-
lice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miscon-
strue 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.

THE shepherds boy (best known by that name)
 That after **T**RYRV'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**OBBIN OLE) gan thus to him areed:
COLIN, my liefe, my life, how great a losse
 Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke?
 And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest of those:
 That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
 Was heard to found 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 waile full many a sythe,
 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,
HOBBIN, 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:
HOBBIN desires, thou maist it not forsake,
 Harke then ye iolly shepherds to my song.
 With that, they all gan throng about him neare,
 With hungry cares to heare his harmonie:
 The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feede at libertie.
 One day (quoth he) I sate (as was my trade)
 Vnder the foote of **M**OLE, that mountaine bore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
 Of the Greene alders by the **M**VLLAES shore:
 There a strange shepheard chaunt to find me out,
 Whether allured with my pipes delight,
 Whose pleasing sound yf shuld far about,
 Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he light: humfeste he did yeleepe,
 The shepheard of the **O**CEAN by name,
 And said he come far from the maine sea deepe.
 He sitting 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 pleased at it:
 Yet, smiling my pipe, he tooke in hand
 My pipe, before that I could of many,
 And plaid thereon: (for well that skill hee cond)
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
 He pip't, I sang: and when he sang, I piped,
 By change of turnes, each making other mery,
 Neither enuyng other, nor enuid,
 So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.
 There intertonging him, a bonny swaine,
 That **C**YDDY bright, him thus awene bespake:
 And shuld it not thy rusty course restraine,
 I would request thee **C**OLIN, for my sake,
 To tell what thou dost sing, when he did play.
 For well I weene it worth recounting was,
 Whether it were some hymne, or morall lay,
 Or scroll 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**RE GOGS loue I song,

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 faine.

Hear then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor Gramdams 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 travellers, which it from farre behold.

Full faine she lou'd, and was below'd full faine.
Of her owne brother ruer, B R E G O O 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 to well with his continuall paine,
That he that ruer for his daughter wonne:
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 O did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her first to wedde.
But for her father strong still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way he went,
And eke from farre obseru'd with ialous eye,
Which way his course the wanton B R E G O O 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 E S water slide.

So secretly did he his lone 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 Riuier, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattered 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 dittie did that other shepheard sing?
For I doe couet most the same to heare,
As men vse most to couet forraigne thing.
That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vjage hard,
Of C Y N T H I A the Lady of the Sea,
Which from her presence, faultlesse him debard.
And euer anon with singules rise,
He cried out, to make his vnder-song,
Ah my Ioues Queene, and Goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?

Then gan a gentle boy lisse 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 E 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 dislike 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 counsell 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 perswaded forth with him to fare:
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten 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 mourtaines 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 mouths 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 gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulfe, and in those wandring streames
Seeke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to bell.
For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to land,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

As if I found the danger of the fame;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glewed together with some fubtile 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 quire and full of inward feare,
 That shepheard I bethought 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 fame 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 frie,
 Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
 Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
 Is TRITON, blowing loud his wretched home:
 At found whereof, they all for their reliefe
 Wend to and fro at euening and at morn.
 And PROTEVS ke with him does driue his heerd
 Of stinking Seales and Porpeices together,
 With hoary head and dewie 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 heavenly 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 both at hand.
 Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off descride:
 Which sight much gladdened me; for much afore
 I feard, least land we neuer shou'd haue eyde:
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We LVNDAY passe; by that same name is ment
 An Island, which the first to West was shovne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floating amid the sea in leopardie,
 And round abo it 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 ARMVLLA yeelds
 None fairer, nor more fruitful 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 lae:
 There did a lofsie mount at first vs greet,
 Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
 That seemd amid the ferges for to flicet,
 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's a son,
 That hast nor seene least part of Natures worke:
 Much more there is vnknd, then thou doost kon,
 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 fruitful come, faire trees, fresh herbage is
 And all things elle that liuing creatures need.
 Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,
 No what inferiour to thy FYNCHINS praise,
 Or vnto ALLO, or to MVLLA cleare:
 Nought hast thou foolish boy seene in thy daies.
 But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
 And is there heauen likewise there all one?
 And if like heauen, be heavenly graces there,
 Like as in this same world where we do won?
 Both heauen and heavenly graces doe 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 wayting there nor wretchednesse is heard,
 No bloodie siliues, nor no leprofies,
 No grieufully famine, nor no raging sward,
 No nightly bo'rags, nor no hue and cries:
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
 No rauenous Wolves the good mans hope dilstroy,
 Nor outlawes sell 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 liuely growes,
 Had people grace it gratefully to vie:
 For God his grise there plentifully bestowes,
 But graeclesse men there greatly do abuse.
 But say on further, then said CORYEAS,
 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 glaty, greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former time;
 Such graces 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 adorned 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 vaine 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 S praise :
 C O L I N, thy selfe thou nakt'st vs more to wonder,
 And her vpraising, doost thy selfe vpraise.
 But let vs heare what grace the shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduanced ?
 The shepheard of the Ocean (tho he)
 Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced :
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her care,
 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 moue 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 merry pipes apply,
 Or be their pipes vtunable and crackie,
 That they cannot her honour worthily ?
 Ah nay, said C O L I N, neither fo, nor so .
 For better shepheards be not vnder skie,
 Nor better able, whn 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 seruice of faire C Y N T H I A,
 And there is C O R I D O N, but mealy 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 euerlasting 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 perisue 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 ennie at my rusticke quill :
 And there is pleasing A L C O N, could he raise
 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 hearer reu :

Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
 That sung to 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 anew.
 Who liues that can match that heroiick song,
 Which he hath of that mightie Princeesse made ?
 O dreaded Dread, doe not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie fo in hidden shade :
 But call it forth, ô 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 fo 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,
 Tbe which doth all aboue 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 fie,
 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,
 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 bends his wit in loues confuming finart :
 Full sweetly temperd 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, shewe 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, maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe 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 himselfe heroiically sound.
 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 S did liue and raigne,
 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, high L V C I D A :
 Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
 Which faout 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 faid,
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deferts reconfest.

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 martyrize:
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 elle 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 THEANA 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 vcell of bountie 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 aduaunce,
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 silver 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 pattern of true womanhead,
And onely mirror 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 COSHMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praise-worthy faيرة NEAERAS,
NEAERAS, ours, not theirs, though there she be,
For of the famous SHYRE, the Nymph free is,
For high desert, aduault 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 harts.
Ne lesse praise-worthy STELLA do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed are,
Whom verte of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath praised and raised aboute 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 faire is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.
But th'youngest is the highest in degre.
PHYLIS, the floure of rare perfection,
Faيرة spre ading 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 spoile posselt,
And it embracing deare without disdain,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:
Of all the shepherds daughters which there bee,
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,
Or thatt ellwhere I euer yet did seee)
A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Mide by the Maker selfe to be admire!
And like a goodly beacon high adrest,
That is with sparks of heauenly beautie fired.
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or elle vnforsunate may I read,
That freed is from CYPIDS yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new hands aduerture dread.
Shepherd what euer thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayd duently apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald vp in the treasure of her hart,
Ne thee lesse worthy gentle FLAIA,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthy curteous 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 h life had ended.
Therefore in closure of a thankfull mind,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

I deeme it best to hold eternally,
Their bountious 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 fo 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
Fimsh the storie which thou hast begunne.

More eath, quoth he, it is in such a cate,
How to begin, then knowe how to haue done.
For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds 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 melt the hearers hart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead, againe aliue.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely Wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,
Forth-looking through the windowes of the East:
When first the fleecic 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:
Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.

C O L I N, said C Y D D Y then, thou hast forget
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such losse flight, base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True, answered he: but her great excellence,
Lifts me about the measure of my might:
That being filld with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrap in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it sildy 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 known 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 shephearders daughters dauncing round,

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowrie gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who lo ye be, that shall suruiue,
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
Be witness of her bountie here aliue,
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, so 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 return'd 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 rudelife been 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 descride.

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 canced 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 lames to losse, mislead amisse.
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one feels with malice and with strife,
To thrust downe other into soule 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 gylefull hollow hatt,
Masked with faire fursimbling curtesie,
A filed tongue, furnisht with termes 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 meaur'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 vanishe into nougths.
 Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought elsse but smoke, that fumeth soone away:
 Such is their glorie that in simple eye
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves 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 despyd 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 elsin 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 dore CYNTHIA expound
 The ledden of strange languages in charge:
 For CYNTHIA doth in Sciences abound,
 And giues to their professors stipends large.
 Therefore vnjustly thou doost write them all,
 For that which thou mistakest in a few.

Blame is, quoth he, more blamelesse generall,
 Then that which private errors doth purfew:
 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 fraughe with enuie, that their galls doe swell,
 Or they their daies to idlenesse diuide,
 Or downed lie in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like Moldwarps nouthing still they lurke,

Vnmaidfull of chiefe parts of manlienesse,
 And doo themselves for want of other worke,
 Vaine votaries of laesie loue professe,
 Whose seruice high fo bately they entwe,
 That CYPRI do selfe of them thus asamed is:
 And mustring all his men in VENVS view,
 Denies them quite for termitors 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 vmbiant 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 Iere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise deuse,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,
 And him doe sue and serue all otherwise.

For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
 His nightie mysteries they doe prophane,
 And vic his dic 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 said vses.
 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 dreed:
 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 CYPRI doth she 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 puffed he grew,
 That IOVE himselfe his powre began to dreed,
 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, bis 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 hie,
 That to true loues he may vs euermore
 Prefere, and of their grace vs dignifie:
 Ne is there sheheard, ne yet sheheards swaine,
 What-euer feeds in forest or in field,
 That dare with cull deed or leasing vaine,
 Blaspheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.

Sheheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
 Of loue, quoth CYPRI, is breath'd into thy brest,

That

Colin Clouts come home againe.

That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possit.
But neuer wilt till this present day,
But neuer wilt 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 wor'st the mystrie 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, pasthe reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre diuine.
For long before the world he was y' bore,
And bred aboue in VENVS bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare,
For how should else 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' eate,
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 cheerefull day:
Nexte on the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.
And shortly after, euery living 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 heaueus 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 strik 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 powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,

Through secret fente which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to decree:
And with chaste heart to honour him alway:
But who so 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 disloyall 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 deeplly 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 so 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 scorn and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.

Indeed, said LVCID, I haue oft en heard
Faire ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blam'd:
For being to that swaine roo cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defam'd.
But who can tell what a use 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 graff in fraillesse 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 remaind 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 vneet,
Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw.
For she is not like as the other crew,
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,
But of diuiner gard 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 lookt to lie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with leasie eye.
Yet so much graces let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, such 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 grieffe,
And long affliction which I haue endured,
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some relieffe,
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 witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denving,
This simple trophee of her great conquest.

So, having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprofe eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,
Ward 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.

Shepheards that went on pipes of oaten reede,
Of times to plaine your loues concealed finart:
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 mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may enpierce,
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 nycter 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.

Agente

Colin Clouts comehome againe.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in **A R C A D Y**,
 Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
 About the grassie banks of **H A M O N Y**,
 Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and flore.
 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 Ladies 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 twaine, excelling faire 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 visage, and demeanure mild:
 That all mens harts with secret raiishment
 He stole away, and wectingly beguild.
 Ne spight in selfe, that all good things doth spill,
 Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
 Sweet without lowre, 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 enter 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 dawning day, forth comming from the East.
 And layes of loue he also could compose.
 Thrice happy she, whom he to praise 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 vells and shadie groues forfooke,
 To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruites, 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 countie's flore.
 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 lining 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 vovd the seruice of his daies,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit:
 For her he made hymnes of immortal praise,
 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 vovd,
 And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.
 For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
 Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
 In thooing, 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 euery field, and forest faire away,
 He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so saluage 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 praise:
 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 saluage 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-wouen toyles and subill traines
 He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
 So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
 That he of them great troupes did sooone entrap.
 Full happy man (misweearing much) was hee,
 So rich a spoyle within his power to seee.

Estfoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
 Full greedily into the herd 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 (fo partial vnto none)
Ill mind, fo much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmin. full 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 beaft of most accured brood :
Vpon him turnd (despaire makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomd to blood,
Launched his thigh with fo mischicuous might,
That it both bone and muscles riued quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And fo huge streames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,
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 alme was nought fo deare as hec :
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 drierie 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 fort 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 thofe 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 dolefull 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 waiting 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 requieet,
And pitious mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can let,
But he whose hart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when paine his vital powres had spent,
His wasted life her weaty lodg- forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not awht,
But after him did make vntimely hatte :
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaffe :
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 louers trew,
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 midst thereof a starre appears,
As fairly formd as any starre in skyes :
Resembling **S T E L L A** in her freshest yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beaueic 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 seuer thou it vp doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heereof when rydings 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 deu's'd to shew his sorrow best :
That from that houre since first on grassie greene
Shepheard kept sheepe, was not like mourning seene.

But first, his siter, that **C L O R I N D A** hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lues this day :
And most resembling both in shape and spight
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.

Ayme! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grieft
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enuic 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 befo.
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 life, 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 backe retourne,
To pay their fury 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 rewe.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Vntimely cropt, before it well 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,
Neuer 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 dect
With all the downes of celestiall grace:
By soueraine choice from th' heauenly quires select,
And lincaely deui'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread,
Ayme! 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 wife,
And compact all about with Roses sweet,
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him doe sweetly caroll day and night:
And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him asleepe in Angel-like delight;
Whilke 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 aboue all measure,
Sweet loue, still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from ielous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreadding harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing sauge beasts more crueltie.
Whilst we heere wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes 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 wepe 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 deuiue:
Whom **A S T R O P H E I** full deare did entertaine,
Whilke heere he liu'd, and held in passing price;
Hight **T H E S T Y L I S**, began his mournfull tournee,
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 hearce.



The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

Come forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
 forsake your warty bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caues,
 and help me to lament:
 Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
 to gurgling found
Of **L**IFFIES tumbling streames:
 Come let salt teares of ours,
 Mixe with his waters fresh.
 O come, let one consent
 Ioyn vs to mourne with wailefull 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**HILIP'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 dreadfull **M**ARS!
 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**RITONS valour
 tane delight of old,
 And with thy presence oft
 vouchsafst to attribute
 Fame and renowne 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 deignest 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**NGLAND made,

Eke **Z**EELANDS pitious plaints,
 and **H**OLLANDS torne 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**ORINEVS rose,
 Who curting off the Fates
 that this mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he tare,
 calling the heauens vnkind.
 The **T**HAMES was heard to roare,
 the **R**EYNE and eke the **M**OSSE,
 The **S**CHALD, the **D**ANOVV 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 huc,
 The **S**YLVAN 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 sought his caue or den,
 this cry did them so fright.
 Out from amid the waues,
 by storme then stir'd to rage,
 This crye did cause to rise
 th'old father **O**CEAN hoare,
 Who graue with eld,
 and full of maicstie in fight,
 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 speeche nor mone,
 may moue the fixed flint
 Of destinie or death :
 Such is his 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 lift vp to heau'n,
 and courage franke as steele,
 With cheerefull face,
 where valour liuely was exprest,
 But humble mind, he said ;
 O Lord, if ought this fraile
 And earthly carkasse haue
 thy seruice 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 vnrripe 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 plapt
 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 flowre,
 Which languiseth 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 fatall howre,
 Whose blustring sighes
 at first their sorrow did declare,
 Next, murmuring enfude ;
 at last they not forbear
 Plaine out-cries, all against
 the heau'ns, that enuiously
 Depriu'd vs of a spright

so perfect and so rare.
 The Sun his lightfome beames
 did shrowd, and hid his face
 For grieue, whereby the earth
 feard night eternally :
 The mountaines each where shooke,
 the riuers turnd their streames,
 And th' ayre gan winter-like
 to rage and frett apace :
 And grisly ghosts by night were scene,
 and ferie 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 preface
 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 lovely S T E L A plaine
 Hergriuous losse,
 or seene her beauiue mourning cheere,
 While she with woe opprest,
 her forrowes did vnfold.
 Her haire hung loose neglect,
 about her shoulders twaine,
 And from those two bright starres,
 to him sometime so deere,
 Her hart sent drops of pearle,
 which fell in foyson downe
 Twixt Lilly and the Rose.
 She wroug 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 enuious 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 grieue,
 that night and day
 Afflicts this wofull life,
 and with continual rage
 Torments ten thousand waies
 my miserable brest ?
 O greedie enuious heau'n,
 what needed thee to haue
 Enricht with 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 leave 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 hit too long;
And instead of more words,
seemd that her eyes a lake
Of teares had been, they flow'd
so plentifully thereto:

And with her sobs and sighes,
th'ayre round about her roong.

If **V E N U S** when the waile
her deare **A D O N I S** 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:

A Y R O R A halfe so faire,
her selfe did neuer show,
When from old **T I T H O N S** 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 forie 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 seem'd, 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 eestfoones feare
the dayes of **P I R R H A** should,
Of creatures spoile the earth,
their fatal threds vntwist.
For **P H O E B V S** gladsome raies
were wish'd for in vaine,
And with her quicquing light
L A T O N A S daughter faire,
And **C H A R L E S - V V A I N E** eke refus'd
to be the shipmans guide.

On **N E P T V N E** warr was made,
by **A E O L Y S** and his traine,

Who letting loose the winds,
toit and tormented th'ayre,

So that on eu'ry coast
Wher shipwrack 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 went so still to slide,

Were troubled now and wroth:
whose hidden hollow caues

Along his banks with fog
thee shrowded from mans eye,

Aye **P H I L I P** did refund,
aye **P H I L I P** they did cry.

His Nymphs were scene no more
(though custome still it craues)

With haire spread to the wind
themselues to bathe or sport,

Or with the hooke or net,
barefooted wantonly

The pleasant daintie fish
to entangle or deceiue.

The shepherds 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 carelesly 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,

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,
SCIPIO and CAESAR,
with the rest that did excell.
In martiall prowesse,
high thy glory do admire.
All haile therefore.
O 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.
 (..)

Lycón.

COLIN, 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 seemes 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, esse a part
 Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
 With sobs and sighes I tecond will thy song,
 And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart. (teach

COLIN. Ah **LYCON**, **LYCON**, what need skill to
 Agriued 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 waile.
 Seelt 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 iadome sight appeare
 Vnto thine eyes, since that flame fat all 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 wilde woods; If euer pitious plaine
 We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
 With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
 Instru't me now. Now **COLIN** then got on,
 And I will follow thee, though farre behind.

COL. **PHILLISIDES** is dead, O harmful death;
 O deadly harme. Vnhappy **ALEION**,
 Who shalt thou see among thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vncouth
 Ennie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
 Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
 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 flood of teares to bathe the earth; and there
 Doth call the heauens despiightfull, 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 grasie greene;
 And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,
 Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
 To giue the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
 That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
 The pleasant shade of stately groues they flun;
 They leaue their crysfall springs, where they wont frame
 Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell fare,
 To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.
 And now the hollowe caues where horror darke
 Doth dwell, whence banisht is the glad some 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 happie 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 APPENINE?
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 whitefecte washeth (wayling this mischance)
OF DOVER-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 funerrall
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; ð brookes and fountaines cleere;
O hills, ð dales, ð woods that oft haue rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that among
These thickets oft haue daunft after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
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 harmonie?
So sweet a sound, who to you now imparts?

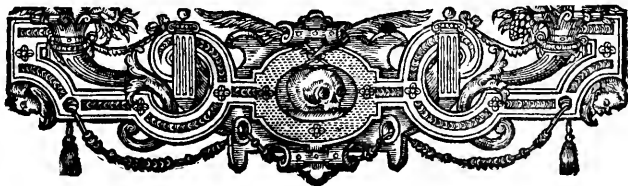
Loe, where engraue'd by his hand yet liues
The name of SYLLIA, in yonder Bay tree.
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honour giues,
To famous EMPEROURS, and Poets crowne,
Vnhappy flocke that wander scattred now,
What maruell if through grieffe ye woxen leane,
Forlake your foodde, 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 shepheards 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 eate,
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 grasse with Cypres boughes bespred,
Behold these flowres which on thy graue we strews;
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
Though eke they shew their fruent zeale and pure
Wholie onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importuoe shall the heau'ns for aye,
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learned shepheards 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: cetera 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.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, acclod the ayre,
The skie, like grasse of watchet hew,
Reflected **P H O E B V S** golden haire,
The garoilt 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 or tame 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-iyuce stained the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And **P H I L I S** philbert there away,
Compared with Myrtle and 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 compast were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The aire-winged people sit,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,

Here **P M I L O M E L E**, that knowes 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**, flood thereby,

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phoenix left sweet Arabia:
And on a Ceader in this coast,
Buile vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the fume,
Prepards 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 elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward 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 in 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 dost thou shine?
My flarre is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of mine eye,
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me hie 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,
Dreide in the brest of ASTROPHILL.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assur'd ye long to know,
What be the forrowes me agrees,
Listen ye then to that iustly,
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not ASTROPHILL,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession stilly)
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 crySTALLIQUID brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seem'd most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his lonely cheerfull eyne,
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 cuer 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 leaue vs 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 opes dislembed 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 he 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,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou find and ASTROPHILL,
The rose and lillie haue their prime,
And lo hark! beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe excede,
In common sight of eu'ry eye,
Yet in his Poesies 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 ete'rall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To shiort hude beautie, aye to liue.

Above all others, this is hee,
Which erst approued in his song,
That loue and honour might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.
Sweet faints, 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 aboue her height.

Then PALLAS afterward attyrde,
Our ASTROPHILL with her deuce,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,
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 feare afar)
Such maiestic, quoth he, is feld,
Such maiestic my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set MARS by his detic.

An Epitaph.

In this furnize he made with speede
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.
The flame and bolt together shut,
With priue force burst out againe,
And for our ASTROPHIL was laine.

This word (was slain) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life-strings twitch,
The skie immediatly aboute,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wruffling winds frō out the ground,
Fild all the ayre with rading found.

The bending trees exprest a grooe,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The Forrest beafts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tunc their mourning call,
And PHILOMEL for ASTROPHIL,
Vnto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,
Methought 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 here,
Began his funeral dirge to sing,
Good things, quoth he, nay scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedy wing.
This mortall life, as death is trade,
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 aboute,
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 enue laine.

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 illude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,
And heere my pen is for to shrinke,
My teares dicolour fo mine inke.

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouvernour of Flushing.

TO 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 enue 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 timeleffe 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 halt, 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 wisdom 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, sickness, 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:
T'eares to the fouldiers, the proud *Cassilians* shame;
Vertue exprest, and honour truly taugnt.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woo'd,
Young yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnfore
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with fo great praises raunt.

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, yeres long to come,
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy foule and spright enrich the heauens above.

Thy liberall hart in balmt' d in gratefull teares,
Young sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her sting, and spight 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 grieffe,
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 pensue 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 cries,
Death slew nor 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 grieffe.

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 to 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 leagure,
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 grieffe, 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 fo good a mind.

F I N I S.



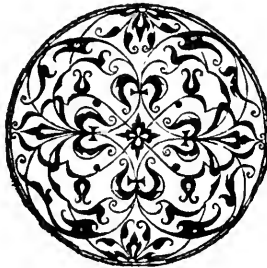
PROTHALAMION

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.*

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY



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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 shaddows, did afflict 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 adord with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowtes,
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 Rivers side,
A flock of Nymphes I chaunced to spy,
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 feateously
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 euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose tiew,
With store of vermil Roses,
To decke their Bridegroomes posies,
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 PINDVS strewed,
Did neuer whiter shewe,

Not I OVE 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 shee, 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 heauens 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 wondring 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 Teece,
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 Seafon, 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 store 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 (streem,
Scattered with Flowers, through THESALLY they
That they appeare through Lillies plentiful 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 Inowre Foreheads 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 heaueus 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 lone,
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 vnder-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 Lec, 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 enranged 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 natie soure:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient 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 T emplet Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next wherevnto there stands a stateely place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feesles 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 thund-
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 promifeth the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from forraine harmes:
And great E L I S A E S 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 Rieters open viewing,
With a great traine ensuing,
About the rest were goodly to be scene:
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature
Beleeeming well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twinnes of I O V E they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heaueus bright.
They two forth passing to the Rieters 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.*



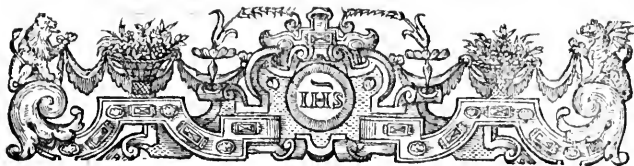
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AMORETTI.

G. W. Senior, to the Author.

D Arke is the day, whē Phœbus face is strowed,
 And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
 But whē they see his glorious raies vnclowded,
 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 shepheards thy sweet yovnde 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,
 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 bappy 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 Appy leaves, when as those lilly hands,
 which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
 shall handle you, and hold in lous soft bands,
 like captiues trembling at the victors sight.
 And happy lines, on which with starry light,
 those laming eyes will deigne sometimes to looke
 and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
 written with teares in harts close bleeding booke
 And bappy 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 food, my heavens blis.
 Ecaves, 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 sithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,
 till greater then my wombe thou woxe art:
 Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
 in which thou lurkest 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 humbleffe 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,
 witnesse the world how worthy to be praised:
 the light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire,
 in my fraile spirit, by her from basenelle taited;
 That beeing now with her huge brightnes dazed,
 bafe 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 stopped is with thoughts astonishment:
 and when my pen would write her titles true,
 it raiuisht 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 Adicia his passed date
bids all o'd 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 fair mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

Rvdelly 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 clost implide,
scorne of base things, & fdeigne 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.

Be nought dismayd that her vnroued 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 gentle 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.

Faire 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 view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely 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 louely, as becomes you best,
that your bright beams of my weak eyes admired,
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.

More then most faire, full of the liuing fire,
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
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 beautie 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, whete your light shined neuer;
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

Long-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 Cryfall: for nought may them seuer;
nor vnto glasse: such baseness might offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest bee,
Whole light doth lighten all that heere we see.

SONNET X.

Vnrighteous 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 equall fort,
As she doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her sport.

SONNET XI.

Daily when I doe seeke and sue for peace,
and hostages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell warour 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 restless toile:
but greedily her fell intent pursueth,
of my poore life to make vn pittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assiole,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then shee 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,
theene breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
was fott to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me capturing 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 gaue.

SONNET XIII.

IN 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 on the earth whence she was borne,
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fairest shall to earth returne.
But that same Iostie countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clim:—
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with droffie slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lowliness shall make you Iostie be.

SONNET XIII.

Returne againe my forces late dismayd;
vnto the sieg by you abandon'd quite.
great shame it is to leaue, 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 ye may,
and lay incessant battery to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins 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.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
doe seek most precious things to make your gaue:
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaue?
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 Iuorie, her forehead Iuorie 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 vnawily did gaze
on those fyre eyes my louses immortal light:
the whiles my stonifit hart stood in a maze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,
legions of louses with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrowes fieric 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 Damsell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had beene flaine,
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weake mens contused skill:
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embace,
what pen, what penfill 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 beside.
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:
the louely pleafance, and the Iosty pride,
cannot expresse be by any art.
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth need,
That cau expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardest Steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizzling drops that often doe redound,
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 pittie 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 vaue,
Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

The merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,
his trumpert shrill hath thrice already found:
that warnes all Iouers waite vpon their king,
who now is coming forth with girland crowned.

With

With noyse whereof the quire of Birds refounded
their anthermes sweet deuized of loues praise,
that all the woods their Echoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.

But monght them all, which did Loues honour raise,
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly difobayes,
and doth his idle message fit at nought.
Therefore, O loue, vntesse she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

IN vaine I seeke 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 raigbeth ouer eury beast in field,
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
the filly Lambe that to his might doth yield.

But shee, more cruell and more saluage wilde,
then eyther Lyon, or the Lionesse:
shames not to be with guiltlesse blood defilde,
but taketh glory in her crueltie.

Fairer then fairest, let none euer say,
That ye were blooded in a yeeded pray.

SONNET XXI.

VVAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
which tempred 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 pleasure, 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 stir 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.

THis holy season, fit to fast and pray,
men to deuotion ought to be inclind:
therefore, I likewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saint some seruice 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, O goddesse to accept,
Amongst thy deeref' relicts to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES like,
deuiz'd a Web her woovers to decease:

in which, the worke that since all day did make,
the same at night shee did againe vnreave:
Such subtil craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th' importune 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, shee spils that long I ponne,
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spydres web I find,
Whole fruitlesse worke is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIIII.

When 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 shyny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new PANDORA see;

Whom all the Gods in councill did agree,
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should be,
for all their faults with which they did offend.

But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
and know no end of her owne miserie?
but waste and weare away in termes vnure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.

Yet better were atonce to let me die,
and shew the last enfample 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.

SWeet is the Rose, but growes vpon a breres;
sweet is the Iuniper, but sharpe his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rind is tough,
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet fowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So eury sweet with foure is tempred still,
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 enlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SONNET XXVII.

FAire proud, now tell me, why should faire be proud,
 Sith all worlds glory is but drosse vncleane?
 and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 how-euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly I doll now fo gay becene,
 shall doffe her fleshes borrow faire attire:
 and be forgot as it had neuer been,
 that many now much worship and admire.
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 but what this verse, that neuer shall expire,
 shall to you purchase with her thanklesse paine.
Faire, be no longer proud of that shall perish,
 But that which shall you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe 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.
The 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.
Proud **D**A **R**H **N**E, scorning Phœbus louely fire,
 on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
 for which the gods in their reuengefull ire
 did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
Then flie no more faire Loue from Phœbus chace,
 But in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the stubborne damzell doth depraue
 my simple meaning with diuidfull scorne:
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
 accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The 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.
But 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.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
 And fill the world with her victorious praye.

SONNET XXX.

MY 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 grows the more I her intreat?
Or 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?
What 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 deuise?

Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath nature to so hard a hart
 giuen so goodly gifts of beauties grace?
 whose pride depraves each other better part,
 and all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith 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.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
 through sweet allurement of her louely hew:
 that sith the better may in bloody bath
 of such poore thralls, her euell hands embrew.
But did she knowe how ill these two accord,
 Such crueltie she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painfull Smith, with force of ouerent heat,
 the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,
 that with his heavy sledge he can ic beat,
 and fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
 her hart more hard then Iron soft awhile:
 ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
 doe beat on th'annule of her stubborne wit:
But still the more she feruent sees my fit,
 the more she friceth in her wilfull pride:
 and harder groweth the harder she is smit,
 with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 to that most sacred Empresse my deare dread,
 not finishing her Queene of Faery,
 that mote enlarge her liuing prayes dead:
But **L**O **D**V **V**E **C**K, this of grace to me arad;
 doe ye not thinke th'accomplishment of it,
 sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.
How then should I without another wit?
 thinke euer to endure so tedious toyle,
 sith that this one is toft with troublous fit,
 of a proud Loue, that doth my spirit spoyle.
Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant meritt,
 Or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET XXXIII.

LIke 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 wander far astray:
So I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,
 me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,
 doe wander now in darknesse and difmay,
 through hidden perils round about me past;

D.

Yet

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 cleare my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortles,
In secreet sorrow, and sad pensiueneſſe.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,
still to behold the object of their paine,
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffice:
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine,
and loosing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like **N A R C I S S U S** vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtar'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.

Tell 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 means 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 ſhed all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,
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.

What guile is this, that thoſe her golden trefles
ſhe doth atyre vnder a net of gold:
and with ſlie ſkill ſo cunningly them drefles,
that which is gold or haire, may ſearce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gazetoo bold,
ſhee may entangle in that golden ſnare:
and beeing 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 means ſhall get.
Fondneſſe it were for any being free,
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, 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 perfeuer ſtill,
all careleſſe how my life for her decays:
yet with one word ſhe can it ſaue or ſpill,
to ſpill were pity, but to ſaue were praife,
Chuſe rather to be prayd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for ſpilling guileleſſe blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet ſmile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
expreſſing all thy mothers powerfull art,
with which ſhe wons to temper angry **I O V A**,
when all the gods he threats with thundering 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 rauiſht quite as in a trauince:
and feeling thence no more her ſorrowes ſadneſſe,
fed on the ſuſneſſe of that chearefull glaunce.
More ſweet then **Nectar** or **Ambroſiall** nectar,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke 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 afreſh 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.

IS 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 beeing long in her loues tempeſt toſt,
ſhe means at laſt to make her pittious ſpoile.
O fayreſt faire, let neuer it be named,
That ſo faire beauty was ſo foully ſhamed.

SONNET XLII.

The 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 fro 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 refraine.
Onely let her abstaine from crueltie,
And doe me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

Shall 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 flock in silence die?
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
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 hartes thought can spell,
Will soone conceiue, and learn to construe well.

SONNET XLIIII.

When those renoumed noble Petres of Greece,
through stubborn pride among theselues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden seece,
then *ΟΡΡΗΕΥΣ* with his harp their strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make:
whilst my weak powes of passions warreid arre,
no skill can stint, nor reason can shake.
But when in hand my tunclesse 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 seeke to settle peace,
The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

Leaue Lady in your glasse of crysfall cleane,
your goodly selfe for euermore to view:
and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,
most liuely like behold your teinblant true.
With n my hart, though hardly it can shew
thing to diuine to view of earthly eye:
the faire Idea of your celestall hew,
and euery part remains immortally:
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with sorrow dimmed and deformed it were,
the goodly image of your wisdomy,
clearer then crysfall would therein appeare.
But if your selfe in me ye plaine will see,
Remoue the cause by which your faire beames darkned

(bec.

SONNET XLVI.

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
my cruell fare straight bids me wea I way:
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,
awstage 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 she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

Trust not the treason of those smiling lookes,
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tride:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the foolish fish their bays do 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 whilst her bloody hands them slay,
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them smile:
that they take pleasure in her cruell play,
and dying, doe themselves of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,
And thinke they die with pleasure, liue with paine.

SONNET XLVIII.

Innocent 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 heretics ordained:
yet heretic nor treason didst conspire,
but plead thy Maisters 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.

FAyre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes haue power to kill?
then knowe that mercy is the Mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to saue, then fill.
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 feele th' vtmost of your cruelties,
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footstoolle humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

D 2.

Such

SONNETS.

Such mercy shall you make admir'd to be,
So shall you liue, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languishing in double malady,
Of my hartes wound, and of my bodies griefe,
thre came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe,
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 appeare
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.

Doe 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, vntraine in Louers trade,
her hardesse 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.

Soft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that hauing lost the field,
is prisoner led away with heauy 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 distaine
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.

The 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 pray.
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.

Of this worlds Theater in which we stay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
disguising diuerstly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedie:
foone after, when my ioy to sorrow fits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.
Yet she 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 laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor mirth nor more,
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LV.

Soft as I her beautie 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.

Faire yee be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tygre, 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.
Faire 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.

Swet 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 powre, fo fore my wounds appeare,
 that wonder is how I shoul I liue a tot,
 seeing my hart through-lanccd eury 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 stoures.
 ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
 in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
 Make peace therfore, 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.

WEake is th' assurance that weake flesh repositeth
 in her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:
 that soonest fall, when as she most suppotheth
 her selfe assur'd, and is of nought afraid.
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vnstayd,
 like a vaine bubble blowne vp with ayre:
 deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
 her glorious pride that none may it repaire.
Ne 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.
Why then do ye proud faire, misdeeme so faire,
 That to your selfe ye most assured are.

SONNET LIX.

THrife happy she, that is to well assur'd
 vnto her selfe, and settled so in hart:
 that neither will for better be assur'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 fyer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
 of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends:
 but in the way 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.

They that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
 to eury planet point his sundry yeare:
 in which her circles voyage is fulfilld,
 as **MARS** 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 forie which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,
 the spheare of **CVPID** fornye yeares contains:
 which I haue wasted in long languishment,
 that seemd the longer for my greater paine.
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,
 This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,
 my loueraigne faint, the Idoll of my thought,
 dare not henceforth about the bounds of iudice,
 t' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, beeing as she is, 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 she should scorne
 base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such heau'nly formes ought rather worshipping bee,
 Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

The wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,
 the new begins his compist 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 stie 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 heavy spight,
 And change old yeeres annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
 which hardly I endured heerebefore,
 in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
 with which my silly barke was tossed fore:
I doe at length desyre 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 safetrie of so sweet a fezt;
 whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
 remembrance of all paines which him oppress.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
 All sorrows short that gaine eternal bliss.

SONNET LXIIII.

Comming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
 mee seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres:
 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 bofome, 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 Ieffemines:

SONNETS.

Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe 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 captiuitie
within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approche, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that ioyall loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound:
There faith doth fearelesse dwell in brazen towre,
And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO 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.

Like as a huntsman after weary chace,
seeing the game from him escape away,
sits downe to rest him in some shadie 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,
fought not to flie, but fearelesse still did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmlye ryde.
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrow'd 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 entertaine.
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,
Loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
vide trophees to erect in stately wize:
in which they would the records haue enroll,
of their great deedes and valarous emprise.
What trophee then shall I most fit deuise,
in which I may record the memorie
of my loutes conquest, peecelesse 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.

Fresh Spring, the herald of loutes mightie king,
in whose coat-armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowres 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.

Ioy to see how in your drawn worke,
your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke
in close 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 Eglantine:
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.

Oft when my spirit doth spred 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 mortallitie,

Where

SONNETS.

Where, when that soueraigne beautie 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:
 ne 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.

Being 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 prayes ouer all.
 That it heereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIII.

Most happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
 with which that happy name was first delynd,
 the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
 with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first, my beeing to me gaue 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 alme most worthy to be praised.
 Ye three **ELIZABETHS** for euer liue,
 That three such graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
 but came the waues and washed it away:
 againe, 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.

Faile bosome fraught with vertues riches treasure,
 the nest of loue, the lodging of delight,

the bowre 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 beautie 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 enuie your so happy reit,
 Which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dreame, or did I see it plaine,
 a goodly table of pure Iuorie:
 all spred with iuncates, fit to entertaine
 the greatt Prince with pompous roialty.
 Mongt which, there in a siluer dish did lye
 two golden apples of vnaled price:
 far passing those which **HERCULES** came by,
 or those which **ATLANTA** did entice.
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,
 that many sought, yet none could euer taste,
 sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise:
 by Loue 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.

Lacking 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 saw 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 fed with fancies vaine.
 Cease then mine eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
 And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

Men 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 beautie: that doth argue you
 to be diuine, and borne of heauenly seed:
 deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true
 and perfect beautie did at first proceed.
 He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,
 All other faire like flowres vntuly fade.

SON-

SONNETS.

SONNET LXXX.

After 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 feed refreshed after toile,
out of my prison I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke assaile,
with strong endeavour and attention due.
Til 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.

Faire is my Loue, when her faire golden haire,
with the loose wind ye waiting chance to marke:
faire when the rose in her red cheekes appears,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.
Fairst when her breast 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 wile 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.

Ioy 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 embafed.
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 prayes forth:
Whose losie argument vplifing mee,
Shall lift you vp into an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

My 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 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 loathe 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, lauing the.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let 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 spodeless breast,
and modest thoughts breath'd fro wel tempred spirits,
go visite her, in her chaste bowse of rest,
acompanie with Angel-like delights.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
the which my selfe could neuer yett attaine:
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
which her too constant stiffenelle doth constraîne.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blisse your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

The 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 cuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous 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 accurd liere:
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tell,
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of ire,
The sparkes whereof let 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 prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since 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 reascend.

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.

Since 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,
whercof 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-affamishd hart.
But with such brightnes whilt I fill my mind,
I staruemy body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

Like 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 wading here and there all desolate,
seeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne joy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
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.

In youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, VENVS baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hieue to grope for hoony:
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

AS DIANE hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where CVPID lay,
his quieter 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 beafts with CVPIDS dart.

ISaw, 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.

VPon a day, as Loue lay sweetly slumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'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 angry wife he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout.

TO whom his mother closely smiling said,
twixt earnest and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likewise art little made,
if thou regard the same,
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.

Nathlesse, 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.

VNto 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.

SHe tooke him straight full pittiously lamenting,
and wrapt him in her smock:
Shee wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,
that he the flec did mock.
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well,
with L.duc of foueraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dauntic well,
the well of deare delight.

Who would not off be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in V E N V S blis?

THe wanton boy was shortly well recured
of that his malady:
But hee, so one after, fresh againe enured
his former crueltie,
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
with his sharpe dart of loue:
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe,
his mothers heaft to proue,
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

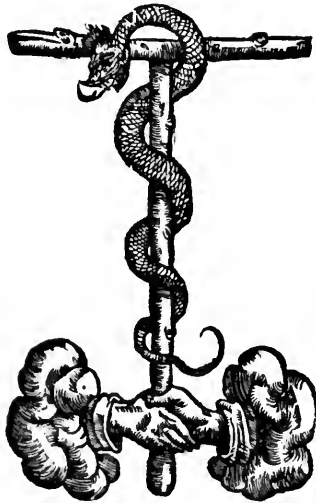
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EPITHALAMION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
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EPITHALAMION.

YE 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.

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe
 His golden beame vpon the hills doth spread,
 Hauing dispers'd the nights vnchearefull dampe,
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustiehead,
 Go to the bowre of my beloued 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 maui 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.

BRing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the Riuers and the Forrests Greene:
 And of the Sea that neighbour 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 strait,
 The whiles doe ye this song into her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
 The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
 And greedily pikes which vnto them feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes which all others doe excell)
 And ye likewise which keepe the russhie Lake,
 Where none doe fishes take,
 Bind vp the locks the which hang scatter'd 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 dore,
 That on the hoary mountaine vnto 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.

WAke 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 V S** gins to shew his glorious head,
 Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their Laies,
 And carroll of floues praise.
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
 The Thrush replies, the Maui's delciant playes,
 The Ouzell shrils, the Ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this daies meritment.
 Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' attend the conning 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.

MY 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 dow 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 repair.
 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 vnto **V E N V S**, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

E.

Now

EPITHALAMION.

Now is my Loue all ready forth to come,
 Let all the virgins therefore well await,
 And ye fresh boyes that read 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 feruent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beautie to disgrace.
 O fairest P H O E B Y S, 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 foueraine prayes loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

HArke how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that refounds from far,
 The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all, the Damzels doe delire,
 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,
 H Y M E N, io H Y M E N, H Y M E N 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 approuance doe thereto applaud,
 And loud aduaunce her laud,
 And euermore they H Y M E N H Y M E N sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

Loe where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like P H O E B E, 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 wene
 Some Angell she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearle, & perling shoures atweene,
 Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
 And being 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 being proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell 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 vncruded,
 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 vert 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.

BVt if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beautie of her liuely spright,
 Garnish'd with heauenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht like to those which red
 M E D V S A E S amazell head.
 There dwells sweet loue and constant chastytie,
 Vnspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild modestie,
 There Vertue reignes 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.

Open 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 deck 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 obediencie,
 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 endless 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.

Behold, 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,

EPITHALAMION.

Like crimfin dyde in graine:
That euen the Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altar doe continue,
Forget their seruice and about her flie,
Oit peeping in her face, that seemes more faire,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modestie,
That suffers not one looke to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnfound.
Why blufsi ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band.
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleiuya sing,
That all the woods may anfwere, and your echo ring.

Now 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 iollitie.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape 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 wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweate, and drunken be withall.
Crown e ye god B A C C H U S with a coronall,
And H Y M E N also crowne with wreathes of *roes*,
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 anfwere, & their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted 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 chiefest hight,
With B A R N A B Y the bright,
From whence declining 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 ordaind was,
To chuse the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet neuer day so long, but lare 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 anfwere, and your echo ring.

AH! 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, ô fairest Planet to thy home,
Within the Westerne some:
Thy tyred steeds long since haue need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,

And the bright Euening star with golden creit
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 seemst 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 anfwere, and their echo ring.

Now cease ye damfels your delights fore-past,
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighting fast,
Now bring the Bride into the bridall bowres.
Now night is come, now loone her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And filken curtaines ouer her display,
And odour sweets, and Airas coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Loue does ly,
In proud humilty:
Like vnto M A I A, when as I O V E R her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bashing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damfels may be gone,
And leaue my Loue alone,
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall anfwere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long dayes labour doost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Hast sumd 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 perill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke 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 afray:
Like as when I O V E R with faire A L C M E N A lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian grome:
Or like as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Maicstie.
And let the mayds and young men cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them anfwere, nor their echo ring.

Let 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 fudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightningns, helpelesse 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 eccho ring.

BVt 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 sit and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reprocues,
 Their prey stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through couer night,
 Ye sonnes of V E N U S, play your sports at will:
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toys,
 Thinks more vpon her paradise 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 eccho ring.

VV 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 fleece 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 eccho ring.

ANd 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 remane,
 Without blemish or stain,
 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 eccho ring.

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly cloads,
 In dreadfull darknesse lend desired light;
 And all ye powers which in the same remaine,
 More then we men can faigne,
 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 eccho ring.

Song 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 promitt both to recompence,
 Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse monument.
 F I N I S.





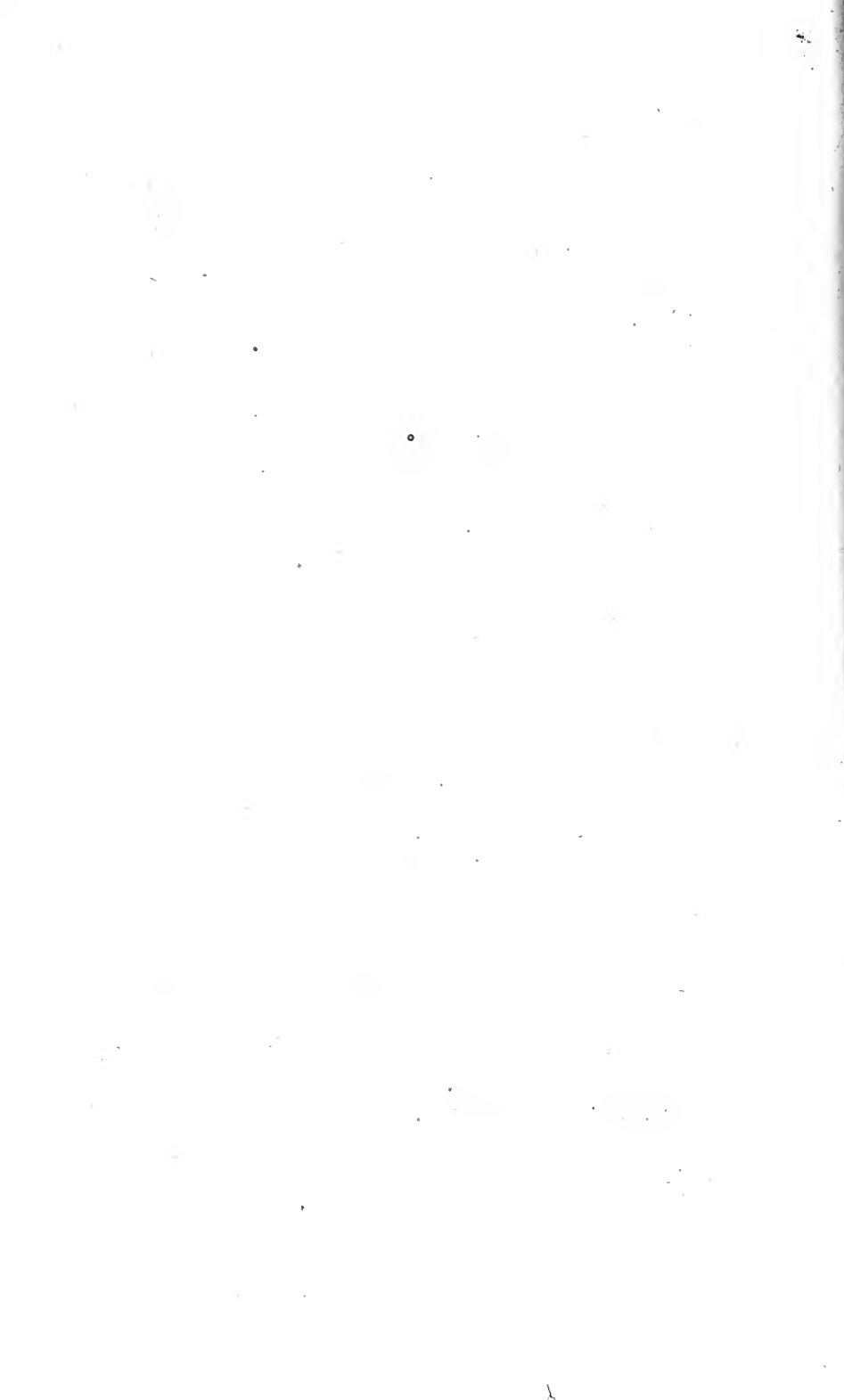
FOVRE
HYMNES,

MADE
By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.





TO THE RIGHT HONOVRA-
ble and most vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Maga-*
ret, Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*,
Countesse of Warwicke.
(. . .)

HAuing in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praye 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 celestiall. 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.

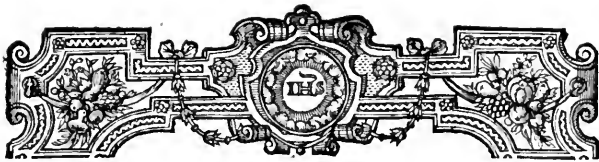
(* *)

*Your Honours most bounden euer
in all humble seruice,*

Edm. Sp.

1773

Nov. 1773



AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse slowre,
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 forrowes, 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-spread
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 VENVS lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre 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 forie.

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 needech 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.

GREAT god of might, that reignest in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy heist 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 alieue can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother VENVS 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 heavenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing 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;
LOVE, that had now long time securely slept
In VENVS lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by CLORION 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 themselues did cuer,
The which before had lyen confused cuer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselues 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 LOVE 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 themselues within their sundry raines,
 Together liukt with Adamantine chaines ;
 Yet so, as that in euery liuing wight
 They mixe themselues, 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 eternitic,
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting prognic.

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 V T Y**, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortal frame
 Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
 Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
 Of heauenly light, then **B E A V 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 empoisoned 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 plaime, 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 whilst 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 encreas'd her disdainfull breast,
 That no one drop of pittie there doth rest.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
 Thus to conoble 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, small glory doost thou winne hereby,
 To let her lues thine feede, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
 The worlds great Parent, the most kind preferuer
 Of liuing wights, the soueraigne Lord of all,
 How falls it then, that with thy furious feruour,
 Thou doost afflict as well the not deseruer,
 As him that doth thy louely heats 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 deerele deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfiend,
 As things diuine, least passions doe impresse,
 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 haste fire,
 Such fancies seele 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 themselues 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 mount about the natie might
 Of heauie 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 fattsie with it,
Like T A N T A L E, that in store doth starued ly:
So doth he pine in most latencie:
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 how 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 faying 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 aduentrous paine
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,
Thou beeing blind, lest him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
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 L E A N D E R, in the Euxine waues,
And rout A E N E A S in the Troiane fire,
A C H I L L E S preassing through the Phrygian glauces,
And O R P H E V S, 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 enter 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 bee, and loued best:
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue cannot endure a Paragon.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more then hellish paine!
And to his faying fantasie represent
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To break his sleepe, and waste his idle braine:
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not beheue
Least part of thy euils which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shoues,
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 yet that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, ô L O V E, 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 wife,
With H E R C U L E S and E B E B, and the rest
Of V E N V S dearlings, through her bountie blest,
And lie like gods in tuory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There, with thy daughter P L E A S U R E they do play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game:
Then her they crowne their goddess & their Queene,
And decke with flowres thy altars well becene.

Aye me, deate 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 rccure.

An Hymne

Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to bebut peance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise,
An heauenly 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.

AH! whither, **L O V E**, wilt thou now carry mee?
What wond'rous fury doost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whilst seeking to slake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindest much more great desire,
And vp aloft about my strength dost 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 heauenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule enchanting might.

Thereto doe 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 immortall 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.

WHat 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 be,
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 defiore,
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 quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits prouly 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 pleafant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which fhining in the face,
Thence to the foule darts amorous defire,
And robs the harts of thofe which it admire,
Therewith thou pointeft thy lonnes poyned arrow,
That wounds the life, & wafes the inmoft marrow.

How vainly then doe idle wits inuent,
That beaurie is bought elfe, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temperment
Of pure complexions, that fhall quickly fade
And paffe away, like to a Sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition,
Of parts well meafurd, with meet difpofition.

Hath white and red in it fuch woodrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein ftrike fuch rage and reftleffe ftowre,
As nought but death can ftint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue fuch affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both fenfe and reafon blind?

Why doe not then the bloffoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the fenfe moft dainty odours yield,
Worke like impreffion in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre fhew,
In which oft-times, we Nature fec of Art
Excelld, in perfect limning eury part.

But ah! beleuee me, there is more then fo,
That workes fuch wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know:
And who fo lift the like affayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confefle it then,
That **B E A U T Y** is not, as fond men mifdecme,
An outward fhew of things, that onely feeme.

For that fame goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are fprinkled, fhall decay.
And thofe fweet rofe leaues fo fairely fped
Vpon the lips, fhall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, thofe fparkling ftarres fo bright,
Shall turne to duft, and lofe their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celeftiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguifht nor decay,
But when the vitall fpirits doe expire,
Vnto her natue planet fhall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Being a partcell of the pureft fkie.

For when the foule, the which deniued was
At firft, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all lue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of pureft heauens height,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light

And liuely fpirits from that faireft ftarre,
Which lights the world forth from his fire cart.

Which powre retaining ftill or more or leffe,
When the in flefhy feed is eft enaced,
Through euey part the doth the fame impreffe,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her houfe, in which fhew will be placed,
Fit for her felfe, adorning it with fpoule
Of th'heauenly riches, which the robd crewhile.

Thereof it comes, that thefe faire foules, which haue
The moft refemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themfelues moft beautifull and braue
Their flefhy bowre, moft fit for their delight,
And the groffe matter by a foueraine might
Temper to trim, that it may well be feene,
A palace fit for fuch a virgin Queene.

So euey fpirit, as it is moft 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 fight.
For of the foule the bodie forme doth take:
For foule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-euer that thou dooft behold
A comely corpe, with beaurie faire endewed,
Knowe this for certaine, that the fame doth hold
A beauteous foule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the feed of vertue ftrewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a figne to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chance, againft the courfe of kind,
Or through vnaptneffe in the fubftance found,
Which it affumed of fome ftubborne ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with fome foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me the more to rew)
That goodly beaurie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abufd, and that celeftiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight a Iorne,
Made but the bait of finne, and finners corne;
Whilft euey one doth feeke and fue to haue it,
But euey one doth feeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abufe it vnto ill:
Nothing fo good, but that through guilty fhame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Nathelffe, the foule is faire and beauteous ftill,
How euer fhefhes faulte it filthy make:
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauenly light,

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 beaueous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloyall lust, faire BEAVTIES foulest blame,
That bale affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abused name ;
But is indeed the bond-flaue 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 likeness doth display,
Like as two mirours by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It 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 enshrin'd 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 wish 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 harmonie,
Of likly harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweet sympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harboured since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And knowe each other here below'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 so light,
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse 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 sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heauely beautie to his faocies 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 fantasiae,
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 fierie launces :
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compassion to their louely 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 the sents,
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 draw to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maiestie,

of Heavenly 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 the whole 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 owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire V E N V 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 heavenly Loue.

LO 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 loueraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly 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 heavenly praises of true loue to sing.

And ye that went with greedy vaine desire,
To read my fault, and wondering 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 rencewes.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any beeing place,
Ere flitting 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 lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and here,
Eternall, pure, and void of finfull blot,
The firstling of his toy, in whom no iot
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honor crown'd,

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortal light,
Together with that third from them deriue'd,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie 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 equall vnto my thought,
To tell the maruiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant still with powre full grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like him selfe, 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 triall triplicities
About him wair, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth fend,
Or on his owne drad presence 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 2.

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 onely breath them blew away
 From heauens height, 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 degree,
 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 goodness vnto all,
 Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
 In his wide Palace, through those Angels fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new vnknown 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 heauenly 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, heauenly 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 lovely shape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
 No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensee,
 Fell from the hope of promis'd heauenly 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 despaired hell,
 Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blis,
 In which he reign'd 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 despitfull 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 vnspokeable 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 fore launch,
 Or thought can thinke the depth of so deare wound ?
 Whose bleeding source their streames yet neuer staunch,
 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 beight,
 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 demaunds, 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 fo 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 gaues ;
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 heritage 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,
Entampld 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.

Then rouze thy selfe, ô 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 toysefull Ore and humble Ass,
And in what rags, 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 faultly waies,

His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouerty, his sharpe allies,
Through which he past his miserable daies,
Offending none, 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 crownd, how buffeted, how bruised :
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 remorfe,
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, whole finnes his sorrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and groone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse 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 giue himselfe for thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so posselt,
And ransit with deuouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble breast
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 fleshy sence doth daze
With admiration of their passing lights,
Blinding the eyes, and luming the spright.

Then shall thy ransit soule inspired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idee of his pure glory, present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enagement of celestall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.



AN HYMNE, OF HEA- uenlie Beautie.

Rapt with the rage of mine owne rauisht 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 bale world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortal skie.
Of the faare 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 *Vniuersite*, 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 wise 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 curie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And last, that mightie shining crystall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, so till more cleare
And faire it growes, 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 shine round still moouing Masse,
The houe of blessed Gods, which men call *Skye*.
All low'd with gliftring starres more thicke then graffe,
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 wee see,
Be others, farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, nor corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in light,
Vnmoouing, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne to illuminate their spheres,
But their owne natie 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 *ID EES* on hie
Enranged be, which *PLATO* so admired,
And pure *INTELLIGENCES* from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigene
The fouerain *POVVERS* & mighty *POTENTATES*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *DOMINATIONS* are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be those bright *CHERVINS*,
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,
And those eternall burning *SERAPHINS*,
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 person, without rest or end.

These

of Heauenly Beautie.

These thus in faire each other faire excelleng,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Farrer 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 beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I find:
How much mote 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 eue to see his face,
His glorious face which glitereth 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 rebuted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyue,
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 brauen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire,

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impc the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do bliand,
And like the natiue brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmitie.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the foottoole of his Maiestie,
Throwe 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 auengfull 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 iudgement 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 darted is from TRINITYES 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 Warders, 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 theron doe 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 temptuous 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 natiue 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 houle of God on hie,
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiected 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 wemens race,

And

An Hymne

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increas'd by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compar'd be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictur'd VENUS with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admir'd it,
Haue puttrayd 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,
Abovethat Idole of his faying 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 perfectiōs part,
Whose beautie fillsethe 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 soueraine praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold,
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 her felicitie 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 celestiaall 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 chasteſt 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 spight.

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 fillsethe 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 seem'd sweet, seemes now offence,
And all that pleas'd earth, now seemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fix'd all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes be.

And that faire lampe, which vsseth 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 so 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 sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prieſt;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grieft.

And looke at last vp to that soueraine light,
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie spring,
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.



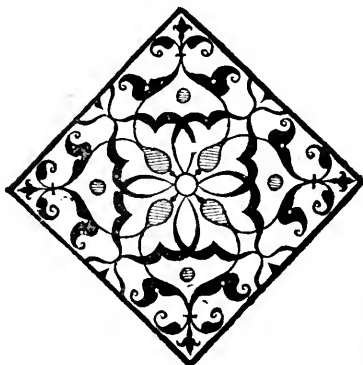
DAPHNAIDA.

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.



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OFFICE OF THE DEAN



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*, mocher 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.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

Resolved, That the sum of £100,000 be granted to His Majesty for the service of the year ending the 31st day of March 1801, and that the same be paid out of the Consolidated Fund.

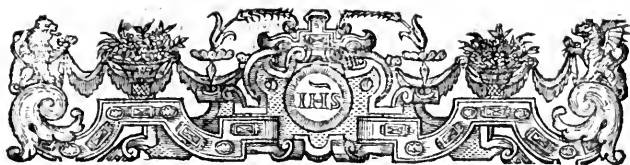
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DAPHNAIDA.

WHat-euer man he be, whose heauy mind
With griefe of mournful great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the rusfull plaint herein exprest,
Of one (I weene) the wofullst man aliuē;
Euen sad **A L C Y O N**, whose empierced brest,
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riuē.

But whoſe 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 ſobs 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 ſweatie 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 heauines,
Which ſhe conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vaineſſe, and lifes wretchedneſſe,
That yet 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 coſte,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And **I A K O S** ſtaffe in hand deuoutly croſt,
Like to ſome Pilgrim, come from ſarre away.

His careleſſe 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 ſighed 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 poſion ſcene 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 pleaſance 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 diſdainefull wiſe,
Yet ſtayed 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 treadeth this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulneſſe impreſſed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And giuen like cauſe with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe finds ſome caſe by him that like does beare.
Then ſay **A L C Y O N**, gentle ſhepheard ſtay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truſtie care
Committed, what thee doth fo ill apay.

Ceſe fooliſh man (ſaid he, halfe wofullſly)
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 bemone
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, vnpiſſed, 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 ſectet crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

G.

Who

DAPHNAIDA.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vobound
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 ear'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 vīde (as thou right well doost know)
My little flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,
Nor far from whence S A B R I N A 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 natiue Rose before the change,
Which V E N V S blood did in her leaues presse,
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 feldome 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 sillic sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My louely Lionesse without behaift
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.

Ort 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 bleste.

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 counsailes 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,
Gave her the fatal 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 me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was shee 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 do lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pity of his heauy plight,
Could not abtaine 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 me 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 embafe,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case,

Then sighing sore, D A P H N A thou knew'st, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
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;
 Eare he thereby was more empaffionate:
 As flubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
 And breaking forth at last, thus dearily plaind;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
 Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
 Which to vniuſly do their iudgements share
 Mongſt earthly wights, as to affiſt ſo ſore
 The innocent, as thoſe which doe tranſgreſſe,
 And doe not spare the beſt or faireſt, more
 Than woiſt 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, ſhe pure, moſt faire, moſt pure ſhe was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure reſected:
 Yet ſhe in pureneſſe, heauen it ſelfe did paſſe.

In pureneſſe and in all ceſtiall grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind,
 She did excell. and ſecm'd of Angels race,
 Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
 Adorn'd with wiſedome and with chaſtite,
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (ſince faire ASTRÆA left
 The uſeful 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 ſay the ſhepherd, Liſſes now lament,
 For double loſſe by her hath on them light;
 To loſe both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall Shepherdeſſe
 The prayſes of my parted loue enuy,
 For ſhe hath praies in all plentiousneſſe,
 Pour'd vpon her, like ſhowers of CAſTALY
 By her owne Shephard, COLIN her o-n Shephard,
 That her with heauenly hymnes doth deſiſe,
 Or 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 flowre 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 againſt all courſe of kind:
 For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
 She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:
 Weepe Shephard, 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 eares?
 In ſtead of teares, whole 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 cloſde her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe:
 The whiles ſoft death away her ſpiriſt hent,
 And ſoule aſſoyld from ſinfull fleſhlineſſe.

Yet ere that liſe her lodging did forſake,
 She all reſolud, and ready to remoue,
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wicche ſpoke;
 ALCYON, ah! my firſt and laſt loue,
 Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and moune,
 And grieue my ghoſt, that ill more him behoue,
 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 ſoueraigne beheaſt:
 Why ſhould ALCYON then loſe lament,
 That I from miſery ſhould be releaſt,
 And freed from wretched long imprifonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
 Our liſe 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 complaine
 My good to heare, and toward ioyes to ſee?

I goe, and long deſired haue to goe,
 I goe with gladnes in my wiſhed reſt,
 Whereas no worlds ſad care, nor waſting woe
 May come, their happy quiet to moleſt,
 But Saints and Angels in ceſtiall thrones
 Eternally him praife, 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 betwix 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 Shephard, weepe, to make mine vnderlong.

3 So oft as I record thoſe pietcing words,
 Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
 And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
 Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
 With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches doe compare,

DAPHNAIDA.

The which my soule first conquerd and posselt,
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 smile and cheerefull brow,
Which all the world tubdued 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 grasse with rose garland crown'd?
And when the list aduance her heauenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Muses nigh she made stownd,
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, sith 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 pleasance: 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 crystill 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 vnderlong.

4 My little flocke, whom earst I lou'd so well,
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter **A S T R O P H E L L**,
And stinking Smilage, and vnauerie 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 glutted.

Ne worse to you my silly sheepe I pray,
Neforer vengeance wish on you to fall

Than to my selfe, for whose confuside 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'vnrigheteous which alius 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 serueice 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 doeraine,
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,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which she ioyeth 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 satiside
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'heauens with long languor paciside,
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me: for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penance ceke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

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 flit 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 lendeth 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 stayed 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 pass.

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 frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauinesse.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire ERYDICE her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heauy thought:
So will I trauell whilst I tarrie here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drooping TITAN draweth neere,
To loofe his temple, will I take vp my Anne.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more.
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting prights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With PHILYMENE, my fortune to deplore,
With PHILYMENE, 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 whose departure, day is turn'd 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
Fair 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 ascertain may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaustrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrowe and sad sufferance,
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 empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunit to me,
May happen vnto the most happieft wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hills and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me succeed;
Remember yet my vnderferued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or flaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellowswaines;
That sad A L C Y O N dyde in lifes disdaine.

And ye faire Damfels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts pollesse,
When as my hearfe shall happen to your sights,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresse;
And euer sprinkle brackish teares among,
In pittie of my vnderferu'd distresse,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selues in wandring desert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes asfoyle,
When pasing by, ye read these wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my D A P H N E S wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes:
Cease Sheppard, cease, and end thy vnderlong.

THus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauieft plaint that euer I heard found,

His cheekes wext pale, and sprighis began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his stonie ffound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting 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 disposed wilfully to die,
That I fore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouer-past,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
I him desirde, sith day was ouer-cast,
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
An stay with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd, which him fo fore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to stay;
But without taking leaue he forth did goe
With staggering pale and dismall lookes distay,
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish 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
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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.*





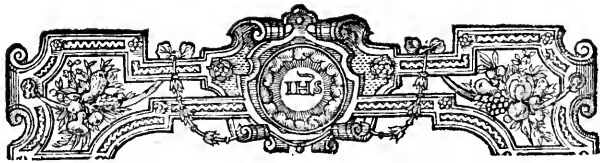
THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the
Ladie Marie, Countesse of
Pembrooke.

MOST 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 decessed; 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 learned 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-
lie 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 renouning of that noble Race, from
which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe
of them late decessed. 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.

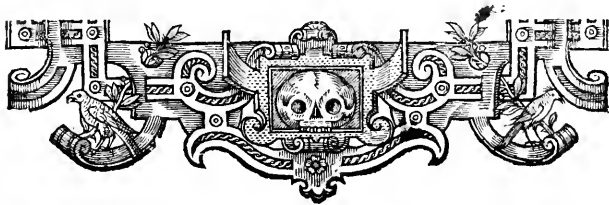


THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.



Ince my late setting forth of the Facrie Queene, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you; I haue sitence 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 himselse; some of them hauing 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 losly 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 himselse, 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.

IT 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 traualer, 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,
Renting 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 pittiouslie 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 enuyng,
From highest faire to lowest step me dreue,
An I haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorne.

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 wonoe 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 vntedfast 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 trophoe 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 wisdome knew the perfect soume:

The Ruines of Time.

Where those great Warriors, which did ouercome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of the earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th' **A S S Y R I A N** Lyonesse,
Of whom no looting now on earth appeares?
What of the **P E R S I A N** Beares outrageouesse,
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares:
Who of the **G R E C I A N** Libbard now ought heares,
That ouer-ran the East with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that fame great seven-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 hugeness testifies.

O R O M E, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my fatall outthrowe,
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 Emperesse,
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, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleue,
And with rehearsing, would me more agreue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walks, 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 pittie) now are turn'd to dust,
And ouer-growne with blacke obliuions rust.

Thereto 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 sieg'e seauen 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 victorions conquereſſe,
That lifting vp her braue heroïck 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'd made,
And of the world admir'd eu'rie where,
Is turn'd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But grisie shades, such as doe haunt in bell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilome vïde 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 wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plovers.

And where the cryſtall **T H A M E S** wont to glide
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 annoyauce free;
There now no nerts course is to be ſcene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my mishap, which oft I to him priz'd;
Or for to shun the horrible mischief,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood fare fled,
And his sweet waters away with him led.

There also where the winged ships were ſcene
In liquid waues to cut their fomic waie,
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentifull pray
Of fish, which they with baits vïde to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,
Nor cuer ship shall saile there any more.

They are all gooe, 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 bemoan'd 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,
Save One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true seeming fort.

The Ruines of Time.

C A M B D E N, the nourice of antiquitie,
 And lantern vnto late succeding 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 anique 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 ooes did sue to gaue his grace;
 Of greatest onces 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 eery 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,
 Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:
 His hope is fauld, and come to passe his dread,
 And euill men (now dead) his deedes 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 greatnes 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 reuine;
 Yet many Poets honourd him aloue.

Ne doth his **C O L I N**, careles **C O L I N C L O V T**,
 Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the lishing rout
 Of shepheard groomes, which wout his songs to praise:
 Praise whofo list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Vntill he quite hum of this guiltie blame:
 Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And whofo else did goodnes by him giue,
 And whofo else his bountious mind did try,
 Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
 (For many did, which doe it now denie)
 Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
 And I, the whilstt you moure 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 enuide,
 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 beeing dead, is happy now much more;
 Liuing, that linked chaunft 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,
 Doost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verfe
 Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
 For euer it shall liue, and shall rechearse
 His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,
 Though death his foule doe from his body feuer.
 And thou thy selfe, herein 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 weak pouertie,
 Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,
 Haue 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 shoote 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**, grove apace in bountie,
 And count of wisdom more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
 That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring

¶

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 heauens poured all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natie 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 celestiaall 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 fleshly 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 heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds annoy.
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 heauens 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 annoy.

Yet will I sing: but who can better sing,
Then thou thy selfe, thine owne selfes 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 so free,
With *ORPHEVS*, with *LINVS*, and the choice
Of all that cuer did in rimes reioice,
Conuerst, and doost heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praise.

So there thou liuest, singing euermore,
And here thou liuest, beeing euer long
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And euerie where through excellent defart.

But such as neither of themselues can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer wish regard,
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,
Vnlesse they mentioend be with iofanie.

What booreth it to haue been rich aliue?
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 remembered 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.

Provide 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 Memory,
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 mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternal day,
And them immortal make, which elfe 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 happineffe in **H E B E S** ſiluer bowre,
Chofen to be her deareſt Paramoure,

So raiſde 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 beginses
To ſhew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the ſid wayment,
Which **OR P H E V 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 impaccable 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 **N e c t a r** and **A m b r o ſ i a** doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noble donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themſelues 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 Coloffes, built with coſtly paine;
Or braſen 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 V 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 earthly 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 azure ſkie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then whoſo 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 gloriſide.

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 verſe, dipt in dew of **C A S T A L I E**:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whole vertue found
So braue a **T r o m p e**, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good **M E L I B A E**, that haſt a Poet got,

To ſing his liuing praites beeing dead,
Deſeruing neuer here to be forgot,
In ſpight of enuie, that his deeds would ſpot:
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 ſpight
Of **S A L O M O N**, with great indignities:
Who whilome was alieue the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſedome is diſproued quight:
For, ſuch as now haue moſt the World at will,
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper ſkill.

O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good harts!
To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpited bee
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſd for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none chooſe vp that nigh them planted bee:
O! let not thoſe, of whom the Muſes ſcorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned.

O vile world: truſt, that with ſuch vaine illuſion,
Hath ſo wiſe men bewicht, and ouerkeft,
That they ſee not the way of their conſuſion,
O vaineſſe! to be added to theſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

And whoſe elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped fall,
Ne ſeareth 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 warr'd bee,
And in himſelfe be mou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull ſtrikes ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe waxen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate 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 grieued, home againe,
Renuing 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 groting breaſt,
And deeply mazing at her doubtfull ſpeech,
Whoſe meaning, much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Being about 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 praide.

But th' Altar, on the which this Image staid,
Was (ô great pity) built of brittle clay,
That shortly the foundation decayd,
With showres of heauen & tempests worne away :
Then downe it fell, and lowe in ashes lay,
Scorned of euery 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 ô 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 pray of Time, and Fortunes spoyle !
I saw this Towre fall suddainly to duft,
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was bruft.

3

T Hen did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest 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 R E**, could this garden staine.

But ô 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 gardene wasted quight,
That where it 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 despight of his Creatour,
With railing teames deside 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 drownd 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 Rainbowe arched wide.
Not that great Arche, which **T R A I A N** edifice,
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 blood to craue :
Two fairer beasts might not esse-where be found,
Although the compast world were fought 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 weightincesse
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 shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensamble 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.

7

V Pon that famous Riuer 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 reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forward to die,
With loſtic flight about the earth he bonnded,
And out of ſight to highleft heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly ſigne:
There now the ioy is his, here forrow mine.

2

WHilst 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 ſcene
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,
Whilt all the way moſt heauenly noyſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and forrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a ſigne it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beſide the Northerne Beare.

3

SOone after this, I ſaw on th' other ſide,
A curious Coffe 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 penſiue 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.

4

LOoking 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 flowres, 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.

5

STill as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of **MEDYSAES** blood,
On which **DAN PERSEVS** borne of heauenly ſeed,
The faire **ANDROMEDA** from perrill 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 ſpoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atchieuements from his enemies.
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He imote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his loſſe for to deplore.

6

LAſtly, I ſaw an Arke of pureſt gold
Vpon a brazen pillour ſtanding lie,
Which th' aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold,
Enclode therein for candleſt memorie
Of him, whom all the world did gloriſie:
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 appeale their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him about the ſkie,
And to thoſe aſhes gaue a ſecond life,
To lue in heauen, where happineſs is rife:
At which, the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

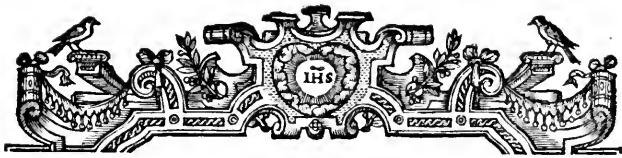
L: ENVOY.

IMmoſtall 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 figures, to deck thy fable 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 aſpue,
And loathe this droffe of ſinfull worlds deſire.

F I N I S.





THE
TEARES OF
THE MVSES.

By Edmunde Spenser.



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TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

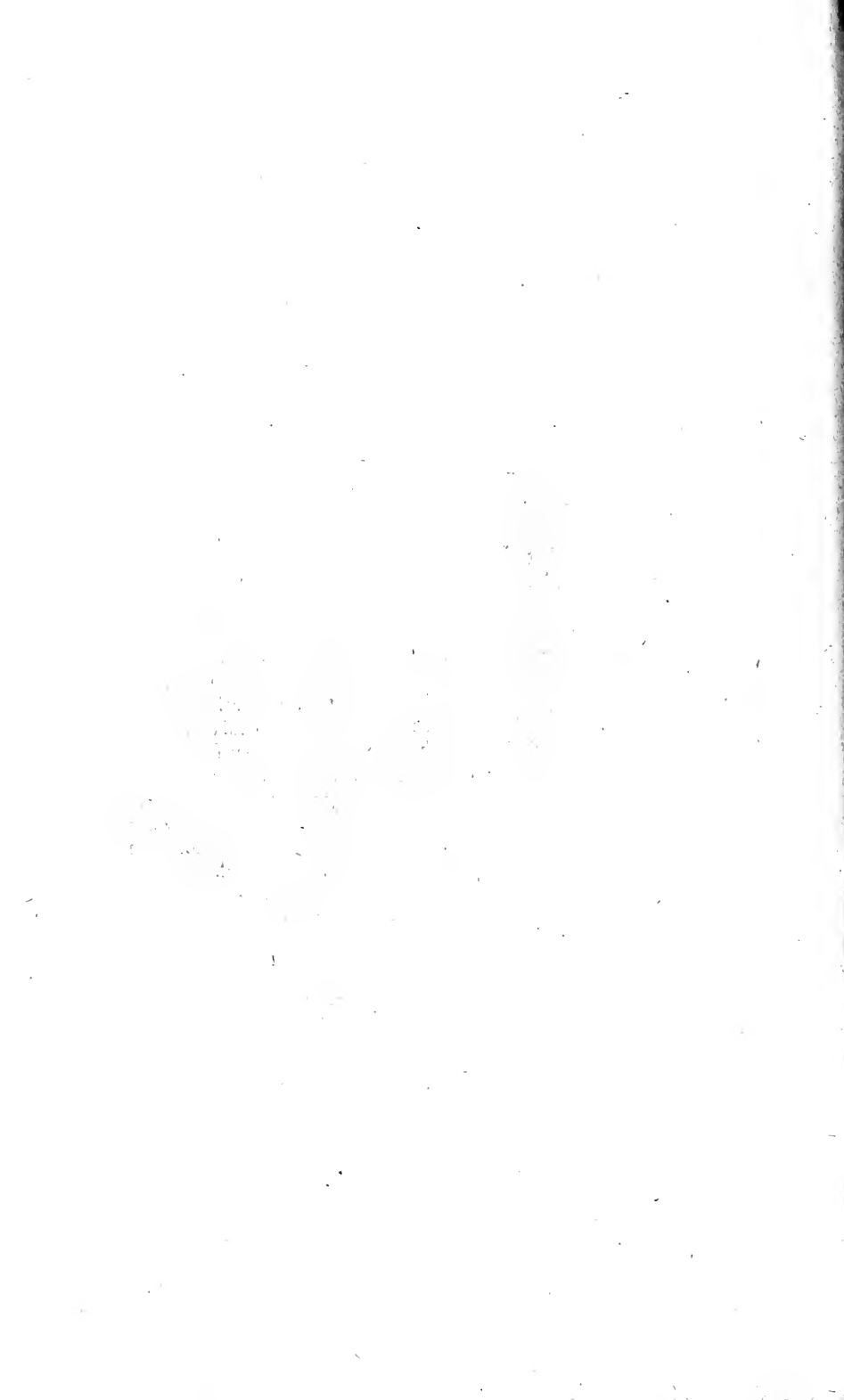
(* *)



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
woorthy 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.





THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(* *)

Rhearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great **A P O L L O S** wit,
Thole pitious plaints and sorrowfull sad time,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of **H E L I C O N S**,
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** auengefull wrath,
For trauesing 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 lofe
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her **P A L I C I**, whom her vnkindly foes
The farall 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 heauchly 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 chanel cleare
To tumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their comforts oft;
Now sort 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 heauilie 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 fight,
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'ro heaucnly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smart?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,
To methose secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread fo' dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee enfew.

CLIO.

HEare 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 scorne,
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 s** by doome vniust

Didst

The Teares of the Muses.

Didst to the type of honour earst aduance;
They now putt vp with fdeignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestia! skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to thooote vp still,
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,
They vnder keepe, and with their spreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdom to sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather leard themselves behoues to bee;
That is the girdle of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdoms influence,
And to be learded, it a base thing deeme;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himselfe for wisdom 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 slothfulnesse,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre 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 flume:
Therefore I mourne 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 stomie 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 drie,
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 wickednesse,
Deformed with filth and foule iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wrecks of immortal miserie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals 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 he is,
And th'onely comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throes of dolours 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 wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midt of tempest lctf,
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then doe foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestia! 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 vnhappyneesse.

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 depriv'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 spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rusell spectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA or PERSAPHONE;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skilld,
The floure of wit, find nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pittifully moose,
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wile:
And all her Sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shriekes and drierie dolefull cries:
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

The Teares of the Muses.

THALIA.

WHere be the sweet delights of learnings treat,
That wont with Comick sock to beautify (sure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raigae as *Queene*,
And maske in mirth with Graces well becene?

O! 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 roome vnseemly 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 Abyssme,
Where beeing bred, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the minds 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 entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfeisance and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly fort.

All these, and all that else the Comick 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 delapid, 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 *WELLY*, 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 bale-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throwe;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Then so himselfe to mockery to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manic,
And laughing stocke 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 strike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sisters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singulits did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

E V T E R P E.

LIke as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Faire *PHILOMELA*, 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 pleasur 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 Caluers doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter forme then winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnes bath 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 Abyss,
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 light.

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 wittnes 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 earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
Doe mone my misery with silence soft.
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.

VHoso 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 rarely stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurd brood,
By him begotten of foule infamic;
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 rashnes rude:
Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musick matcheth P H O E V S skill.

The noble harts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faile Ladies lones they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights distaine:
Clerks they to loathly idleness intuce,
And fill their bookes 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 natiue heritage exile,
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 reue'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull eomfortlesse,
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 pittiless complaine,
Because none liuing pittieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofully waynted,
That nought on earth her grieft 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.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in V E N V S 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 vse your lones 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 now 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 likelest 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 sprung
Out of th'Almighties bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot ghesse,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Vnto so lositie 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 **Q U E E N** of beautie, now thou maist goe packe:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quite,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Dove.

And yee three Twins to light by **V E N U S** brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Do beg with vs, and be companions full,
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.

TO 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 leekes 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;
Whole living praises in heroicke 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 vtterly doe scorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the auncestric
Of th'old Heroës memorizd 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 sprung,
As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?
What oddest **T W I X T I R V S** and old **I N A C H Y 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 Y S and **H E R C U L E S** I raile to heauen;
And **C H A R L E M A I N E**, amongst the Starris scauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion read,
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 shrike,
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.

VVhat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath poured on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
With loue of blindnes and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without fowrance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heauenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Sweeeting 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 heauenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold 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 crysell 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' Almightyes 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 heauenlic 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 heauenlic 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 gasty dreed:
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 bene two springing wells:
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

Adolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And squallid Fortune into basenes flong,
Doth scorne 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 Diaple 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 fence,
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 the 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 Kinges.

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 fauours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peerelss Poëtesse.

The Teares of the Muses.

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'laces
Be filld with praises of diuine wits,
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beside, this sacred skill esteeme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which being lightned with her beauties beame,
Are thereby filld with happy influence,
And lifted vp about the worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortal praise.

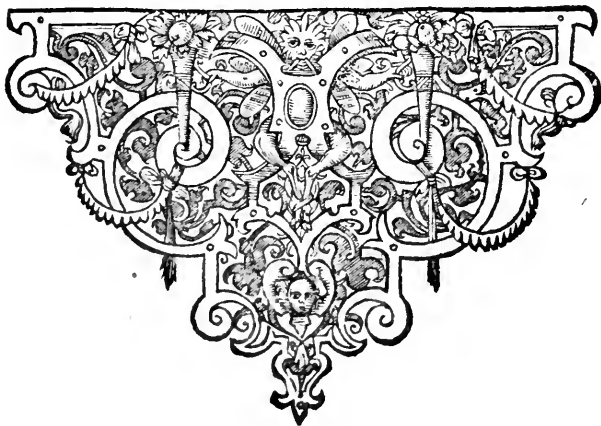
But all the rest, as borne of saluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit saour this celestiall food;
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

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.

(* *)

WRongd, 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 glose 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 shouen,
May by this *Gnat's* complaint be easily knowen.

1875

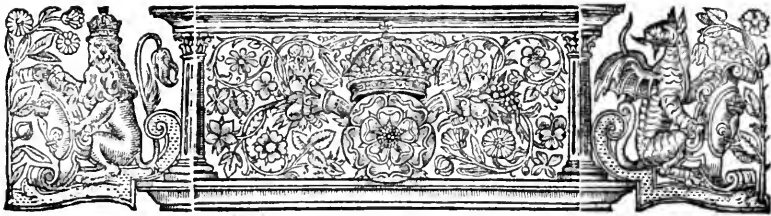
1876

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VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (AVGVSTVS) wantonly,
Tuning our song vnto a tender Muse;
And like a cobweb weauing slenderly,
Hue 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 highter 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 forme fit Poësie:
The golden offspring of LATONA pure,
And ornament of great IOVES progenie,
PHOEBVS shall be the Author of my song,
Playing on Iuorie harp with siluer string.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he wooon beside
Faure XANTHVS sprinkled with CHIMÆRAS
Or in the woods of Astrye abide: (blood;
Or whereas mouer Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweet waues of sounding Castaly,
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 PALÆS,
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 lifted am aloft
Betwixt the Forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou most drad OCTAVIUS which oft
To leamed 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 Phlegæan ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horsie people, CENTAVRES hight,
Fought with the bloudie LAPITHÆS at bord,
Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
Burnt th'Attick towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard
The Pontick sea by their huge Naue cast,
My volume shall renouue, so long since past.

Nor Hellespont 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 euerlasting light some glorie striaue,
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 deseruest best,
Hereafter many yeeres remembered be
Amoongst 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 shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And faire AVRORA with her rosie heare,
The batefull darknes now had put to flight,
Wheo 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 amoongst 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 woodbin 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 bramle leanes doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
 The whiles another, high doth ouerlookc
 Her owne like image in a crystall brooke.

O the great happinets, which shepheards haue,
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
 With mind that ill vie doth before depraue,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate;
 Of riotie, 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 fleecce, 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 eitecmeth 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 flowres 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 pleasant vallies pight,
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as crystall neate,
 Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie heate.

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 craftsman polished:

He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
 With sundry flowers in wilde fields gathered;
 Ne frankincense he from *Panchæa* 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 traour,
 Content with any food that God doth lend,
 And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leifour,
 Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chawed cudcs doe eat.

O flocks! ô Faunes! and ô ye pleafant springs
 Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rise,
 Through whose 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 batt,
 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 lott,
 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 azure 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 boylng 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 he with curfed hands had shed before;
 There she halfe frantick hauing flaine her sonne,
 Did throwd her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the graffie greene,
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing leene.
 Not so much did Dan O R P H E V S repress,
 The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I wene,
 As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddesses
 Staied thee, (ô P E N E V S) pouring forth to thee,
 From chearfull lookes, great mirth, & glad some glee.

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 wearieſ 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 **Lotus** grew,
Wicked, for holding guiltfully away
V L Y S S E S men, whom rapt with ſweeteſ new,
Taking to hoſte, it quire from him did ſtay,
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hew,
The Sunnes ſiſt daughters waild 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 diſloyaltie lamented fore,
Eternall hurt left vnto many one,
Who alſ accompanied the Oake, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to ſuch an one:
The Oake, whole 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-rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ſhips braue ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly ſigne,
Which conetng, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the ſtattes diuine,
Decks all the foreſt with embelliſhment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrivate,
And the ſweet **C y p r e ſ ſ e**, ſigne of deadly bale.

Amongſt the reſt, the clumbring **Y u i c** grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with graſping hold,
Leaſt that the Poplar happily ſhould rew
Her brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughs ſhe doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurwey,
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 lent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſeowring
Of the moiſt moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And ſhrill graſhoppers clirped them a round:
All which the ayrie 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 whiſſing wind mote beſt:
The whiles the Shepheard 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 trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But looſlie on the graſſie greene diſpreyde,
His deareſt life did truſt to careleſs ſleepe;
Which weighing down his drooping 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 empty 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 enrold,
His glittering breaſt he liſteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaout 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 ſlaſhing 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 flockes grand Captaine, and moſt truſtie guide:
Etiſoones more fierce in viſage, and in pace,
Throwing his ſurie eyes on euerie ſide,
He 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 nourliſing of the humid ayre,
A **G N A T**, vnto the ſleepe Shepheard went,
And markiug 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,
Ward him awake, from death himſelfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gaue vp ſtart,
And with his hand him raſhly bruizing, ſlew,
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 difmaid, and hartleffe quight,
 He fled abacke; and catching hafte hold
 Of a young Alder hard befide him pight,
 It rent, and freight about him gan behold,
 What God or Fortune would alsist his might.
 But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
 Its hard to read; yet hardy will he had
 To overcome, that made him leffe adrad.

The scalie back of that most hideous Snake,
 Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire;
 And oft him to affaite, he fiercely ftrake
 Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
 And for he was but slowe, did floth off shake,
 And gazing ghastly on (for feare and Ire
 Had blent fo much his fenfe, that leffe he feard;)
 Yet when he faw him flaine, himfelfe he heard.

By this, the night forth from the darkfome bowre
 Of HERBYS her reemed fteeds gan call,
 And Izzie VESPER in his timely howre,
 From golden OETA gan proceed withall:
 Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe ftovre,
 Seeing the doubled shadows lowe to fall,
 Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
 And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose fenfe fo soone as lighter fleepe
 Was entred, and now loofing euery lim,
 Sweet flumbring deaw in carelefnes did fteepe,
 The image of that GNAI 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 fteed of good, haftning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deferr'd, that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am out-caft,
 Whilst that thy life more deare and precious
 Was then mine owne, fo long as it did laft?
 I now in lieu of paines fo gracious,
 Am toft in th'ayre with euery windy blaft:
 Thou safe deliuered from sad decay;
 Thy carelefss limbs in loofe fleepe dooft difplay.

So lueft thou: but my poore wretched ghof
 Is forst to ferry ouer LETHES Riuer,
 And fpoyle of CHARON, to and fro am toft.
 Seeft thou not, how all places quake and quiuer,
 Lightned with deadly lamps on euery poft?
 TISIPHON each where doth shake and shiuer
 Her flaming fier bronnd, encountering me,
 Whose lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERYS, 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 hed
 Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
 And bloody eyes doe glifter fire red:
 He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
 With painfull torments to be forely beaten.

Woe to me, that thanks fo much should faile of need,
 For that I thee reftord to life againe,
 Euen from the doore of death and deadly deed.
 Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
 Where the reward of my fopittous deed?
 The praife of pity vanisht is in vaine,
 And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone
 Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I faw anothers fate approaching faft;
 And left mine owne, his safety to tender;
 Into the same mishap I now am caft,
 And fhuud destruction doth destruction render:
 Not vnto him that neuer hath trepfaft,
 But punishment is due to the offender.
 Yet let destruction be the punishment,
 So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into wafte wilderneffe,
 Wafte wildernes, amongft Cymmerian shades,
 Where endleffe paines, and hideous heauineffe
 Is round about me heapt in darkfome glades.
 For there huge OTHOS fits in sad distrefse,
 Fast bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
 Farre off beholding EPHIALTES tide,
 Which once affaid to burne this world fo wide.

And there is mournfull TITYS, mindfull yet
 Of thy difpleafure, & LATONA faire;
 Difpleafure too implacable was it,
 That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre
 Much doe I feare among fuch fiends to fit,
 Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,
 To the black shadows of the STYGIAN floore,
 Where wretched ghofst sit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmoft brinke doth he abide,
 That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
 Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,
 His fenfe to feeke for ease turnes euery way:
 And he that in auengement of his pride,
 For fcooming to the sacred Gods to pray,
 Against a mountaine rolls a mighty ftonne,
 Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goue curfed Damofells,
 Whose bridall torches foule ERYNNIS tynde,
 And HYMEN at your fpoofalls sad, foretells
 Tydings of death, and maffacre vnkind:
 With them, that cruell COCHID mother dwells,
 The which concei'd in her reuengefull miud,
 With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to flay,
 And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also thofe two Pandonian maides,
 Calling on ITIS, ITIS cuermore,
 Whom (wretched boy) they flew with guiltie blades:
 For whom the Thracian king lamenting fore,
 Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them vpbraides,
 And fluttering, round about them fill does fore:
 There now they all eternally complaine
 Of others wrong, and fuffere endleffe paine.

VIRGILS GNAT.

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,
 Whilst each does for the Soueraignty 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! (welayday) there is no end of paine,
 Nor change of labour may inreated bee:
 Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
 Where other Powers farre different I see,
 And must passe ouer to th' *Elysian* Plaine:
 There grim PERSAPHONE encountering mee,
 Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestly,
 With their bright firebrands me to terrific.

There chast ALCESTE liues inioulate,
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
 Lo there liues also the immortall praise
 Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
 PENELOPE: and from her farre awaies
 A rulefle 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 goet to see,
 And could beleue that any thing could please
 Fell CERBERVS, or *Stygian* Powres appease.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
 Nor those same mournful kingdoms, compassed
 With rustie horrour and foule fashion,
 And deepe digg' d'vawtes, and Tartar covered
 With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
 And iudgement seats, whose Iudge is deadly dred;
 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 'wift 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 becau'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 dist' (o' mouthly 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 fere,
 Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,
 The fiends to be too cruell and seuer,
 Obseru'd th' appointed way, as her behooued,
 Ne euer did her eye-light turne a side,
 Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking moued:
 But cruell ORPHEVS, thow much crueller,
 Seeking to kisse her, brok' ft the Gods decree,
 And thereby mad' ft her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but sweet Ioue 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 leates of happy Ioules 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 (seruing now full glad and ioyous
 Through their Sires dreadfull iurisdiction,
 Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
 And both of them by strange occasion,
 Renownd' in choyce of happy marriage
 Through VENVS grace, and vertues cariage.

For th' one was rauisht of his own' bond-maid,
 The faire IXIONE, capti'd from Troy:
 But th' other was with THETIS Ioue affaid,
 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 diuoces
 Of that great warre, which Trojans oft beheld,
 And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
 When *Teucrian* foyle with bloody riuers tweld,
 And wide *Sigeon* shores were spred with corces,
 And *Simon* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,
 Whilst HECTOR rag'd with outrageous mind,
 Flames, weapons, wounds in *Greekes* fleet to haue tynd.

For *Ida* se'fe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
 Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,
 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 Naue of their enemies,
 And all the *Rhesean* 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 G N A T.

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 compact *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 :
Ther fore from him *L A E R T E S* sonne his weve
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rheus* fall,
And efit in *Dolons* subtle surprisall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycens* 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* gulphing in and out :
Lastly, the Iqualid 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 *Iliack* posts.
Ah ! but the *Greekes* themselues more dourous,
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 none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should cleuate :
For lositie 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' *Argelike* power returning home againe,
Enrich't with spoyles of th' *Erichthonian* towre,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fornie 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 furies claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heauens on euerie side enclouded bee :
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 striding to the heauens to reach,
And th' heauens striding 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 seeming 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 floods are sunke and drest,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareu* are throwne ;
Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in peeces tent ;
Some scattred on the *Herecan* shores vnknowne ;
And many lost, of whom no monument
Remaines, nor memorie is to be shoune :
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrygian* pray
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like *Heroes* bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly feates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in foneraigntie,
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 live, and constant *C V R T I V S*,
Who stiffe 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 searching 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 denotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest ;
And heere the praise of either *S C I P I O N*
Abides in highest place about 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, am 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,
Wher *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 complaines
To be the Authour of her ill swares,
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares.

Them

VIRGILS GNAT.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now 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 fitting ayre my vaine words feuer,
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 night.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder Greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And squaring it in compassse well betwene,
There plottech 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 conceu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euery 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^l one in order set,
That neuer night his luckie teape forget.

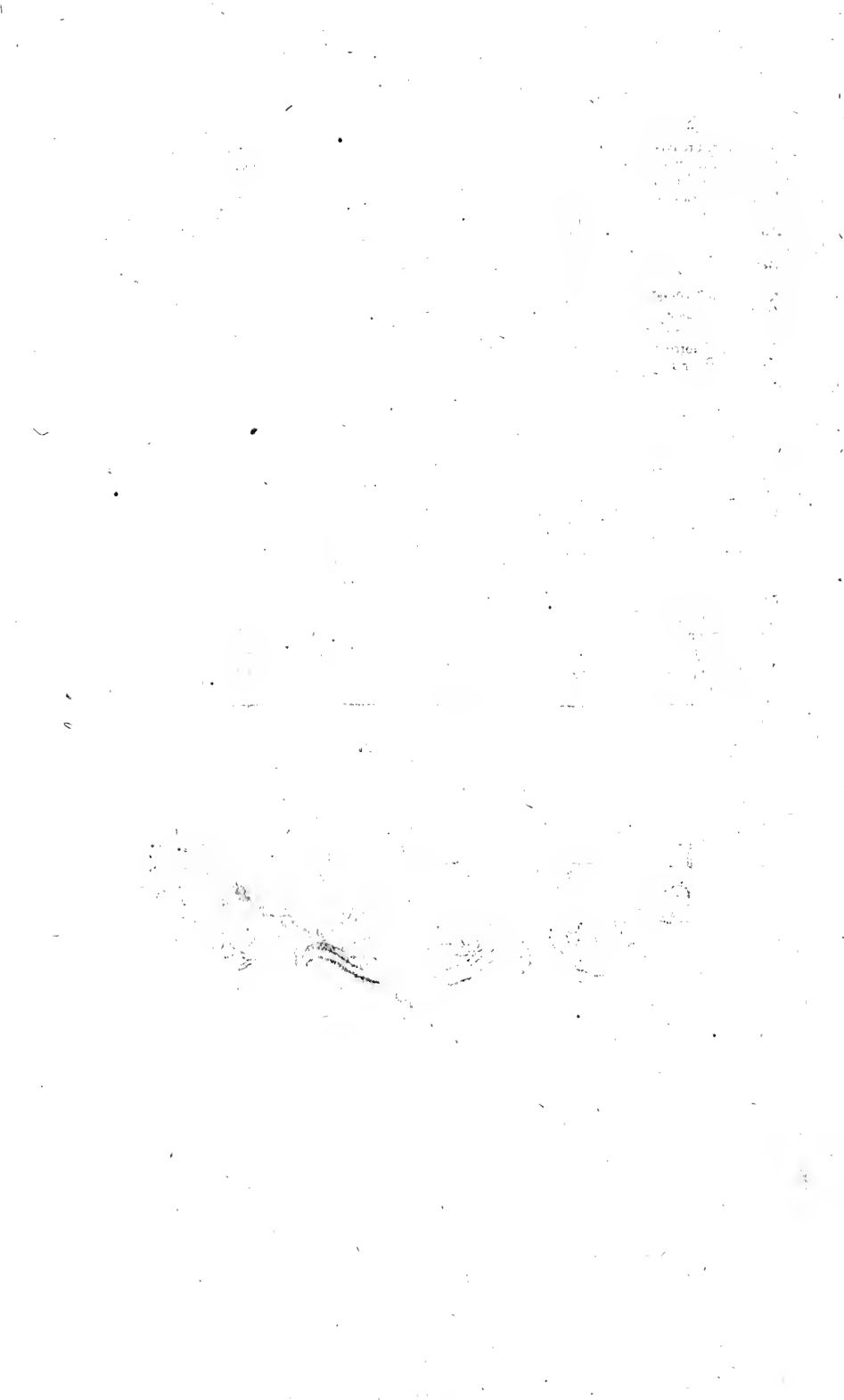
And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerfull Ro'emarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe,
The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,
And Laurell th' ornament of *PHOBVS* 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 whatsoe other 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 enlue.

To thee, small GNAT, in lew of his life saued,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.
FINIS.







THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I

YE heavenly Spirits, whose ashie cinders lie
 Under deepe ruines, with huge walls opprest,
 But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
 Through your faire vertes, be in althes rest;
 It to be shrilling voyce of wight alme,
 May reach from hencce to depth of darkest hell,
 Then let those deepe Abysses open riue,
 That you may vnderstand my shrieking yell.
 Thrice hauing scene vnder the heauens 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, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great **BABYLON** her haughtie walls will praise,
 And shurped steeple high shot vp in ayre;
 Greece will the old **Ephesian** buildings blaze;
 And **Tylos** will sing their **Pyramides** faire;
 The time yet vaunting **Greece** will tell the storie
 Of **LOVES** great Image in **Olympus** placed,
MAVSOLVS worke will be the **Carians** glorie.
 And **Crete** will boast the **Labyrinth**, now rased;
 The antique **Rhodian** will likewise fet forth
 The great **Colosse**, erect to **Memorie**;
 And what else in the world is of like worth,

Some greater learned wit will magnifie,
 But I will sing above all monuments
 Seuen **Romane** Hills, the worlds seuen wonderments.

3

Thou stranger, which for **Rome** in **Rome** her seekest,
 And nought of **Rome** in **Rome** perceiust at all,
 These fame old walls, olde arches, which thou seeest,
 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 selfe at last,
 The pray of time, which all things doth deuoure.
Rome now of **Rome** is th'onely funerall,
 And onely **Rome**, of **Rome** hath victorie;
 Ne ought saue **Tyber**, halting to his fall
 Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
 That which is firme, doth sit and fall away,
 And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

4

Shee, whose high top above the starres did fore,
 One foote on **THE TIS**, th'other on the **Morning**,
 One hand on **Scythia**, th'other on the **Mare**,
 Both heauen and earth in roundnes compassing,
 I o v b fearing, least if shee should greater grow,
 The **Giants** old should once againe vprise,

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 stomach laid Mount *Quirinnall*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Calian* on the right; but 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 light,
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 spight 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 crowd,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:
This Citie, more then that great *Phrygi* in mother,
Renowd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes, by the greatnes of none 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 not 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 theskie,
That you to see dooth th'heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples sable, and the spoyle of all:
And though your frames doe for a time make warte
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 subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Citie strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had furwe'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 ioynd 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-wealths deuoure,
Yet no time should so lowe embale their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,
Should not her name and endles honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kind
That ye do wold 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 temporall, 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.

IO

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes
Atch'd the golden Fleece in *Colechid* 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 sirie sunnes both one and other house:
But they at last, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to repress;
Emongst themselues with cruell furie striuing,
Mow'd down themselues with slaughter mercilesse;
Renewing in themselues that rage vnkind,
Which whilom did those earth-borne brethren blind.

II

Mars, flaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Puft vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seemd about heuens powre it selfe to aduance:
Cooling againe his former kindled heat;
With which he had those Romane spirits sild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage intild:
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 mure;
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 heauenly berth,
Whiles I o v e at them his thunder-bolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious squadrons owne to ground did fall,
That th' earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heauen 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 ruthles spoyle of souldiers blood-dsiring,
The which cost thee (*Rome*) their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of torture 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 windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God swaick-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 feareless 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 vfe to despise
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardise
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:
And as at 709 most distards 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 yeaethie ghosts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,

Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous
Which now their dusky reliques doe bewray: (boasts
Tell me ye spirits (sit: the darksome ruer
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thirce three ward: nor cuer,
Doe not restraine your images still mourning)
Tell me then for perhaps some one of you
Yet heere: about him secrety doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your tormentes to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought else, but heaped sands?

I 6

Like as yee see the wrathfull sea from farre,
In a great mountaine leapt with hideous noyse,
Estfoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rock to breake with dreadfull poyse:
Like as yee see fell B o r e a s with tharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
Estfoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his weare carriere suddenly:
And as yee see huge flames spread diuerslie,
Gathered in one vp to the heuens to spire,
Estfoones consumed to fall downe feebly:
So whilom did this Monarchie aspire
As waues, as wind, as fire spread ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowae 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 ouersped,
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,
Out 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 soyle;
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 successfull betooke;
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the fame foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heaven 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 ancestors,
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 heavenly vertues from these woes affoyling,
Caried to heauen, from sinfull bondage loosed:
But their great finnes, the causes of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise then rainie cloud, first fed
With earthy vapours gathered in the ayre,
Effloones 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 dissoluing his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth is hord;

This Citie, which was first but Shepheards shade,
Vrissing 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 armd 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
Hatten against her selfe, her conquerd 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'vniuerse
In fixe and thirtie thousand yeares is runne,
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 wiselome 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 ouerworne;

He well foresawe, how that the *Romane* courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.

For in a people giuen all to eate,
Ambition is engendred eailie;
As in a vicious body, grosse discafe
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' breedeth oft,
Wonts not to enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or fir: aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or scalle: creasts;
What fell E R Y N N I S with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyformer age imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeared guilt
Powd 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 whilome 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 VIRGILS spirit diuine;
I would ally with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my Iofue stile,
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who lift the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meafure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:

But him behooues to view in compaffe round,
All that the Ocean grapes in his long armes;
Be it where th'yeerely ſtarre doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where cold BOREAS 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 inuious 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,
Repayning 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,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28

Hee that hath ſeene a great Oake dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophæes old,
Liſting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whole foote on ground hath left but feeble hold;

But halfe diſboweld lies about 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 deuife,
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 T P P Y S praſtike 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 ſelte with her wide wonders fill,

All that which *Athenes* euer brought forth wife,
All that which *Africk* eue: brought forth ſtrange,
All that which *Aſie* euer had of priſe,
Was hers to ſee, O meruallous great change!
Rome, liuing, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds ſole monument.

30

Like as the feeded field greene graffe fiſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graffe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalke 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 ſheaves, and layd in comly rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in ſtackes he reares:

So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till the Barbarian hand it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doctormewhar pill:

As they which glean, the reliques vſe to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chaſt to ſeater.

31

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate,
No blame to thee, whoſe euer doſt abide
By Nile, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate:

Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie 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 drinke:

Thou onely cauſe, ô Ciuill turbarie,
Which ſowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy prop' right:
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt might

To greatneſs growne, through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verſes that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalie
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, whoſe P H O E B U S deign'd to giue,
Ceafe

The Ruines of Rome : by *Bellay*.

Cease not to sould these old antiquities :
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maist thou boast, how euer bate 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 braue
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 he all eternitie suruiue,
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'Almightie 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.

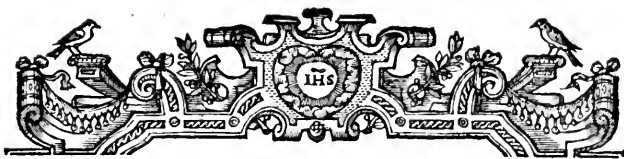
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF [illegible]

Know all men by these presents, that [illegible]

for and in consideration of the sum of [illegible] Dollars, to [illegible] in hand paid by [illegible], the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that [illegible]

WITNESSED my hand and seal of office this [illegible] day of [illegible] 19[illegible].

[illegible]



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 graciouines to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happinesse.

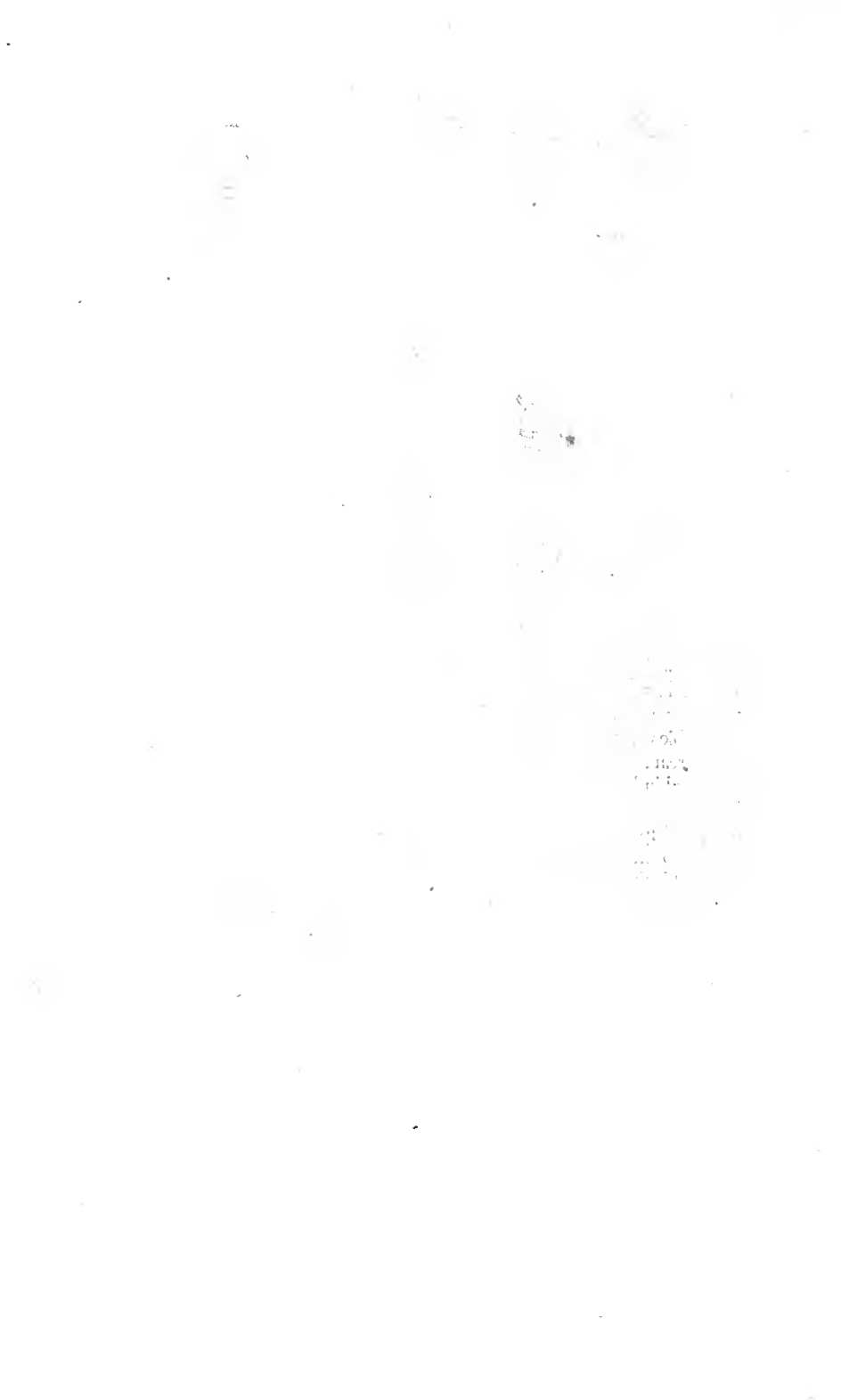
(* * *)

Your La: ener humbly;

Ed. Sp.

L

MVIO-





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-welling 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, O thou the mournfull Muse of nine,
 That wont'it the tragick stage for to direct,
 In funerall complaints and wailfull time,
 Reueale 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 sight.

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'ensampl of his equal hardyhed
 Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
 (Whilst oft his hart did melt in tender teares)
 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 kindle fast,
 Did much disdain to subiect his desire
 To losesome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
 But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
 Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
 And with vnwearied wings each part inquire
 Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
 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 tinets, 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 HYPERION'S fieric childe
 Ascending, did his beames abroad dispreed,
 Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
 Young CLARION with vauntfull lusthed,
 After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
 And thereto gan his furoitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure;
 Before his noble hart he firmly bound,
 That nought 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 VULCANE made to shield
 ACHILLES life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An hairic hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In saluage Forrest by aduenture slew,
 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 ALCEDES with the Lyons skin,
 When the Nemean conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glittering 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 fet,
 Nor costly Onicabe from strange Phannie;
 But such as could both PHOEBVS arrows ward,
 And th' hailing darts of heauca beatingnard.

L z.

There

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 sic 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 I S bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguisht 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 wroken,
And heaped spoiles of bleeding harts to see,
Bears in her wings so many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue 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 wisht 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 priuily 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 praised, 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 ialous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her soune to P S Y C H E secret loue did beare,
And long it close concealed, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and many a ruffull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouertoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Esfoones 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 light,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that sic them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh CL A R I 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 bountioullic,
That none gainesaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the meadowes 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,
More please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicfull sense with euery change doth flit,
No common things may please a waucing 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 exceffe doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth sic,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euery 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 euermore 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 raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Ilope, good for Greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Mariotam, and Daylies decking prime.

Cooler Violets, and Orpine growing full,
Embathed Balme, and cheerfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drinck-quickning Setuale,
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Saurice, and Bazill hartie-cale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Per-e-line,
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Kofmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie 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 suffaunce
Of all his gladfulness, and kingly ioyauonce.

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, O 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 behight)
That in this gar ten, where yong CLARION
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
The slaine of Nature, the bondslawe 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 iopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestire him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,
And bowels for with rankling poison sweld,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is writtco found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his means was vanquished
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When the with her 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 filld,
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 selte to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINEVA 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 luelly scene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellows 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 she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the Bull she 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 em pale
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Iuic-winding tragle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Enuie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth deuotes,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selte likewise vnto her work to dight.

M V I O P O T M O S.

She made the storie of the old debate,
Which she with N E P T V N E did for *Athens* try :
Twelue Gods doe sit around in royall state,
And I o v e in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late :
Each of the Gods by his like vifomic
Eathe to be knowne; but I o v e 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 law his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due :
But seldom seene, foreiudgement prooueth 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 boarie.

Amongst those leaues she made a Butterflie
With excellent deuce and wondrous sight,
Fluttering among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to lue, so like it was in sight:
The veluet nap 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 A R A C H N E 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 P A L L A 's she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with grieue of folly late repented :
Eftsoones 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
Enstedd grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as C L A R I O N he did behold,
If 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 einbost;
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,
M A R S 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 C L A R I O N,
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,
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his gouernance.

Yet still A R A G N O L L (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 denie,
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelessly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secrete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his false hart fraught with all treasons 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 funny 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 ruseth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares :
So to his worke A R A G N O L L 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 grieue to show ?
Helpe o 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 deprived.

MVIOPOTMOS.

The luckleſs **CLARION**, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſted,
Of ſome vngracious blaſt out of the gate
Or **AEOLES** raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O ſad hap and houre vnfortunate)
With violent ſwift flight forth caried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthro.

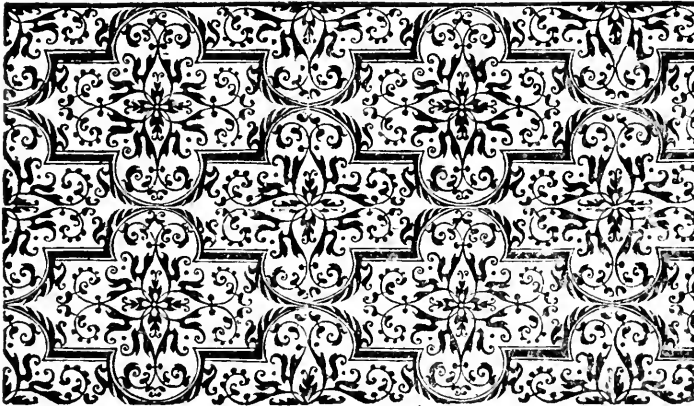
There the fond Flie entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelfe to free thereout ; but all in vaine.
For ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine

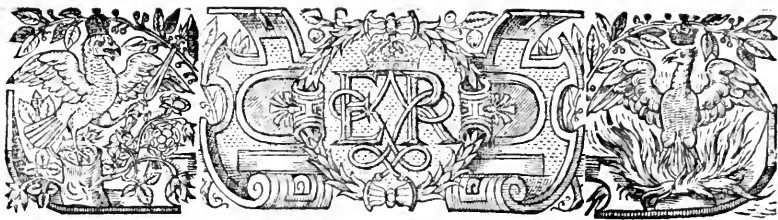
In lymic ſnares the ſubtill loupes among ;
That in the ende he breathelſe did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercy of th' auenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy,
Like a grimme Lyon ruſhing with fierce 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.

VISIONS





VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(* *)

1
ONe 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 feason,
 And all that humble is and meane debaced,
 Hath brought forth in her last declining feason,
 Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.
 On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
 Vnto my eyes strange shiewes presented were,
 Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
 That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
 Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
 That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2
 In Summers day, when **P O E T 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 flowers did offer to be eaten;
 But he with fastnes 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 so fore, that all his goodly feature,
 And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:
 So by the small, the greater is oft diseased.

3
 Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy Nile,
 Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay

In monstrous length, a mightie Crocojile,
 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 to mightie can constraime?

4
 The kingly Bird, that beares **I O V E S** thunder-clap,
 One day did become 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 himselfe 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 infect,
 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 forme 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 thunder,
And all the waues were stain'd with filthy hewe.

Heereby I learned haue, not to despise,
What-euer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of peare,
With shields of Brasse, that shone like burnisht gold,
And forked sting, that death in it did beare,

Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his coemie.

The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson priuillie;

Which through his entrailles spreading diuerfly,
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 vaine glorie is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong fo oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threw,
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, (so great ruth for the same)

And her faire locks fell from her losie head,
That shortly bald, and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see fo goodly thing to soone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare (as batteillant)

A gilden rowre, which shone exceedingly;
That he himselte through foolish vanitie,

Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puff'd vp with passing turquedry,
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 naturall 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 flight:
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 cloude vnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
Which stop her course, and held her by the keele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth, that fo small a thing
Should able be fo great an one to wring.

IO

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing 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 claws.

I saw a Waspe, that fiercely him deside,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes:

Sore he him stung, that in the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart is filld with fretting ire:

In vaine he threts his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;

That dead himselte 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 flourish most in might,
The Nations gan their soueraintie disdain,
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:

So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Gallies 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 *Rome* from ruine stayd,
And I o v e himselte, 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 long endurance?

I 2

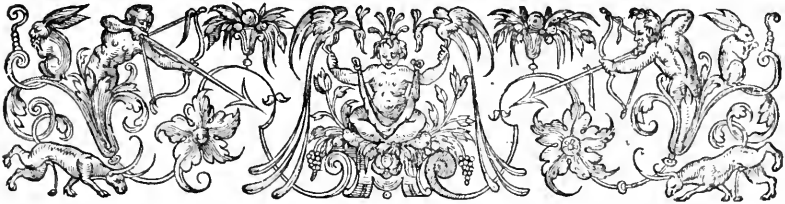
When these sad sights were ouer-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

The Visions of *Bellay*.

To see fo great things by fo small diftref.
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieu'd brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And vnwares doe into danger fall.
And ye, that read thefe ruines tragical

Learne by their losse to loue the lowe degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours feat, 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

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens high into mens heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulnesse of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great ruers 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 furmounts 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 affize,
With hundredth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crytall, which from top to base
Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of *Africke* gold's enchase,
Go'de was the Parget, and the feeling bright
Did shine all fealy with great plates of gold;
The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight,
O worlds vaine esse! Whiles thus I did behold,

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest feat,
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 height,
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 golden 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 grievance 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 waik,
The chapters *Alabaster*, the fryles crytall,
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* Peates.

No

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 fight
With suddaine fall to dust consumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre seene,
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 atest,
That whilome from the *Treyan* bloud did flow.
Rauisht I was fo 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 saw the tronke to groe ;
And since I saw the roote in great disdain
A twinne of forked trees fend forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a roockie 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 huntmen, 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 large flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinnes
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill she raght the Gods owne mansions :

There was she 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 equal 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 persert these cloudes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanisht 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,
Pound forth a water, whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore afloat,
Whereon the *Troyan* Prince spilt *TURKEYS* blood ;
And at his feete a hitch-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 found 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 ciuill 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 *CALIGVLAS*
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, *540 pab lxxxll*
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balme 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 grieuous chance) gan quench those precious flames;
That it which earlt 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 P A C T O L V S washeth with his streames;

It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, for which mans hart could loog;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song:

The seats and benches shone of luorie,
And hundred Nymphes fate side by side about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Satyres 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 faire off, I chaunst to see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:

But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enie 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 maine:
But I the ship law after raifd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I law a Cittie like vnto that same,
Which law 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 immortal 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 Cittie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when M O R P H E Y S
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still waucring thus,
I law T Y P H A E V S sister comming neare;

Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.

She by a riuers banke that swift downe slid,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophie hie;

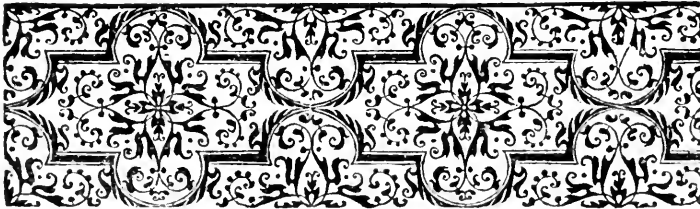
An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her Lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wise;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I law the heauens in warre against her rise:

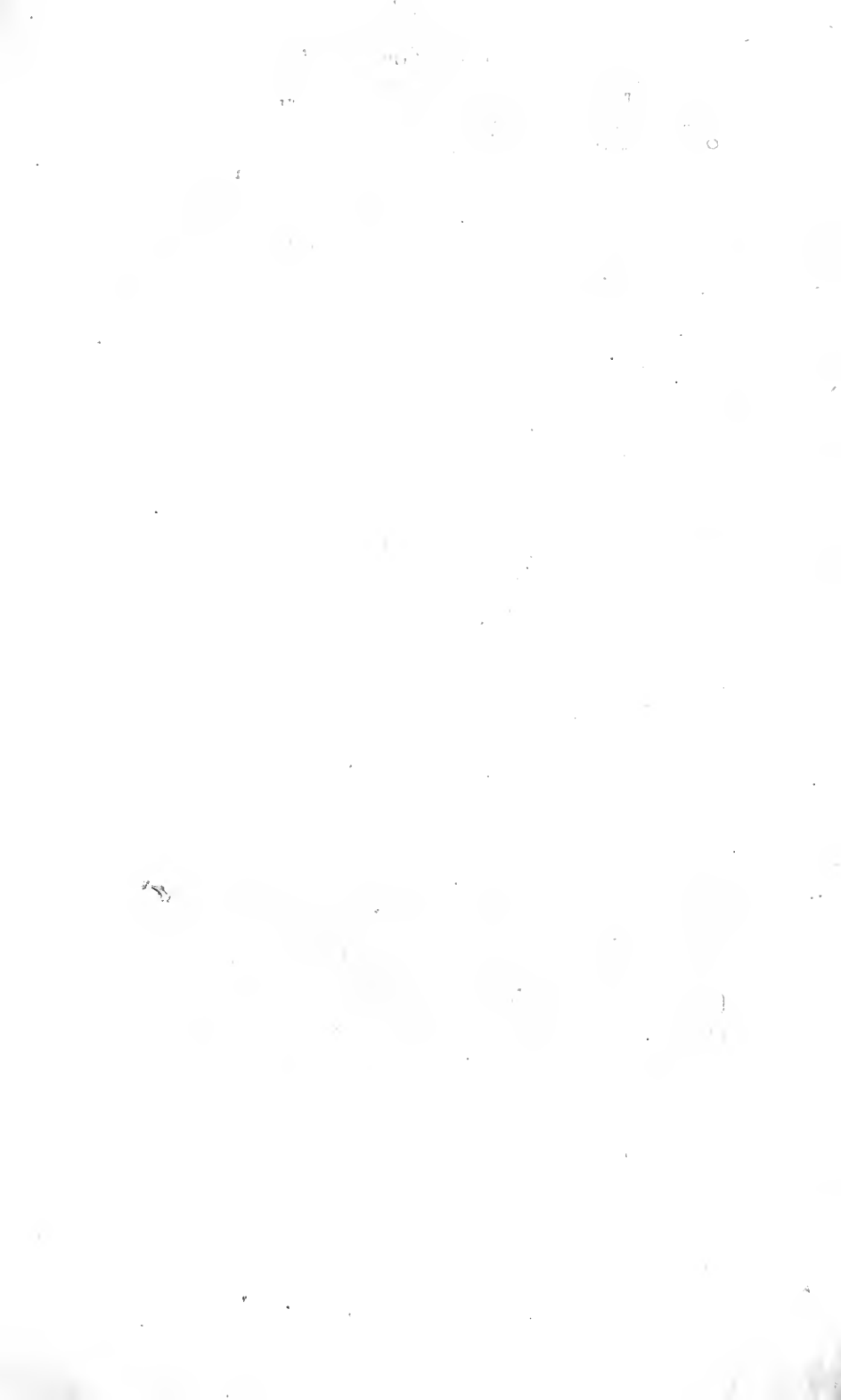
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

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,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely did.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oit makes me waile so hard a desinie.

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 freighted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the ayre,
And tumbled 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 affay,
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 ythrowid were,
Chaunting in shade their lundry melodie,
That with their sweetnesse I was rauisht 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 complaine:
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 many Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tunc 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,
Itaw (alas!) the gaping earth deuour'd
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight:
Which yet agrecues 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 heauenly wight I had the vewe;

M 2.

Vndill

The Visions of Petrarch.

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late deuoured was.
What say I more? each thing atlast we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree destroyed, 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 forrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7

When I beheld this tickle trustlesse state
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 heauenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rimes doe read, and view the rest,
Loathe this base world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet think, that death shall spoile your goodly features.

FINIS.





☞ 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 Stammeries, &
her Maieſties Lieutenannt of the Countie of Cornewaſſ.



SIR, 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
commanded) 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 enſample: I choſe the historie of King
Arthur, 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 ſuſpicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Po-
ets historicall: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlyſſes*,
hath enſampled a good Gouvernour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*,
the

The Authors Intention.

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* disleuered 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 scene 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 soueraigne 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 Empreffe, 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*, (*Phabe* 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 forpast, 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 Dwarfes behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwarfes hand. She falling before the *Queene of Faeries*, complained 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 of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduventure: wherat 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 enterprize: which beeing forth-with put vpon him with due furnitures therevnto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones taking on him knight-hood, & 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 aduventure. 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.

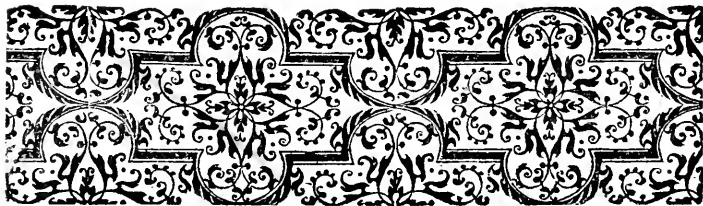
But by occasion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the ouerthrow of *Marinell*, the miserie of *Florimell*, the vertuoufnesse of *Belphebe*, the lasciuiousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

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 happely 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*.

ME thought I saw the graue where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of 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* herie :
Heereat 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'accelle of that celestiall thicke.

Another of the same.

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings,
If thou hast formed right true vertues face heerein :
Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast beauty praised, 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 low'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLIN, I see by thy new taken taske,
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braines,
That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
and loathe the Laires that long to lowly swaines.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto Kings,
So like the lively Lark that mounting sings.

Thy lovely *ROSALIND* seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flocks for gotten 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 carst with thy sweete roundelays,
didst stirre to plece our ladders in homely bowers:
So moughtst thou now in these refined layes,
delight the daintie cares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
Allow and grace our COLLINs flowing quill.

And faire befall that *Faerie Queene* of thine,
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits
Enfusing by those beauties fiers diuins,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redersse-Knight* with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Lands right:
Which thou doost veile in Type of *Faery Land*,
ELYZAS blessed field, that *Abyon* hight,
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still 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 terled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or chidaine.
Sulicet thy doome to her *Empyring* spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

FAyre *Thamis* streame, that from *LVD*s stately
unst paying tribute to the Ocean seas, (towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, while this *Bryttaine ORPHEVS* playes:
Neere thy sweet banks, there lues that sacred crowne,
Whose hind strowes Pilme and neuer-dying bayes;
Let all at once, with thy soft muttering sowne
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught his drifts in shepheards weeds,
And deepe conceits now sings in *Faeries* deeds.

R: S:

GRaue Muses, march in triumph and with praises,
Our Goddesse heere hath giuen you leaue to land:
And bids this rare dispenter of your graces
Bow downe his l tow vnto her sacred hand.
Deserts: fids due in that most princely doome,
In whose sweet breast are all the Muses bredde;
So did that great *AVGVSTVS* carst 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 seen.

H. B.

WHen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helen*s rape,
And what reuenge the States of *Greece* deuise'd
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguise'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 scene,
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 retyr'd life to menage armes:
So *Spenser* was by *Sidneys* speeche 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,
Heis excus'd, with *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yeeld it the detur'd praise,
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 hoast 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 tuch,
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 heere tofore,
And customes very hardly broken are.
And when your taste shall tell you this is true,
Then looke you giue your hoast his utmost due.

Ignoto.



☞ To the right honourable the Earle
of Cumberland.

Redoubted 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 magnanimitee.
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 Horſe to her Highneſſe, and
Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.*

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous Poets wit,
To be thy liuing praises instrument
Yet doe not ſdeigne, to let thy name be writ
In this base Poeme, for thee far unfit.
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 Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene.
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance,
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.



☞ To the right honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossorie.

Reccieue 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,
Reccieue 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 Chancellor of England, &c.
 (* * *)

THose prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
 Whilome the pillours of th'earch 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 *Cæsars* 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.

TO 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;
 Vnfitly 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 *Oxford*,
Lord high Chamberlaine of England.

Reeiue 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 poynsous 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.

The sacred *Muses* haue made alwaies clame
To be the *Nurses* of *Nobility*,
And *Registres* of euerlasting 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 endeouours 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.

Renowned Lord that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,
High in the fauour of that Emperresse,
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 prooffe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
And their disloyall powre defaced clene,
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.

Most noble Lord, the pillor 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 redeme, 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 style, far from Pannillo mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loom:
The which vouchsafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurst*,
one of her Maiesties priuie Councill.

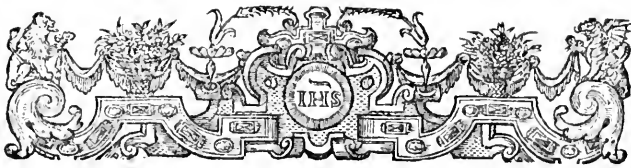
IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name ;
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,
In golden verse, worthy immortall fame :
Thou much more fit, (were leisure to the same)
Thy gracious Soueraignes praises to compile,
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,
In 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.

THat Mantuane Poets incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not *Mecœnas* for his worthy merit,
It first aduauit 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 craues protection of her seclenesse:
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.

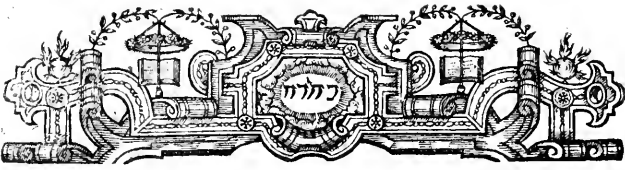
Who euer gaue more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike prowefſe 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 *Lufitanian* foile.
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 loue 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 ſlowre,
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.

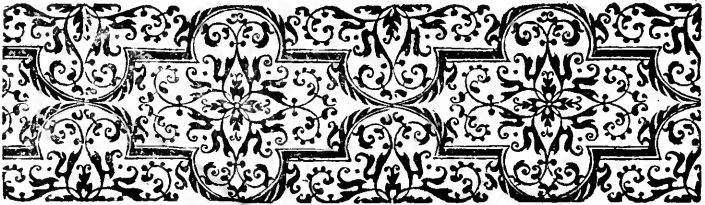
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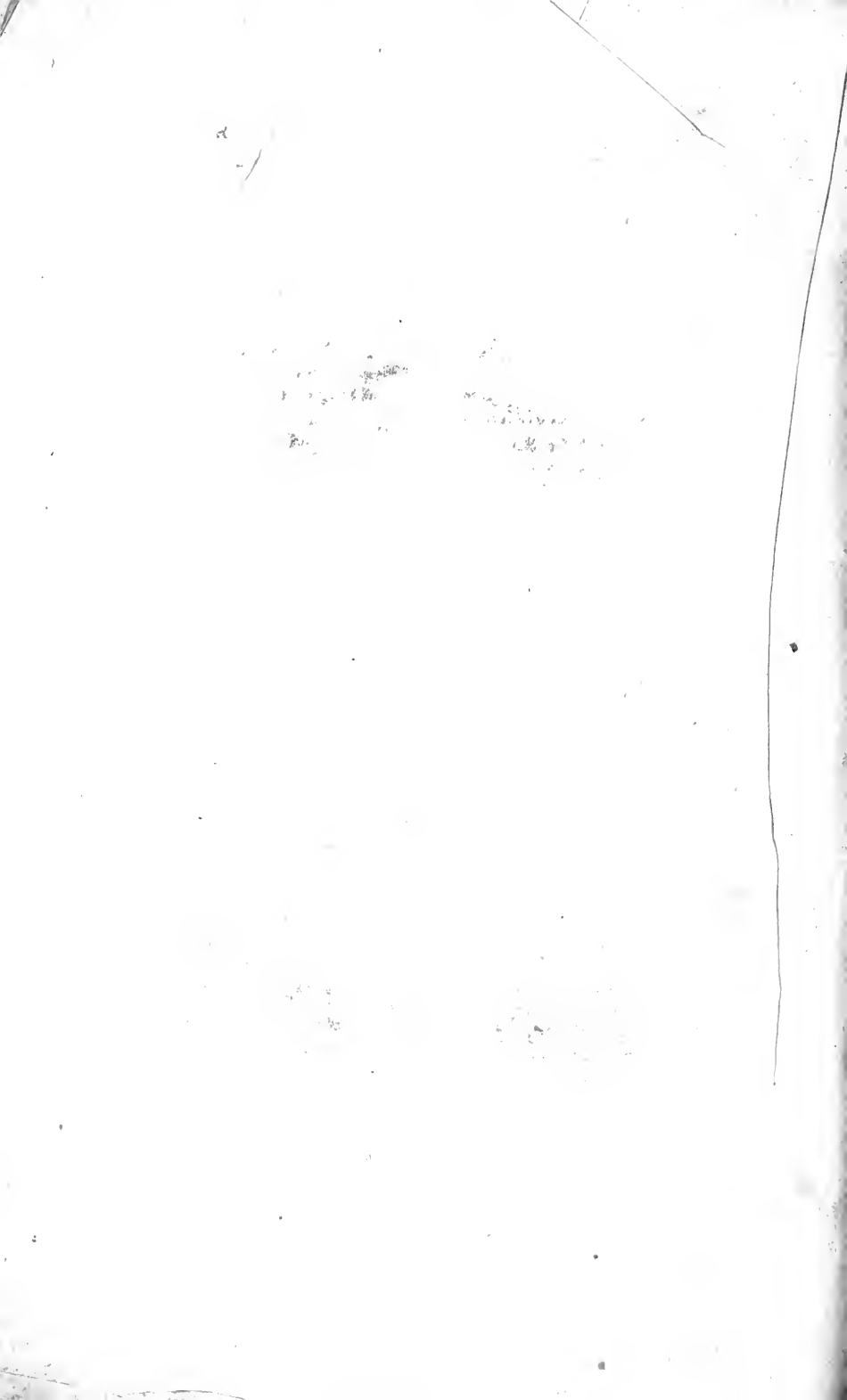


TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse
of Penbroke.

REmembrance of that most Heroick spirit,
The heavens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies
Of heauenly blis and cuerlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift 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.





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