

T H E
FAERIE QVEEN:
T H E
Shepherds Calendar :

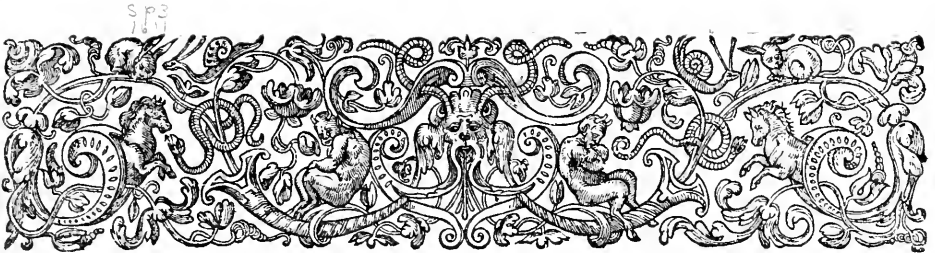
Together
WITH THE OTHER
Works of England's Arch-Poët,
EDM. SPENSER:

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

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







TO THE MOST
 HIGH, MIGHTIE,
 AND MAGNIFICENT
 EMPERESSE,

RENOVND FOR PIETIE,
 VERTVE, AND ALL GRA-
 CIOVS GOVERNMENT:

ELIZABETH,
 BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
 Queene of *England, France, and Ireland,* and of
Virginia: Defender of the Faith,
 &c.

*Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all
 humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue
 with the eternitie of her*

F A M E .



THE
M. H. H.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT
and learned, both Oratour and Poet, master
Gabriel Haruey, his verie speciall and singular good friend, *E. K.*
commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the
patronage of the new Poet.



Vncouth, vnkist, saide the old famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the loadstarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Tytirus*, the God of Shepheards; comparing him to the worthines 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 *Chaucer*) 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 deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaint of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wifenesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euerie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally, in all seemelie simplicitie 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 delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the strangenesse. And first of the words to speake, I grant they be something hard, and of most men vn- vsed, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath bene much trauailed and throughly read, how could it be (as that worthy 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 ringing 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 choise, as thinking the fittest for such rustical rudenesse of Shepherds; either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rustical: 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 obiected of *Valla*, against *Lucretius*; and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer-much studie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set foorth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the stile seeme 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 portrait, 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 choice of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, either of witlesse 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 vs, 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

Other-some, not so well seene 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 *Ewanders* 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 straightway 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 frō barking, yet I conne them thank that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioyns & 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 vteth 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 poeticall spirit had newly rauished them about the meannesse of common capacitic. 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: *Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuerthelesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seecke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhole perion 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 vnrest, &c.*

And also appeareth by the balenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth hee chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument covertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which 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 faultereth; or following one example of the best & most ancient poets, which deuised this kinde

of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilitie: 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 alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuanus*, as not being full fomed. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.

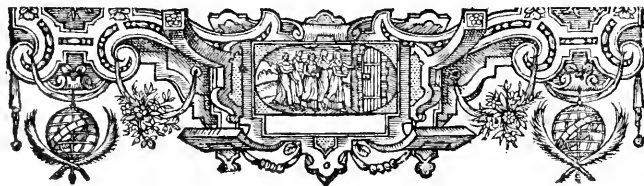
Now, as touching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I mind not to say much, himselfe labouring to cōceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as 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 phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuises, both in words and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsaile & secret meaning in 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 foorth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of *Cupid*, & sundry others, whose cōmendation to set out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet being 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 worthnesse generally, & otherwise vpon some particular & speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vpon any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield
with

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
commanded, E. K.*

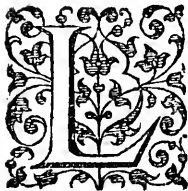
Post ser.

NOW I trust, *M. Haruey*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets dooings, or else for enuie of so many worthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perfwaded 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 depriuing 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 superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good *M. Haruey*. From my lodging at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.





The generall Argument of the whole Booke.



ittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first original of Aeglogues, hauing alreadye touched the same. But, for the word Aeglogues, I knowe is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglogas, as it were. Aegon, or Aeginomon logi, that is Goateheards 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 Goateheards the persons and Authors of his tales. This beeing, who seeth not the grosseesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleeeue, that they are more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of vn-necessarie 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, upon good iudgement, though indeede fewe Goatheards haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowne name. Other curious discourses heereof I referue to greater occasion.

These twelue Aeglogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixth, the eleuenth, 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 fift 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 prinie to. And thus much generally of these twelue Aeglogues.

Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme 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 vwith strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March: for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, now worne away, reniueth.

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 Monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooue 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 government 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 into a more certaine course the odde wandring daies, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the termes of the learned) the Moneths haue bene numbered 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. Notwithstanding,

THE ARGUMENT.

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of Paullions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to beginne with Ianuarie, weening it perhaps no decorum that shepherds 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.





THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT
OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

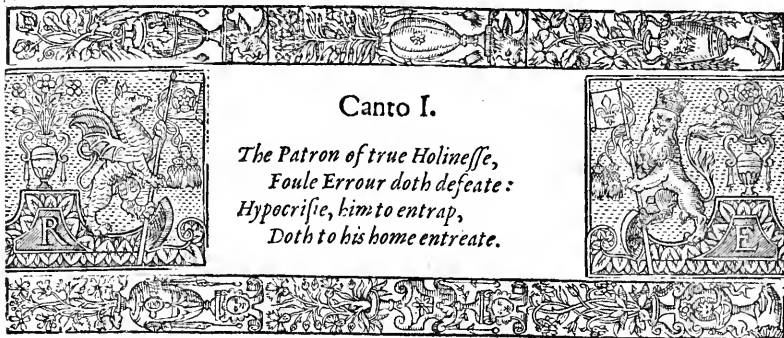
Of Holinesse.

L¹O, I the man, whose Muse whilom did mask,
 As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards
 Am now enforc't a far vnfitter 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 too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
 To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned throng:
 Fierce warrtes, and faithfull loues, shall *re-oralize* my song.

Helpe then, ²o holy Virgin, chiefe of nine,
 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 *Tanaquil*,
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his vnderferued wrong:
 O! help thou my weakte wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

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

And with them eke, ⁴o Goddesse heavenly bright,
 Mirroure of grace and Maestic diuine,
 Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like *Phaebus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble cyne,
 And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, o dearest dread a-while.



Canto I.

*The Patron of true Holinesse,
Foule Error doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreate.*

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,
Yclad in mightie armes and siluer shield,
Wherin old darts of deep wounds did remain
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field;
Yet armes til that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bit;
As, much disdain'ing to the curb to yield:
Full iolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sit,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose welfare that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:
Vpon his shield the like was also fear'd,
For foure signe he bore, which in his help he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too tolemmed:
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest glorious *Queene* of *Faerie* lond,
To win him worship, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he most did craue;
And euer as he rode, his heart did eare
To proue his puissance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearn.

A lowly Lady rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Ass more white then snowe;
Yet shee much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,
And ouer all a black stoufe shee did throwe,
As one that inly mournd: so was shee sad,
And heauie sat vpon her palfrey slowe;
Seemed in heart some hidden care shee had,
And by her in a line a milke white lamb shee lad.

So pure an Innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and euer vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and *Queenes*, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
And all the world in their subiection held;
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore
Forewast all their land, and them expell'd:
Whom to avenge, shee had this Knight from far compell'd.

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,
That lasie seem'd in beeing euer last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they pass,
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his *Lemans* lap so fast,
That euer yight to throw it did constraene,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were faine.

Enforc't to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shade groue not farre away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not possible with power of any starre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour, that them seemes; so in they entred are.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Loying to heare the birds sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,
Seem'd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so fraight and hie,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of Forrests all,
The Aspene, good for staues, the Cypress funeral.

9

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

10

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

11

At last, resolving forward full 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
 Esteemes dismounted from his courser braue,
 And to the Dwarfse awhile his needlelike speare he gaue.

12

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

13

Yea, but (quoth shee) the perill of this place
 I better wot then you : though now too late
 To wish you back returne with foule disgrace ;
 Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foote is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere footing to retrate.
 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 Dwarfse :) this is no place for liuing men.

14

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

15

And, as shee lay vpon the durie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all oucrifred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughs vpwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting, Of her there bred
 A thousand young ones, which shee daily fed,
 Sucking vpon her poisonous duges, each one
 Of sundry shape, yet all fauoured :
 Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and Iuddain all were gone.

16

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
 And rusted forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her curled head, whose folds displaid
 Were streckt now forth at length without entraile.
 Shee lookt about, and seeing one in maile
 Armed to point, fought back to turne agane ;
 For, light shee hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay went in desert darknesse to remaine,
 Where plaine none might her see, nor shee any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe percei'd, he leapt
 As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
 And with his trench 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 aduauft,
 Threatning her angry sting, his mighty hand
 Who, nought again, his high hand enhaunst :
 The stroke down from 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 beauly body rais'd
 With doubled forces high about the ground :
 Tho wrapping vp her wreathed sterne around,
 Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
 All Iuddainly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirre he stroue inuaine :
 God help the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

19

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

20

There-with the spewed out of her filthy maw
 A flood of poyson horrible and black,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vilely, that it forc't him slack
 His grasping hold, and from het turne him back :
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and roades, which eyes did lack,
 And creeping, fought way in the weedy grass :
 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 flime outwell,
 And overflowe each Plaine and lowely dale :
 But when his later ebbe gins to awle,
 Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
 T'cme thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,
 And partly female of his fruitfull feed ;
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elſewhere may no man reed.

22

The ſame fo ſore annoyed has the Knight,
 That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly ſtinke,
 His forces faille, ne can no longer fight.
 Whoſe courage when the fiend percei'd to ſhrinke,
 Shee poured forth out of her helliſh ſinke
 Her fruitfull curſed ſpawne of Serpents ſmall,
 Deformed monſters, 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 *Phæbus* gins to welke in weſt,
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
 Marks which doe bite their haſty ſupper beſt ;
 A cloude of combrous gnats doe him moleſt,
 All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
 That from their noyance he no where can reſt,
 But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
 He bruſheth off, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill beſtedd, 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 ſooke 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 ſtreame of coale black bloud forth guſhed frō her corſe.

25

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

26

That deteſtable fight him much amaz'd,
 To ſee th'vnkindly Imps of heauen accuſt;
 Denoure their dam ; on whom while ſo he gaz'd,
 Hauing all fatiſide their bloody thruſt,
 Their bellies ſwolne he ſawe 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 : (tend.
 His foes haue ſlaine themſelues, with whom he ſhould con-

27

His Lady, ſeeing all that chaunc't from farre,
 Approach't in haſte to greet his victorie ;
 And ſaid, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy ſtarre,
 Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lie :
 Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
 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 againe,
 And with the Lady backward fought to wend ;
 That path he kept, which beaten was moſt plaine,
 Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
 But ſtill did follow one vnto the end,
 The which at laſt out of the wood them brought.
 So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
 He paſſeth forth, and new adventure fought ;
 Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

29

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

30

Hee faire the Knight ſaluted, louting lower
 Who faire him quited, as that courtoes was :
 And after asked him, if he did knowe
 Of ſtrange adventures, which abroad ad did paſſe.
 Ah my deare ſonne (quoth he) how ſhould, alas,
 Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his treſpaſſe,
 Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father fits not with ſuch things to mell.

31

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

32

Farre hence (quoth he) in waſfull 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 allo want of might ?
 The Sunne, that meaſures heauen all day long,
 At night doth baite his ſteeds the *Ocean* waues among.

Then

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

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
³⁴ 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 edifice,
 Wherein the Hermitte duly went to say
 His holy things each morne and euentide:
 Thereby a Cryfall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued there, the litle houie they fill,
³⁵ No 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 to 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 strow'd an *Aue-Mary*, after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
³⁶ And the sad humour loading 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,
 Hee to his studie goes, and there amidst
 His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindes,
 Hee seeks out mightie charms, to trouble sleepey mindes.

Then chusing out few words most horrible,
³⁷ (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 reprochefull shaine
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
 At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

And forth hee call'd out of deep darknesse dreed
³⁸ Legions of Sprights, the which like litle fiies
 Fluttering about his euer damned head,
 Awaite whereto their feruice he applies,
 To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
 The one of them he gaue a message to,
 The other by him selfe should other worke to do.

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

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

And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
⁴¹ A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And euer-drizzling raine vpon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sown
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a frowne:
 No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemies.

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

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,
⁴³ And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
 Of *Hecate*: wherat he gan to quake,
 And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame
 Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* lent,
 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.

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

45
Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts
So luely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sense it could haue raisist quight :
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight :
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black 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 fly,
Where he slept soundly, voide of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In fort as he him schooled prively :
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 feigned hew.

47
Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming 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 blis and wicked ioy :
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaind, how that false winged boy
Her chaff hart had subdwd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

48
And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)
Faire Venus, seem'd vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did wene
To be the chafteft flower, that ay did spring
On earthy branch, the daughter of a King ;
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound :
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crownd.

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

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

He staid his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To proue his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wife,
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

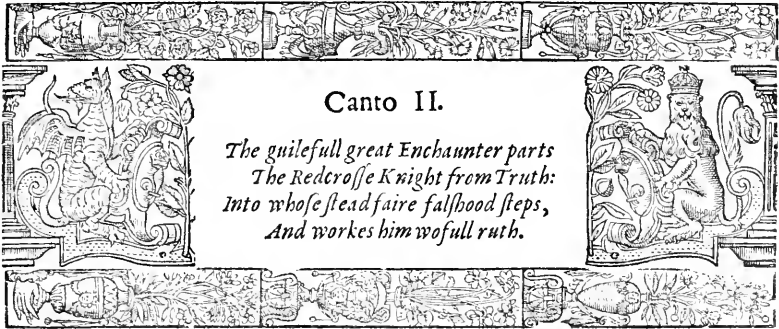
51
And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate ?
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.
Die is my due : yet rue my wretched fate,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

52
Your owne decreake forc't mee at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome ; There she stopp with teares :
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde :
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid ?
What frayses ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid ?

53
Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnпитыid plaint,
Whilst you in careless sleepe are drowned quite.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Susp'ct her truth : yet sith n'vntuth hee knew,
Her fawning loue with soule disdainfull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rewe,
That for my sake vnknoone such grieft vnto you grew.

54
Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound ;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needles 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 sed with words that could not chuse 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 gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkelome spight,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tols his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight :
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spight he back return'd againe.



Canto II.

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

BY this, the Northern wagoner had set
His feuentold 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 deep wandering are:
And chearfull Chaunticlers with his note shrill
Had warn'd once, that *Phæbus* fiery carre
In haste was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night to long his roome did fill;

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

Esloones he tooke that miscerated faire,
And that felle other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile 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 secreet bed,
Cower'd with darknesse, and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haste
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dreames, gin now to take more found repast,
Whom suddently he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one agast with fiends or damned Sprights,
And to him calls, Rise, rise vnhappy Swaine,
That here wax old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit them'clues in *Venus* shamtull chanc;
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

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

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guinite fight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wafte his inward gall with deepe desight,
Yrkelome of life, and too long luring night.
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
Had spent his limpe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rote, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: to both away do flic.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tribons* 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 bacer bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, 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 speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
Pricked with wrath and sicne fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and Plaine
Did search, sore grieued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

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

10
He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many formes and shapies 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 hearbes, & might of Magick spell?

11
But now seem'd best, the person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late seeming guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield: vpon his coward crest
A bloody crosse; and on his craven creft
A bunch of haire discolor'd diuersly:
Full iolly knight he seem'd, and well address'd,
And when he late vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe yee would haue deemed him to be.

12
But he, the knight, whose semblance he did beare,
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and icalous 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 ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

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

14
With faire disport and courting dalliance
Shee entertain'd her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advance,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight address'd 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 courters side
The red blood, trickling, stain'd the way as he did ride.

15
The knight of the *Red-crosse* when him he spide,
Spurning so hotte with rage dispighteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke them selues too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16
As when two rammes, furd with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meet, that with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senselesse as a block,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17
The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely on him flies;
Who well it wards, and quitheth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance enuies,
And through their iron sides with cruelties
Doees seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flames
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streames of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

18
Curse on that Crosse (quothe then the *Sarazin*)
That keepe thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarded it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sit,
And hede thy head. There-with vpon his crest
With rigour so outrageous he smit,
That a large shoure it hew'd out of the rest,
And glaucing down his shield, fro blame him fairely blest.

19
Who therat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan estoones reuie,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely strooke, that it the Steele did rine,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alieue,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kisse,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
With the fraile flesh; at last it suted is,
Whither the foules doe flie of men, that liue amiss.

20
The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Spaid not to waille his woefull funerall,
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 ouertooke, and bad to stay;
For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

21
She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir youchfafe to shoue
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. Her humble selfe lowe,
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious shoue,
Did much emmoue his stoutherer o'ke heart,
And sayd; deare Dame, your suddain ouerthrowe
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took 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 heaens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O, what now auaileth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23
He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrooted 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 meek and debonaire:
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours faire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24
His blessed body, spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid
And from me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;
And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde
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 soule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liv'd, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad fire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

26
In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Crauing of you in pity of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well,
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of flint would rew,
The vnderseed woe and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27
Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Hauing both found a new friend to ayde,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyes, as shamefast to the earth
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-faid.
So forth they rode, he faining feemly mirth,
And she coy looks: so, Dainty they say maketh death.

28
Long time they thus together traueled;
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread
Their armes abroad, with gray mossie ouer-cast;
And their Greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghaft
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there found
His merry oaten pipe, but thund th' vniucky ground.

29
But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,
For the coole shadow thither hast'ly got:
For golden *Phobus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30
Faire seemely pleasure each to other makes;
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falld fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of those branches Greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled downe the frame.

31
Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.
Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that 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 voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
And reful plaints, me bidding guilelesse blood to spare?

Then

Then groning deep, Nor ³³damned ghost, quoth he,
Nor guiltfull 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 curst will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where *Boreas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For, though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshap'd thus, as now I see?
He oft finds medicine, who his grieffe imparts;
But double griefs afflickt concealing hearts,
As raging flames who striueth to suppress.
The author then, sayd he, of all my smart,
Is one *Duessa* a false forceresse,
That many citant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot
The fire of lone and ioy of cheulree
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 fowle *Duessa* hide.

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

So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
I h'one seeming such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceede;
A Rosy girlond was the Victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fralissa was as faire, as faire mote bee:
And euer false *Duessa* seemd as faire as shee.

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

Then cride she out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens fight;
O leane her soone, or let her soone be flaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain;
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turn'd to treen mould.

Thenceforth I took *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vncwening ioyd long time:
Ne ener wist, but that she was the fame;
Till on a day (that day is euer Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chann't to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did view.
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

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 beleeue to be.
Thenceforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeared safe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

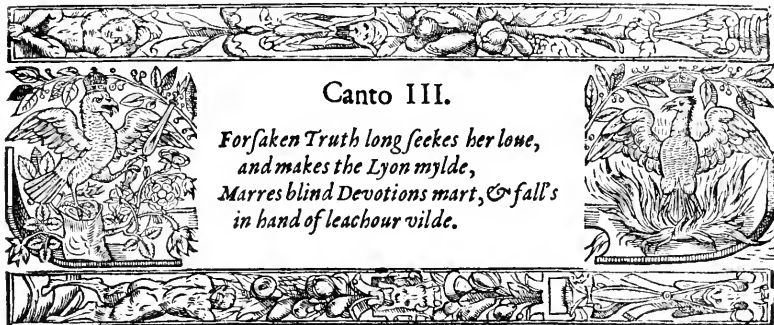
The diuclish hag by changes of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drown'd in sleepey night,
With wicked heabes and ointments did befieare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;
That all my senses were bereaued quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched Louers side me pight;
Where now in clofde in wooden wals full fast,
Banisht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waste.

But how long time, sayd then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this musformed house to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this euill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well;
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O! how, sayd he, mote I that well out-finde,
That may restore you to your wonted well?
Time and suffic'd fates to former kind
Shall vs restore: none else from hence may vs vnbinde.

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidissa* bright,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghostly dremment,
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrint 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 feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well he knew,
And paind himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eylds blew

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



Canto III.

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her loue,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, & fall's
in hand of leachour wilde.*

1
Nought is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes
That moues more deare cōpassion of mind,
The beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes
By Envies snares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:
I, whether lately through her brightnes blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,
Fecle my heart pearc't with fo great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitne I could die.

2
And now it is empassioned fo deepe,
For fairest *Phaëa's* sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares doe steepe,
To thinke how shee through guilefull handeling,
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 divorced in despair
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches share.

3
Yet shee most faithfull Lady all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitary maid
Farre from all peoples prease, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts fraid,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betraid
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaüter wrought,
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4
One day, nigh weary of the irkefome way,
From her vnhaſtie beast the did alight,
And on the grasse her dainy limbs did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:

From her faire head her fillet she 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 mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

5
It fortun'd, 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 nie,
His bloody rage asswaged with remorie,
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

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

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

B.

Redoun-

8

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Pallfrey got againe,
To seeke her fraied 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, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her looks conceiued her intent.

10

Long shee thus traueiled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,
Yet neuer flew of liuing wight epide;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she folloves, till at last she has
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

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

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,
As if her life vpon the wager lay;
And home shee came, where as her mother blind
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of gastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13

Which when none yeilded, her vnruly 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 darkesome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly 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 skan 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,
Faie *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length the gan them pray,
That in their cottage small, that might she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and cometh drowfie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Vna* 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 loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and cuer more does sleepe
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Above the thinic *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often cursd, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heauie load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage seuerall,
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

Hec was to weet 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 vestments
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 *Coreeca* 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:
Nepared 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 frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to aduise,
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,
And entering is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And teizing cruell clawes on trembling breast,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

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 thirftie land
Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
The heauic 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 wandering knight to seeke,
With paines farr passing that long wandering *Greeke*,
That for his loue refused deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
Then furthest from her hope, when most shee weened nic.

22

Soone as shee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there flaine,
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 reuenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonestie,
That was the flower of faith and chasticie;
And still amidst her rayling, shee did pray,
That plagues, and mischicks, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error shee might euer stray.

24

But when shee saw her prayers nought preuaile,
Shee back returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes entboft,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boft,
But (subtill *Archimag*, that *Vna* sought
By traines into new troubles to haue toft:
Or that old woman tydings he befought,
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

25

There-with shee gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her haire,
Saying, that harlot shee too lately knew,
That caus'd her shed fo many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chance,
And after, for that Lady did inquire;
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

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

27

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

28

Hee thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I fo much should shame,
As you to leaue, that haue mee 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 dearch,
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heauenly birth.

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where *Archimago* laid a felon strong
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight hee now shall neuer more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that more ye please
Well to accept, and euermore embrace
My futhfull seruice, that by land and seas
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30

His louely words her seem'd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeeres of sorrow can dipence:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
Shee had forgot, how many a wofull stowre
For him shee late endur'd; shee speaks no more
Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom the toyld fo fore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten Marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Of't soust in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With blisstring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And searhing flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre hee has espide,
His cheerfull whistle merrily doth found. (round:
And *Qverus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledge a-
B 2 Such

Such joy made *Vna*, when her Knight she found ;
 And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seem'd no lesse
 Then the glad Marchant, that does view from ground
 His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse ;
 He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth besse :
 So forth they pass, and all the way they spent
 Discourfing of her dreadfull late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment :
 Who told, her all that fell in iourney as she went

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hafty heat,
 Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free
 That through his fierceneffe fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
 When his hot rider spurrd his chauff'd side ;
 His looke was sterned, and seem'd till to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie liues was dide.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the Knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan estoones prepare
 Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
 To taste th' vntried dust 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 spurrd his horse with iron heele.

But that proude Paynim forward came so fierce,
 And full of wrath, that with his stirp-head speare
 Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce ;
 And had his staggering speed not shrunke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
 Yet so great was the puillance 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 bioud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him lept, in mind to reate his life,
 And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy need
 Of him, that slew *Sans loy* with bloudy knife ;
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passe ouer *Lethe* lake,
 When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
 The black infernall *Furies* doen aslake :
 Life from *Sans loy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall fro thee take.

There with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
 Till *Vna* cride, o hold that heauie hand,
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand
 Now at thy mercy : Mercy not withstand :
 For he is one the truest Knight alive,
 Though conquered now he lie on lowely land,
 And whil' it him fortune fauour, faire did thine
 In bloudy field : therefore of life him not deprive.

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

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

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

But her fierce seruant, full of kingly awe
 And high disdain, when as his loueraigne Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Haue reft away with his sharp rending claws :
 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.

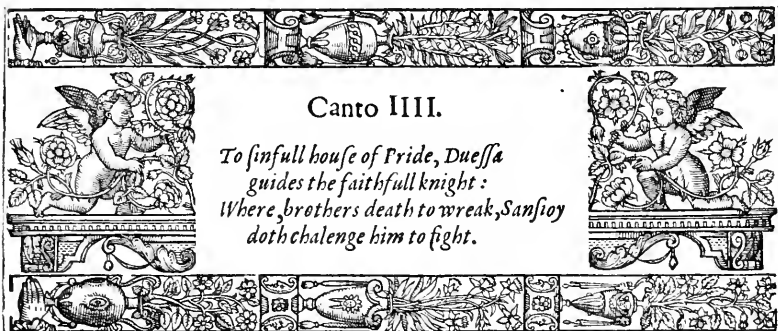
O then too weake and feeble was the force
 Of salvage beast, his puillance to withstand :
 For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
 As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
 Estoones he pierced through his chauff'd chest
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
 And launc't his Lordly hart : with death opprest
 He roard aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne breast.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?
 Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope dismaid,
 Her selfe a yekled prey to faue 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 praysers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And

44
And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And pittious plaints the filletth his dull eares,
That stony heart could riven haue in twaine,
And all the way the wets with flowing teares :

But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her seruire beaft yct would not leaue her so,
But follows her farre off, ne ought he fears
To be partaker of her wandring woe ;
More mulde in beafty kind, then that her beafty foe.



Canto III.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight :
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
doth challenge him to fight.

1
Yong knight, what euer that dost arms profess
And through long labors hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraude, beware of ficklenes,
In choice, & change of thy dear loued Dame,
Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,
And rash miswecming do thy hart remoue :
For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue ;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly proue.

2
Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeening of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her stead had borne,
Called *Fides*, and so suppos'd to be ;
Long with her trauid, 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 trauided.

3
Great troupes of people trauid'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bade him bend his pace :
For she is weary of the toilsome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4
A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,

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

5
It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit ;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold
Did on so weake foundation euer sit :
For on a sandie hill, that still did flut,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That eury breath of heauen shaked it :
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6
Arrive'd there, they pass'd in forth right ;
For still, to all, the gates stood open wide ;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Call'd *Maluenu*, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on eury side
With rich array and costly Arras dight :
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

7
By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Prefence mount ; whose glorious view
Their fraile amazed senses did confound :
In liuing Princes Court none euer knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;
Ne *Persa* 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 prefence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High above all, a cloth of State was spread,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
 On which there fate most braue embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeouse array,
 A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
 In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone :
 Yet her bright blazing beauty did assyay
 To dim the brightnesse of her gloriously throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,
 That did presume his fathers fire waine,
 And flaming mouths of steeds vnwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;
 Proud of such glory and aduancement vaine,
 While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyn,
 He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
 And rapt with whirling wheelles, enflames the skycn,
 With fire not made to burne, but fairly for to shync.

10

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

11

Of grieisly *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 shee swell :
 And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
 And wield the world, shee claumed for her Sire,
 Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell :
 For, to the highest shee did still aspire,
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be :
 Yet rightfull kingdome shee had none at all,
 Ne heritage of nature soueraintie,
 But did vsturpe 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 six wilards old,
 That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold.

13

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

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 Shee thanked them in her disdainfull wif,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue
 Of Princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
 Her Lords and Ladies all this while denise
 Themselues to setten forth to strangers fight :
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
 Some pranke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attire : each others greater pride does fight,

15

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

16

Suddaine vpriseth from her stately place
 The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call :
 All hurlen forth, and shee with Princely pale,
 As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call :
 So forth shee 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 shee comes, and to her coche does clime,
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seem'd as feck 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 brasse-paued way
 Drawne off faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their taires dispredden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kinds applide :
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
 Was sluggish *Idleness*, the nurse of sin ;
 Vpon a slothfull Ass he chose to ride,
 Arraid in habit blacke, 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 hee had little care,
 Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded ;
 Scarle could hee once vphold his heauie hed,
 To looken whether it were night or day .
 May seeme the waine was very euilled,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did cloine,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise:
 For euer worke hee chalenged cloine,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grievous maladie;
 For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
 A shaking feaver ragnd continually:
 Such one was *Idlenessse*, 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 necke was long and fine,
 With which he swallowed vp excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pine;
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 Hee 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 Ivie 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 so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he feare vp holden can:
 In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

23

Vesit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke vnable once to surre or go,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he sildom knew his fo:
 Full of diseases was his carcase blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;
 Which by mild 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 whaily eyes (the signe of ieaalousie)
 Was like the person selte, whom he did beare:
 Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
 Vncemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
 Yet he, of Ladies oit 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 folles, and new-finglenesse:
 For, he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,
 And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce and sing with rusefulness,
 And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
 And thousand other waies, to bait his fishily hookes.

26

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

27

And greedy *Avarice* by him did riele,
 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 come he told;
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And vnto hell himselfe for money told;
 Accursed vjury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplac't;
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,
 Ne scarce good morrell all his life did taste,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
 Yet chyldre ne kinsman liuing had he none
 To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

29

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

30

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode,
 Vpon a rauenus Wolf, and still did chaw
 Betwene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
 That all the poison 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 wexe'd wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
 Hee clothed was, yppinted full of eyes;
 And in his bosome secretly their lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his tale vpties
 In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
 Still as he rode, he gnath his teethe, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne compare.

32

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 verbe of famous Poets wit
 He does backbite, and spightfull poyson spues
 From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:
 Such one vile *Enrie* was, that first in rowe did sit.

33

And him besideres fierce reuenging *Wrath*,
 Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brood 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 hew and seeming dead;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

34

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 bloud in his auengement:
 But, when the furious fit was ouerpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent;
 Yet witfull man he neuer would forecaft,
 How many mischieues should enue hee heedlesse haft.

35

Full many mischieues follow cruell *Wrath*;
 Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancorous rusty knife,
 And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
 All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly tere.

36

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

37

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 *Duessa*, 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 ioyauce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seem'd far vnfit for warlike swaine.

38

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

39

Who when the shamed shield of flaine *Sans ioy*
 He spide with that fame Faery champions Page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He ro him leapt, and that same enuious gage
 Of Victors glory from him snatcht away:
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdaind to lose the meed hee wonne in fray.
 And him re'ncounting fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40

There-with they gan to hurle greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darraigne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hie,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great Queene vpon eternal paine
 Of high displeasure, that enswen might,
 Commanded them their furie to refraine,
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41

Ah dear est Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreant Knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slaine
 The prouest knight that euer field did fight,
 Euen sto ut *Sans ioy* (O! who can them refraine?)
 Whose shield he bears re'nerst, the more to heap disdain.

42

And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the haruest sowne by his foe,
 Sowne in bloody field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearly well requite,
 So be, ó Queene, you equall fauour shoue.
 Him little answer th' angry Elfin knight;
 He neuer meant with words, but swords, to plead his right.

43

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

Now

44

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

45

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amones 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 think how foe did him destroy,
 That was the floure of grace and cheualrie;
 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
 Of it tempred is (quoth she) with mitchell smart:
 For, since my brest was launc't with louely dart
 Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Hane wasted, louing him with all my powre,
 And for his sake hane felt full many an heauie stowre.

47

At last, when perils all I weened past,
 And hop't to escape 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 spirit that lowring clowde,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
 Vnder your beames I will me safely shrowde,
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull sight:
 To you th'inheriance belongs by right
 Of brothers praise, to you eke longs his loue.
 Let not his loue, let not his reitless spight
 Be vtrenge'd, that calls to you aboute
 Fro wandring *Strigian* shores, where it doth endlesse moue.

49

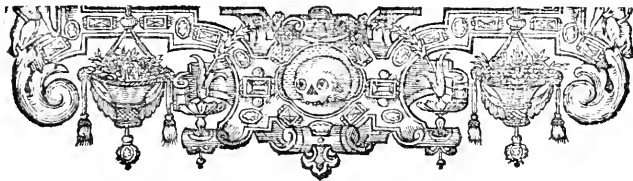
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismayd
 For sorrowes past; their grieffe is with them gone:
 Ne yet of present perill be afraid;
 For, needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,
 And helpelesse hap it bo'tereth not to moue.
 Dead is *Sansfoy*, his vitall paines are past,
 Though grieued ghost for vengeance deep doe groue:
 He lues, that shall him pay his duties last,
 And guilty Elfin bloud shall sacrifice in hast.

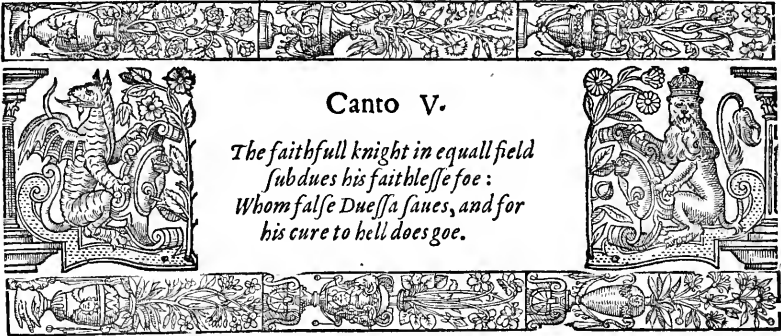
50

O! but I feare the fickle freakes (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.
 Charmd or enchanted (answerd he then fierce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

51

But faire *Fidessa*, sithehce Fortunes guile,
 Or enemies powre hath now captued you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and reit awhile
 Till morrow next, that I the Elfie subdue,
 And with *Sansfoyes* dead dowry you endue.
 Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
 With proude foes fight my sorrow to renewe:
 Where euer yet I be, my secret aide
 Shall followe you. So passing forth, shee him obaide.





Canto V.

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

L He noble hart, that harbours 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,
Deuiſing, how that doughty tournament
With greateſt honour he achieuen might;
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

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

And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where carely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to ſtranger Knights may fall.
There many Miniſtrales 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 lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,
And dainty ſpices fetcht from further *Ind*,
To kindle heate of courage prively:
And in the wine a ſolemne oath they bind
T'obſerue the ſacred Lawes of armes that are aſſign'd.

At laſt, forth comes that farre renowned *Queene*,
With royall pomp and Princely maieſtie;
Shce is ybrought vnto a paleed Greene,
And placed vnder ſtately Canapee,
The warlike feat's of both thoſe knights to ſee.
On th'other ſide, in all mens open view
Dueſſa placed is, and on a tree
Saw: ſay his ſhield is hang'd with bloody hew:
Both thole the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A ſhrilling trumpet ſounded from on hie,
And vnto bataile bad themſelues addreſſe:
Their ſhining ſhields about their wrifts they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe bleſſe,
The inſtruments of wrath and heuineſſe:
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 weake and fraile.

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

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right:
As when a Griffon, ſeized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Th'ough wideſt ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horrour both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo fore, that they the heauens affray.
The wife Soothſayer, ſeing ſo ſad fight,
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

9
So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drine his foe:
The cruell Steele to greedily doth bite
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud downe flowe,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did showe
Into a pure vermilion now are dide:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape fo wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10
At last, the Pajnym chaunft to cast his eye,
His suddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,
Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fire,
Dooft thou sit wayling by blacke *Stygian* lake,
Whil' st heere thy shield is hang'd for victors hire,
And sluggish german dooft thy forces slake,
To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

11
Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
And soone redeme from his long wandring woe:
Goe guilty ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield haue qu' from dying foe.
There-with 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 Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his fwooning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woken weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all atonce he cast a eng'd to be,
And with fo' exceeding furie at him strake,
Th' t forced him to stoop vpon his knee;
Had he not stooped fo, he should haue clouen bee.

13
And to him said, Goe now proude Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message doo to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe, lay his foethy shield with his doth beare.
There-with his heaue hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue slaine; when loe, a dirksome cloud
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But v'ntill 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'prowest knight,
That euer Lady to her loue did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious delight,
And bloody vengeance; lo, th' infernall powres
Coursing your foe with cloude of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

15
Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He fought all round about, his thurstie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets, Triumph found on hie,
And running *Heraiids* humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the shield, the caute of enmitie.

16
Where-with he goeth to that veraigne Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes prefaut of his service'cene:
Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduancing his gay cheu'leece.
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 skillfull leaches him abide,
To salue his hurts, that yet full freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they washen his wounds wide,
And softly can embalne on euery side.
And all the while, most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

18
As when a wearie traueler that straiues
By muddy shore of broad fœuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring waies,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false griefe hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournfull plight, is swallow'd vpon waies,
Forgetfull of his owne, that murtheres anothers cares.

19
So wept *Duessa* vntill euentide,
That shining lamps in *Towes* high house were light:
Then forth she ro'e, no lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th' Heathen knight
In slumbring swoone might voyd of vitall spright,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloude all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wale his woeful case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

23
Where grisly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* cherefull face durst neuer view,
And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charct stood,
Already harnes'd for iourney new;
And coleblack steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

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

22
 Shee staid, and fourth *Duessja* 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 caelestiall,
 Which wast begot in *Damogorgons* hall,
 And saw't the secrets of the world vnmade,
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betraide ?
 Lo, where the stout *Sansioy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

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

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

25
 And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rewe
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes ensue :
 But who can turne the streame of destinie,
 Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie,
 Which last is tide to *Ioues* eternall feate ?
 The lonnes of *Day* he fauoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinks to make them great :
 To make 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 *Sansfoy* to fall,
 Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou, that tell't of Nephewes kill ?
 I that doe seeme not I, *Duessja* am,
 (Quoth shee) how euier now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came ;
Duessja I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27
 Then bowing downe her aged backe, the kift
 The wicked witch, saying ; In that faire face,
 The false resemblance of Deceit, I wift,
 Did closely lurke ; yet to true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
 Could it discern, though I the mother be
 Of Falshood, and roor of *Duessjes* race :
 O welcome child, whom I haue long to seee,
 And now haue scene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28
 Then to her iron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the foule wellfaoured witch :
 Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
 Her twyfold Teme (of which, two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)
 Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,
 Vnlesse the chaunc't their stubborne 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,
 Deuoid of outward sense, and natiue strength,
 Couerd with charmed cloude from view of day,
 And sight of men, since his late lucklesse fray,
 His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
 They binden vp so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be healed :
 So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

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

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

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

They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
 Where many foules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharpe shrilling shrieks doe bootlesse cry,
 Curfing high *Towre*, the which them thither sent.
 The houg of endlesse paine is built thereby,
 In which, ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The curf'd creatures doe eternally torment.

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 gnarre, vntill daies enemy
 Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,
 And suffered them to passen quietly :
 For, theee in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin ;
 And *Sisyphus* in huge round stone did reele
 Againsf an hill, neyght 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,
Thebes condemn'd to endlesse flath by law,
 And sifue sifiters water in leake vessels draw.

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leau off their worke, vumindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe passe,
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part :
 Where was a Caeue ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, vncasie, dolefull, comfartlesse,
 In which sad *Aesculapius* farr apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedlesse,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse hee did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That went in charet chace the foaming Bore ;
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,
 But Ladies loue, as losse of time forbore :
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she law her offred sweets refused,
 Her loue shee turn'd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce, of treason falsse accused,
 And with her icalous termes, his open cares abused.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god fyre beought
 Some curf'd vengeance on his sonne to cast :
 From surging gulf two monstres straight were brought,
 With dread wherof his chafing steedes agast,
 Both charet swift and huntman ouercast.
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste
 Scattered on eury mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

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

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne
 When *Towre* aviz'd, that could the dead reuiue,
 And fates expired could reuee againe,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But vnto hell did thrut him downe aliue,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded fore :
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
 Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire, that rag'd eue more.

There auncient *Night* arriuing, did alight
 From her hugh wearie waine, and in her armes
 To *Aesculapius* brought the wounded knight :
 Whom hauing softly disarm'd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,
 Befecching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordone wight from dore of death mote raise,
 Hee would at her request prolong her nephewes daies.

Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou temptest mee in vaine,
 To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
 And the old caufe of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to reuee.
 Is not enough; that thrut from heauen due
 Heere endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest mee to eeke? Can *Night* defray
 The wrath of thundring *Towre*, that rules both night & day?

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

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
Aveugles sonne there in the Leaches cure,
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
 To runne her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure
 In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure,

C.

The

45
The false *Dneffa* 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 throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to haften thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfie had spide,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
O. caytiue wretched thralls, that wailed night and day.

46
A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eye;
Of whom he learned had in secret wile
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their lues to *Couetise*,
Through wastefull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proude Tyrannesse
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* false surmises,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercilesse,
Where they should lue in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47
There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There alio was king *Craesus*, that enhaunst
His heart too high through his great riches store,
And proude *Antiochus*, the which aduanc't
His curld hand gainst God, and on his altars daunc't.

48
And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That first the world with sword and fire warraid;
And after him, old *Nixus* farre did passe
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;
There also was that mightie Monarch *fluid*
Lowe vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natiue fire did foule vnbraid,
And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
Till scorn'd 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 strowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:

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

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

51
Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralls,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falls,
Through wicked pride, and wastefull decay:
But mozt of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriflesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heauy stowres.

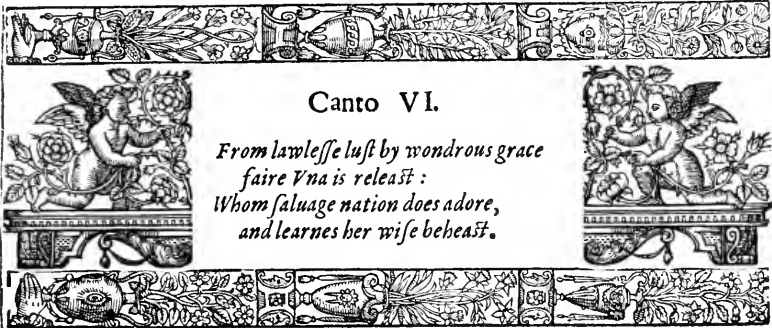
52
Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfie had told,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Vnto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heauen wide,
He by a priuie Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no enuious eyes he mote be spide:
For, doublelesse death enlewd, if any him desirde.

53
Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,
For many corles, like a great Lay-stall
Of murdered men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princeesse 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 houle of *Pride*.

Carb. 7 3

Canto





Canto VI.

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

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 stares
 At perill past, and yet it dout ne dares
 To ioy at his foole-happy overflight:
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
 Hauing escap't so sad ensamples in his flight.

Yet sad hee was that his too hasty speed,
 The faire *Duesse* had forc't him leaue behind;
 And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dread
 Her truth had staine with treason fo vnkind;
 Yet crime in her coul' I neuer creature finde,
 But for his loue, and for her owne selfe faine,
 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 hee cast by treatie, and by traines,
 Her to perswade, that stubbornne fort to yield:
 For, greater conquest of hard loue hee gaines,
 That works it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning words hee courted her awhile,
 And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diuers guile:
 But words, and lookes, and sighes shee did abhorre,
 As rock of Diamond, stedfast euermore.
 Yet for to feed his fire lustfull eye,
 Hee 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 flatt'ring arts to faile,
 And subtil engines bet from batterie,
 With greedy force hee gan the fort assaile,
 Whereof hee weend possessed soone to bee,
 And with rich spoile of ransackt chastitie.
 Ah heauens! that doe this hideous act behold,
 And heauenly virgin thus outraged lee,
 How can ye vengeance iust so long with-hold,
 And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shrieks, & 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 *Phabus* flying so most shamefull sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
 And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
 Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

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

Who, when they heard that pittious strained voice,
 In haste forooke 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 elpide,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he neuer saw, hee durst not bide,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

9
The wilde Wood-gods, ariued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her vnhappy fate,
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

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

11
Such fearefull fit affaid her trembling hart,
New word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning foreheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horour 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 fill through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,
Late learn'd what harme to haustie trust ensueth:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,
Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowly Plaine,
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faire.

13
Their hearts shee gheseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time;
So, from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspicte 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 Oliue girlond 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 *Syluanus* they her bring;
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out,
To weete the cause, his weak steps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypresse staddle itour,
And with an Ivie twine his waste is girt about.

15
Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybel's* frantick rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That floure of faith and beautie 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 *Phloe* foule, when hee to this he doth compare.

16
The wood-borne people fall before her face,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old *Syluanus* selfe bethinks not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, and gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe hee seemes to see:
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* hee her takes to bee,
But misseeth 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 aloue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how hee slew with glauncing dart amiss
A gentle Hind, the which the lovely boy
Did loue as life, about all worldly blifs;
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 *Naiades*
Flock all about to see her lovely face:
But when they viewed haue her heavenly grace,
They enue her in their malicious mind,
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* come 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 miferies.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine;
And made her th' Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootlesse zeale shee did restraints
From her owne worship, they her Assie wold worship faire,

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 hee tooke his well deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne much cell fame,
And filld farre lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And cuer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes hee little did delight.

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

22
 The forlorne maid did with lous longing burne,
 And could not lacke her louers company;
 But to the wood she goes, to ferue her turne,
 And seeke her spoule, that from her still does flie,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunc't her wandring for to finde,
 And kindling coales of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyal links of wedlocke did vnbinde,
 And made her periton thrall vnto his beastly kinde.

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 borne childe;
 VVhom till to ri, or yeres he gan aspire,
 He nouris'd vp in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wilde beasts & woods, from lawes of men exile.

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

25
 Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,
 That his owne sire and maister of his guise,
 Did often 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 provoke; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoupe to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesflon hard) and make the Libbard stearne
 Leaueroaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

26
 And for to make his powre approued more,
 VVilde 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 constraine in equall teame to draw.
 Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull awe,
 That his behaft 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 ynwares 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 full in rugged armes, withouten childhild 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 womanish words gan say;
 Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy;
 For loue of mee leaue off this dreadfull play;
 To daily thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Goe find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet boy.

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

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

31
 He wondred at her wisdom heavenly rare,
 VVhose like in womens wit he neuer knew;
 And when her curceous 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 gen le Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And leard her discipline of faith and veritie.

32
 But shee, all vow'd vnto the *Redecrosse* 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 *Satyrane* shee shew'd her intent;
 VVho glad to gaine such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that penfise Maid he best might thence arise.

So, on a day, when Satyres ³³ all were gone
 To doe their seruice to *Sylvanus* old,
 The gentie 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 hee seeks, that hauing cannot hold.
 'T of fast he carried her with careful paine,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the Plaine.

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

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
 And toild with dust of the long dried way;
 His sandals were with toile some trauell torne,
 And face all tnd with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had trauild many a formers day,
 Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
 And in his hand a *Iacob's* staffe, to stay
 His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

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

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

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,
 This fatal day, that shall I euer rew,
 To see two Knights in trauell on my way
 (A fory sight) 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 imbrew,
 That drank with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.
 What more? the *Red-rosse* knight was slaine with Paynim

Ah dearest Lord (quoth fliee) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest Knight that euer wonne?
 Ah dearest Dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said *Satyrene*) that Paynim sonne,
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest?
 Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (left.
 Washing his bloutly wounds, that through the steele were

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

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

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

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

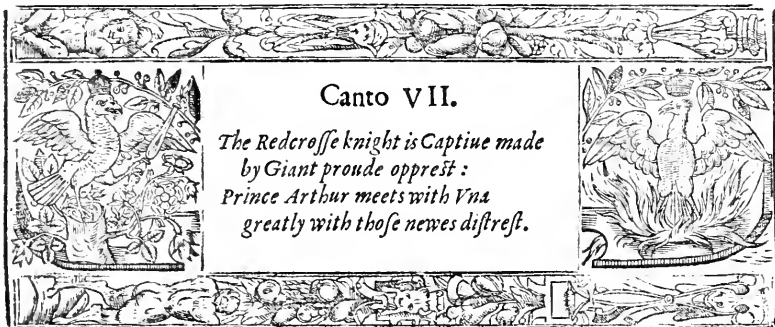
So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathe let,
 And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:
 As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathlesse both them elues aside retire,
 Where foaming wrath, their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

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight returne, increasing more
 Their puslant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,
 That with their drene 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 throwne,
 Arriu'd, wher they in earth their fruidelesse bloud had towne.

Whom all so soone as that proude Sarazin
 Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
 But *Satyran* with strokes him turning, staide,
 And sternely bade him other busines ply,
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maide:
 Wherewith he all entrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad
 Hath thee incens'd, to hate thy dolfull fate?
 Were it not better I that Lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most senselesse man he, that him selfe 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 Maide
 Fled farre away, of that proude Paynim fore affraid.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
 Becing indeed old *Archimage*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much reioyed in their bloody fray:
 But when he saw the Dantell passe away,
 He left his ston'd, and her pursuld apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But, for to tell her lamentable case,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.



Canto VII.

*The Redcrosse knight is Captiue made
 by Giant proude opprest:
 Prince Arthur meets with Vna
 greatly with those newes distressed.*

That man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to decry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which Deceit doth mask in vizour faire,
 And cast her colours dyed deep in graine,
 To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guilelesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistrisse of her art was that false Dame,
 The false *Duessa*, eloked with *Fidesses* name.

Who, when returning from the dreary *Night*,
 She found not in that perilous houte 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 far and wide.
 Ere long she found wher eas 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 boyes
 His sweate forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,
 Wher in the cheerfull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
 The *VVitch* approaching gan him fairely greet,
 And with reproche of carelesse vnkind
 Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmet,
 With foule words temping faire, lowre gall with home.

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

The cause was this: One day when *Phæbe* faire
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph, quite tyrd with heate of scorching aire,
 Sat downe to rest in middelt of the race:
 The Goddessle, wroth, gan fowle 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 drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,
 And lying downe vpon the landie graile,
 Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cryfall glafs:
 Eitooones 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 blond in faintnesse chill did melt,
 Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body swelt.

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

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Giant, horrible and hue,
 That with his talnesse seem'd to threat the skie,
 The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
 His hung like faw neuer living eye,
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
 The height of three the tallest fonnies of mortall feed.

The greatest Earth his vncourth mother was,
 And blustering *Aeolus* his boasted fire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire, (pals,
 And filld her hidden caues with stormie ire,
 That shee conceiu'd; and trebling the due time,
 In which the wombes of women doe expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthy slime,
 Puft vp with emptie wind, and filld with sinfull crime.

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

That, when the Knight he spide, he gan aduaunce
 With huge force and inopportable maine,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prauce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him passe, tad battaile to darraine,
 Disarm'd, disgrac'd, and inwardly dismaide,
 And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

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

As when that diuelish iron Engin 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,
 Conceaue th fire, the heauens it doth fill
 With thundring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
 That none can breathe, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through sinouldry cloude of duskish stinking smoke,
 That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escap't the
 (stroke.

So daunted when the Giant lay the Knight,
 His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,
 And him to dust thought to haue battred quite,
 Vntill *Dueffa* 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 notto die;
 But, vanquish, thine eternall bondslave make,
 And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He harkned, and did stay from further hartnes,
 To gaine so goodly guerdon, as shee spake:
 So, willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make.
 Then vp he tooke the flumbrd 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.

From that day forth *Dueffa* 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 endow'd with royall maiestie:
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den,
 Such

17

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great *Alicides* in *Syracena* slew,
Long foisted in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whole many heads out budding cuer new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more vgly was;
For, seauen great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron breath, and back of scaly brais,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glasse.

18

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heauenly Gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The cuer-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 heasts fortaught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with faeuenfold head
He set the false *Ducissa*, for more awe and dread.

19

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grauing steed,
And valiant knight become a cayute thrall,
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,
His mighty armour, mistling most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made 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 *Vna*) met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whil'ft *Satyrene* him from puriuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tyings spake,
Shee fell to ground for forrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her had breast did forsake,
Yet might her pittious hart be seene to pant and quake.

21

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
Would faine haue did: 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 lie the fitted life does win,
Vnto her natie prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22

Yee dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threeds 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 eternal night so sad sight fro mee hide.

23

O lightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him, mens wandering waies to guide,
When darknelle he in deepeit dungeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,
And shut vp heauens windowes shining wide:
For earthly fight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feede,
But feeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

24

Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrice did shee sink adowne in deadly frownd,
And thrice hee her reviv'd with busie paine:
At last, when life recouer'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth shee) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

25

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

26

Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare,
The subtile traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loues of false *Fidissima* faire,
Bought with the bloud of vanquish't Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transform'd to treen mold;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sansloy* did hold;
The lucklesse conflict with the Giant stout,
Wherein captu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27

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

28

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

At last,

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

And in the midst thereof, one precious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights;
 And stroue for to amaze the weaker fights;
 Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong
 In luorie sheath, yearv'd with curious flights;
 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 terrour 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 fieriered,
 That suddaine horror to faint harts did showe;
 And fealy taile was stretcht adowne his back full lowe.

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

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

The fame 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 glistering ray,
 That *Phæbus* golden face it did attaine,
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
 And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,
 As when her face is staine with magick arts constraint.

No magick arts heereof had any might,
 Nor bloody words of bold Enchaunters call;
 But all that was not uof, as seem'd in fight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:
 And when him list the rascall routes appall,
 Men into stones there-with he could transforme,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds:
 For, he that made the same, was knowne right well
 To haue done much more admirable deeds.
 It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell
 All liuing wightes 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 died, the Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie land, where yet it may be scene, if fought.

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

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With louely court he gan her entertaine;
 But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart diftraue:
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humour sitting purpose faire,
 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,
 Then rip vp grieft, where it may not auale,
 My list left comfort is, my woes to weep and waille.

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,
 Well may I weene, your grieft is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great grieft groweth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 Bur wofull Lady, let me you intreat,
 For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:
 Mishaps are maistred 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 easly 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 not help, and breeds despair.
 Despaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staide.
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
 Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
 So deep did fettle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
 Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,
 And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
 Or that your wisdomme will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowelie can me yield reliefe :
 Then heare the storie said, which I shall tell you briefe.

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

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

Full many knights adventurous and stout,
 Haue enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;
 From euery coast that heauen walks about,
 Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
 That famous hard achievements full purtew,
 Yet neuer any could that girdon win,
 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 crueltye haue bin.

At last, yled with farre reported praise,
 Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred,
 Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhead,
 Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I ped,
 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 chance (my chance was faire and good)
 There for to find a fresh vnprooued knight,
 Whose manly hands inbrew'd in guilty bloud
 Had neuer been, ne euer by his might
 Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right :
 Yet of his prowelie prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight ;
 The groning ghosts of many one dimaide
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

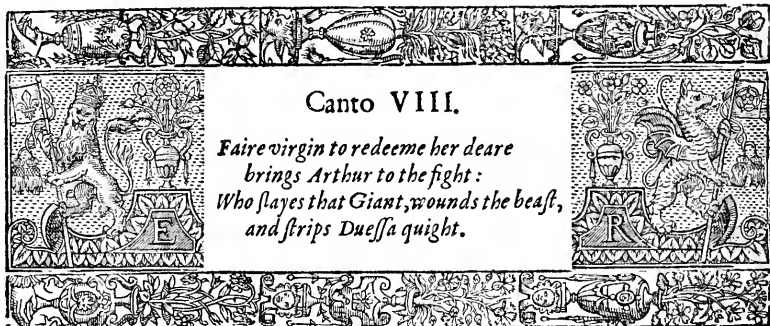
And yee the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His bytting sword, and his deuouring speare,
 Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 Can speake his prowelie, that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule : now he hath left you heere,
 To be the record of his rusefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disauenturous deare :
 O! heaue record of the good *Redcrosse*,
 Where haue you left your Lord, that could so wel you tofs?

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captiue langour shoul I releeme,
 Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
 His sense abus'd, and made him to miscleeme
 Myloyaltie, not such as it did seeme ;
 That rather death desire, then such despight.
 Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aught.

Thenceforth, mee desolate he quite forsooke,
 To wander where wilde fortune would mee lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,
 That brought not back the balefull body dead ;
 In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meet,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,
 Inueigled him to followe her desires vnmeet.

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

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



Canto VIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And after him the proude *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast,
And euery head with fire tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creast,
And bloudie 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 courage wild,
And eager greedinesse through euery member thrild.

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

Ne shame hee thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his mislaymed fight
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy way,
So deeply dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assy,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (showe:
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

9
As when almighty *Ioues*, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall finnes is bent,
Hurles forth his chundering dart with deadly food,
Enroll in flames, and smouldring dremment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin 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.

10
His boyftrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not reare vp againe to light,
But that the Knight him at auantage found,
And whiles he stroue his combed club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of nature might;
Large streames of bloud out of the trunked stock
Forth gush'd, like fresh water streame from riuen rock.

11
Dismaid with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling found,
That all the fields rebellow'd againe;
As great a noyle, as when in Cymbrian Plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12
That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
The cuill stound that danger'd her estate,
Vnto his ayde the hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who swolne with bloud of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,
Encountering herce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13
The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce chidaine to be affronted so,
Enforc't her purple beast with all her might
That rop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that couragious swaine
To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous stroakes did him restrain,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14
Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despaire did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inward parts,
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which, after charmes and some enchantments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quaid,
And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismayd.

15
So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did feize,
That life nigh cruist out of his panting breast:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.
That, when the careful knight gan well auise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprife;
For, wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

16
And high aduancing his bloud-thirstie blade,
Strooke one of those deformed heads so fore,
That of his puissance proud enlample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments stain'd with filthy gore,
And overflow'd all the field around;
That over shoocs in bloud he waded on the ground.

17
Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And scourging th'emprie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatiencie of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous rider from her lofty sted
Would haue cast downe, and trode in durry mire,
Had not the Giant soone her succoured;
Who, all entrag'd with smart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full force, and forc't the knight retire.

18
The force which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erit;
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he lites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might teeme to overthrow:
The strooke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous blowe?

19
And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,
Did loofe his veile by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heavens light did pass,
Such blazing lightnesse 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 soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie
For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20
And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became sturke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And fecm'd himselfe as conquered to yield,
Whom when his mai'tresse percei'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,
O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or elle we perissh all.

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 fight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
 As, where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyes, and daunts the senses quight.

22
 Whom when the Prince to battell new adrest,
 And threatning 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,
 Whole harstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mighty trunk halfe rent, with rugged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23
 Or as a Castle reared high and round,
 By subtle engins and malicious sight
 Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation for't, and feeble'd quight,
 At last, downe falls, and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,
 And yields 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 vnweldy body lay,
 All wallow'd in his owne soule 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 vanish quite, and of that monstrous mass
 Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

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

26
 The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
 In pensive plight, and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse, and mild modestie,
 And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake;
 Faire branch of noblesse, 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 law nigh vnto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
 Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and seruce 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 vice.

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

29
 Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
 That scarlo whore to keepe carefully:
 Whiles he himselfe with greedy great desire
 Into the Castle entred forsibly,
 Where liuing creature none he did espy.
 Then gan he loudly through the houle to call:
 But no man car'd to answer to his cry.
 There raignd a solemne silence ouer all,
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight 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 too and fro;
 For, his eye sight him baulched long ygo:
 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 he could not them vse, but kept them fall in store.

31
 But very vncouth sight was to behold
 How he did fashon his vntoward pale:
 For, as he forward moov'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 *Ignaro* did his nature right ahead.

32
 His reuerend baires and holy grautie
 The knight much honourd, as be seemd well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same Knight was laid,
 Whom great *Orogio* with his puissance fell
 Had made his cayne thrall; againe he said,
 He could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

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,
 Areade in grauer wife, what I demaund of thee.

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

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

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

Through euery roome he fought, and euery 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 housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

There-with an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 These pittious plaints and dolours did relound ;
 O who is that, which brings me happy choise
 Of death, that heere hee dying euery frownd,
 Yet liue 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 heauen cheerfull face did view :
 O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

Which when that Champion heard, with piercing point
 Of pittie deare his hurt was thrilled fore,
 And trembling horrour ranne through euery ioynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so foule foilore :
 Which shaking off, he rent thart on dore,
 With furious force, and indignation fell ;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no floor,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull smell.

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

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

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

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day ;
 And sic on Fortune mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathfull wreakes themselves doe now alay,
 And for these wrongs shall treble pennance pay
 Of treble good : good growes of euils price.
 The cheerelesse man, whom sorrow did distmay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieffe ;
 His long endured famine need'd more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;
 Best musick breeds delight in loathing care :
 But th'onely good, that grows of pass'd feare,
 Is to be wise, and ware of like again.
 This dayes example hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,
 " That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Hence-forth fir Knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might;
 Lo, where your foe lycs 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 liue, or die.
 To doe her die (quoth *Vna*) were despite,
 And shame t'auenge fo weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

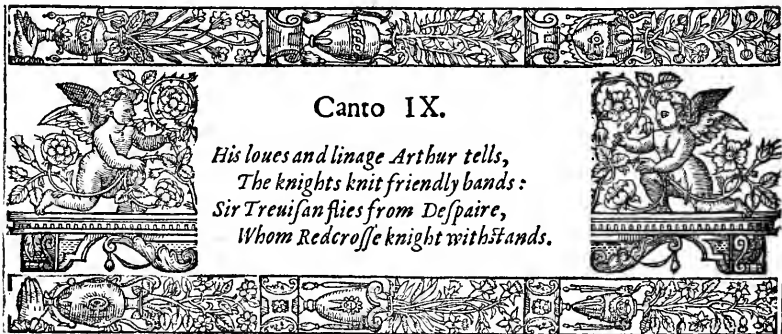
So, as she bade, that Witch they disarraid,
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then when they had despoild her tirc and Call,
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
 That her mishaped parts did them appall,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

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

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

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

She flying fast from heauens hated face,
 And from the world that her discouer'd wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
 From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and Cauces 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.



Canto IX.

*His loues and linage Arthur tells,
 The knights knit friendly bands:
 Sir Treuisan flies from Despaire,
 Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

Goodly golden chaine, where-with yfere
 The vertues linked are in louely wise:
 And noble minds of yore allied were,
 In braue pursuit of cheualrous emprise,
 That none did others safetic despite,
 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 *Redcrosse* knight from

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

Faire virgin (said the Prince)³ ye me require
 A thing without the compasse of my wit :
 For, both the linge 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 thowed heauen light,
 From mothers pap I taken was vnfit :
 And straight deliur'd to a Faery knight,
 To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been
 In warlike feates 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* mossie hore,
 From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleen
 His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore :
 There all my dayes he traind 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 Tutours nouriture to oversee.
 Hum off and oft I askt in priuie,
 Of what loines and what linage I did springe :
 Whose answer bade me still assured be,
 That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
 As time in her iust terme the truth to light should bring.

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

For, whether he through fatall deepe foresight
 Mee hither sent, for cause to me vngheif,
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rankle in my riven breast,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,
 You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
 Ah courteous knight (quoth shee) what secret wound
 Could cuer find, to graue the gentlest hart on 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 smoke 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 reuale what ye so much desire :
 Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may respire.

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeeres,
 When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the coale of kindly heate appears
 To kindle loue in euery liuing breast :
 But me had warn'd old *Timons* wife behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
 Before their rage grew to fo great vnrest,
 As miserable louers vse to rue,
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy
 I euer scorn'd, and ioy'd to surre vp strife,
 In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blowe the fire, which them to Ashes Brent :
 Their God himselfe, grieu'd at my libertie,
 Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,
 But I them warded all with warie gouernment.

But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshy breast can armed be so found,
 But will at last be wonne with battry long,
 Or vnwares at disauantage found ;
 Nothing is sure, that grows on earthly ground :
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,
 And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
 Doth sooneest fall in disauantageous fight,
 And yeelds his cautiue neck to victors most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see ;
 Whose prouder vaunt, that proude avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
 For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity
 Of looser life, and heate of hardiment,
 Ranging the forest wide on courser free,
 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 steede, and downe to sleepe me laid ;
 The verdant grasse my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet faire displaid :
 Whiles euery sense the humour sweet embayd,
 And slumbering soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed by my side a royall Maid
 Her dainty limbs full softly downe did lay :
 So sure a creature yet saw neuer funny day.

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

15
 VWhen I awoke, and found her place devoid,
 And nought but pressed grafs where she had lye'n,
 I sorrow'd all so much, as carst I ioy'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 carefull mind,
 To seeke her out with labour and long time,
 And neuer vow to rest, till her I find,
 None moneths I seeke in vaine, yet nill that vow vnbind.

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

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

18
 So, diuersly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden Sunne his glistering head gan shew,
 And lad remembrance now the Prince amoues,
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
 Als *Vna* earn'd her trauaile to renew.
 Then those two Knights, fast friendship for to bind,
 And loue establish each to other true,
 Gaue goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mind,
 And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

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

20
 Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
 With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did prey.
 But she now weighing the decayed plight,
 And shrunkn sinewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
 Till he recouer'd had his former hew:
 For, him to be yet weake and wearie, well she knew.

21
 So as they trauid, lo, they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seem'd from some feard foe to fly,
 Or other grieffly thing, that him agast,
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare full followed him behind;
 Als flew his steed, as he his bands had braist,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
 As hee had been a foale of *Pegasus* his kind.

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

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

24
 He answerd nought at all; but adding new
 Feare to his first amazement, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow new,
 Astonisht toood, as one that had epide
 Infernall furies, with their chaunes vtide.
 Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
 But trembling eury ioynt did inly quake, (shake.
 And soltring tongue at last these wordes seem'd forth to

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

26
 And am I now in saferte sure (quoth he)
 From him, that would haue forced me to die?
 And is the point of death now turn'd fro me,
 That I may tell this hopelesse history?
 Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie?
 Then shall I you recount a ruefull case
 (Said he) the which with this vnluckie eye
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace
 Me rest from it, had been partaker of the place.

27
I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)
With a faire Knight to keepe companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduanc't
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For, shee was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

28
From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villaine (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scap't whylear, e,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*:
Who first vs greets, and after faire arceades
Of tydings 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
Embo't with bale, and bitter byting grieffe,
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule reprice,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due relieffe,
That carst vs held in loue of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perfwade 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 woefull louer, loathing lengr light,
A wide way made to let forth luing breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismal sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

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

32
Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.
I that hight *Treisfan* (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 fume wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Cauce,
Farre vnderneath a craggy cliff tyght,
Dark, dolcfull, drearie, like a greeley Graue,
That still for carrion carcasses doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gasty Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which cuer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghoists did waile and howle.

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

35
That darksome Cauce they enter, where they find
That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His grieffe locks, long growen, and vnbound,
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: through which his hollow cyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, 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 pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay vpon the grafs
A drearie corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gulfing flood.

37
Which pittious spectacle, approving true
The woefull tale that *Treisfan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcroffe* knight did view,
With fine zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold,
And to the villaine sūd, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we heere behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight)
With thine owne blood to price his blood, heere sined in

38
What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rath a doome to giue?
What iustice cuer other iudgement taught,
But he should die, who merits not to luee?
None else to death this man depaying drie,
But his owne guiltie mind deseruing deach.
Is then vnjust to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth luing breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere vncath?

39
 Who travels by the weary wandring 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 sticketh fast?
 Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
 And lovd, 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
 Hee there does now enioy eternal rest
 And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,
 And further from it daily wandereest:
 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 toyle, 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 found of morning droome.

42
 Is not his deed what euer thing is donne,
 In heauen and earth? did not hee 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 necessitie,
 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 lenger life, I wote the greater sin
 The greater sin, the greater punishment:
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
 Now praist, heereafter 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,
 Thill to prevent, that life enswen may.
 For, what hath life, that may it loued make,
 And grieues not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
 And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
 All which, and thousand mo, do make a loathsome life.

45
 Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
 For, neuer knight that darcd warlike deed,
 More lucklesse disauentures did amate:
 Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shut vp, for death to oft did call:
 And though good lucke prolonged lath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which heereafter thou must 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 Ladie milde
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with periurie,
 And sold thy selfe to serue *Dussavilde*,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47
 Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?
 Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,
 And gultie be of thine impietie?
 Is not his Law, Let eury sinner die:
 Die 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 *Facies sonne*.

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

49
 In which amazement, when the Miscreant
 Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
 To driue him to despair, and quite to quaille,
 He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts, that doe in torment waile,
 And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

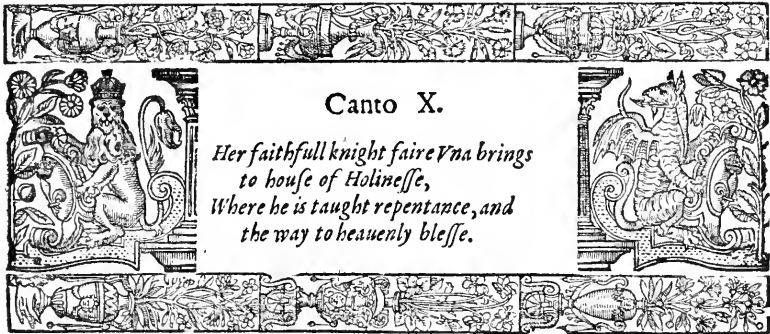
50
 The sight wherof so throughly him dismaid,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And euer burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law:
 Then gan the villaine him to oucraw,
 And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition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

But when as none of them he saw him take,
 He to him rought a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of Alpin Greene,
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
 To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,
 As it a running messenger had bene.
 At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
 He lifted vp his hand, that bucke againe did start.

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

Come, come away, fraile, filly, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne deuilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 In heauenly 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 brood of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leane this cursed place.

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



Canto X.

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

1
What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
 And vaine assurance of mortality.
 Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight
 Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
 Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory.
 If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

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 he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
 She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
 Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

3
 There was an ancient hou'e not farre away,
 Renowm'd throughout the world for sacred lore,
 And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
 It gouern'd was, and guided euermore
 Through wisdom of a Matrone graue and hore;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs
 Of wretched soules, and help the helpless pore:
 A'l 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 thiewes, and godly exercise:
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
 Though spon's'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But faire *Charissa* to a louely feere
 Was link'd, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arrived

5
 Arriu'd there, the dore they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watcht 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 lookes full lowly cast, and gate full flowe,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight *Humilita*. They pass in stouping lowe;
 For fraight and narrow was the way, which he did shoue.

6
 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
 But entred in, a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine, and pleasant to be walkt in,
 Where them does meete a Franklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courtous 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 there 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
 Docs faire entreat; no courting nicettie,
 But simple true, and eke vnfaigned sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

8
 And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
 Who all this while was busie at her beades:
 Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pale.
 Where, when that fairest *Vna* 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, ô happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly birth,
 That to redeeme thy woefull Parents head,
 From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
 Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
 Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hit her stray?

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

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

12
 Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,
 Lo, two moit goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
 VVith countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred euen steps, and equall pace:
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelis* hight,
 Like sunny 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 arraid all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 VVith wine and water fill'd vp to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horror made to all that did behold;
 But she no whit did change her constant mood:
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both sign'd and seald with blood,
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

14
 Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 VVas clad in blew, that her becomed well;
 Nor also chearefull seem'd shee of sight,
 As was her sister; whether dread did dwell;
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
 Vpon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 VVhereon she leane'd euer, as befell:
 And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, neswar'd other way.

15
 They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
 VVho them encounters with like courtesie;
 Many kind speeches they between them spend,
 And greatly ioy each other well to see:
 Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne themselves, at *Vnaes* meeke request,
 And him salute with well becoming glee;
 VVho faire them quires, as him becomed best,
 And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

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

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 forwarded be : therefore a while
I read you reſt, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then call'd ſhee a Groomer, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan depoſe
Of puſſant armes, and laid in caſe bed ;
His name was mecke *Obedience* rightfully ſred.

18
Now when their wearie limbes with kindly reſt,
And bodies were reſreſt with due repaſt,
Faſre *Vna* gan *Fideliſa* faire requeſt
To haue her Knight into her Schoole-houſe plac't,
That of her heavenly learning he might taſte,
And heare the wiſedome of her words diuine.
She granted, and that Knight fo much agrac't,
That ſhe him taught celeftiall diſcipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them ſhine.

19
And that her ſacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
That none could read, except the did them teach,
She vnto him diſclod euery whit,
And heavenly documents therout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
O, God, of grace, of juſtice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly ſpeach :
For, ſhee was able with her words to kill,
And raiſe againe to life the hart, that ſhe did thrill.

20
And, when the liſt poure out her larger ſpright,
She would commaund the halie Sunne to ſtay,
Or backward turne his courſe from heauens height ;
Some-times great hoſtes of men ſhe could diſmay :
Dry-flod to paſſe, ſhe parts the flouds in tway ;
And eke huge Mountaines from their natue feat
She would commaund, the miſelues to beare away,
And throwe in raging ſea with roaring threat.
Almighty God her gaue ſuch powre, & puſſance 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 abhorre,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked waics,
And prick't with anguſh of his finnes ſo fore,
That he deſir'd to end his wretched daies :
So much the dart of finfull guilt the ſoule diſmaies.

22
But wiſe *Speranza* gaue him comfort ſweet,
And taught him how to take aſſured hold
Vpon her ſiluer Anchor, as was meet ;
Elſe had his finnes ſo great and manifold,
Made him forget all that *Fideliſa* told.
In this diſtreſſed doubtfull agonie,
When him his deareſt *Vna* did behold,
Dildaining life, deſiring leaue to die,
She found her ſelfe aſſaild with great perplexitie.

23
And came to *Cælia* to declare her ſmart :
Who, well acquainted with that comurane plight,
Which finfull horror works in wounded hart,
Her wiſely comforted all that ſhe might,
With goodly counſell and aduſement right ;
And ſtraightway ſent with careful diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that diſeaſe of grieued confidence,
And well could cure the ſame ; His name was *Patience*.

24
Who, coming to that ſoule-diſeaſed knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grieſe :
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauiſe ſpright,
Well ſearcht, eſſoones he gan apply reliefe
Of ſalues and med'cines, which had paſſing preſe,
And thereto adde 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 rancle yet within,
Cloſe creeping twixt the marrow and the ſkin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darkſome lowely place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corroſiues to apply,
And with ſtreit diet tame his ſtubborne malady.

26
In aſhes and ſackcloth he did aray
His dainty corſe, proud humours 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,
Amendement ready ſtill at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pinners ſtirre 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 bloud thence like a well did play ;
And ſad *Repentance* vſed to embay,
His body in ſalt water ſmarter fore,
The filthy blots of ſinne to waſh away.
So in ſhort ſpace they did to health reſtore
The man that would not liue, but earſt 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 *Vna* hearing cuermore
His ruefull ſhriekes and groanings, often tore
Her guildeſſe garments, and her golden haire,
For pittie of his paine and anguiſh lore ;
Yet all with patience wiſely ſhe did beare ;
For well ſhe wiſt, his crime could elſe be neuer cleare.

Whom

Whom thus recover'd by wicke *Patience*,
 And true *Repentance*, they to *Vna* brought:
 Who ioyous of his cured confidence,
 Him dearely kist, and fairely eke befought
 Himselfe to cherish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his carefull nest.
 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 bountie rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare;
 Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
 As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;
 Her neck and breasts were euer open bare,
 That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arraid 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 full, as they waxed old:
 And on her head shee wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
 Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
 And by her side there fate a gentle paire
 Of Turtle doves, thece sitting in an Iuorie chaire.

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

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

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
 An ancient Matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descride:
 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 worlds 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 bulby thornes, and ragged breares,
 V Which still before him the remoov'd away,
 That nothing might his ready passage itay:
 And euer when his feet encombred were;
 Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did vpbeare,
 As careful Nurse her child from falling off dovs reare.

Esfoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
 That was fore by the way, shee did him bring,
 In which seauen Bead-men, that had vowed all
 Their life to seruice of high heuens King,
 Did spend their dayes in dooing godly thing:
 Their gates to all were open euermore,
 That by the wretieway were traauiling,
 And one fate 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 gouernment,
 As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
 His office was to giue entertainement
 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 constraime:
 Those for Gods sake his dutie was to entertaine.

The second was an Almer of the place:
 His office was, the hungry for to feed,
 And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breed:
 The grace of God he laid vp still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left vnto his feed;
 He had enough, what need him care for more?
 And had he lesse, yet fome he would giue to the pore.

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

The fourth appointed by his office was,
 Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
 And captiues to redeeme with price of brails,
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had staid;
 And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,
 That God to vs forgieueh euey howre
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
 And he that harrow'd hell with heauie stowre, (bowre.
 The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenlie

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! haue mind of that last bitter throwe;
 For, as the tree does fall, so lies it euer lowe.

The sixt had charge of them now beeing dead,
 In secretly fort their corles to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowes their bridall bed,
 That to their heavenly 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 beafts 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, least they should be vndone:
 In face of Iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
 And when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin Knight arriued was,
 The first and chiefeft of the seauen, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass:
 Where, seeing *Mercy*, that has steps vp bare,
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted in mecke lowliness,
 And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
 For, of their Order shee was Patronesse,
 Albe *Charissa* were their chiefeft Foundresse.

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

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

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

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,
 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 seene through his long fast:
 For, nought he car'd his carcase long vsed;
 His mind was full of spiritual repair,
 And pynd his flesh, to keepe his body lowe and chaste.

Who, when these two approaching he espide,
 At their first presence grew agrieued fore,
 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 requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

What end (quoth she) should cause vs take such paine,
 But that same end, which euery liuing wight
 Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glisteth bright
 With burning starres, and euer-liuing fire,
 Where of 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 areade,
 Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heauenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
 Thou doost the prayers of the righteous feed
 Present before the Maestic diuine,
 And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be donne.
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way
 That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
 That neuer leads the trauailer astray;
 But, after labours long, and sad delay,
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blifs.
 But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright affloied is,
 And haue her strength recurd from fraile infirmities.

E.

That

53
That done, he leads him to the higheft Mount;
Such one, as that fame mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either fide difparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie daies vpon : where, writ in ftonc
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flafhing fire about him fhone.

54
Or like that facred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endleffe memory
Of that deare Lord, who of thercou was found,
For euer with a flowring girlond crown'd :
Or like that pleafant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verfe each where renown'd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

55
From thence, farre off he vnto him did fhew
A little path, that was both fteep and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his view ;
Whofe wals and towres were builded high and ftrong
Of pearle and precious ftonc, that earthly tong
Cannot deferibe, nor wit of man can tell ;
Too high a ditty for my fimple fong ;
The Citie of the great King high it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happineffe doth dwell.

56
As he theroon ftood gazing, he might fee
The bleffed Angels to and fro defcend
From higheft heauen, in gladfome 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 ftately building durft fo high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the ftarry Sphere,
And what vnknowne nation there empeopled were.

57
Faire Knight (quothe he) *Hierufalem* that is,
The new *Hierufalem*, that God has build,
For thofe to dwell-in that are chofen his,
His chofen people, purg'd from finfull guilt,
With pittious bloud, which cruelly was fplit
On curf'd tree, of that vnspotted Lam,
That for the finnes of all the world was killt :
Now are they Saints all in that Citie fain,
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

58
Till now, laid then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue been,
In which that faireft *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The faireft Citie was, that might be feene ;
And that bright towre all built of cryftall cleene,
Panthea, feem'd the brighteft thing that was :
But now by prooffe all otherwife I weene ;
For, this great Citie, that does farre furpafs, (glafs.
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

59
Moft true, then laid the holy aged man ;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,
The faireft peece, that eye beholden can :
And well befemes all Knights of noble name,
That couetin th'immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that fame to haunr,
And doen their feruice to that foueraigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon grant :
For, thee is heauenly borne, and heauen may iuftly vaunt.

60
And thou faire imp, sprung out from Englifh race,
How euer now accounted Elfins fonne,
Well worthy doeft thy feruice for her grace,
To ayde a virgine defolate foredonne.
But, when thou famous victorie haft wonne,
And high emongft all Knights haft hung thy shield,
Thence-forth the fuit of earthly conquest fhonne,
And wafh thy hands from guilt of bloody field :
For, bloud can nought but fin, & warres but forowes yield.

61
Then feeke this path, that I to thee preface,
Which after all to heauen fhall thee fend ;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder fame *Hierufalem* doe bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a bleffed end :
For, thou emongft thofe Saints, whom thou dooft fee,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend
And Patrone : thou Saint *George* fhalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the figne of victorie.

62
Vnworthy wretch (quothe he) of fo great grace,
How dare I thinke fuch glory to attaine ?
Thefe that haue it attaind, were in like cafe
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
But decds of armes muft I at laft be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue, fo dearly bought ?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought ?
As for loofe loues are vaine, and vanifh into nought.

63
O ! let me not (quothe he) returne againe
Back to the world, whose ioyes fo fruitlefle are ;
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,
Or ftraight way on that laft long voyage fare,
That nothing may my prefent hope empare.
That may not be (laid he) ne maift thou yit
Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her caufe into thy hand commit,
Till from her curf'd foe thou haue her freely quit.

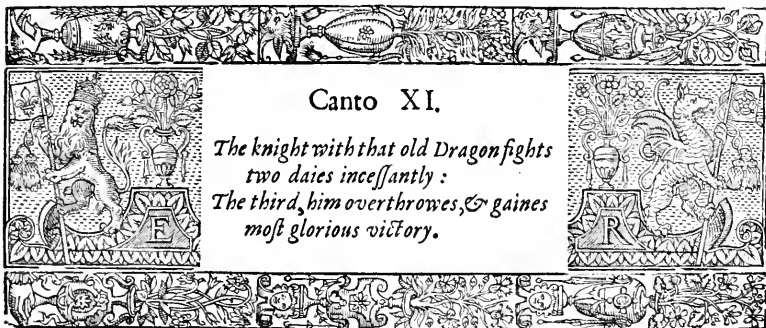
64
Then fhall I foone (quothe he) fo God me grace,
Abet that virgins caufe difconfolate,
And fhortly back returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore eftate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didft thou behight me borne of Englifh blood,
Whom all a Faeries fonne doen nominate ?
That word fhall I (laid he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

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

66
Thence thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toilefome teame that way did guide,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to bide,
Whereof *Georges* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Faery Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And proue thy puissant armes, as seemes 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, adown he looked to the ground,
To haue return'd, but dazed were his cyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

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



Canto XI.

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

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

2
Now are we come vnto my natiue foyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive 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 brazen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge fiend imprisond be,
Whom I from far, see on the walls 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 terrour filled wide,
And seem'd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
Where stretcht he lay vpon the lunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone, as he from farre descride
Those glistering armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rous'd himselfe full blithe, and hastned them vntill.

E 2.

Then

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,
 And to an hill her selfe with-drawe aside,
 From whence she might behold that batailles proofe,
 And eke be safe from danger far deferde:
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wide.
 Now, ô thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Faire Impe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
 The Nurle of time, and euerslasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennobleth with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Where-with the Marttall 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 so found,
 And feared Nations doost with horrour sterne aftound.

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 Faery *Queene* and *Paynim King*,
 That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse 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 afore
 His body monitrous, horrible, and vast,
 Which (to increase his wondrous greatnesse more)
 Was swolne with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brazen scales was arm'd,
 Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
 That nought mote pearce, ne might his corse be harm'd
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
 Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rounze, full rudely dight,
 So shaked he, that horrour was to heare:
 For, as the clashing of an Armour bright,
 Such noyle his rounzed scales did send vnto the Knight.

His fleggy wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wind
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the pennes that did his pineons 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 terrour great,
 And all the heauens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,
 Does ouercrip the long brags-scaly back:
 V whose wreathed boughts when euer he vnfolde,
 And thick entangled knots adowne does slack;
 Bespotted all with shields of red and black,
 It swepeeth all the Land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but little lack;
 And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

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

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe
 Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
 In which, yet trickling bloud and gobbets rare
 Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
 That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
 Which to increase, and all attonce to kull,
 A cloude of smothering smoake and sulphur seare
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steerned 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 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 hollowe glade,
 Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pafs,
 Forelusting vp aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the bruted gras,
 As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,
 And shooke his scales to battell ready drest;
 That made the *Rederosse* Knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The Knight gan fairly couch his steady speare,
 And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele arruuing rudely there,
 His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,
 But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
 Yet tore amouced with so puiffant push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush
 With his long taile, that horse & man to ground did rush.

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 deſpight;
For, never felt his imperceivable breſt
So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puſſant knight.

18
Then with his wauing wings diſplayed wide,
Himſelfe vp high he liſted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which might too feeble found
Her fitting parts, and element vnfound,
To beare ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſailes, about him ſoared round:
At laſt, lowe ſtouping with vnweldic ſway,
Snatcht vp both horie and man, to beare them quite away.

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

20
Hee ſo diſſeized of his gryping groſſe,
The Knight his thrilant ſpeare againe aſſaid
In his braſs-plated body to embolſe,
And three mens ſtrength vnto the ſtroke he laid;
Wherewith the ſuffe beame quaked, as afraid,
And glauncing from his ſcaly neck, did glide
Cloſe vnder his left wing, then broad diſplaid.
The piercing ſteele there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vncouth ſmart the Monſter loudly cride.

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

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

23
His hideous taile then hurled he about,
And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-formie ſteed, whole courage ſtout
Striuing to loole the knot, that faſt him tyes,
Himſelfe in ſtraughter bands too raſh implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce conſtraint
To throw his rider: who can quickly riſe
From off the earth, with durty blood diſtaind;
For, that reprochefull fall right foully he diſtaind:

24
And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he ſtrooke ſo furious and ſo fell,
That nothing ſeemd the puſſance could withſtand.
Vpon his creſt the hardened iron fell,
But his more hardened creſt was arm'd ſo well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet ſo extremely did the buſſe him quell,
That from thenceforth he ſhunn'd 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 backe againe the ſparkling ſteele recoild,
And left not any marke where it did light;
As if an Adamant rock it had beene pight.
The beaſt impatient of his ſmarting wound,
And of ſo fierce and forcible deſpight,
Thought with his wings to flye about the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnſerueiceable found.

26
Then full of griefe and anguiſh vehement,
Helouly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring oven ſent
A ſlake of fire, that ſaſhing 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 leard,
That he could not endure ſo cruell caſe,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27
Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verſe ſo much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and ſharp fits did haunt,
When him the poiſoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood, and bloudie veries charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thouſand dolours daunt,
Whom fire ſteele now burnt, that earth him arm'd,
That earſt him goodly arm'd, now moſt of all him harm'd.

28
Faint, weery, ſore, embolyed, grieved, brent
With heate, royle, wounds, armes, ſmart, & inward fire
That neuer man ſuch miſchiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft deſire:
But death will neuer come when needs require.
Whom ſo diſt' aid when that his foe beheld,
He caſt to ſuff'r him no more reſpire,
But gan his ſturdie ſterne about to weld,
And him ſo ſtrongly ſtrooke, that to the ground him fell.

29

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
Behind his back (vnweeting) where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing Well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Why loime, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood
Defil'd those sacred waues, 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 ;
Those that with sicknesse were infected fore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
And th' *English Bath*, and eke the german *Spaw*,
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well :
Into the fame, the knight (back overthrowen) fell.

31

Now gan the golden *Phabus* for to sleepe
His fierie face in billowes of the West,
And his faint steeds wated in Ocean deep,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, hauing keft
His weary foe into that liuing Well,
Can high aduance his broad discoloured breft
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as *Victor* he did dwell.

32

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

33

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race ;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if shee might spy
Her loued knight to moue his manly pafe :
For, shee 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 youtfully gay,
Like *Eyas* hauke vp mounts vnto the skyes,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And manuailes at himselfe, still as he flies :
So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35

Whom, when the damned fiend 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 dew-burning blade,
Vpon his crested scalpe so fore did smite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made :
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

36

I wote not, whether there euenging Steele
Were hardened 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 entew ;
Else, neuer could the force of fleshy arme,
Ne molten metall in his bloud embrew :
For, till that sound could neuer wight him harme,
By subtiltie, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37

The cruell wound enraged him so fore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;
As hundred ramping *Lions* seem'd to rore,
Whom rauenous 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 faine ;
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38

The same aduancing high aboue his head,
With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him droue, as striken dead ;
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot :
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder scald,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got :
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 can him lightly reare,
And stroue to loofe the farre infixt string :
Which when in vaine he tride with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke fo 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 left.

40

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

Much

41
 Much was the man encomberd 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* greedie iaw
 To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reauce by strength the griped gage away:
 Thrice he alaid it from his foot to draw,
 And thrice in vaine to draw it did alay,
 It booted nought to thinke, to robbe 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 stoutly laide,
 That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;
 As sparkles from the anvile vse to fly,
 When heauie 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 loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smote therat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puillance might sustaine;
 Vpon the ioynt the lucky féele did light,
 And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twaine;
 The paw yet misd not his minisht might,
 But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44
 For griefe thereof, and diuelliſh despight,
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
 Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew;
 As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in cole! lack 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 little backward for his best defence,
 To saue his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrails did expire.
 It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forewardie feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore 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 euclasting 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 fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupt Nature did them sowe,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whofoe did eat, etioons did knowe
 Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one maus fault hath done vs all to die.

48
 From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
 A trickling stream of Bilmé, most soueraine
 And dantie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,
 As it had deawed been with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious oymntment gaue,
 And deadly wounds could 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 euer damned beast
 Durit not approche, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preferred, did detest:
 Yet he it oft aduentur'd to invade.
 By this, the dropping day-light gan to fade,
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to stude
 The face of earth, and waies of flouing 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 faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Befineard with precious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heate alay,
 Againe shee stricken was with fore affright,
 And for his safetie 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* her did mark
 Climbe to her charet, all with flowers spred;
 From heauen high to chafe the chearelesse dark,
 With merry note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

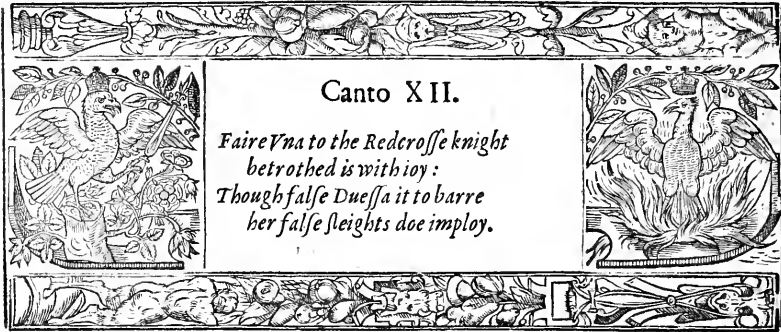
52
 Then freshly vp arose the doughty knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,
 And did himselfe to battell ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To haue detour'd, so soone as day he spide,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnisfide,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

53
 And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
 Hec thought atonce him to haue swallowd quight,
 An l'rusht vpon him with outrageous pride;
 Who him r'encountering fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Performe rebuted back. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with fo importune might,
 Thar deepe empearc't his darksome hollow maw,
 And back retr'y'd, his life bloud forth withall did drawe.

54
 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanish into smoake and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him vnderneath
 Did groane, as feeble fo great loade to lift;

So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
 Whose falle foundation waues haue washt away,
 With dreadfull poyse is from the maine land rift,
 And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55
 The Knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approche for dread, which she misseem'd:
 But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
 Then God the pray'd, and thank't her faithfull knight,
 That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his might.



Canto XII.

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

1
BEhold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
 Were the maine there, & beare vp with the land,
 The which afore is fairely to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;
 There this faire Virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end:
 There cke my feeble Barke a while may stay,
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

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

3
 Vprose with hastie 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 out found,
 He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
 Which long time had been shut, and out of hond
 Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4
 Then gan triumphant Trumpets sound on hie,
 That sent to heauen the echoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happy victory
 Gains't him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprison'd in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

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

6

Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,
 And him before, themſelues proſtrating lowe,
 Their Lord and Patrone 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 howres in meadow Greene doe growe,
 When morning dew vpon their leaues doth light :
 And in their hands ſweet Tymbrels all vpheld on hight.

7

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

8

So ſhe beheld thoſe maidens meriment
 With cherefull view ; who, when to her they came,
 Themſelues to ground with gracious humbleſſe bent,
 And her ador'd by honourable name,
 Liſting to heauen her euerlaſting fame :
 Then on her head they ſet a girland Greene,
 And crown'd her twixt earnest and twixt game ;
 Who, in her ſelfe-remembrance well beleene,
 Did ſeeme ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9

And after, all the rafeall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To ſee the face of that victorious man :
 Whom all admir'd, as from heauen ſent,
 And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.
 But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht 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 ſaid ;
 One that would wiſer ſeeme then all the reſt,
 Ward him not touch : for, yet perhaps remaind
 Some lingring life within his hollowe breſt,
 Or in his wombe might lurke ſome hidden neſt
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull ſeed ;
 Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
 Yet ſparkling fire, and bade therof take heed ;
 Another ſaid, he ſaw him moue his eyes indeed.

11

One mother, when as her ſoole-hardy child
 Did come too neere, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuld,
 And to her goſſips gun in counſell fay ;
 How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet ſcratch my lonne, or rend his tender hand ?
 So, diuerſly themſelues lues in vaine they fray :
 Whiles ſome more bold, to meature him nigh ſtand,
 To prouehow many acres he did ſpread of land.

12

Thus flockt all the folke him round about,
 The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
 Becing arriued, where that Champion ſtout
 After his foes defeaſance did remaine,
 Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,
 With princely gifts of Iuorne and Gold,
 And thouſand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
 Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearly doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

13

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

14

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

15

Then, when with meats and drinks of euetry kind
 Their ſeruent appetites they quenched had,
 That ancient Lord gan ſit occaſion find,
 Ofſtrange adventures, and of perils ſad,
 Which in his trauaile him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowned gueſt :
 Who then with vt'rance graue, and count'nance ſad,
 From point to point, as is before expreſt,
 Diſcourſt his voyage long, according his requereſt.

16

Great pleaſures mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did paſſionate,
 Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
 That oft they did lament his luckleſſe ſtate,
 And often blame the too importune fate,
 That heapt on him ſo many wrathfull wreaques :
 For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
 So toſſed was in Fortunes cruell freakes ;
 And all the while ſalt teares bedew'd the hearers 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 praife, or pity more :
 For, neuer huing man (I weene) ſo ſore
 In ſea of deadly dangers was diſtreſt ;
 But ſith now ſafe ye ceſſed haue the ſhore,
 And well arriued are, (high God be bleſt)
 Let vs deuſe of eaſe, and euerlaſting reſt.

18

Ah, deareft Lord, fad then that doughty Knight,
Of eafe or reft I may not yet deuife;
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am, ftraight after this enprize
(As that your daughter can ye well aduife)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to ferue fixe yeeres in warlike wife,
Gainft that proude Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue bene.

19

Vnhappy falles that hard neceffitie
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I againft the fame can iuftly preace:
But fith that band ye cannot now releafe,
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of thofe fix yeares fhall ceafe,
Ye then fhall hither back returne againe,
The marriage to accomplifh vow'd betwixt you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In fort as through the world I did proclame,
That who fo kild that Monster (moft deforme)
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparant be:
Therefore, fith now to thee pertaines the fame,
By due defert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireft *Prin* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;
Who forth proceeding with fad fober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning ftarre appeare
Out of the Eaft, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wifhed light;
So faire and frefh that Lady fhew'd her felfe in fight.

22

So faire and frefh, as frefhelt flowre in May;
For, he had laid her mournfull ftole afide,
And widow-like fad wimple throwne away,
Where-with her heavenly beauty fhed did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey fhed did ride;
And on her now a garment fhed did weare,
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,
That feem'd like filke and filver wouen neare;
But neither filke nor filver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightneffe of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her funfhiny face
To tell, were as to ftrike againft the ftream.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bafe,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace,
Ne wonder: for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were fhed daily with himfelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celeftiall fight:
Oft had he feene her faire, but neuer fo faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when fhed in prefence came,
Shed to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wifdome, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to fay. But ere he thus had fud,
With flying fpeed, and feeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man difmaid,
A Meflenger with Letters, which his message fad.

25

All in the open hall amazed ftood
At fuddaine fenfe of that vnwarie fight,
And wonder'd at his breathleffe hafte mood.
But he for nought would ftay his paffage right,
'Till faft before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleffe he did make,
And kift the ground, whereon his foote was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he difclofing, read thus, as the paper fpake.

26

To thee, moft mightie King of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting fendes in thefe fad lines ad freft,
The wofull daughter, and forfaken heire
Of that great Emprour of all the Weft;
And bids thee be aduifed for the beft,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new vnknown guelt:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, fad maid, or rather widow fad,
He was affianced long time before,
And fared pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falle erraunt knight, infamous, and forfware:
Witneffe the burning Altars, which he fware,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periuire;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iuft doe fly,
And them conure t'auenge this shamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, fith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falle or true, or liuing or elfe dead,
With-hold, ô foueraigne Prince, your hafty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with ftrengh adowne to tread,
Through weakeneffe of my widowed, or woe:
For, truth is ftong, his rightfull caufe to plead,
And fhall find friends, if need requireth fo:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29

When he thefe bitter byring words had red,
The tydings ftange did him abafhed make,
That ftill he fate long time aftonifhed
As in great mufe, ne word to creature fpake.
At laft, his folemne fentence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes faft fixed on his gueft;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely fake
Thy life and honour late aduentureft,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expref.

Fideffa.

What

30
 What meane these bloody vovves, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heauns? what alters? what enraged heates
 Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,
 My conscience cleare with guilty banes would bind?
 High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse am.
 But, if your selfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,
 Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
 With crime doe not it couer, but disclofe the same.

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

32
 There did I find, or rather I was found
 Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
 Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
 That easie was to inveigle weaker sight:
 Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

33
 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Maid,
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating lowe,
 With sober countenance thus to him laid;
 O pardon me, my foueraigne Lord, to shoue
 The secret treasons, which of late I knowe
 To haue been wrought by that false Sorceresse.
 She onely sliue it is, that earst did throwe
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did await in daily wretchednesse.

34
 And now it seemes, that she vnborned hath
 This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improuided feath,
 By breaking of the band betwix vs twaine;
 Wherein she vsed hath the practick paine
 Of this false footman, cloakt with simpleness:
 Whom if ye please for to discouer plaine,
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man alive, who tries shall find no lesse.

35
 The King was greatly moued at her speech,
 And all with suddaine indignation fraight,
 Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Effsoones the Gard, which on his State did wair,
 Atrach't that traitor false, and bound him strait:
 Who, seeming sorely chaffed at his band,
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bair,
 With idle force did faime 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 subtil traines
 He could escape soule 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 housling fire did kinde and prouide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
 At which, a bushy Teade a groomme did light,
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38
 Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast, to solemnize that day;
 They all perfume with Frankensence 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 drie away the dull Melancholy;
 The whiles one lung 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 been many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall Muectie,
 In their trinall triplicities on hie;
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heauenly sweet
 Proceeded: yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,
 And rauished with rare impression in his spire.

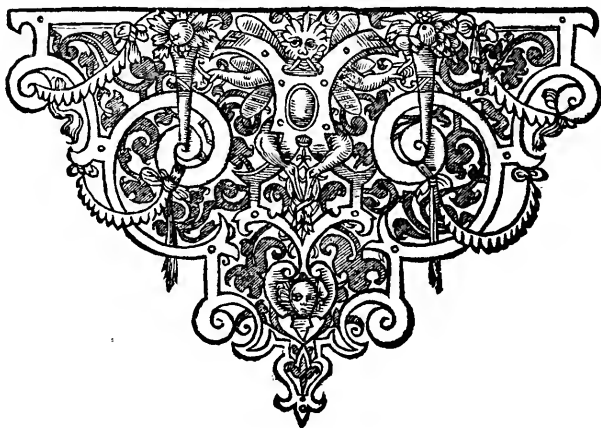
40
 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And soleme feast proclaimed throughour the Land,
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
 Suffice it, here by signes to vnderstand
 The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
 Thrise happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies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

41
 Her ioyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enjoy,
 Ne wicked envie, nor vile ieaalousie
 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 back to returne:
 The which he shortly did, and *Faerie* left to mourne.

Now strike your sailes yee ⁴²jolly Mariners :
 For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
 Where we muft land fome of our passengers,
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode.

Heere she 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 finishe her intent.

The end of the first Booke.



THE



THE
SECOND BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE
QVEENE:

CONTAINING
THE LEGENDE OF SIR GUYON.
OR
Of Temperaunce.

Right well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some, th'abundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,

Rather then matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth liuing aire, does 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.

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

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

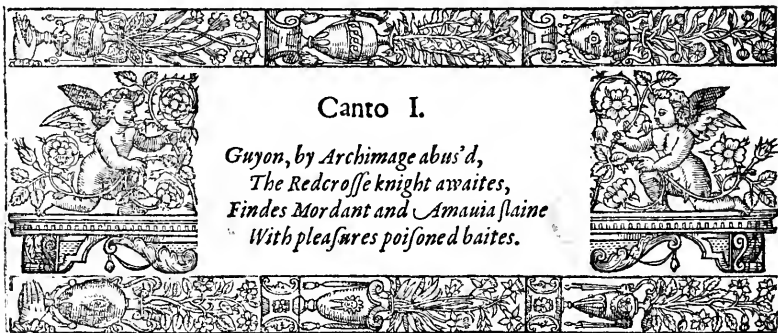
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones faire shining sphaere,
What if in euery other starre vnseene
Of other worlds he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appeare.

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

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

F.

Cant.



That cunning Architeft of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late difpleasure 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 he moues, and out of caitiue hands
Himſelſe he frees by ſecret meanes vſenece;
His ſhackles emptie left, himſelſe eſcaped cleene.

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

Him therefore now the object of his ſpight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treaſon, or by open fight
He ſeeks, of all his drift the aymed end:
Thereto his ſubtile engins he does bend,
His practick wit, and his faire filed tongue,
With thouſand other ſleights: for, well he kends,
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong;
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already ſtong.

Still as he went, he craftie ſnales did lay,
With cunning traines him to contrap vnwares,
And priuie ſpials plac't in all his way,
To weet what courſe he takes, and how he fares:
To ketch him at auantage in his ſnares.
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
But now to wile and warie was the knight,
That he deſcride, and ſhunned ſtill his flight:
The fiſh, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath'leſſe, th'Enchaunter would not ſpare his paine,
In hope to win occaſion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He 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 hill)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnelle meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his ſiect.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yet to ſterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an *Elfin* borne of noble ſtate,
And mickle worſhip in his natiue land:
Well could he tourney, and in liſts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huon*'s 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 ſure,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbes ſhould tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He ſeem'd to be a ſage and ſober ſire,
And euer with ſlowe pale the knight did lead,
Who taugt his trampling ſteed with equal ſteps to tread.

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke ſome vncouth wile;
Eftſoones vntwifting 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 ſonne of *Mars*, that ſecke with warlike ſpoile,
And great atchieu'ments, great your ſelſe to make,
Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble miſers like.

9
He staid his speed 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 peering 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 bene,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust aduanc't)
Laid first his filidly hands on virgin cleene,
To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
Of chastitie and honour virginall:
Witnesse ye heauens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

11
How may it be (said then the knight halfe wroth)
That knight should knight-hood euer so haue shent?
None but that law (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 threatned death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhorde.

12
There-with, amoued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doent the heauens afford him vitall food?
He liues (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
The 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 arrive anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face, with teares was fouly blubbered.

14
The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Faiee Ladie, through soule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossome of your beauty bright:
For thy, appease your griefe and heauy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.
For, if the liue that hath you doen despight;
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or els his wrong with greater puillance maintaine.

15
Which when shee heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offered hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden locks moit cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with gaslyy driment;
Ne would shee speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous ihame, or for great reene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfix'd bene;

16
Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my liefe,
For Gods deare loue be not so willfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue helpe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increase,
And the weakie mind with double woe torment?
When shee her Squire heard speake, the gan appeare
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

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

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

19
Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse
How that same Knight should doe so soule amiss,
Or euer gentle Damzell 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 witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and straight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20
Nathlesse, he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairly quite him of the imputed blame:
Else be ye sure, hee dearely shall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of ihame.
Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your paine,
And see the saluing of your blotted name:
Full loath theese seemd thereto, but yet did faiee:
For, she was inly glad her purpose fo to gaiee.

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

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 nathelcffe
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus reveft, and deckt with due habiliments.

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

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 overcast;
 Through midst thereof a little riuier rold,
 By which there fate a knight with helme vnac't,
 Himselfe refreshing with the hquid cold,
 After his trauaile long, and labours manifold:

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

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 passe,
 He gan r'encounter him in equall race.
 They beene ymet, both ready to affray,
 When suddainly that warriour gan abate
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap

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

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

So beent they both attone, and doen vpreare
 Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
 Goodly comportance each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselues with court'ies meet.
 Then said the *Redcrosse* Knight, Now mote I weete,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce faliance,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet:
 For, sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
 Great cause (I ween) you giued, or some vncouth chauce.

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

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

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

33
Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* 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 nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next enswes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can with your thought.
That home ye may report these happy newes:
For, well yee worthy beene 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 intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

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

36
But, if that carelesse heauens (quoth she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens mileries,
As bound by them to liue in lifes despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee.
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie 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 did from blemish criminall;
Thy little hands embred in bleeding breast,
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38
With that, a deadly shriek she forth did throwe,
That through the wood reechoed againe:
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-pearcing paine;
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell Steele
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feele,
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth seele.

39
Which when that warrior heard, dismounting straight
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicket,
And soone arriv'd, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabafter breast did stick
A cruell knife, that made a grieuful wound,
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thick,
That all her goodly garments staid around,
And into a deepe languine dide the grassie ground.

40
Pittfull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,
Which she increat with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;
Als in her lap a little babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew:
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay
His litle hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pittfull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

41
Besides them both, vpon the soiled grass
The dead corse 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 beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest floure of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with lous 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,
His fresh bloud did frize with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft atrone:
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdain,
Mourmes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did constrain
His courage stout to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43
Out of her gored wound the cruell Steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the floud-gate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call back life to her forsaken thorpe;
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 med'cine) tempered with sweet voice;
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art
Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus soule to hasten your vntimely date?
Speake, ô deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

45
There-with her dim eye-hids 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 shee elpied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
Straight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
She grouching threw to ground, as hating life and light.

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

47
Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe
She sigh't, from bottom of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,
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 tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

48
Ah! farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro 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 payes, that doth your hart infect.
Tell then (ô Lady) tell what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest?
That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieue.

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

50
Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heauens iust with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold vs from above,
One day when him high courage did emmoue,
(As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wild)
Hee pricked forth, his puiffaunt force to proue,
Me then he left enworned of this child,
This lucklesse child, whom thus yee see with bloud defil'd.

51
Him fortunēd (hard fortune ye may gheffe)
To come where vile *Acraffa* does wonne,
Acraffa, a false Enchaunterelle,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
Within a wandring Iland, that doth ronnc
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
The curfled land where many wend amis,
And knowe it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis*.

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

53
Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tourmes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three times had fil'd her crooked homes,
When as my wombe her burdein would forbear,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me near.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (were;
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my *Midviues*
Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought;
Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while so my dear I sought.

54
Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne will;
Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,
I him retured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

55
Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiud,
How that my Lord from her I would reprice,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting the deceiud;
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe does linke:
So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this Well, he stoupt to drinke:
The charme fullid, 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 slyding 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 fo heauie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing Fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then

57

Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old fire,
Behold the Image of mortalitye,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire,
When raging passion with fierce tyrannic
Robs reason of her due regalitic,
And makes it seruau't to her basest part:
The strong, it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong, through pleasure sooneft falls, the weak

58

But temperance (said he) with golden quire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
Nor fry in hardlesse 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 beene,
Relerue her cause to her eternall doome;
And in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59

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

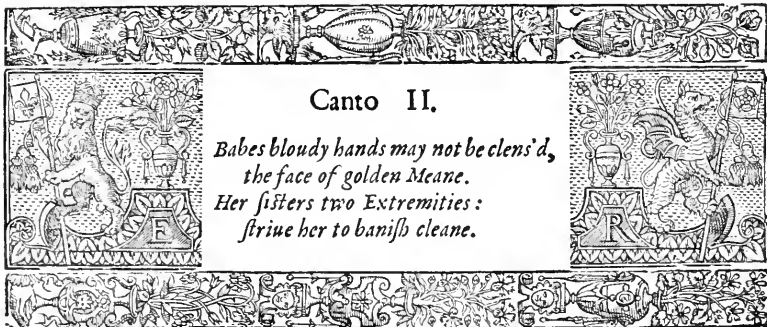
But, both alike, when death hath both suppress't,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For, all fo great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

60

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

61

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



1

Ehus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vptide,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleafance & bold blandish-
gan smile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment
As carelesse of his woe, or innocēt
Of that was don, that ruth emperced deep
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did steep.

2

Ah! lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell star,
And in dead Parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle wcest thou, what forrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy luelihed,

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

3

Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath disdainefull nicitee)
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He waht them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
(For all his washing) cleaner. Still he stroue,
Yet still the litle hands were bloudie feene;
The which him into great amazment droue,
And into diuers doubt his waucing wonder cloue.

F 4.

He

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

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

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

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 raunge,
 The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan 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 fly;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

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

9
 Lo, now she is that stone: from those two heads
 (As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,
 Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to showe,
 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 tide.

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 befell,
 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
 Hee harkned to his reason, and the child
 Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
 But his sad fathers armes with bloud defild,
 An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
 And turning to that place, in which whileare
 He left his lofty steed with golden sell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.
 By other accident that earst befell,
 He is conuaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

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

13
 Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one fire by mothers three;
 Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee:
 But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee
 Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
 Still did they striue, and daily disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worcken 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 far excell
 The other two; *Medina* was her name,
 A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame,
 Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Faire marching forth in honourable wize,
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15
 She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie;
 Ne in her speech, ne in her hauour,
 Was lightnesse 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 tramels, that no loofer heares
 Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

16
Whil'ft she her selfe thus buffly did frame,
Seemly 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 lawishe feast:
They were two knights of peerlesse puifsaunce,
And famous farre abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies loue did countenance,
And to his Mistresse each himselfe stroue to aduance.

17
He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not 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 workes he was,
And realon with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pass,
And was (for terror more) all arm'd in shining brass.

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

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

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

21
The noyse thereof calth forth that stranger Knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade vnneath'd, with which he ran
Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderfond;
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
Attouce vpon him ran, and him beict
With stroakes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like iron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espy a traualer with feet furbet,
Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,
They stint their strife, and him allsaile on cuary side.

23
But he, not like a wearie traualere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebout,
And suffred not their blowes to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them back did put:
Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Aganist themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heaue load on him they freshly gan to smight.

24
As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging winds threatening to make the pray
Of the rough rocks, do diuersly diseafe,
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
That her on either side do fore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy Graue:
She, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her breast breaking the fomy wauē,
Does ride on both their backs, and saue her selfe doth saue:

25
So boldly he him beares, and ruslieth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Won ious great prowelle and herōick worth
He shew'd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriors he dismaide:
Attouce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
Now forc'to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

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

27
While thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her tresses 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 knight hood, which they sure had sworne,
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 gainesaid, and both their Champion bad
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet she, with pittie words and counsell sad,
Still stroue their stubborn rages to reuoke;
That, at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
Andarken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

29
Ah! pusillaynt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnyis*, in your noble hearts
Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,
And thrd you vp to worke your wilfull smart?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thurst,
And not regard due right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
That more to mighty hands, then rightful cause doth trust.

30
And, were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud-guiltines to heape offence,
And mortall vengeance ioyne to erime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, δ my liefest Lord.
Sad be the fights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth marre,
Then foule reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

31
But louely 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 deeds,
By which she triumphs ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, δ my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside.

32
Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And sunke so deepe into their boyling breasts,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abate their loftie crests
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treatie to procure,
And stablish termes betwix both their requests,
That as a 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 bloudy toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well recei'd, and made to spoile
Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

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

35
Elissa (so the eldest high) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would ear,
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
As discontent for want of murth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to slowe, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowering browes, as the would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernance.

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

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

38
Betwix them both, the faire *Medina late*,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equal measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she euer would aduise,
When they would strine due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

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

40

Thus thy demand, ô Lady, doth reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene aloue,
 That with her soberaigne powre, and scepter sheene,
 All Faerie Lond does peaceable susteine.
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That euer all the earth it may be seene;
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare:
 And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her, the riches of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:
 And all, that else this worlds enclosure base
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Maiestie;
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortallitie,
 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 she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maidenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found:
 An yearly solemne feast she wonts to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
 To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
 Retort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine
 Of grievous mischicks, 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 ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Et'noones deuis'd redresse for such annoyes;
 Mee (all vsit for so great purpose) the employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phæbe* with her silver face
 Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honourable place,
 In which her royall presence is intold;
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrissa* haue wonne;
 Of whose foule deeds (too hideous to be told)
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched tonne,
 Whose wofull Parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

45

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

46

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



Canto III.

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



I

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames
 Dispersed the shadowes of the mistie night,
 And *Titan* playing on the Easterne streames,
 Gan cleare the dewy aire with springing light,

Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
 Vpote from drowfie couch, and him adrest
 Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
 His puissant armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

Then, taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
 Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
 And all that gentle nouriture enſu'th:
 And, that ſo loone as riper yeares hereaught,
 He might for memory of that daies ruth,
 Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
 T'auenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

So forth he ſar'd, as now beſell, on foot,
 Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:
 Patience perforce; helpeleſſe what may it boot
 To fret for anger, or for grieſe to mone?
 His Palmer now ſhall foot no more alone:
 So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods ſide
 He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his ſteed without, and ſpeare beſide,
 And ruſhed in on foote, to ayde 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 veine of glory vaine did find,
 To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright
 Gaue him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:
 He, that braue ſteed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both ſteed and ſpeare, and ran away full light.

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

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

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his firſt adventure faire,
 And with big thundring voyce reuil'd him loud;
 Vile Caytiue, vaſſall of dread and deſpaire,
 Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,
 Why liueſt thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And dooſt not vnto death thy ſelfe prepare?
 Die, or thy ſelfe my captiue yield for ay;
 Great fauour I thee grant, for aunſwere thus to lay.

Hold, ô 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 threwe himſelfe as an Offſall,
 Straight at his foote in baſe humilitee,
 And cleaped him his liege, to hold of him in Fee.

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:
 Effloones 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 wited, and growne old
 In cunning ſleights and practick knauery.
 From that day forth he caſt for to vphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery,
 And blowe the bellowes to his ſwelling vanitie.

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

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

And comming cloſe to *Trompart*, gan inquire
 Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpeare,
 But wanted ſword to wreake his enmittee.
 He is a great adventurer (ſaid hee)
 That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
 Of that deſpight, neuer to wearen none;
 That ſpeare is him enough to doena thouſand grone.

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

14
There-with all suddainly he seem'd enraged,
And threatend death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their liues had in his hand been gauged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall lance,
To let him weete his doghtie valaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great fure shall be thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe luke, thou certainly to me aceed,
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 prowett knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard assay;
And eke of surest Steele, that may be found,
Do arme your selfe agunst that day, them to confound.

16
Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe aduise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;
Else neuer should thy iudgement be so fraile,
To measure manhood by the sword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail?
Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:
Speake they, which haue beheld the battales 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 *Braggadocchio* laid, Once I did sweare,
When with one sword (such knights I brought to end,
Thence-forth in battale neuer sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

18
Perdie, Sir Knight, said then th' enchaunter blise;
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For, now the best and noblest knight alise
Prince *Arthur* is, that vnomes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword that flames like burning brood.
The fame (by my aduise) I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondered in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19
He staid 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
Track of his foote: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled at once, ne euer backe returned eye:

20
Till that they come vnto a Forest greene,
In which they strowd themselves from causelesse feare;
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene.
Each trembling leafe, and whirling wind they heare,
As gaitly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe striue 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 thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lofty steece
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying deede.
But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed
O' what might hap. Eft'ooke 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 blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeil red did show
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 sicke, and to reuise the ded.

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

24
Her Iuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his lustie triumphs to engraued,
And wrote the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when shee spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny the did shed,
And twixt the pearles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heauenly musicke seem'd to make.

25
Vpon her eye-lids many Graces fate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes:
And euery one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirroure of celestiall grace,
And soueraine monument of mortall vowes,
How thall fraile pen describe her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seem'd, when she presented was to fight,
And was yclad (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 aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinkling starrs, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

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

28
Like two faire Marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festiuall resort:
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimble moue, and after she apace.

29
And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bowe and quiner gay,
Stuff with Steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The saluage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and beinge 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 heedlesse hap,
As through the flowing Forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haire sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

31
Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of *twist Euratas*, or on *Cynthia* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her viuares forlore,
Wand'reth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Pyrame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weakke state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32
Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did view,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he him selfe 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:
Haste Goe me; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch carst my stedfast arrowe strake?
If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her overtake.

33
Where-with reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For, neither doth thy face terrestrial shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall: I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith erst into this Forrest wild 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 enswed,
Vnto the bush her eye did fuddaine glance,
In which vaine *Bragegadochio* was miewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her peacing lance,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduance,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortal chauce,
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;
Lut 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 crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his captiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as, coming late from rest.

36
As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her nauie pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide:

37
So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan him selfe to vaunt: but when he viewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till shue to him her gracious speech renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursued
Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;
All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

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

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,
 Emongst thine equall Peeres, where happy blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist loue, and dearly loued bee,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou heere doost mis;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
 The wood is fit for beasts; the Court is fit for thee.

Whoso in pompe of proud citate (quoth shee)
 Does swim, and barthes himselfe in courtly blis,
 Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
 And in obliuion euer buried is:
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amiss;
 But who his limbs with lab' ours, and his mind
 Behaues with cares, cannot so easie mis
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
 Who seeks with painfull toyle, shall honour soonest find.

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

In Princes Court, The rest she would haue said,
 But that the foolish man (tild with delight
 Of her sweet words, that all his sense dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beaury rauisht quight)

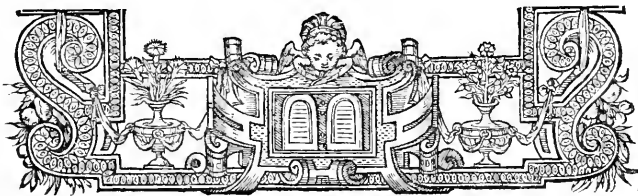
Can burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that, the swaruing backe, her Iacelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menaice:
 So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

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

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 appail
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble ouer ill.
 And I (said *Bragadocchio*) thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horne sound with such gaslineesse.

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 caule one foot to flie,
 But either hellish fiends, or powres on hie:
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 Weeing it had beene thunder in the sky,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

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





Canto IIII.

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



¹
N braue pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I knowe not what great difference
Betwene the vulgar and the noble feed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natie influence;
As, featcs of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage feedcs, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

²
But he (the rightfull owner of that feed)
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 fleshlineffe
Would from the right way seecke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strong suppressse.

³
It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seem'd for to see
Some troublous vprorc or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that faimed mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great crueltce,
Whom sore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, & fides with blood did all abound.

⁴
And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalkc,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no't walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loofely hung vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauour'd, full of wrinkles old.

⁵
And euer as shee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes the raught him stoncs, where-with to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though in her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpright;
Ne any cuill meanes she did forbearc,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

⁶
The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire straight way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutill rage gan him assay,
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

⁷
And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
Then at the ayred marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

⁸
His rude assault and rugged handling,
Strange seem'd to the Knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now not fighting so;
But more enfierced through his curriish play,
Him sternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrowe him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And

9
And beeing downe the villaine fore did beate,
And braze with clownish fits his manly face:
And cke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still call'd vpon to kill him in the place.
With whole reproche and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10
Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, o *Guyon*, neuer thinke that fo
That Monster can be mistred or destroyed:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
As Steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
That 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, whofo will raging *Furor* tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenge:
First her restrain from her reprochetull blame,
And euill meane, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withstood,
It's eath his idle fure to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The banks are ouerflown, when stopped is the flood.

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

13
Then when as vse 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 help away did take,
And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14
In his strong armes he stiffly him embract,
Who him ganeftriuing, nought at all preuaild:
For, all his powre was vtterly defact,
And furious sits at eart quite wrenes quaild:
Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces fauld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely haild,
And both his hands fast bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15
With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him fore constraîne:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyes, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

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

17
With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faïre Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surprize?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most warie, in herwhelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakeit one,
Vnwetting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this same wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18
It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourfe
Of all my sorrow, and of the sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourfe,
Attonce I was vpbrought; and est when yeeres
More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peares,
Our felues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time, without ialous feares,
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) dismemberd not a whit.

19
It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest feat of dignitee,
Yet seem'd no lesse to loue, then lov'd to bee:
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne euer thing could cause vs distigree:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20
My friend, hight *Philomon*, I did partake
Of all my loue and all my priuie,
Who greatly ioyous seem'd for my sake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that more so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that thee could thinke or see,
But vnto him the woe did impart the same:
O wretched man! that would abuse fo gentle Dame.

21
At last, such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my Spouse had wonne;
Accord of friends, content of parents fought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which marriage make; that day too farre did seeme:
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser 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 affin'd,
Had both distand her honourable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bind;
And therefore wist me stay, till I more truth should find.

23
The gnawing anguish and sharpe ialousie,
Which his sad speech infix'd in my brest,
Rankled so fore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best.
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

24
Ere long, with like againe he boarded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the flour,
And that it was a groom of base degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:
Who vs'd in a darke some inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me neerer moue,
And driue me to with-draw my blind abused loue.

25
This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so shee might)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowely to abuse thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others lesse light?

26
But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy desert,
Their blazing pride thou wouldst soone haue blent,
And staind their praises with thy least good part;
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art
(Though she thy Lady be) approche thee neare:
For prooff thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Artay thy selfe in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27
The Maiden, proud through praise, & mad through loue,
Him harkned to, and soone her selfe arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part plaid,
Disguised like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feind th' abuser of my loue to bee.

28
Effsoones he came vnto th' appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,
In *Claribellae* clothes. Her proper face
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.
Ah God! what horror and tormenting griefe,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all allaid!
Me lieter were ten thousand deathes griefe,
Then wound of ialous worme, & shame of such repricef.

29
I home returning, fraught with foule despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,
With wrathfull hand I flew her innocent;
That after soone I dearly did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demanded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie 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 faytour *Philemon*,
I callt to pay that I so dearly bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And wast away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31
Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of loue adiourning 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 smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with gastly dreriment,
And I purfewing my fell purpose, after went.

32
Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;
Through Woods and Plaines, so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space;
As I her, so he me purfew'd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,
Sore chauff'd at my stay in such a case,
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

Betwixt

33
Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,
Through wounds, and stroakes, & stubborn handling,
That death were better then such agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet sticks the mortall sting,
That during life will neuer be appeald.
When he thus ended had his forrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, fore haue ye bene 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;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearfull end;
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend:
For, when they once to perfect strength doe growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell batty bend
Ganst fort of Reason, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, ieaousie, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35
Wrath, ieaousie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and ieaousie a weede,
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;
The fire of sparks, the weed of little seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
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 mischiete through intemperance,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy waies with warie gouernaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and doe aduance
Mine anceltry from famous *Coradin*,
Who first to raise our house to honour did begin.

37
Thus as he spake, lo, farre away they spide
A varler running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applide,
That round about a cloud of dust did flie,
Which mingled all with twear, did dim his eye.
He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, hot,
And all so toyl'd, that none could him defery;
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull eyglaunce at him shot.

38
Behind his backe he bore a brazen shield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midit of bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well becomed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in bloud of malice and despight.

39
When hee in prefrence came, to *Guyon* first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forfealled place at erit,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieeperitie.
The Knight at his great boldnesse wonderd,
And though he scorn'd his idle vauitie,
Yet mullyd 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 hel'd it forcibly. (sceme
But, whence should come that harme, which thou doost
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'aby?
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That neuer yet encountered enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foule difmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

41
How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhachles 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 arre
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;
Acrates, sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Heribus* and *Night*:
But *Heribus* ionne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

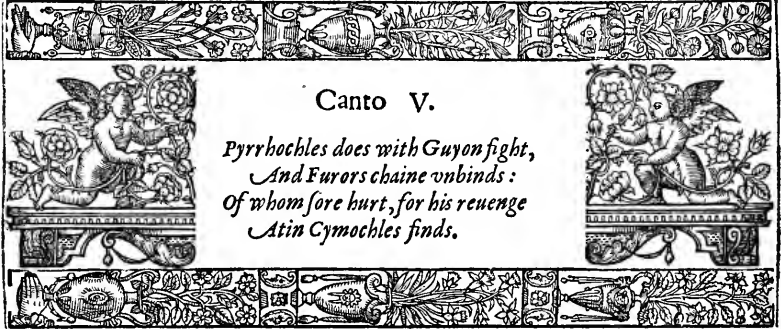
42
So from immortall race he does proceed,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Dread for his derring doe, and bloudy deed;
For, all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, flie this fearfull stead anon,
Least thy foole-hardize worke thy sad confusion.

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

44
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
She comes vnsought: and shunned, followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when R incour rife
Kindles Reucenge, and threats his rustie knife;
Woe neuer wants, where eucry cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.
Then lo, where bound hee sits, whom thou hast fought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
 That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpray,
 And shew'st th' ensample of thy childish might,
 With filly weake old woman thus to fight;
 Great glory and gay spoile fure hast thou got,
 And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in fight;
 That shall *Pyrrohobles* well requite, I wot,
 And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blot.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with ire and vengeable despyght;
 The quiuring steele his ayred end well knew,
 And to his breast it selfe intended right:
 But he was warie, and erc it empight
 In the meant marke, advaunc't his shield atweene;
 On which it feizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.



Canto V.

*Pyrrohobles does with Guyon fight,
 And Furors chaine vnbinds:
 Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
 Atin Cymoehles finds.*

V Ho-cuer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
 To which right well the wife doe giue that name,
 For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
 Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:
 His owne woes authour, whofo bound it findes,
 As did *Pyrrohobles*, and it willfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
 Ere on the Plane fast pricking *Guyon* spide
 One in bright armes embattailed full strong,
 That as the Sunny beames doe glauce 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 maistring spur he did him roughly fire.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greet,
 Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,
 But prickt so fierce, that vnderneath his feet
 The mouldring 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.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glaucing fell
 On his horse neck before the quited fell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight:
 So him dismounted lowe, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him foully dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slowe vprofe,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly thent;
 Disleall knight, whose coward courage chofe
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
 And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Thereby thine armes leeme strong, but manhood frailes;
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But little may such guile thee now auale,
 If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
 Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
 And glaucing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gasli therein: were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelless, so fore a buffe to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exceeding

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,
 And much aham'd, that stroake of liuing arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoupe so lowe,
 Though otherwise it did him little harme :
 Tho hurling high his iron braecel arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarme ;
 Yet there the steele staid not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint,
Pyrrhachles was, and grieued eke entire ;
 Yet nathemore did it his fure flint,
 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,
 Remembered he, ne car'd for his sauegard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre far'd.

He hewd, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thundred blowes,
 And enery way did seeke into his life :
 Ne plate, ne male could ward fo mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his strife,
 Was warie wife, and closely did await
 Advantage, whil't his foe did rage most rife ;
 Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him frait,
 And fall'd off his blowes, t'illude him with such bait.

Like as a Lion, whose imperial powre
 A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,
 T'auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fierce foe, like to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside ; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious home, sought of his enmies,
 Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feast :

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
 Till at the last, all breathlesse, wearie, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assaid,
 And kindling new his courage (seeming quaint)
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him stoupe perforce vnto his knee,
 And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see ;
 Such homage til that instant neuer learned hee.

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

Estfoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* staid,
 Tempring the passion with aduisement flowe,
 And mairing might on enemy dismayd :
 For, th'equal dye of warre he well did knowe ;
 Then to him said, Liue, and allegiance owe
 To him that giues thee life and liberty :
 And henceforth, by this daies ensample trowe,
 That haste wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
 Doe breede repentance late, and lasting infamy.

So, y^e he let him rise: who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne vpsstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdain, and shooke
 His landie locks, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered ;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble Knight had maistered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agrieu'd,
 Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdued are :
 Was neuer man, who most conquests achieu'd
 But sometimes had the worke, 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 loofers lot, and victors praise alio.
 Vaine others overthrowes, whose selfe doth overthrowe.

Fly, *Pyrrhachles*, fie the dreadfull warre,
 That in thy selfe thy lesse parts doe moue :
 Outragious anger, and woe-working iarre,
 Direfull impance, and hart-murding loue ;
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours farre remoue,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead,
 But sth in might thou didst my mercy prone,
 Of curtesie to me the cause acaid,
 That thee against me drew with fo impetuous dread.

Dreadlesse, said he, that shall I soone declare :
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
 Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thrall'd her in chames with strong effort,
 Void of all succour and needfull comfort :
 That ill becemes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort
 To change thy will, and set *Occasion* free,
 And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all
 Said he, that thee so sore displeas'd hath ?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatesse feath.
 Nath'lesse, now quench thy hot embolyng wrath :
 Loe, there they be : to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, our of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitce.

19
 Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,
 Before her sonne could well affoiled bee,
 She to her vie returnd, and straight deside
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhobles*: th'one (said she)
 Because he wonne; the other, because hee
 Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:
 But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she fought
 To kindle his quecucht fire, and thousand cautes wrought.

20
 It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhobles* fight,
 And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,
 Because he had not well maintaind his right,
 But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
 Now gan *Pyrrhobles* wax as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fierce engrasped bee,
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21
 Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
 Against *Pyrrhobles*, 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.

22
 Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased *Furors* ire,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke (more to augment his spright)
 Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
 Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
 That arm'd with fire, more hardly he more him withstond.

23
 Tho gan the villaine wax so fierce and strong,
 That nothing might lustaine his furious force;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And foully batter'd his comely corle,
 That *Guyon* much disdain'd so loathly fight.
 At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe (ô Sir *Guyon*) help most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24
 The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the *Palmer*, by his graue restraint,
 Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;
 And sad, Deare sonne, thy causelesse tuth repress,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vaine:
 He that his sorrow fought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fetured would release againe,
 Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25
Guyon obaid; So him away he drew
 From needletle trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to perlew.
 But rash *Pyrrhobles* varlet. *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in fight,
 Fleed fast away, to tell his funeral
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymobles* men did call.

26
 He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fight:
 Full many doughty knights he in his daies
 Had doen to death, subdewd in equall frayes;
 VWhole carcasses, for terrour of his name,
 Offowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,
 And hung their conquered armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27
 His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acrassa*, that with vaine delights,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
 Does charme her leuers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
 And horribly mishapes with vgly fights,
 Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;
 And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

28
 There *Atin* found *Cymobles* sojourning,
 To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,
 Was giuen all to lust and loose living,
 When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind
 In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
 Huing his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And floues in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled amongst loose Ladies and Lasciuous boyes.

29
 And ouer him, Art struing to compaire
 With Nature, did an *Arbour* greene disspred,
 Framed of wanton *Ivic*, flowing faire,
 Through which the fragrant *Eglantine* did spred
 His pricking armes, contrayld with roses red,
 Which dainty odours round about them threw,
 And all within with floures was garnished,
 That when mild *Zephyrus* amongst them blew,
 Did breathe out bountious smells, & painted colours shew.

30
 And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
 Amongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay:
 The wearie *Trauciler*, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes disply,
 Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And on the other side ³¹ a pleasant Groue
Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is t' *Olympick Ioue*,
And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as hee
Gain'd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
Therein the merry birds, of euery sort,
Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
And made amongst themselues a sweet consort,
That quickned the dull spirit with muscally comfort.

There he him found all carelessly displaid,
In secret shadowe from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light merment;
Euery of which did looetely disaray
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some 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 tryall strips.

Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wan ting thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his fragile eye with spoile of beutie feedes;
Sometimes, he fallcely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
Wherby clofe fire into his hart does creepe:
So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cride,
Cymochles, oh no, but *Cymochles* thade,
In which that manly perlon 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?

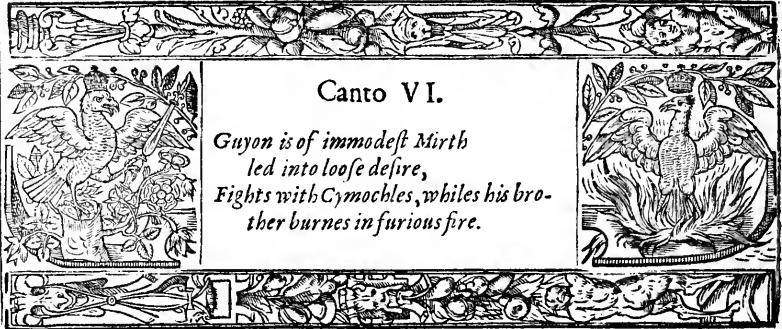
Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
He said; Vp, vp, thou womanish weak knight,
That here in Ladies lap entomb'd art,
Vnmindfull of thy praise and prouest might,
And weetelesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad *Pyrrochles* lyes on senselesse ground,
And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
Through many a stroake, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drown'd.

Suddainly out of his delightful dreame
The man awoke, and would haue question'd more;
But he would not endure that would theame
For to dilate at large, but vrge'd lore
With piercing words, and pittifull implore,
Him hastie to arise. As one affright
With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad vprorre,
He then vprofe, inflam'd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly 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 been aveng'd that day
(That day it selfe him seem'd all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrrochles* deare dismay:
So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And *Atin* aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

Canto





Canto VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Mirth
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fire.*

A Harder lesson, to learne Contineuce
In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that vneathes it can restraine
Frō that, which feeble nature conets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, the better can restraine;
Yct vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maiiteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* trauieling 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 glance of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a Lady fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she sung, as loud as Lark in aire,
Sometimes she laugh, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her moue cause of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deuise, and thousand waies invent
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off *Chymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly cald to such as were aboard,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
The merry Marriner vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted boat straight way
Turnd to the shore, where that fame warlike Lord
She in receiue'd; but *Atin* by no way
Shce would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

Esfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then Swallow sheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to fire;
Onely she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yeelding waue,
Ne cared shee her course for to applie:
For, it was taught the way, which the would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue:

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New mirth, her passenger to entertaine:
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed in merry tales to faune,
Of which a store-houle did with her remaine:
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For, all her words the drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vttering of the same,
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuise,
As her fantastick wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliaunce
Gauē wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no souenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight:
So easie is, t'appeare the stormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

9

Diuerſe diſcourſes in their way they ſpent,
 Mongſt which *Cymochles* of her queſtioned,
 Both what ſhe was, and what that viſage ment,
 Which in her cot the dailie practiſed.
 Vaine man, ſayd ſhe, that would't be reckoned
 A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant
 Of *Phaeria* (for ſo my name is red)
 Of *Phaeria*, thine owne fellow ſerauant;
 For, thou to ſerue *Acrasta* thy ſelfe dooſt vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland ſea, that hight by name
 The *Ydle lake*, my wandering ſhip I rowe,
 That knowes her Port, and thither ſailes by ayne,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,
 Or wherher ſwiſt I wend, or whether ſlowe:
 Both ſlowe and ſwiſt alike doe ſerue my tourne,
 Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
 Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
 My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus ſhe talk'd, and whiles thus ſhe toyd,
 They were ſure paſt the paſſage which he ſpake,
 And come vnto an Iſland waſte and voyd,
 That floted in the miſt of that great lake,
 There her ſmall Gondelay her Port did make,
 And that gay payre ſiſſing on the ſhore
 Diſburnd her. Their way they forward take
 Into the Land that lay them ſure before,
 Whoſe pleaſance ſhe him ſhew'd, and plentiful great ſtore.

12

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
 Emongſt wide waues ſit like a little neſt,
 As if it had by Nature cunning hand,
 Beene choiſely picked out from all the reſt,
 And layd forth for enſample of the beſt:
 No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted bloſſoms dreſt,
 And ſmelling ſweets, but there it might be found
 To bud out fayre, and her ſweet ſmelcs throwe all around.

13

No tree, whoſe branches did not brauely ſpring;
 No branch, whereon a ſine bird did not ſit:
 No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
 No ſong bur did containe a louely dit:
 Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit
 For to allure frayle mind to careleſſe caſe.
 Careleſſe the man ſoone wox, and his weak'e wit
 Was overcome of thung, that did him pleaſe;
 So pleaſed, did his wrauthfull purpoſe faire appeaſe.

14

Thus when ſhee had his eyes and ſenſes fed
 With falſe delights, and filld with pleaſures vaine,
 Into a ſhady dale the ſoft him led,
 And layd him downe vpon a graſſie Plaine;
 And her ſweet ſelſe, without dread or diſdaine
 She ſet beſide, laying his head diſarm'd
 In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtaine,
 Where ſoone he ſlumberd, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a loud lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toyle ſome paines dooſt take,
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant growes,
 How they themſelues doe thine enſample 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 ſhowes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his careful paines compare.

16

The Lilly, Lady of the flowing field,
 The Flowre-delace, her lonely Labourour,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitleſſe labours yield,
 And ſoone leaue off this toyleſome wearie ſoure;
 Lo, lo, how braue the decks her bountious bourne,
 V With ſilken curtens and gold couerlets,
 Therein to throw her ſumptuous Belamour,
 Yet neither ſpinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care the lets.

17

Why then dooſt thou, ô man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and cke of nature Soueraigne,
 Wilfully make thy ſelſe 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 vſe?
 Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the maine,
 Will die for thirſt, and water doth reſuſe?
 Reſuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toyle, and preſent pleaſures chuſe.

18

By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then the with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteepe,
 That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
 So ſhe him leit, and did herſelfe betake
 Vnto her boat againe, with which ſhe left
 The ſlothfull waues of that great cleftſie lake;
 Soone ſhe that Iſland farre behind her left,
 And now is come to that faire place, where firſt the weſt.

19

By this time, was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Vnto the other ſide of that wide ſtrongd,
 V Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
 Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoone to hand
 Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding ſond,
 With his ſad guide; himſelfe ſhe tooke aboard,
 But the *Black Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtand,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once aſſoord,
 To ferry that old man ouer the perulous ſoord.

20

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
 Yet beeing entred, might not back retire;
 For, the ſit barke, obaying to her mind,
 Forth launch'd quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire
 Adieu, but nimble ran her wonted courſe
 Through the dull billowes thick as trouble mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their feat could force,
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their ſluggiſh courſe.

H.

And

21
 And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollitie deuise,
 Her selfe to cherishe, 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 sayd 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 amis, and angry sayd;
 Ah Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obayd:
 Me little needed from my right way to haue strayd.

23
 Fayre Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all;
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
 The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
 But heere awhile ye may in safetie rest,
 Till season serue new passage to assay;
 Better safe Port, then be in seas distrest.
 There-with she laughd, and did her earnest end in feist.

24
 But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelittle
 Himselfe appeate, and issued forth on shore:
 The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulness,
 Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and earely blossoms bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25
 And shee, more sweet then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as shee could well enough)
 Their natue musick by her skillfull art:
 So did shee 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 hee was wise, 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 fayrely temping, fond desire subdewd,
 And euer her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports pursfwd,
 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 drowfie dremment,
 Gan him awize, how ill did him befeeme,
 In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brood of his conceiued ire,
 Tho vp he started, stir'd with shame extreme,
 Ne stayd for his Damfell to inquire,
 But marchd to the strowd, there passage to require.

28
 And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompanyd with *Phadria* the faire:
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
 Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
 Thou recreant knight, and loone thy selfe prepare
 To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaince:
 Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire
 Doc flock, awayting shortly to obtaine
 Thy carcasse for their prey, the gerdon of thy paince.

29
 And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with important outrage him asslayd:
 Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall value countervayld:
 Their mighty stroakes their habercions dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele despiteouly enrayld
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the iron walles,
 That a large purple streame adowne their giambeux fallcs.

30
Cymochles, that had neuer met before
 So puissant foe, with envious 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 vnknighly raylings, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
 Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31
 Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yelaunc't,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
 But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
 That quite it clouc 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 *Phadria*, that beheld
 That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran;
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pittious voyce, and count'nance wan;
 Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pittous sight,
 To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spight.

If euer loue of Ladie did emperce
 Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce;
 And sigh 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 haunous deed, (breed.
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
 Nor 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 scarmoges disarmes:
 Another warre, and other weapons I
 Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
 Without bloudshed, and where the enemye
 Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
 The famous name of knight hood fowly shend;
 But louely peace, and gentle amric,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
 The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;
 Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,
 Then of their armes: *Mars is Cupidoes friend,*
 And is for *Venus* loues renoumed more
 Then all his warres and spoyles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent
 To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
 Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight
 Befought that Damzell suffer him depart,
 And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

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 disdainefull coy;
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with rerour and vniquietuarre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho, him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waues did lightly float,
 And soone arriued on the shallow land,
 Where glad some *Guyon* lailed forth to land,
 And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward.
 Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
 There by his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phadrius* fleet barke ouer that perous shard.

Well could he him remember, sixth of late
 He with *Pyrrhocles* sharpe debatement made;
 Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
 As shepherds curre, that in darke euenings shade
 Hath traicted forth some saluage beaust trade;
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither dost thou stie
 The shame and death, which will thee soone maude?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
 That art thus foully fled from famous enemye?

With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head dart:
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rale,
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the frond retr'y'd and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile:
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastic heat of his auow'd reuenge delayd.

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 was with bloud,
 And soyl'd with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
 But bent his hastic course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
 And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
 That in the lake his lostie crest was stept,
 Ne of his fasetie seemed care he kept;
 But with his raging armes hee rudely flast,
 The waues about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the bloud and filth away was walst,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dast.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
 For much he wondred at that vnouth sight;
 Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhocles*, in sad plight,
 Redie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
 What dismal day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrrhocles, O *Pyrrhocles*, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fire!
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhocles* farre
 After pursewing death once to requyre;
 Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre
 Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappy starre.

Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue:
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
 The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd so fore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuē,
 And his owne health remembering now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46
 Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,
 (So loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wive
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.
 The waues thereof so slowe and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them foule agrife,
 That euerie weightie thing they did vpbearē,
 Ne ought mote euer sinke downe to the bottome 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 hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:
 Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
 The carefull seruant, struing with his raging Lord.

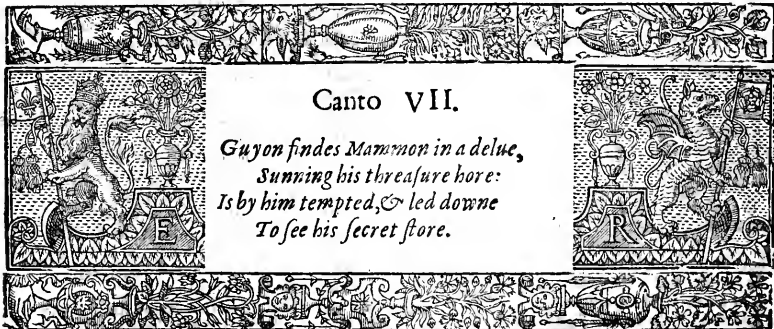
48
 Him *Atin* spying, knewe right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, & *Archimago*;
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight for ore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile sage.

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred fore,
 To see *Pyrrochles* there so rudely rage:
 Yet fithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in haste approached to the shore.

49
 And cald; *Pyrrochles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish Furie hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
 Yet neuer in this straunge atonishment.
 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 feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
 Hig deadly wounds within my luer swell,
 And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vaine would boiste:
 That now I weene *Iones* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

51
 Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
 He knew right well, and hum at once disarmd:
 Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a priefe
 Of euerie place, that was with brusing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
 Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And eucmore 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 hore:
 Is by him tempted, & led downe
 To see his secret store.*

1
 S Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
 That to a stedfast staire his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes, or cloudie tempests haue
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe ybent,

And couer'd heauen with hideous driment,
 Vpon his card and compass firmes his eye,
 The maisters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steady helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trustie guide,
 Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, procedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanide ;
 And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and prayfe-worthy deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no aduerture found,
 Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes :
 For, still he trauiell through wide wastefull ground,
 That nought but desert wildeernesses shew'd all around.

At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,
 Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
 VVhere-as he fitting found, in secret shade,
 An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuill wight,
 Of grieuif hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight ;
 His face with smoake was tand, and eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
 His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been feard
 In Smithes fire-spetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeared.

His iron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
 Was vnderneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistering glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well it appeared to haue been of old
 A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,
 VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery :
 And in his lap a mass of coyne he told,
 And turned vp'downe, to feed his eye
 And couctous desire with his huge threatury.

And round about him lay on euery side
 Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent :
 Of which, some were rude ower, not purifide
 Of *Mulchers* deuouring element ;
 Some others were new driuen, and distant
 Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square ;
 Some in round plates withouten moment ;
 But most were stampd, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapcs of Kings and Kefars strange & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose, for to remoue aside
 Those pretious hills from strangers enuious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrified ;
 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 habitaunce,
 And the rich heapes of wealth doost hide apart
 From the worlds eye, and from her right v'lauce ?
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed ascaunce,
 In great disdain, hec answerd ; Hardy Elfe,
 That darrest view my direfull countenance,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god belowe the sky,
 That of my plentie poure out vnto all,
 And vnto none my graces doe envie :
 Riches, renowme, and principallitie,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinke and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternal brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and few,
 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
 Tenne times so much be numbred franke and free.
Mammon, said hee, thy godheads vauit is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee ;
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine,
 Proffer thy gifts, and fitter seruauants entertaine.

Me ill befits, that in der-douing dayes,
 And honours suit my vowed ayres doe spend,
 Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleasing charmes,
 With which weakc men thou witchest, to attend :
 Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
 And lowe abate the high heroick spright,
 That ioies for crownes and kingdomes to contend ;
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes bee my delight ;
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, doost not thou weet,
 That money can thy wants at will supply ?
 Shields, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee meet
 It can puruay in twinkling of an eye ;
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne
 Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly ?
 And him that raignd, into his roome thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, doe heape with glory and renowne ?

All otherwise, said he, I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse ;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heauinesse.
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise ;
 Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outragious wrong, and hellish couctise,
 That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine ;
 But realmes and rulers thou doost both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doost incline ;
 Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pour'd oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer crown'd,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound ;
 Castles surpriz'd, great Cities sackt and Brent :
 So mak' st thou kings, & gainest wrongfull government.

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that toffe
 The priuate state, and make the life vnswet :
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
 Doth not (I weene) so many euils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortall men so fond and vndirect,
 So euill thing to seecke vnto their ayd,
 And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd ?

15

Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,
 Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetise :
 But would they thinke, with how small allowance
 Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our natie ioyes :
 At the Well head the purest streames arise :
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue accloyes.

16

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Found no defect in his Creators grace;
 But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
 The gifts of soueraigne bounty did embrace :
 Like Angels life was then mens happy case;
 But later ages pride (like corne-fed steed)
 Abus'd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a curst 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 lie found
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride estioones he did compound ;
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring 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

Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receaue
 Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods receate
 From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lor,
 Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.
 Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
 From heauens sight, and powre of all which them purfew.

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 preferue from wrong and robbery ?
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by
 Through that thick covert he him led, and found
 A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
 That deepe defended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horrour 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* grieufully raigne :
 By that wayes side, there fate infernall Paine,
 And fast beside him fate tumultuous strife:
 The one, in hand an iron whip did straine;
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22

On th'other side, in one confort there fate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate :
 But gnawing Iealousie, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
 And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23

And over them sad Horrour with grim hew,
 Did alwaies fore, beating his iron wings;
 And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heauie things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings ;
 Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a cliff,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint a slunder could haue rift :
 Which hauing ended, after him the 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 seeke his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
 At last, him to a little dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought :
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
 That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25

Before the dore fate selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
 Breake in, and spoyle the treasure there in gard :
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
 Approche, albe his 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 loone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* cuermore,
Ne darknesse him, ne danger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An vgly fiend, more foule then difmall 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 likt him best,
Or euer sleepe his eye-lidings did vntie,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie
He ouer 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 transgressit the fatall *Strygian* lawes.

28
That houfes forme within was rude and frong,
Like an huge Cae, hewne out of rocky chitt,
From whole rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Emboist with mailly gold of glorious gitt,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift.
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and sprad her subtil net,
Enwrapp'd in saule smoak & cloudes more black then let.

29
Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And lud in darknesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for, view of chearefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a fuint 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 roomes was nothing to be seene,
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
Whose lues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left vnburied.

31
They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them opened of it owne accord,
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before;
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that about were added to that vnder ground.

32
The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranlack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warrior, said;
Loe, heere the worldz blifs: loe, heere the end,
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33
Certes, said he, I n'll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blifs before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Doe rather choose my fitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their feruile slaue.

34
Therent the fiend his gnawing teeth did grate,
And gren'd, lo long to lacke his greedy pry:
For, well he weened, that so glorious day
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
(Eternall God thee saue from such decay.)
But when—as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnto another way he wist.

35
Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another roomes, whose dore for bright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaes all burning bright;
By euery fornae 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 bellows gathered filling aire,
And with forc't wind the fuell did in flame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waues, fierce *Vulcans* rage to raine,
Who maistring them, renew'd his former heat;
Some found the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37
But when as earthly wight they present saw,
Gliftring in armes and battalious array,
From their hot worke they did themselves withdraw
To wonder 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 fir:
Behold,

38
Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see:
The thing that thou didst craue so earnestly
(To weete, whence all the wealth late fiewed by mee,
Proceeded) lo, now is revealed to thee.
Heere is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avisé thee well, and change thy willfull mood,
Least thou perhaps heereafter wish, and be withstood.

39
Suffice it then, thou Money-Go-3, quoth hee,
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To covet more then I haue cause to wee?
With such vaine shewes thy worldings vile abuse:
But giue me leaue to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold misprise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40
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 deliue he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could wield
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41
Disdaine he called was, and did disdaine
To befo cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of stomack vaine,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th'height of men terrestiall;
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongst black fiends, then men to haue his place.

42
Soone as those glitterand armes he did espy,
That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to battaile dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hastie hand with-hold,
And counsell'd him abstaine from perillous fight:
For, nothing might abash the villaine bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

43
So, hauing him with reason pacifide,
And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,
As if some Gyeld or solemne Temple were:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustaine:
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diadems, & tiues vaine, (raigne.
VVhich mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

44
A rout of people there assembl'd were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder aky,
Which with great vpror preaced to draw neare
To th'vpper part, where was aduanced hie
A stately siege of foueraigne maiestie;
And thereon fate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in furch array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

45
Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beame great brightnesse threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that fame her owne natue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted 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; (all.
Thenceforth she fought for helps to cloke her crime with-

46
There, as in gliftring 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 stie,
And euery linke thereof a step of dignitie.

47
Some thought to raise themselues to high degree;
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, or wrongs for base 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.

48
Which, when as *Guyon* saw, he gan enquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldez blis
For which ye men doe striue: few get, but many misf.

49
And faire *Philotimé* shee rightly light,
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder sky,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for envie thrust:
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee aduance for works and merites iust.

50
Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,
For so great grace and offered high citate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouph yphight,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the same I haue no might:
To chaunge loue causelesse, is reproche to warlike knight.

51
Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to fane, him forth thence led
Through grisly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnished
With heards and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well fauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fitto adorne the dead, and decke the dreary toombe.

52
There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Caloquintida*, and *Terra* mad,
Mortall *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which-with th' vnjust *Atheniens* made to dy
Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Poured out his life, and last Philosophy
To the faire *Critias* his dearest belame.

53
The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer feat,
With a thicke Arbour goodly ouerdight,
In which she often vs'd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,
With branches broad diffred, and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54
Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glorie to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne luing wight
Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' *Eubzean* young man wan,
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55
Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acotius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
For which th' *Idean* Ladies didgreed,
Till partall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his need,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56
The warlike *Elfe* much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad branches, laden with rich see,
Did stretch themselues without the utmost bound
Of this great garden, compact with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuier of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

57
Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
In those sad waues: which direfull deadly stanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pittious cries, and yelling shrighs,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull fights,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the *Garden* side.

58
Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dye, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59
The knight, him seeing labour fo 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 *Joue* wont whylome feasted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60
Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vse their present state.
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *Joue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
As author of vniustice, there to let him dye.

61
Hee lookt a little further, and espide
Another wretch, whose carcasse deepe was drent
Within the riuier, which the same did hyde:
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
About the water were on high extent,
And saynd to wash themselues incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seem'd 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 falsest Iudge, alas,
 And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despituous
 Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
 And did acquite a murderer felonous ;
 The whiles my hands I wash in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was foyled with foule iniquitie.

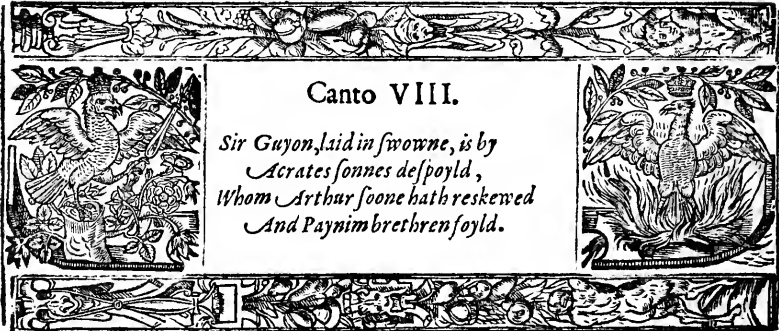
63
 Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told :
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
 For terror of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
 To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64
 All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt:
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,

Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strays :
 But he was warie wife in all his way,
 And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray :
 So goodly did he beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65
 And now he has so long remained there,
 That vitall powres gan wexe both weak and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbear,
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
 That none without the same endure can.
 For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began :
 For thy great *Mammon* fairely he belought,
 Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66
 The God, though loth, yet was constraigned to obey :
 For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,
 Belowe the earth, might suffred be to stay :
 So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
 But all so soone as his enfeebl'd spright
 Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
 As onercome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.



Canto VIII.

*Sir Guyon, laid in sworne, is by
 Acrates sonnes despoild,
 Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
 And Paynimbretren soyl'd.*

1
And is there care in heauen? and is there loue
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their euils moue?
 Ther is: else much more wretched were the case
 Of men, then beasts. But o' th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercie doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
 To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked soe.

2
 How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
 To come to succour vs, that succour want?
 How oft do they, with golden pineons, cleaue
 The sitting skyes, like flying Pursiuant,

Against foule feends to aide vs militant?
 They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
 And all for loue, and nothing for reward :
 O why should heavenly God to men haue such regard?

3
 During the while that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mammons* house, the Palmer, whom whylere
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
 By further search had passage found elsewhere:
 And being on his way, approached neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in trauce, when suddenly
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
 Come hither, hither, o come hastily :
 That all the fields resounded with the truefull cry,

4
The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyfe,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe, he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bade him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his treasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senselesse dreame; which sight at first him fore agast.

5
Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish faire about his equall peares;
His luowy front curled with golden haire,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted layes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6
Like as *Cupido* on *Idaan* hill,
V When haung laid his cruell bowe away,
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill
The world with murderous spoyles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him digns to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguill'd to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7
Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heauy fight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8
The charge which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forger
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, estoones 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 afraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by flight;
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulle gan try;
V Where finding life not yet dislodged quite,
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10
At last, he spyde where towards him did pafe
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And fare before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acraates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* fly,
Foreby that idle stroud, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11
Which to avenge on him they dearely vow'd,
Where-cuer that on ground they mote him find;
Falsc *Archimago* prouokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Arim* in their stubborne mind
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slumbrd 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 *Pyrhocles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That sire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile
Of that fame outcast carcasse, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through falsc trechery,
And crown'd his coward creit with knighthy stule;
Loc where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue hee liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

13
To whom the Palmer feareles answered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,
Whose liuing hands immortalz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And couy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;
Your selfe his prowels prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14
Then sayd *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Sae as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extremc;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield;
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15
Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now iustifie
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought nother owne desire?
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my spight,
I will him reauce of armes, the victors hire,
And of that field, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
For knightoods loue doe not so foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed;
But leaue these reliques of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed.
What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,
But be encombred in the rauon of hisight?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlaide,
Both fiercely bent to haue him disarraid;
Till that they spyde, where towards them did passe
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whose Squire bore after him an heben lance,
And couerd shield. VVell kend him so farr space
Th'enchauter by his armes and ameouance,
When vnder him he law his Lybian steed to prauence;

18

And to those brethren said, Rise, rise by liue,
And vnto battaile doe your selues adreffe;
For, yonder comes the prowert knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
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 estfoones vparted furiously,
And gan themselues prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrrhocles*, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* belought, him that afford,
Which he had t'ought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I, sayd th'enchauter, glad and faine
Beteeme 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 almighty art
For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,
There-with to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with *Medewart*,
That no enchantment from his dint might saue;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And seauen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither Steele nor stone,
The stroake thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
Ne for't his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Mordaine* it rightfully is hight,
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhocles*, 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, sayd then the Pagan wroth,
That weenest thoues or charmes may force withstand:
Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,
That I can carue with this enchaunted brond
His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his bond
That vertuous Steele he rudely snatcht away,
And *Gwynons* shield about his wrist he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly saluted them: who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
Gaue signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan say
Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull deime
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 fatal date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How-euer, sure I rew his pitious plight.
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,
Hath him befallen, but cloudes of deadly night
Awhile his heauy eylds 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,
VVould him disarme, and treaten shamefully;
(Vnworthy vface of redoubted knight.)
But you, sayre Sir, whose honourable fight
Doth promise hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case.
First praye of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, sayd 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 puiffance boast:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May be, that better reason will asswage
The rash revengers heat. VVoods well dispost
Haue secret powre, t'appeare inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
Yee warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, iult wrongs to vengeance doth 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 caraffe pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already layd in lowest seat.

28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carcasle as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge should deare abide?
The trespassse 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 grandfire to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vterly the guilt bercaue:
So frightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth agaynst the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour itaines with rancour and despright,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30

Pyrrhobles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagant* thou shalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)
Vplifting high, he weened with *Mordure*,
His owne good sword *Mordure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swarting from the marke, 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;
False traytour, miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndeafide:
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste
Right towre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defact.

32

With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Agaynst the Pagans breast, and there-with thought
His cursed life out of her lodge haue rent:
But ere the point arriued where it ought,
That seauen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought
He cast-betweene, to ward the bitter found:
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,
And through his shoulder pearct: wher-with to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And foully said, By *Malsuine*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,
Smote him so hugely on his hughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Else mote it needs downe to his manly breast
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence disposselt.

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,
Agaynst 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 himselfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puiffant,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

35

So, both atonce him charge on either side,
With hideous strookes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauesse wide,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly fowre.
For, on his shield, as thicke as stormie thowre
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quaille,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double batty doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought auaille:

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he advantage spide,
His poynant speare he thrust with puiffant sway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shueld was wide,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gride:
He, swearing with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the lance, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood traile
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse loud he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytue, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall bond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth stond.

38

With that hee 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 haucoccon 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 lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuouly:
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,
Gauc him great hart, and hope of victorie.
On th'other side, in huge perplexitie,
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lye:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc't his foote reuoke.

I.

Whom,

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said: Faire femme, great God thy right hand bleffe,
 To vse that sword so wilcely 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 swaines, the wexeth wood & yond:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither maile could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to *Pyrrhobles* many strokes he told;
 Eft to *Cymbles* twice so many fold:
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both atonce compeld with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond:
 And though they both stood stiff, yet could not both
 (withstond.)

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce maistines bayt,
 VWhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with warie ward them to await,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
 Or flings aloft, or trends downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

But euer at *Pyrrhobles* when he smit
 (Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writ)
 His hart relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore:
 VWhich oft the *Paynim* saw'd from deadly stowre.
 But him hence-forth the same can saue no more;
 For, now arriv'd is his fatal howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For, when *Cymbles* saw the foule reproche,
 Which thence appeach'd; prickt with guilty 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 fore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pearced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twice to reele, that never moou'd afore.

Whereat renierc't with wrath and sharp regret,
 Hee strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,
 That it emperc't the Pagans burganet,
 And cleaving the hard Steele, did deepe invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
 Quite through his braine. Hee 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.

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 fwayd
 Against that knight: Harrow and weal-away!
 After to wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day!

VVith that all desperat, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soone to die,
 Assembling all his force and vtmoit might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did fly,
 And strooke, and foyn'd, and lastt outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with patience and suffrance fly
 So hastie hear soone cooled to subdue:
 Tho, when this breathelesse woxe, that battaile gan renewe.

As when a windie tempest bloweth hie,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 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 atonce their malice forth doe poure;
 So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrrhobles* waste his idle might.

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,
 How that strange sword refus'd to serue his need,
 But when he strooke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 Hee slong it from him, and devoyd of dread,
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrap'd fast,
 Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tread:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surprast,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him downe cast.

Nought booted it the *Paynim* then to striue;
 For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape aliu,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;
 So he, now subiect to the Victors law,
 Did not once moue, nor vward cast his eye,
 For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die.

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
 More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
 And said, *Paynim*, this is thy distinnall day;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 And my true liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my fouenaunce.

52
 Foole, said the Pagan, I thy gift desie:
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not overcome doe die,
 But in despight of life, for death doe call.
 Wroth was the Prince, and fory yet withall
 That he so willfully refuse! grace;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he gaane vnlance,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

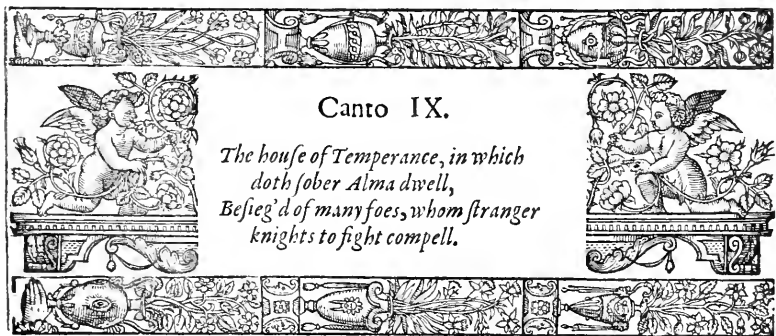
53
 By this, Sir *Guyon* from his trance awak't,
 Life hauing maistered her senselesse foe;
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lackt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long haue lackt, Ioy thy face to view;
 Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer fro me drew.

54
 But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hew vprising him to see,
 Him answered; Faire sonne, 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 lusted had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

55
 Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus said;
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I lue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 What may suffice, to be for meede repayd
 Of so 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 seruile bond,
 To bind their doers to receiue their meed?
 Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withstand
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.
 So, goodly purpote they together fonde,
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
 The whiles false *Archmage* and *Atin* 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.

I
 Of all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
 There is no one more faire and excellent,
 Then is mans body both for powre & form,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;
 But none then it more foule and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions base:
 It growes a Monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his dignitie and natiue grace.
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

3
 After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The Briton Prince recou'ring his stolne sword,
 And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
 Forth passed on their way in faire accord,

Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'ie read,
 To weer why on your shield (so goodly scord)
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
 Full luely is the semblant, though the substance dead.

3
 Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote ye weene, if the true luely-head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did view?
 But if the beaute of her mind ye knew,
 That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirit poure!

4
 Shee is the mighty *Queene of Faerie*,
 Whose faire retreat I in my shield doe beare;
 She is the floure of grace and chastitie,
 Throughout the world renowned farre and neare,
 My hefe, my hege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
 Whose glory thuncth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines faire;
 Farre reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
 As well in fstate of peace, as puiffiuance in warre.

5
 Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiance
 Hauē made a fouldier of that Princeffe bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth bleffe her feruants; and them high aduance.
 How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,
 By faithfull feruice, and meet amēnauce
 Vnto fuch bliffe? fufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

6
 Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed fo great,
 Or grace of earthly Prince to loueraine,
 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 amongst knights of *Maidenhead*,
 Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,
 And in her fauour high be reckoned,
 As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beēne honoured.

7
 Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,
 That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,
 My whole desire hath beēne, and yet is now,
 To serue that *Queene* with all my powre and might.
 Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
 Since of that *Goddeffe* I haue fought the fight,
 Yet no where can her find: fuch happinelle
 Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8
 Fortune (the foe of famous cheiuance)
 Sildome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
 But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismayd,
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid
 With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through all *Faerie Land*.

9
 Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,
 What strange adventure doe ye nowe pursue?
 Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meet,
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
 Of false *Acrassa*, and her wicked wiles,
 Which to auenge, the *Palmer* him forth drew
 From *Faerie court*. So talked they, the whiles
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

10
 And now faire *Pharbus* gan decline in haste
 His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,
 When-as they spide a goodly Cattle, plac't
 Foreby a ruier in a pleasant dale;
 Which choosing for that euening hospitale,
 They thither march: but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty coufers did auale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And euery loup fast lockt, as farring loce 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 appoche;
 And wind his horn vnder the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
 Estfoones foorth 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 he, fly fast away
 If that your liues ye loue, as meet ye 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 sieges vs in this castle hold:
 Seauen yeares this wise they vs besieged haue,
 And many good knights slaine, that haue vs fought to saue.

13
 Thus as he spake, loe, with outrageous cry
 A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd
 Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,
 Vile caitiue wretches, rugged, rude, deform'd,
 All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd,
 Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rustie knives, some staves in firw'rm'd.
 Sterne was their looke, like wiffd amazed Steares,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

14
 Fiercely at first those knights they *Taile*,
 And droue them to recoile: but when againe
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
 For, with such puiffiuance and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,
 Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepherds swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth spy,
 With greedy pale forth rushing from the forest nie.

15
 Awhile they fled, but soone returned againe
 VVith greater fury then before was found;
 And euermore their cruell *Capitaine*
 Sought with his rascall routs to enclose them round,
 And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.
 But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
 Hewing and flashing at their idle shades; (fades.
 For, though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them
 As

16
As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring finall trumpets founden wide,
Whiles in the ayre their clustring armie flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17
Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,
And entrance crav'd, which was denied crift.
Now, when report of that their perillous paine,
And combrous 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 fairly, as befell.

18
Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That fought with her to linke in marriage:
For, she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
And in the flowre 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 heele downe taught,
The traine whereof loofe 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 *Rosiers*.

20
Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them vp into her castle hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wile 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, as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire, and sensible withall,
Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* slime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Abell* towres;
From a great pittie, that no longer time
So gently 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: o worke diuine!
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapase*.

23
Therein two gates were placed seemely well:
The one before, by which all in did passe,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasse,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough passe,
And when it opened, no man might it close,
Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24
Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Iet or Marble fare from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring Vine,
Enchaced with a wanton Iulie twine.
And over it a faire *Portcullis* hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compasse, and compasture strong;
Neither vnseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25
Within the Barbican a Porter sat,
Day and night dulie 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,
Bibblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cause requir'd, but neuer out of time;
Earely and late it rong, at euening and at priue.

26
And round about the porch on euery side
Twice sixteene warders sat, all armed bright
In glistering steele, and strongly fortifide:
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 obeylaunce, as befecem'd right,
And then againe returned to their rests:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gifts.

27
Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
And ready dight with drapets feastuall,
Against the viands should be ministr'd.
At th' upper end there sat, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was, hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
And in demaure sober, and in counsell sage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestowe
Both guests and meat, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both atone
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guests anone
Into the kitchen roome, ne spar'd for nicencell none.

29

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot, then *Actin'* or flaming *Montyball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, leaft by mischance
It might breake out, and ser the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great paire of bellowes, which did stire
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as neeed did require;
The whyles the viands in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and forely toyld.

31

The maister 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 seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had severall offices assign'd:
Some to remoue the fumes 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 foule and waste,
Not 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 wayes that none might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

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 backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall Arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louly beuy of faire Ladies fate,
Courtred of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke amongst them little *Cupid* playd
His wanton sports, beeing returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diuerse delights they found themselues to please:
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some playd with strawes, some idle fate at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy:
This found, that they found, the third for shame did blush;
Another seemed envious, 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 attence out of their seats arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselues to court, and each a Damzell chose:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensue thought constraind her gentle spright.

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beantie doe with sadnesse spill?
Lues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What-ouer be the cause, it sure becomes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdainefull wise)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?
Him ill becomes, anothers fault to name,
That may vnwares be blotted with the fame:
Pensue I yield I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind, (find.)
That haue twelue months fought 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 semblant fought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire,
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,
That by well dooing fought to honour to aspire.

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft the chang'd her native hew:
 Strange was her ture, and all her garment blew,
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Vpon her fist, the bird which shunneth vices,
 And keepes in courtiers close from liuing wight,
 Did sit, as yet ashamed, how rude *Pan* did her sight.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
 Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And euer and anone with rosie red
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,
 That her became, as polish't Ivory,
 Which cunning Craftsmans hand hath overlaid
 With faire Vermilion or pure lastery.
 Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
 So strangely passioned, and to her gently said,

Faire Damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 That either me too bold yee weene, thus wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart closet eyes,
 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 durst) assay
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her loudly face
 The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mar'd her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* meruaill'd at her vnouth cate:
 Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which yeso much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestie;
 You shamefac't are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is free.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in printee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faind to ouertee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Thentelues did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Ladic thence away them fought,
 To view her Castles other wondrous frame.
 Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heauen compassed around,
 And lifted high about this carthly mass,
 Which it surview'd, as hills doen lower ground;
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Nor that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
 Fro' which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was spilt.

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

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likest in vnto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
 But three the chiefeit, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honourable sages,
 The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurse of all good Arts)
 By *Phæbus* doome, the wisest thought aloue,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pylhan* fire, which did turuine
 Three ages, such as mortall men controue,
 By whose aduise old *Pyramis* citie fell,
 With these in praise of polities mote strue.
 These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
 And counsell'd faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
 The next, could of things present best aduise:
 The third, things past could keepe in memorice:
 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 nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
 He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,
 That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

His chamber was disappointed all within,
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapcs of things dyspersed thin;
 Some such as in the world were neuer yet,
 Ne can deuise'd be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene, and known by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe sit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaures*, feends, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
 (Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such found,
 That they encombr'd all mens eares and eyes,
 Like many swarms of Bees assembled round,
 After 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 leafings, tales, and lies.

Amongst them all fate he which wonned there,
 That hight *Phantasies* by his nature drew;
 A man of yeares yett fresh, as mote appere,
 Offwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle brows, sharp staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
 Mote deerne him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* fate in th'houfe of agonics.

Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses
 Offamous Wifards, 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 Philology,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

Of those that roome was full: and them among
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and vltage,
 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.

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 fate an old old man, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenc't him with a better score:
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

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,

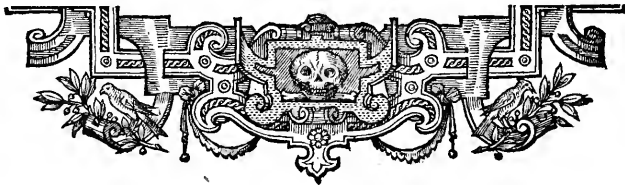
As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them vp in his immortal scrine,
 Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Imachus* diuine.

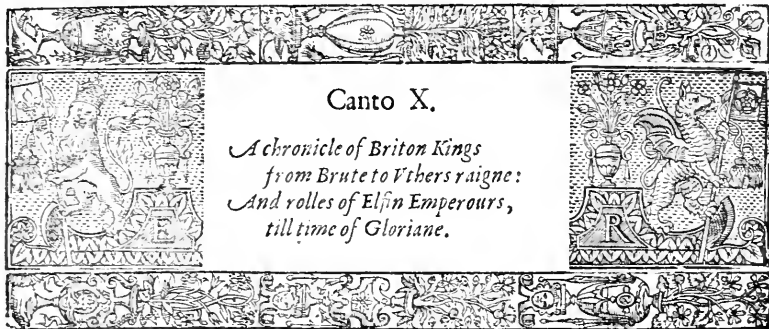
The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yett *Matinsalem*, though longest lyu'd;
 For, he remembred both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of natieue strength now, that he them suruiu'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
 And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
 Some made in bookes, some in long parchment scrolls;
 That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was vnable them to set,
 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 amiss,
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
 And that old man *Emnestes*, by their proprietis.

The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise.
 Then as they gan his Librarie to view,
 And antique Registers for to auise,
 There chaunced to the Princes hand to rise
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this lands first conquest did deuisse,
 And old diuision into Regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,
 That hight *Antiquitie of Faerie lond*.
 In which when as he greedily did looke;
 Th' off-spring of Elues and Faries there he fond,
 As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with feruent fire
 Their countries auncesstry to vnderstand,
 Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,
 To read those bookes; who gladly granted their desire.





Canto X.

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

W Ho now shall giue vnto me words and found,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise?
O: who shall lend me wings, with which from
My lowly verie may loftily arise, (ground
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?
More ample spirit then hitherto was wount,
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes the doth farre furlmount.

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

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* tore,
VWhereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Philegian* Ioue he wrote,
That all the Gods admitt his louise note.
But if some redish of that heauenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my long withall, I would assay,
Thy name, ô foueraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

Thy name, ô foueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowned Prince deriued are,
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 Grand-fathers of old,
Whose noble deeds about the Northern starre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold:
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein haue their mightie Empire rayfd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnprov'd, vnprayfd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payfd
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it fought
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayfd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to haue been from the *Celticke* main-land brought;

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,
VWhich all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning vnheedie wreck and rash decay,
For safeties sake that saue his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the fame frequent, and further to invade.

But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoyling liued then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That ionnes of men amaz'd their sternnesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begor,
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene
That monstrous error which doth some asfor,
That *Dioclesians* fittie daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights;
Through vaine illusion of their lust vncleene,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadful wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immatur'd might.

They

9
They held this Land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle foyle long time :
That their owne mother loath'd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natuie slime;
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
From royall stock of old *Assaras* line,
Driuen by fatal error, here arriu'd,
And them of their vniust possession depriu'd.

10
But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his Empire to the vtmost shore,
He fought great battailes with his saluage fone ;
In which he them defeated euermore,
And many Giants left on growing flore ;
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goemur*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

11
And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, beeing eight lugs of ground ;
Into the which returning back, he fell :
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whose father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* 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 *Cornewalle*, yet so called best :
And *Debons* shaire was, that is *Devonshire* :
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
The which he calld *Canutium*, for his hire ;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13
Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
He left three sonnes (his famous progeny)
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy* ;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At last, ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14
Lochrine was left the soueraigne Lord of all ;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call ;
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Lochris* doth depart :
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit still employd.

15
Vntill a Nation strange, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in cerry part,
And overflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Neyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the North display :
Vntill that *Lochrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

16
Hec them encountered (a confused rout)
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forc't their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aight)
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,
Where he an end of bartell, and of life did make.

17
The King returned proud of victorie,
And insolent wox through vnwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the ieopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous discaie :
He lov'd faire Ladic *Esfrild*, lewdly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

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 fly constraind :
But she so fast pursu'd, that him she tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind ;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought moued with her pitious looke.

19
But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Beggotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
She there attached, farre from all succoure ;
The one she slew in that impatient stoure :
But the sad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,
Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call :
Such was the end that to disloyall loue did fall.

20
Then for her sonne, which she to *Lochrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of sway)
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ripper yeeres he raught, and stronger stay ;
During which time, her powre she did display
Through all this Realme (the glory of her sex)
And first taught men a woman to obey :
But when her sonne to mans estate did wax,
Shee it sarreadred, ne herselfe would lenger wax.

21

Tho *Madan* rain'd, vnworthy of his race:
 For, with all shame that faced throne he fill'd:
 Next, *Memprife*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which beeing comforted with *Mamild*,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
 But *Ebranch* lauded both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyed on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Braue monuments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny:
 For, all so many weekes as the yeere has,
 So many children he did multiply:
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre,
 With foule repulic, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot, his sonne succeeding in his feat,
 The second *Brute* (the second both in name
 And eke in semblance of his puiffance great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of euerlasting fame.
 Hee with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlome Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered:
 Since which, with sundry spoiles she hath been ranfacked.

24

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Esfham brages* tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,
 With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill?
 That not *Scauth gaurds* it more seeme to bee:
 But rather y *Scauth gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

25

His sonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairlean* strong.
 Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not encreate,
 But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 Excelld at *Athens* all the learned peace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifde their stubborne harts.

26

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with lecret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailes, 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 forraigne nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

27

Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raignd,
 But had no issue male lum to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well vpraind,
 In all that seemed fit 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,
 Hee cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
 Inquir'd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

28

The eldest, *Gonorill*, gan to protest,
 That the 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 *Cordeill* laid the lov'd him, as behoou'd:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours faire
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mou'd,
 That in his crowne he counted her no heire,
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdom whole did shaire.

29

So, wedded th'one to *Maglau* king of Scots,
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
 And twixt them shaird his realme by equall lots:
 But without dowre the wife *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Agamp* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged Syre, thus eafed of his crowne,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renoune,
 That nought him grieu'd to becen frō rule depofed downe.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and wike is throwne away;
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie wox of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter *Rigan* he repard,
 V Who him at first well vied euery way;
 But when of his departure she despar'd,
 Her bounty she abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31

The wretched man gan then awise too late,
 That loue is not, where most it is profest;
 Too truly ryde in his extremest state:
 At last, resolv'd likewise to proue the rest,
 He to *Cordelia* himselfe adrest,
 Who with entere affection him receau'd;
 As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
 And after all, an army strong she leau'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

32

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe,
 In which he dyde, 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 dew obedience held:
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
 And ouercommen kept in prison long,
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

33
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne :
But fierce *Candah* gan shortly to envie
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdain
To haue a Peere in part of foueraintie,
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew :
Whence as he to thofe wooddie hills did flie,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him flew :
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

34
His sonne *Rivall* his dead roome did supply,
In whose sad time bloud did from heauen raine :
Next, great *Gurgusius*, then faire *Cacily*
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe ;
After whom, *Lago*, and *Kimmark* did raigne,
And *Gorbogud*, till firre in yeeres he grew ;
When his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prifon threw.

35
But ô ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kined, nor regards no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe ;
Who, vnto him assembling forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell himfelfe in fight :
Whofe death t'auenge, his mother mercileffe
(Most mercileffe of women, *Wyden* hight)
Her other sonne fast fleeping did opprefle,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pituleffe.

36
Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
Which had feauen hundred yeeres this fcepter borne,
With high renowne, and great felicitie.
The noble branch from th' antique stock was torne
Through difcord, and the royall throne forlorne :
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whil'ft each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37
Then vp arose a man of marchleffe might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who stird with pity of the ftreffed plight
Of this sad Realme, cut into fundry fhares
By fuch, as claimd themfelues *Brutes* rightfull heires,
Gathered the Princes of the people loofe,
To taken counfell of their common cares ;
Who, with his wifedome won, him straight did choofe
Their King, and fware him fealty to win or loofe.

38
Then made he head againft his enemies,
And *Ymmer* flew, or *Logyis* miferate ;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;
Whofe countries he reduc't to quiet fiate,
And fhortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
Now one, which earft were many dead through variaunce.

39
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men fay
Were vnto him reveal'd in vifion,
By which he freed the Trauailers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Reftaining stealth, and ftrong extortion ;
The gracious *Nyma* of great *Eritannie* :
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By ftrength was wiled without policie ;
Therefore he firft wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40
Donwallo dide (for, what may liue for ay ?)
And left two sonnes, of peereleffe prowefle both ;
That lacked *Reme* too dearly did afay,
The recompence of their periured oath,
And ranfack't *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth ;
Besides fubiect'd *France*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayes fpeake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of Britannie.

41
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,
In rule fucceed, and eke in fathers praife ;
He *Eafterland* fubdew'd, and *Danmarke* wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raife,
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes :
He alfo gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*
(Whom he at fea found wandring from their wayes,
A feate in *Ireland* fafely to remaine,
Which they fhould hold of him, as fubiect to *Eritainie*.)

42
After him raigned *Guthiline* his heyre
(The iufteft man and trueft in his dayes)
Wl o had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortal prayfe,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholefome Statutes to her husband brought ;
Her many deem'd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Agerié*, that *Nyma* taught ;
Thofe yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought.

43
Her sonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius* ;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne fuftaine :
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, fhould matched haue the beft :
As well in that fame field victorious
Againft the forraine *Morands* he expref ;
Yet liues his memory, though carcafle fleepe in reft.

44
Foue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which fuccelfully by turnes did raigne ;
Firft, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life ;
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,
Depofed was from Princedomme foueraine,
And pittious *Elidare* put in his fted ;
Who fhortly it to him reftor'd againe,
Till by his death he it receou'd ;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him difthroned.

45
In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraign'd had their vmoist date,
And then therein releas'd was againe,
And ruled long with honorable itate;
Till he surrendered realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these fine brethren raignd
By due successe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen thise cleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46
He had two sonnes, whose eldest call'd *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reedifie
Of *Troy nouant*, gainst force of enemy,
And built thar gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lycs entomb'd solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgenus and *Tenantis*, pictures of his might.

47
Whilft they were young, *Cassibulane* their Emc
Was by the people choicn in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the proude *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cesar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Iland, neuer conquer'd,
And enuyng the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48
Yet twise they were repuls'd backe againe,
And twise re'forc't, backe to their ships to fly,
The whies with blood they all the shore did staine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgenus*, false to natie loyle,
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
Betraid his countrey vnto forreine spoile:
Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foile.

49
So by him *Cesar* got the victory,
Through great bloushed, and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nennus*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;
Yet oft the Briton kings agunst them strongly swayd.

50
Next him *Tenantis* taignd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshy slime
Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O ioyous memory of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plentifully displaid!
O too high dirty for my simple rime!
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd;
For that their tribute herefus'd to let be payd.

51
Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachour
Disfigured slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloudie fight for ought;
For *Arurage* his brothers place supplide,
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52
Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Aurage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuis's* in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounc'd the vassillage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hast'ly went
Vespasian, that with great spoyle and rage
Forwast'd all, till *Genuis's* gent
Perfwaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

53
He dyde: and him succeded *Marius*,
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that daie
Hither came *Ioseph of Arimatry*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)
And preach't the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

54
This good king shortly without islew did,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selic in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whil't *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing thout *Euducea* vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom the march'd straight againt her foes,
And their vnwares besides the *Suerner* did enclose.

55
There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good successe, as she deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines, on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd;
Yet such, as were through former sight preferu'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:
But being all defeated tunc a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, herselfe she slew.

56
O famous moniment of womens praise,
Matchable eicher to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hyppol* or to *Thomiris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft againt her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in haples fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despyght.

K

Her

57

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
 Fought with *Seuerus* and him ouerthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled;
 So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
 Then gan *Carauisus* tyrannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
 And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
 Nuth'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

58

Bor *Aclepiodate* him ouercame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht Playne,
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
 Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
 But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
 Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crown'd Soueraigne:
 Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
 He of his name *Coylcheffer* built of stone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
 And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,
 Faire *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight;
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praife
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
 Aswell 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,
Olausius here lepto into his roome,
 And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
 But he his title iustified by might,
 Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing ouercome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61

But wanting issue male, his daughter deare
 He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
 But that they ouerran all parts with easie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
 With wretched miseries, and woerull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And dayly spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
 Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
 They crown'd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares:

63

Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
 Those spoylefull Picts, and iwarding Easterlings,
 Long time in peace his Realme established,
 Yet oft annoyd with lundry bordragings
 Of neighbour Scots, and forcin Scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound:
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
 Which from *Alekid* to *Tanwelt* did that border bound.

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
 By meanes whereof, they vnde *Portigere*
 Vsurt the crowne, during their pupillage;
 Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to *Germanie*, strange aide to reare,
 From whence eftsouones arriued here three hoyes
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie employes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approv'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might;
 Who making vantage of their civill iare,
 And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger arte,
 Then they which fought at first their helping hand,
 And *Portiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66

But by the helpe of *Portimere* his sonne,
 He is againe vnto his rule restor'd,
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word;
 Soone after which, three hundred Lords he flew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
 Th'eternall marks of treason may at *Stouheng* view.

67

By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambriſe and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
 And here arriuing, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Portiger* did long detain:
 Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,
 Till that through poylon stopped was his breath;
 So now entomb'd lyes at *Stouheng* by the heath.

68

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other Celsure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th' Authour selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it: that so vnimely breach
 The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,
 Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
 And wonder of antiquitie long stop't his speach.

69
At last, quite rauisht with delight, to heare
The royall Oſpring of his native Land,
Cride out, Deare country, & how dearly deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriſment receaue!
How brutiſh is it, not to vnſeruant
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 far exceed
My leaſure, ſo long leaues here to repeat:
It told, how firſt *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts deriued,
And then ſtole fire from heauen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* deſtrued.
Of life himſelfe, and hart-ſtrings of an *Ægle* riued.

71
That man ſo made, he called *Elfe*, to weat,
Quick, the firſt authour of all Elfin kind:
Who, wandering through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardius 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-land;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fayeries* ſpring, and fetch their lignage right.

72
Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puſſant Kings, which all the world warraiyd,
And to themſelues all Nations did ſubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſwayd,
Was *Elſin*; him all *India* obeyd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elſinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But *Elſiline* 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 *Pamthea* build:

Then *Elſar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th' other three:
Then *Elſinor*, who was in Magick ſkild;
He built by art vpon the glatly See (bec.
A bridge of brais, whoſe found heaueus thunder ſcem'd to

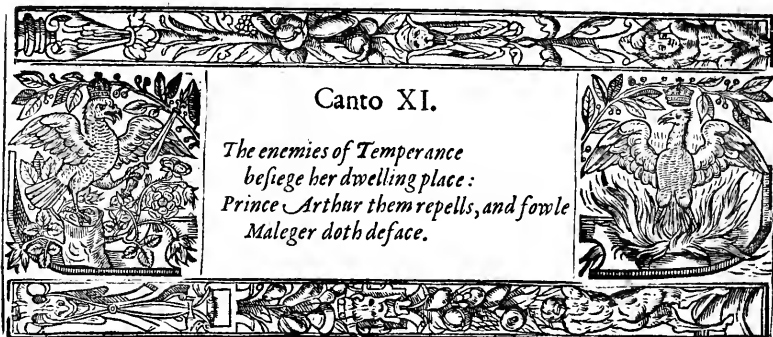
74
He left three ſonnes, the which in order raignd,
And all their Oſpring, in their dew deſcents,
Euen ſeuē hundred Princes, which maiſt aynd
With mightie deeds their fundry gouernments:
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiaſl:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous monuments,
And braue enſample, both of Martiall
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75
After all theſe *Elſcleos* did raigne,
The wiſe *Elſcleos* in great Maieſtie,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtaine,
And with rich ſpoiles and famous victory,
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two ſonnes, of which faire *Elſeron*
The eldeſt brother did vnwaimly die:
Whoſe empty place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly ſupplide, in ſpouſall and dominion.

76
Great was his power and glorie, ouer all
Which him before that ſacred ſeate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriaſl:
He dying left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler lueth none this howre.
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned ſkill:
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long muſt thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77
Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they read in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought
To thinke, how ſupper did them long awaite:
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feaſted, as ſo noble knights ſhe ought.





Canto XI.

*The enemies of Temperance
besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthur them repells, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.*

WHat warre so cruell, or what sieg so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply,
Against the fort of reason euermore
To bring the soule into captiuitie!
Their force is fiercer through infirmite
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reasons rule obedient,
And letch her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly gouernment
Is settled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guesstes doth bountious banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vp rose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposed iourney him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habite sad,
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the riuers side they both together far'd;

Where them awaited readie at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had beLIGHT,
With his well rigged boate: They goe aboard,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the Land behind them fled away.
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right
Do serue their turnes: here I awhile must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

For, all so soone as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his truste guide,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle ro assaile on euery side,
And lay strong sieg about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did lide:
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their visages impress, when they approached neare.

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did dispart
And round about in fittest steads did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most deface,
As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.
Scuen of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

The other siue, siue sundry wayes he set,
Against the siue great Bulwarkes of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T' assaile with open force or hidden guile,
In hope therof to win victorious spoyle.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planed there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynxes eyes,
And euery one did boawe and arrowes beare
All those were laweless luts, corrupt enuies,
And couetous aspects, all cruell enemies.

Those

9
 Those same against the Bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light withhault,
 Their wicked engines they against it bent:
 That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
 But two then all more huge and violent,
 Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke forlery rent.

10
 The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing sense*,
 Ganst which the second troupe desaignment makes;
 Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
 Some haniug heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wild Bores late roars'd out of the brakes;
 Slaunders reproches, and foule infamies,
 Leasings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayles, and false flatteries,
 All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

11
 Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*,
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assaid:
 Whose hideous shapes were like to fensds of hell,
 Some like to Hounds, some like to Apes dismayd,
 Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes arrayd:
 All thap't according their conditions,
 For, by thole vgly formes weren pourtraid
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which do that lente beseege with light illusions.

12
 And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was as the rest, a gryse ribblement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oysters, some sac't
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste
 Like swine; for, so deformed is luxury,
 Surfeit, mildier, and vnchristie waste,
 Vaine feasts, and idle superfluite:
 All those this senses Fort assaile incessantly.

13
 But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
 For, some like Inayles, some did like spiders shew,
 And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and short:
 They cruelly assailed that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14
 Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance
 Against that Castle restless siege did lay,
 And euermore their hideous Ordinance
 Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play;
 That now it gan to threaten neere decay:
 And euermore their wicked Capitaine
 Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaine,
 Which by the ransack 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 manie 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 maine,
 That neuer entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

16
 The noble *Virgin*, Lady of that place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull fight
 (For, neuer was she in to euill case)
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offering his seruice, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th' author of that strife:
 She him remerced as the Patrone of her life.

17
 Eftsoones himselfe in glittered arms he dight,
 And his well proued weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous conge he beight,
 Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.
 Faire more he thee, the prouest and most gent,
 That euer brandished bright Steele on hie:
 Whom soone as that vnruily rabblement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadful yelling cry.

18
 And therewith all atonce at him let fly
 Their flutting arrowes, thicke as flakes of snoue,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 And a great water flood, that tumbling lowe
 From the high mountans, threats to ouerflowe
 With sudden fury all the fertile Plaine,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throwe
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

19
 Vpon his shield their heaped haile he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the rascall flockes,
 Which fled asunder, and hum fell before,
 As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,
 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* bore of heavenly seed:
 Such as *Lamedon* of *Phaebus* race did breed.

20
 Which sudden horror and confused cry,
 When as their Capitaine heard, in haste he yode
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;
 Vpon a Tigre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
 While his long legs nigh rought vnto the ground;
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
 But of such subtil substance and vnfound, (bound.
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose Graue-clothes were vn-
 K 3 And

21
And in his hand a bended boaw was feene,
And many arrowes vnder his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudy dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quayers hide;
Thofe could he well direct and freight as line,
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eydes;
Ne was there falve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds : fo inly they did tinc.

22
As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake :
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twifed braike,
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd a gaffly fight.

23
Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot, as chafed Stags;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags
She did difport, and *Impotence* her name :
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24
Soone as the Carle from farr the Prince espide,
Gliftering in armes and warlike ornament,
His beaft he felly prickt on eithr side,
And his mischieuous boaw full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent :
But he was warie, and itwarded well
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell :
Then he another and another did expell.

25
Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be auenged of that shot whyleare :
But he was not fo hardy to abide
That bitter stowd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beaft, fled fast away for feare :
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
So fast as his good Courfer could him beare,
But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26
For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That view of eye could feare him ouertake,
Ne feare his feet on ground were feene to tread ;
Through hills and dales he speedie way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villain turn'd his face
(As wons the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
When as the *Ruffian* him in fight does chace)
Vnto his Tygres tale, and shot at him apace.

27
Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedie knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pafe,
That him his foe more fiercely should purfew :
Who when his vncouth manner he did vew
He gan auize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Vntill he quite had spent his perulous store,
And then assaile him fresh, ere he could stuf for more.

28
But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew :
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tie;
But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,
That other Hag did far away espy
Binding her sifter, she to him ran hastily.

29
And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude hands and grieisly grapplement,
Till that the villain comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd ;
Full little wanted, but he had him flaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskeue, ere his bitter bane.

30
So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand ;
So feeble is mans state, and life vnbound,
That in assurance it may neuer stand,
Till it dissolued be from earthly band.
Proofoe be thou Prince, the prowest man aliue,
And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land ;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did fo neerely driue,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst not reuiue.

31
The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
His chiefeft lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behind invade ;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprocheful shame,
As one awak't out of long slombing shade,
Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,
Vnted all his powres to purge himselfe selfe from blame.

32
Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe suppress't,
With murmurous distaine doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so freight prison to be prest,
At last breaks forth with furious vnrest,
And friues to mount vnto his natie fear ;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great :

33
So mightily the Briton Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his captiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry cures haue touz'd,
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,
Becomies more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his boaw and deadly quar'le,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34
Which now him turn'd to disauantage deare;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduau'nt his valorous right arme,
And him fo forefnote with his iron mace,
That groweling to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

35
Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When sudden vp the villain ouerthrowne,
Out of his sworne arose, 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 been remoued many a day,
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry waie.

36
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 aere:
Eft herce returning, as a Faulcon faire,
That once hath failed of her soule full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth herselfe prepare:

37
So brauer returning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe adrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, th it he made
An open passage through his riuen brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the heart bloud should gush out of his cheest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38
Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcase one might plainly see:
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his growning sprights
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39
Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne witt he, what to thinke of that same fight,
Ne what to lay, 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 diuclish science.

40
His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41
Awhile he stood in this astonishment;
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Gue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th' utmost ille of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Mordure*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now auaid,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42
Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,
And crust his carcase so aganist his brest,
That the dislaintull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th' idle breath all vterely exprest:
Then when he felt him dead, adowne he leest
The lumpish corse vnto the senselesse ground;
Adowne he leest it with so puissant writ,
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,
And gaue against his mother Earth a gronefull sound;

43
As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdain,
The stone-dead quarrye falls so forcibly,
That it rebounds aganist the lowhe Plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heape huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44
Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and travell vaine,
Aganist this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,
That whiles he manueild 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 arise
From th' earth, and from her wombe new spirits to reprice.

45
 He then remembered well, that had been sayd,
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,
 Did life with vsury to him restore,
 And rayd him vp much stronger then before,
 So soone as he vnto her wormbe 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.

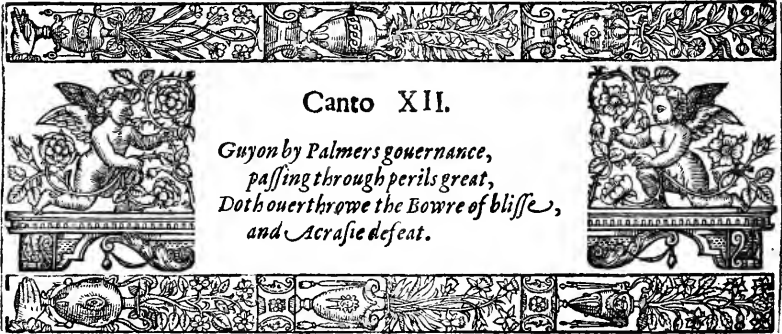
46
 Tho, vp he caught him twixt his pissant hands,
 And hauing scruz'd out of his carion corse
 The lothfull life, now loofd from sinfull bands,
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce
 About three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne sturd, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.
 So, end of that Charles dayes, and his owne paines did

47
 Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spie,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,

And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
 Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
 But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Malegers* curled darts did take,
 So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

48
 Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
 Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
 Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
 Through 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 steaie,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten waie;

49
 Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
 With balme and wine and costly spicerie,
 To comfort him in his infirmity;
 Eitsoones she caus'd him vp to be conuaid.
 And of his armes depoyled 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
 Ow gins this goodly frame of Temperance
 Fairly to rise, and her adorned hed
 To prick of highest praise forth to aduance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast fettele
 On firme foundation of true bountiche;
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted, (fights,
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mōst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

2
 Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
 Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
 Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pass:
 Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright

Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And straight they saw the raging surges reard
 Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard:

3
 Sayd then the *Boateman*, Palmer steere aright,
 And keep 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 belcheth forth his superfluite,
 That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4
On th'other side an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie *Maznes* stone, whose craggy cliff
Depending from on high, dreadful to fight,
Ouer the wanes his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes denouring iawes,
They on this rock are rent, and lunk in helpless wawes.

5
Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
Where fire, more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissance doth striue
To strike his owres, and mightily doth driue
The hollow vessell through the thrcatfull waues;
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aloue
In th' huge abyffe of his engulging Aloue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rane.

6
They passing by, that grieftly mouth did see,
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falls into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7
On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe cliffs the ribs of vessells broke,
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimatē
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lusses intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

8
For thy, this high *The Rocke of vile Reproche*,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagalles hoarle and base,
And Cormorants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still late waiting on that wassfull cliff,
For spoile of wretches, whole vnhappy case,
After lost credite and consumed thrife,
At last them driuen hath to this despairfull drift.

9
The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said: Behold th'ensamples in our fights
Of lustfull luxury and thrcitless waste:
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looter daics in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
To slunne *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

10
So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last, far off they many Islands spie,
On euery side floting the floods emong:
Then said the knight, Lo, I the land descrie;
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

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

12
Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues appalled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whofoeur once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euermore vncertain and vsiure.

13
As th' Isle of *Delos* whilome men report
Amid th' *Aegean* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
Flying from *Linos* wrath and hard asslay,
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for *Apolloes* honour highly herried.

14
They to him hearken, as beseechmet meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the bank they sitting did espy
A dautie damzell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a lide skipper floting did appeare.

15
She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore;
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathe more
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when the saw, she left her locks vnight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom

16

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him, ouer the *Ydle lake*:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
Here now behooueth vs well to auyfe,
And of our safetie good heed to take;
For here before a perloous 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, keep 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 waue they did descric
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of *Vnchristifyed*.

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 disfaunture, 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 periloous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlpoole of decay*,
In which full many had with haples doole
Beene funke, of whom no memory did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like ro a restlesse wheele, still running round,
Did couet, as they passed by that waie,
To draw 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 brawnie 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 furgung waters like a Mountaine rise,
And the great sea putt vp with proud disdain,
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
Outragiously, as they enraged were;
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
His whirling charer, for exceeding feare:
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much affrayd,
Vnweeting what such horrour strange did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hydeous hoft arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing (senfe dismayd);

23

Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that cuer should lo fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped be;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath desery'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull new,
The griefly Wafferman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffus*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes (as trauellers inform)
And greedy *Rosmarines* with vilages deforme;

25

All these, and thousand thousand many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, 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 arc not these in deed,
But arc into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dread,
And drawe from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho, listung 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*; bolome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept:
And as they went they heard a reusefull crie
Of one, that wayld and pitifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemly 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 cuer more.

Which

28
Which *Guyon* hearing, freight his *Palmer* bade
To steere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad:
Who him iudging better, to him sayd;
Faire Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:
For all it were to hearken to her cry;
For the is inly nothing ill appryd;
But onely womansh fine forgerie,
Your stubborne heart t'affeit with fraile infirmitee.

29
To which when she your courage hath inclin'd
Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the *Boateman* strayt
Held on his course with stayd steadfastnesse,
Ne euer shrunk, ne euer fought to bayt
His tired armes for toylsome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

30
And now they nigh approached to the sted,
Where as those *Mermaids* dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
With the broad shadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt 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'*Heliconian* maides for manifery:
Of whom they ouercommen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moiry
Transform'd to fish, for their bold turquedy:
But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weake Travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32
So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applide;
O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes most magnifide
About all knights, that euer battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy storne-bet vessell safely ride;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

33
With that, the rolling sea reIounding soft,
In his big bafe them nily answered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A solemn Meane vnto them measured,
The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whistled
His trebble, a strange kind of harmonie;
Which *Guyons* senses softly tickled,
That he the *Boateman* bad rowe easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melodie.

34
But him that *Palmer* from that vanitie,
With temperate aduise discourteled,
That they it past, and shortly gan defery
The land, to which their course they leueld;
When suddenly a grosse fog ouer-spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heauens chearefull face enuelped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great *Vniuers* seem'd one confus'd mass.

35
Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darknesse wide,
But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
For tomling into mischief vnespide.
Worse is the danger hidden, then descride.
Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did imight,
And fore annoyed, groping in that grisly night.

36
Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fallall birds about them flockt were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-fac't Owle, deaths dreadfull messenger,
The hoarie Night-rauen, trump of dolefull dreere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
The rucifull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The Whistler shrill, that whole heares, doth dy;
The hellish Harpies, Prophets of sad destinie.

37
All those, and all that else does horroure breed,
About them flew, and filld their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other stilly steare:
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did plainly shoue.
Said then the *Palmer*, Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile, where all our perils growe:
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38
He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate so well herped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* fallied,
And his sage *Palmer*, that him gouerned;
But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
They march'd fairely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for eury hard assay,
With constancie and care, gamst danger and dismay.

39
Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roarde outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Fennis* sting
Had them enrag'd with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past 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 those vnexpected guests.

But soone as they approach⁴⁰, with deadly threat
 The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
 Et:soones their stubborne courages were queld,
 And high advanced creits downe meekely feld:
 In stead of fraying, they themselves 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.

Of that same wood it fram⁴¹'d was cunningly
 Of which *Caduceus* wholome was made;
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*.
 With which he wons the *Srygian* realmes invade,
 Through gasly horrour, and et:small shade;
 Th'infernall fiends with it he can awlauge,
 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 lage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,
 Whereas the *Bowre of Blisse* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choice of best aloue,
 That *Natures* worke by art can imitate:
 In which what euer in this worldly state
 Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
 Or that may daintiest fantasie segregate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 As well their entred guests to keepe within,
 As thole vnruely beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
 Nought feard their force, that fortillage to win,
 But wisdoms powre, and temperances might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
 Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious yuory,
 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 falled futh, and loue too lightly fit,
 The wondrous *Argo*, which in vent'rous peeces
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
 Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seem'd the waues were into yuory,
 Or yuory into the waues were sent;
 And other where the snowy substance sprent,
 With vermell like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A pitious spectacle did represent,
 And othervvilles with gold besprinkled;
 It seemd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Cressis* wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
 Be read; that euer open flood to all,
 Which thither came: but in the *Porch* there fate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And lemblance pleasing, more then naturall,
 That *Trauellers* to him seem'd to entife;
 His loofer garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,
 Not fit for speedy pale, or manly exercife.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
 Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lues, pertaines, in charge particular,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And strange phantomes doth let vs oft forefee,
 And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
 That is our Selfe; whom though we doe not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

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 enuyes to all,
 That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
 Through gulefull lemblants, which he makes vs see.
 He of this *Gardin* had the gouernall,
 And Pleasures porter was deuiz'd to be,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diuer'e flowres he daintly was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty *Mazer* bowle of wine was fet,
 As if it had to him been sacrifice;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
 But he his idle curtesie deside,
 And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully;
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants fly.

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
 Strowed with pleasure, whose faire grassie ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beaunifide
 With all the Ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
 Wherewith her mother *Art*, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
 Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (more.)
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

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'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde aere with season moderate
 Gently attemptred, and dispos'd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holdome smell.
 More

52
 More sweet and wholsome, then the pleasant hill
 Of *Rhodopé*, on which the Nymph that bore
 A giant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
 Or the Theſſalian *Tempé*, where of yore
 Faire *Daphné*, *Phæbus* hart with loue did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to reaire,
 When-euer they their heavenly bowes forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
 Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

53
 Much wonderd *Guyon* at the faire aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sinke into his sense, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt full forward right,
 Bridling his will, and mastering his might:
 Till that he came vnto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
 With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54
 So fashioned a Porch with rare deuise,
 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 freelee offering to be gathered:
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hycint*,
 Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like faire *Emeraude*s, 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 weedes, but foule disordered,
 And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

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

57
 So shee to *Guyon* offered it to taste;
 VWho taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:
 VWhereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffred him to passe, all were the loth:
 Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

58
 There the most dainty Paradise on ground,
 It selfe doth offer to his tober eye,
 In which all pleasures plentifully abound,
 And none does others happinesse envy:
 The painted flowres, the trees vpsprouting hie,
 The dales for slude, the hills for breathing space,
 The trembling groues, the Crystall 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 ensude
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
 So struing each th'o'her to vndermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautifie;
 So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweet diuerſitie,
 This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

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

61
 And over all, of pureſt gold was spred
 A trayle of Iwice in his nauie hew:
 For, the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well auis'd it view,
 Would surely deeme it to be Iwice true:
 Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,
 That themselues dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of Crystall 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 hight,
 That through the waues one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with Iasper shining bright,
 That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did layle vpright.

63
 And all the margin round about was set,
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Danz'elles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing, seem'd to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
 Their dainty parts from view of any which them cyde.

L.

Some

64
Some-times, the one would lift the other quight
About the waters, and then downe againe
Her plunge, as over-maistered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise refraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Crystill waues appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themfelues vnehele,
And th' amarus sweet spoyle to greedy eyes reuele.

65
As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddesse, newly borne
Of th' Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystilline humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Gayon* saw, he drew him neare,
And some-what gan relent his earnest pae,
His stubborne breast gan ferret pleasure to embrace.

66
The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his vnwonnet guise;
Then th' one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a stranger did auise:
But th' other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, the vnto him bewrayd:
Thereft 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 lote:
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th' Inotie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it, no lesse faire was found:
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

68
Withall she laughed, and shee blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pae,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,
And shewd him many 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 (counsell well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
Of her fond favorites to nam'd amils:
When thus the *Palmer*: Now Sir, well auise:
For, heere the end of all our tranell is:
Heere wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious found,
Of all that mote delight a dainty care,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Sauc in this *Paradise*, be heard elsiwhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner muick that mote bee:
For, all that pleasing is to liuing care,
Was thiere confortd in one harmonie,
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71
The ioyous birds, shrouded in cheareful shade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempred sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments diuine reponce meet:
The siler sounding instruments did meet
With the bafe 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 forcece
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now layd aslumbering,
In ferret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whil't round about them pleasantly did siog
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73
And all the while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily departing delight:
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedcw'd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she 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 doost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the *Virgin Rose*, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestie,
That fayer seemes, the lesse yee 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 falls 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 earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a *Paramoure*:
Garther therefore the *Rose*, whil't yet is prime,
For, soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Garther the *Rose* of loue, whil't yet is time,
Whil't louing thou mayst loued be with equal crime.

76
 He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds
 Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
 As in approuance of his pleasing words.
 The constant paire heard all that he did say,
 Yet swarred not, but kept their forward way,
 Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton Lacie, with her Louer lose,
 VVhose sleepey head in her lap did soft dispose.

77
 Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
 As fuint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
 And was arrayd, or rather dilarrayd,
 All in a veile of silke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablatter skin,
 But rather shew'd 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 not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78
 Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
 O. hungry eyes, which n'ore there-with be filld;
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
 That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:
 And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,
 Mofstened their ferie beames, with which she thrild
 Fraile harts, yer quenched not; like starry light
 Which sparkling on the silent waues, does leemie more
 (bright.)

79
 The young man sleepeing by her, seem'd to bee
 Some goodly swayne of honourable place,
 That certes it great pitty was to see
 Him his nobilitie to soule deface:
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare
 Yet sleepeing, in his well proportion'd 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 praise) were hong vpon a tree,
 And his braue shield (full of old monuments)
 Was foully ras't, that none the signes might see;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought that did to his advancement tend,
 But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxurie,
 His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

81
 The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
 That sudaine forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which onely fer the fame
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.
 The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares oppress't,
 Tryde all her arts, and all her heights, 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 *Verdant* (so he might) he soone vntyde,
 And counsell gave in feed thereof to him applide.

83
 But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittlesse;
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
 Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
 Their Arbers spoild, their Cabinets suppress't,
 Their Banket-houses 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 returnd they night,
 Till they arriued where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.
 VVhich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse resckew, whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie.)
 Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes vvhich there

85
 Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her Louers, which her luits did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous.
 Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
 And mounement 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 virtuous staffe them strooke,
 And straight of beastes they comely men became;
 Yet beeing men, they did vnmanly looke,
 And stared gawly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
 But one about therest in speciall,
 That had an hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)
 Repined greatly, and did him mitcall,
 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 beg in,
 That now he choo'eth 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 *Grille* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
 But let vs hence depart, whil't weather serues and wind.

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THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING
THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.
OR
Of Chastitie.



¹
MT 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 shined in my Soueraignes brest,
And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

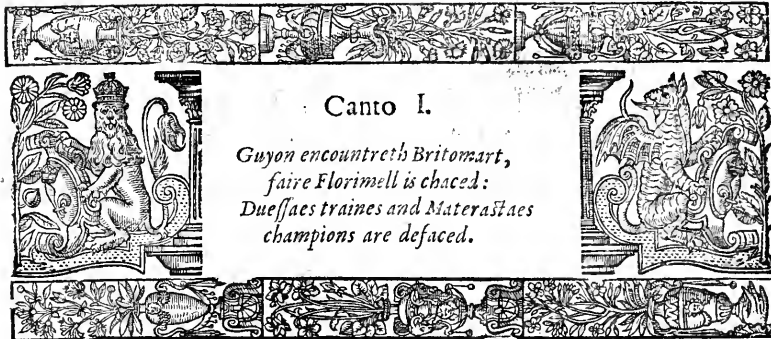
²
But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zenxis* or *Praxiteles*:
His dædlic hand would faile, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So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

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

Heere-to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicelt wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd shoves may shadow it,
And antique prayfes vnto present persons fit.

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

⁵
But let that same delicious Poet lend
A litle leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.



Canto I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart,
faire Florimell is chased:
Duesfaes traines and Materastæes
champions are defaced.*

L He famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes & perillous paines endured,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restor'd, & fery wounds right well recured,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourn and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrassa* hee fent,
Because of trauell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew 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 glorie and renowned praise;
Full many Countries they did over-runne,
From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
And to recouer right for such as wrong did grieue.

At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,
They spyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,
As if that age bade him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse 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 runne that turne.
He granted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His forny steed, whose fiery fettes did burne
The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his fere ore returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

They beenc ymet, and both their poynnts arriued,
But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riu'd;
Nathelless, it bore his foe not from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* seife, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
That mischieuous mischaunce 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 bloudy field first shooke,
He found himselfe dishonoured so fore.
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 powre vnscene,
That speare enchaunted was, which laid thee on the Greene.

But weneedst thou that wight thee overthrew,
Much greater grieue and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single Damsell thou wert met
On equall Plaine, and there so hard beset;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom strange adventure did from *Britaine* fet,
To seeke her Louer (lowe farr sought alas)
Whose image she had seene in *Pennis* looking glais.

9
Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vp-rofe,
For to revenge that foule reprochefull shame,
And hatching his bright sword, began to clofe
With her on foote, and stoutly forward came;
Die rather would he then endure that fame.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new r'encounter he should reare:
For, death late on the point of that enchanted speare.

10
And hasting towards him, gan faire perswade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to wene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade:
For, by his mighty Science he had seene
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance more not withstond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fould,
To lose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11
By such good meanes he him discounfelled,
From prosecuting his reuenging rage:
And eke the Prince like treaty handled,
His wrathfull will with reason to alluage,
And laide the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting feed, that swar'd aside,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tie:
So is his angry courage fauely pacified.

12
Thus reconciliation was betwene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defac't
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,
Ne armes to beare against the others side:
In which accord the Prince was also plac't,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth ytre did ryde.

13
O goodly vse of those antiquities!
In which the sword was seruau't vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and prooffe of manly might,
The Martiall brood accus'tomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse enie,
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell surquedry.

14
Long they thus trauced in friendly wise,
Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernelly tryde:
At length they came into a Forrest wide,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling found
Full grieufully seem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Sauc Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them around.

15
All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Cryfall stone,
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinzell trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

16
Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing euill, that pursued her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loofely disperst with puffe of euery blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre out-cast
His haire beames, and flaming locks disspred,
At fight whereof the people stand aghast:
Were it the fuge Wifard telles (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and dolefull drenchhead.

17
So, as they gazed after her avhile,
Lo, where a grisly Foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did push,
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorge sides the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in ius clownish hand a sharpe bore-speare he shoote.

18
Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great emue and fell ieaalousie,
They stay'd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spur'd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamfull villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally byliue
Her selfe purswd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame aliuie:
But after the foule Foster *Timias* did striue.

19
The whiles faire *Evitomar*, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reekt of Ladies loue, did stay behind,
And them awaited there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But when shee saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perillous Pace,
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
Ne euill thing the fear'd, ne euill thing the ment.

20
At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle farre away the spyde,
To which her steps dire ctly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plac't for pleasure nigh that Forrest side:
But faire before the gate a spariou Plaine,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wide,
On which the law fixe knights, that did darraunc
Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine,

21

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

22

Like daftard Curres, that hauing at a bay
 The saluage beast embost in wearie chace,
 Dure not adventure on the stubborne pray,
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
 To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
 In such distresse and doubtfull icopardy,
 When *Britomart* him saw, shee ran apace
 Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
 Bade thofe lame 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 direfull ranour rather did encrease,
 Till that she rushing through the thickest preace,
 Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
 And soone compeld to harken vnto peace :
 Tho gan the mildly of them to inquire
 The cause of their diffension and outrageous ire.

24

VWhere-to that single knight did aunswere frame ;
 These fixe would me entorce by oddes of might,
 To change my liefte, and loue another Dame,
 That death me liefte 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 compeld by maistry ;
 For, loone as maistry comes, sweet loue anone
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26

Then spake one of those fixe, There dwelleth here
 Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,
 Whose foneraine beautie hath no liuing peere ;
 There-to so bountious and so debonaire,
 That neuer any mote with her compare.
 She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,
 That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
 In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,
 Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
 Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
 Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,
 As did this knight, before ye hither came.
 Perdie, said *Britomart*, the choice is hard :
 But what reward had he that overcame ?
 He should advanced 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 she, but Lady none ;
 Yet will I not fo mine owne Louer remoue,
 Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
 And proue his cause. With that, her mortall speare
 She mightly auented 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 she layd,
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe ;
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
 All were he wearie of his former paine,
 That now there doe but two of fixe remaine ;
 Whch 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 faultie 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 hege men faith vnto you plight,
 So vnderneath her feet their swords they thard,
 And after, her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reape the due reward :
 Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
 (For, so that Castle hight by common name)
 Where they were entertaind with courteous
 And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Estloones them brought vnto their Ladies fight.
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32

But for to tell the sumptuous array
 Or that great chamber, should be labour lost :
 For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot display
 The royall riches and exceeding cost
 Of euery pillour and of euery post ;
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,
 That the bright glister of their beamez 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 raylce
And rich purveyance might vneath be read;
Mote Princes place beleeue fo 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 fo sumptuous guife
Might be maintaind, and each gan diuerfly deuife.

34
The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Touze*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of *Venus* and her Paramour
The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuife, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her allayd with many a feruent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie fmit.

35
Then, with what sleights and sweet allurments she
Entic't the Boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her Paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens view,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fontaine by some court glade.

36
And whil't he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes;
And her soft arme lay vnderneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whil't he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well sweet *Rolemaries*,
And fragrant violets, and *Pances trim*.
And euer with sweet *Nectar* she did sprinkle him.

37
So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And ioy'd his loue in secret vnespide.
But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chafe of greater beasts, whose brutish pride
Mote breed him scathe vnwares: 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 mone, and euermore
V 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 transfuse,
V Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39
So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldz guize,
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncing and reuelling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in fenfull desires,
And *Cupid* full amongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40
And all the while, sweet *Musick* did diuide
Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollitic,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornfull eye,
They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanour of that wanton sort.

41
Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
She seem'd a woman of great bountieth,
And of rare beautie, sauing that afaunce
Her wanton eyes, all signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42
Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:
The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed thers
But the braue *Mayd* would not disarmed be,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

43
As when faire *Cynthia*, in darke some 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 discomfired;
Of the poore traueler that went arday,
With thousand blessings she is heird;
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which faire *Briomart* gaue light vnto the day.

44
And eke those fixe, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did themselues present
Vnto her view, and company vnought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all fixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all ciuilitie,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-seruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

45

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
 A iolly person, and of comely view;
 The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
 And next to him *Tocante* did enfew;
Basciante did him selfe most courteous shew;
 But fierce *Bacchante* seem'd too fell and keene;
 And yet in armes *Nectante* greater grew:
 All were faire knights, and goodly well befene;
 But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46

For she was full of amiable grace,
 And manly terrour 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 vermeill Rose,
 To which sharpe thornes and briars the way forfall,
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
 But wishing it farre off, his idle wish doth lose.

47

Whom when the Lady saw so 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 fals'd fancy vex:
 Her fickle hart conceiv'd halfe fire,
 Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
 That shortly brent into extreme desire,
 And ranck't all her veines with passion entire.

48

Effsoones shee grew to great impatience,
 And into tearmes of open outrage burst,
 That plaine discover'd her incontinence,
 Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
 For, she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
 And poured forth in sensuall delight,
 That all regard of shame she had discust,
 And meet respect of honour put to flight:
 So shamfull shee beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

49

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiu'd arre,
 And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,
 Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
 Mongit thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:
 Emongst 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 breedes.

50

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading vnder foote her honest name:
 Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
 Still did she roue at her with crafty glance
 Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
 And told her meaning in her countenance;
 But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignoraunce.

51

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,
 Where they were seru'd with all sumptuous fare,
 VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lycas* sat
 Poured 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 betweene the cups, she did prepare
 Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe:
 But *Britomart* would not such guilefull message knowe.

52

So when they flaked had the feruent heat
 Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
 The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
 But when she mote not there-vnto be wonne,
 (For, shee her sex vnder that strange purport
 Did vse to hide, and plaine appaunce shunne:)
 In plainer wise to tell her grieuance shee begunne;

53

And all atonce discover'd her desire
 With sighes, and sobes, and plaints, & pittious grieffe,
 The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;
 Which spent in vaine, at last shee told her brieffe,
 That but if shee did lend her short relieffe,
 And doe her comfort, shee mote algates die.
 But the chaste Damzell, that had neuer prife
 Of such malengin and fine forgerie,
 Did easly belieue her froug extreme tie.

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 annex;
 The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,
 Into his hidden net full easly doth fall.

55

For-thy, she would not in discourteous wife,
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profess:
 For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
 Or rudely disigne a gentle harts request;
 But with faire countenance, as becomed best,
 Her enteraind: nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd
 Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
 That frō like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

56

There-with awhile shee her fit fancie fed,
 Till she 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 venime close inspire.
 Tho, were the tables taken all away,
 And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire
 Gan choosie his Dame with *Bascio mani* gay,
 With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

57
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make meriment,
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecasta* 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 moit daughters of huge *Atlas* troue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

58
High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowtes to guiden euery guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft feathered nett;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

59
Now, when-as all the world in silence deepe
Ythrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowded in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieded spright
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 scarlot mantle covered,
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enveloped.

60
Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre she moued;
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwitley loued,
And to her bed approaching, first she prooued,
Whether she slept or wak't, with her lost hand
She softly felt, if any member moued,
And leat her wary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fand.

61
Which, when-as none she fond, with easie flust,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did list,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
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,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The louthed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead

Through luddaine feare and gaffly drenched,
Did threke aloud, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family there-with adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

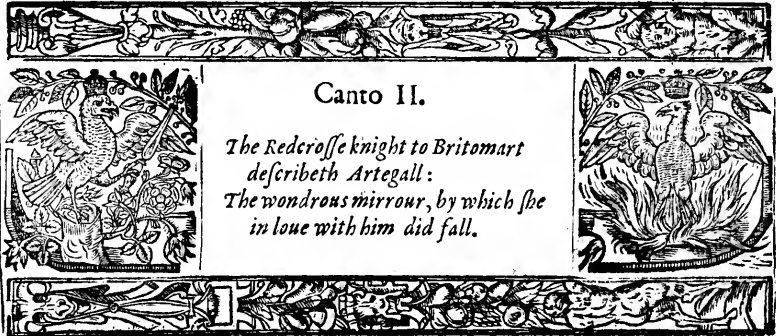
63
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the found,
Hilse arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senselesse ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the poynt of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

64
About their Lady first they flockt around:
Whom hauing layd in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen fbound;
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contек broche:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approche,
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselues embosse;
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

65
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,
Which forth he bent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the Virgin shene:
The mortall Steele staid not, till it was scene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,
Which did her lily smock with flaines of vermeil steepe.

66
Where-with enrag'd, shee fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them soule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,
Ay ioyning 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 *Britomartis* her arrayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be staid,
Where so loofe life, and so vngentle trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:
So carely, ere the grosse Earthes grycely shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their journey went.



Canto II.

*The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
describeth Artegall:
The wondrous mirrour, by which she
in loue with him did fall.*

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 & cheualrie
They doe impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue gestes & 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 themselves inclin'd:
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till envious Men (fearing their rules decay)
Can coyne straight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet fith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and policie,
That now we foolish men that praise gin eke t'eny.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Bethou faire *Britomart*, whose praise I write,
But of all wisdome be thou precedent,
O *Queraigne Queene*, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as ductie doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
V When in so high an object they doe lighte,
And striving sit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy selfe thy prayes tell, and make them knowen farre.

She, traouelling 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 fayrest knight aliu, when armed was her brest.

Thereat thee sighing softly, had no power
To speake awhile, ne ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,
And euery dainty limbe with horrour shake;
And euer and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had bene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmin'd;
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre
I taken was from *Nurses* tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affray
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 point of foe-mans speare be dead.

All my delight on deeds of armes is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, wherefo 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,
Far from my natiue 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 weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late soule dishonour and reproche full spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Artegall* he hight.

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to haue mislayd,
 But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered: Faire martiall Maid
 Certes ye misauised been, r'vpbraid
 A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
 For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble *Arthegal* hath euer borne the name.

For-thy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
 Or euer do that mote deseruen blame:
 The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
 That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
 Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye haue your sorrowe sought:
 You and your country both I with welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her loue so lughly magnifide,
 And ioyd that euer she affixed had
 Her heart on knight for goodly glorifide,
 How euer finely she it fاند to hide:
 The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,
 In the deare closet of her painefull side,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioice, as she reioiced there.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
 Her list in strif-full tearmes with him to balke,
 And thus replide: How euer, Sir, ye file
 Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,
 It ill belecemes a knight of gentle fort,
 Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile
 A simpic mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
 In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
 And read, where I that faytour false may find,
 Ah, but if reason faire might you persuade,
 To flake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
 Sayd he, perhaps ye should it better find:
 For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
 That man to hard conditions to bind,
 Or euer hope to match in equall fight;
 Whose prowesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
 Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
 For, he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,
 But restles walketh all the world around,
 Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
 Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
 Wherefo he heares, that any doth confound
 Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
 So is his soueraine honour rais'd to heauens hight.

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased,
 And softly funke into her molten heart;
 Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
 With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;
 For, pleasing words are like to Magick art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
 Such secret ease felt gentle *Brutomart*,
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gainefay:
 (So, disford oft in Musick makes the tweeter lay.)

And sayd, Sir knight, these idle tearmes forbear,
 And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
 Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
 If chauce I him encounter parauaunt;
 For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (sted,
 What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt?)
 All which the *Rederosse* knight to point arced,
 And him in euery point before her fashioned.

Yet him in euery part before the knew,
 How-euer list her now her knowledge faine,
 Sith him whilome in *Britaine* she did view,
 To her reulead in a mirrour plaine;
 Whereof did growe her first engraffed paine;
 Whole root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
 That but the fruite more sweetnesse did containe,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour the mote waste,
 And yield the pray of loue to loathsome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
 And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,
 As it in bookes hath written been of old.
 In *Deheubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
 What time king *Ryence* raig'n'd, and dealed right,
 The great Magician *Merlin* had deuz'd,
 By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
 A looking glais, right wondrously aguz'd,
 Whose vertues through the wide world soon were solem-
 (niz'd.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect fight,
 What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,
 Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,
 So that it to the looker appertayn'd;
 What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,
 Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pass,
 Ne ought in secret from the fame remayn'd;
 For-thy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glais.

Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke?
 But who does wonder that has red the Towre,
 Wherein th'*Ægyptian Phas* long did lurke
 From all mens view, that none might her discourse,
 Yet the might all men view out of her bowre?
 Great *Ptolomee* it for his lemans lake
 Ybuilded all of glais, by Magicke power,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

21

Such was the glasse globe that *Merlin* made,
 And gaue vnto king *Rience* for his guard,
 That neuer foes his kingdome might intrude,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tidings therof, and so them still debarde.
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,
 And worthy work 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 *Britomart*
 Into her fathers closet to repaire;
 For, nothing he from her referu'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
 Where when she had epide that mirour faire,
 Her selfe awhile therein she view'd in vaine;
 Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts
 Imperious Loue hath highest 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 linke in that same knot.

24

Estfoones there was presented to her eye,
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle list'd vp on hie
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
 And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize
 Lookt forth, as *Phœbus* face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arise;
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his Heröicke 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 found,
 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 enuelped sevenfold
 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 lik'd well, he further fastned not,
 But went her way; he her vnquilty age
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vnluckie lot
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
 Of hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
 So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smile full smoothly at her weeteles wofull sound.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
 Ruff'd of loue, gan lowly to auale,
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quale:
 Sad, solemne, fowre, and full of fancies fraile
 She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
 She wist not, silly 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 Nourse adowne to sleepe did lie:
 But sleepe full farre away from her did flie:
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily.
 That nought she did but waile, and often steepe
 Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weep.

29

And if that any drop of slombing rest
 Did chaunce to fill into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest;
 Straight-way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
 Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her bed she did start,
 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 toft with such vnrest,
 Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glaucé* hight,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
 Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
 What vncomth fit, sayd she, what euill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
 Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liting made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought these fiddleine ghastly feares
 All night afflict thy naturall repole;
 And all the day, when as thine equal Peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners dost thy selfe inclose,
 Ne taste't Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh youtnes fairest floure, but lose
 Both lease and fruit, both too vntimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And euery riuier eke his course forbeares,
 Then thou this wicked euill thee inest,
 And riueth with thousand throbs thy thrilled breast;
 Like an huge *Aetn'* of deep engulfd griefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breaks in sighes and anguish rise,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stufe.

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 fostler child, to ease thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre; tell me therefore my liefest liefe.

34
So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine
She straightly strayn'd, and colled tenderly,
And euer trembling ioynt, and euer vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;
And her faire deawy eyes with kisses deare
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importun'd, not to feare
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35
The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare, said she, despaire no whit;
For, neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your louers heart to hit.

36
But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound;
For which no reason can finde remedie.
Was neuer such, but more the like be found,
Said she, and though no reason may apply
Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stie,
Then reason reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither god of loue, nor god of sky
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.
Things out impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

37
These idle words, said she, doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,
For, no, no vsuall fire, nor vsuall rage
It is, O Nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the bloud, which from my heart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will atreed.
Nor Prince, nor pete it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38
Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:
For then some hope I might vnto me drawe;
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I neuer sawe,
Hath me subiected to loues cruell lawe:
The same one day, as me miscreant led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrour sawe,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Vnawares the hidden hookke with bare I swallowed.

39
Sithens it hath infixted faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore
Now rankleth in this same fraile fleshy mould,
That all mine entrails flowe with poyfuous gore,
And th'vicer groweth dayly more and more;
Ne can my running fore find remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe fallne 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 vncooth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kind:
But this affection nothing strange I find;
For, who with reason can you aye reprove,
To loue the semblant pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41
Not so th'Arabian Myrrh' did fet her minde;
Nor 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 *Paphiaë* a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and leard a beast to bee;
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
From courtesie of Nature and of modesty?
Sweet loue: such lewdnes 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 seems bestowed not amiss:
Ioy thercof haue thou and eternall blis.
With that vpleasing on her elbowe weake,
Her alabaster brest the soft did kils,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake:

43
Beidame, your words do worke me little ease;
For, though my loue be not so lowly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it not appeale
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpless griefe augment.
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorowes they thereby did finde; (minde.)
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44
But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for foode,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entrie
Affliction I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephus* foolish child,
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine there
His face, was with the loue thereof beguill'd;
I fonder loue a shade, the body farre exill'd.

45
Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;
Both loue and lower, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'ft the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That bodie, wherefoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

46
But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,
And thee abandon wholly do possesse,
Against it strongly strue, 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 compass thy desire, and find that loued knight.

47
Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surpris'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
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 vprose and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:
For, the faire Damzell from the holy herse
Her loue-sicke heart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame sayd many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters heart found 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 Saune, 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.

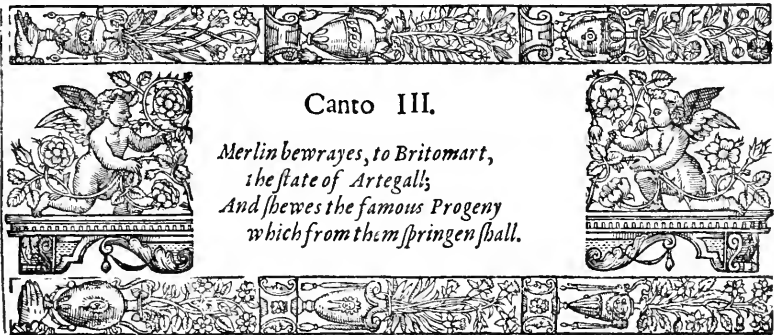
50
Then taking thrice three haire from off her head,
Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whisperd a space
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,
She to the virgin said, thrice sayd she it;
Come daughter come, come; spit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

51
That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thrite she her turnd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
And euer what she did, was freight vndonne:
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gende brest begonne,
No idle charmes so lightly may remouee;
That well can wimesse, who by triall it does prouee.

52
Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auail,
Ne shake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that she full did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame
She shortly like a pynded ghost became,
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian frond.
That when old *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be found
She swift not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.

Canto





Canto III.

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

H sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first aboue,
Emongst th' eternall spheres & lamping sky,
And theece pourd into men, which me cal loue;
Not that fame, which doth base affections
In brutish minds, & filthy lust inflame; (moue
But that sweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,
And choseth 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 hift to great might,
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of diuine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst vp th' Heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver prooue in any, of thy powre
Shewdft thou, then in this royall Muide of yore,
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did raise
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth haue spread their liuing prayfe,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phabus* 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 auncestry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full many waies within her troubled minde,
Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies grieue:
Full many waies she fought, but none could finde,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe
And choisest medicine for sicke hearts relieue:
For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to foule reprice,
And sore reproche, when to her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last, she her aduis'd, that he, which made
That mirroure, wherein the sicke *Damoell*
So strangely viewed her strange louers shade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what meanes his loue might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Affrick Ismaell*,
Or th' Indian *Peru* he were, the thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to haue sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
And base attire, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
Of name *Cayr-Merlin* calld, they tooke their way:
There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont, they lay,
To make his wenne, 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 counfeld with his frights encompass round.

And if thou euer happen that same way
To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,
Vnder a rocke that lies a little space
From the swift *Earry*, tombing downe apace,
Emongst the woody hills of *Dynouerre*:
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 care,
 And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
 And brazen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Those thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
 And oftentimes great groines, and grievous founds,
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines :
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing founds
 From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

9

The cause some say is this : A litle while
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
 A brazen wall in compals 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 workemen to forsake,
 Them bound till his returne, their labour not to flake.

10

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine,
 He was surpris'd, and buried vnder here,
 Ne ever to his work return'd againe :
 Nath'lesse those 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 do reare :
 For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,
 Then cuer him before or after liuing wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the skie
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay :
 The land to sea, and sea to maine-land dry,
 And darke some night he eke could turne to daie :
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meanest 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 Syre, or other liuing wight,
 But wondrously begotten, and begunne
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
 On a faire Lady Nonue, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
 Who was the Lord of *Marthrauall* by right,
 And coosen vnto King *Ambrosius* :
 Whence he indued was with skill so maruellous.

13

They here arising, stayd awhile without,
 Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new doubt
 For dread of danger, which it might portend :
 Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
 Deep buied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
 And writing strange characters in the ground,
 With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold :
 For, of their comming well he wist afore ;
 Yet list them bid their businesse vnfold,
 As if ought in this world in secret store
 Were from him hidden, or vnknownen of yore.
 Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darke some dore,
 Vnwares haue prest : for, either fatal 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,
 Sith a fore euill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting took; but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright ;
 But this I read, that but if remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weening inly well,
 That that 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 help may haue elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.
 Th'old woman wox half blank, 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 engraffed 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 hould 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,
 But bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd ;
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd ?
 Ne ye faire *Britomartus*, 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 powres to these are pleased to reuale.

19

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yuory
 Into a cleare Carnation suddaine dyde ;
 As faire *Aurora*, rising hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that the did ly
 All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
 But her olde Nurse was nought dishartened,
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had arced.

20
And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieft,
(For what dost thou not know?) of grace I pray,
Pity our plunt, and yeeld vs meett reliefe.
With that, the Prophet full awhile did stay,
And then his spirit thus gan forth display;
Most noble Virgine, that by fittall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee difmay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fitts thy tender heart oppresth 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 stretcht bee.
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall spring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,
Which shall reuine the sleeping *troian* blood,
Of those same antique Peers, the heauens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Asian* riuers stayned which their blood.

22
Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Orspring, shall from thee descend;
Braue Captaines, and most mighty Warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
Against their son on foe, that comes from farre,
Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill varre.

23
It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing vnares in charmed looking glasse,
But the straight course of heauenly destiny,
Led with Eternall prouidence, that has
Guided thy glauce, to bring his will to pass:
Ne is 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 means thy destiny fulfill.

24
But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magician
What means shall the out-seek, 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 *Merin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeouours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

25
The man, whom heauens haue ordayn'd to bee
The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whilome by false *Faries* stolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

26
But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorlouis*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowned is,
From where the Day out of the sea doth spring,
Vntill the closure of the Euening.
From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his natue foyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his country, to withstand
The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

27
Great ayd thereto his mighty puiffance,
And dreaded name, shall giue in that sad day:
Where also prooffe of thy prou valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t'increate thy louers pray:
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great way,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secreet foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

28
Where thee yet shall he leaue, for memorie
Of his late puiffance, his Image dead,
That lining him in all actiuite
To thee shall represent. He from the head
Of his cooлин *Constantin* without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:
Then shall he islew forth with dreadfull might,
Against his Saxon foes in blondy field to fight.

29
Like as a Lyon, that in drowlie caue
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And coming forth, shall spread his banner 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 In.

30
His sonne, hight *Fortipore*, shall him succede
In kingdome, but not in felicitie:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the last to th'impunity
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 discomfit 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 manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
That one of th'old *Heröes* seemes to bee:
He the six Ilands comprouinciall
In ancient times vnto great Brittanee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry kings to do their homage securall.

32
All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
Vntill a stranger king from vnknowne soyle
Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;
Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall ouerwim the Sea with many one
Of his Noruycyes, to assit the Britons sone.

33
Hein his fury all shall ouerrunne,
And holy Church with faithles hands deface,
That thy lid people vterly fordonne,
Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:
Was neuer so great waste in any place,
Nor so foul outrage doen by liuing men;
For, all thy Citties they shall sacke and rafe,
And the green graffe, that groweth, they shall bren,
That cuen the wild beast shall die in starued den.

34
Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*;
And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprize,
Shall backe repulle the valiant *Brockwell* twise,
And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time shall reu his foolhardise:
For, *Cadwan*, pitying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

35
But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall auail the wicked forcerie
Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, 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 auenge their rankled ire.

36
Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,
Offricke and *Osfricke*, 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 sweare fealty.

37
Him shall he make his fatal Instrument,
T'assit 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 defeat withouten bloud imbrowd:
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all posterity.

38
Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
And crowne with Martyrdome his sacred head.
Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy;
And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,
But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39
Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then theraigne
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall die;
Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
Or powre, be habile it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by destiny,
Shal 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 puiffance be spent.

40
Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeeres space,
Cadwallader not yielding to hisills,
From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched case
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shal be by vision stayd from his intent:
For, th'heavens haue decreed, to displace
The *Britons*, for their finnes dew punishment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

41
Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproche, the cruell victours scorne,
Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:
O who shall help me to lament, and mourne
The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood!
Whose Empire longer here then euer any stood.

42
The Darnzell was full deep-compassioned,
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 heaue ns fury neuer flake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for euer be defact,
And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

43
Nay but the tearme (sayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
And the iust reuolution measured,
That they as Strangers shall be notifie.
For twise foure hundredth shall be full supplide,
Ere they to former rulerstor'd shall be,
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet during this their most obscurece, (may see.
Their beames shall off breake forth, that men them faire
For

44
For *Roderick*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Small of himselfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And *Howell* shall goodly well intrew
The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes renew
Of natue courage, that his tocs shall feare, (bearc.
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

45
Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeres be full outrunne,
There shall a Raven faire from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerrunne
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours sarquedry.

46
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of *Nesfria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his batallous bold brood,
Whose claws were newly dipt in cuddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyraunts head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered
Amongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

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 trustfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it loked in exile:
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall Maiesty and seueraigne name;
So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe reclame.

48
Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the Nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perfwade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile 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 sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49
But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discourse:
Which suddain fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women faue, they grew
Greatly confused in behauiour:
At last the fury past, to former hew
She turnd againe, and chearefull looks as erst did shew.

50
Then, when themselues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retr'd,
Where they in secret counsell close contriv'd
How to effect to hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that, twist them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange devise.

51
At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth deed advantage take;
Ye see that good king *Fisher* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, high
Otho and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Perolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

52
That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let vs in fenced armes our selues disguise, (teach
And our weak hands, whom need new strength shall
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:
Ne certes daughter that fame warlike wise,
I weene, would you misseme: for ye been tall,
And large of limbe, r'atchieue an hard emprise,
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 inflame,
To heare fo' gotten, in that royall house,
From whence ere ye were inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which haue full many feats aduenturous
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renomwed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

54
And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Menevia*
Which *Fisher* with those forein Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxou* virgin, the which feld
Great *Misfir* thrice vpon the bloudy Plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her cleap't with paine.

55
Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is the bight?
Faire *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

56
Her heartie words so deepe into the minde
Of the young Darnzell sunk, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, vnwetting to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knight-hood on her selfe to don,
And counsell'd with her Nurse her mayds attire
To turne into a massie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

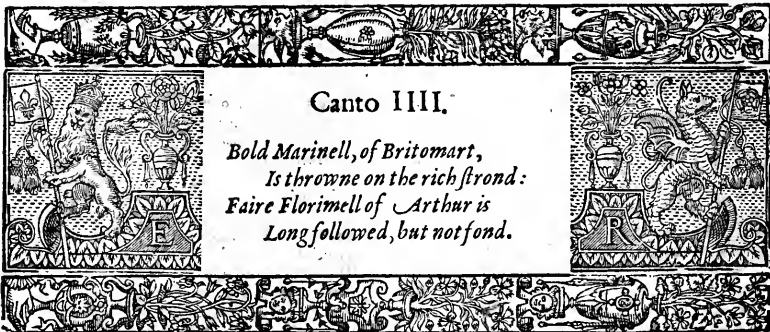
57
Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conueniently puruay:
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which long to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well befene.

58
The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd hie
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th'euening late old *Glauce* thither led
Faire *Britomart*, and that same Army
Downe taking, her therein apparelled.
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

59
Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,
And vs'd the same in battaile aye to beare;
Sith which it had been here preserv'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in fell could fit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

60
Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harness, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompanie,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them espie,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth conuaid, & pass'd forward right.

62
Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond
Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,
But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
At last their waies to sell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship profess'd with vnfeined heart,
The *Redcrosse* knight duerst; but forth rode *Britomart*.



1
W Here is the antique glory now become;
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue archieuemets don by som?
Where be the battels, where the shield & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

2
If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, & let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feares, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Panthesile*, which made a lake
Of *Greeks* bloud so oft in *Troian* Plaine;
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill* hath flaine
The huge *Orslochus*, I well with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that else had puiffance,
 Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
 As well for glory of great valiance,
 As for pure chastitie and vertue rare;
 That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
 Well worthy itock, from which the branches sprong,
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
 As thee, O *Queene*, the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through speeces with the *Redcrosse* knight,
 She learned had the estate of *Athegall*,
 And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,
 A friendly league of loue perpetuall
 She with him bound, and *Comye* tooke withall.
 Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
 To seeke adventures, which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest need.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
 Ne euer dost her armes, but all the waie
 Grew pensiuethrough that amorous discourse,
 By which the *Redcrosse* knight did cast display
 Her louers shape, and chearfull array;
 A thousand thoughts the fashiond in her mind,
 And in her feining fancie did putray
 Him such, as fittest she for loue could finde,
 Wife, warlike, performable, courteous, and kande.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
 And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;
 But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,
 And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
 So forth she rode without repose or rest,
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,
 Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she had address.

There she alighted from her light-foot Beast,
 And sitting downe vpon the rockie shore,
 Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creast;
 Tho, hauing viewd awhile the furies hore,
 That ganst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging iurquedry did dayn'd,
 That the fast earth affronted them so fore,
 And their deuouring couctize restrayn'd,
 Thereat she sighd deepe, and after thus complayn'd;

Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous grieft,
 Wherein my feeble barke is toiled long,
 Far from the hoped Haven of relieft,
 Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?
 O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
 Which in these troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

For, else my feeble vessell craz'd, and crackt
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
 On the rough rockes, 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 starres, gainst tide and wind:
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in theseas,
 That reignest also in the Continent,
 At last blowe vp some gentle gale of ease,
 The which may bring my Ship, ere it berent,
 Vnto the gladfome port of her intent:
 Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
 A table for eternal monument
 Of thy great grace, and my great copardee,
 Great *Neptune*, I vow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly fore, and inly deepe,
 She shut vp all her plant in priuie grieft;
 For, her great courage would not let her weepe,
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe retriect
 Her to refraine, and giue her good relieft,
 Through hope of thote, which *Merlin* had her tolde
 Should of her name and nation be chief,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould
 Of her immortal wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

Thus as she her recomforted, the spyde,
 Wherefarre away one all in armour bright,
 With halcy gallop towards her did ride;
 Her dolour soone the ceast, and on her sight
 Her helmet, to her Courser mounting right:
 Her former sorrowe into suddem wrath,
 Both coolen passions of distroubled spright,
 Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path;
 Loue and despight at once her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
 The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroft,
 The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last
 The wary South-winde from the sea-bord coast
 Vpblowing, doth disperfe the vapour lost,
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showr;
 So the faire *Britomart* hauing discloft
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of grieft dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Estfoones her goodly shield address'd faire,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And vnto battell did her selfe prepare.
 The knight, approaching, sternely her bespake;
 Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne doest by others death ensample take,
 I read thee soone retire, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

13

Y thrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
 She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
 Words feare babes. I meane not thee entreat
 To passe; but maugre thee will pass or die.
 Ne longer stayd for th'other to reply,
 But with sharpe speare the rest made dearely knowne.
 Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdy
 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 fury and great puissance,
 That through his three square scuchin pearing 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 fadly foucing on the sandy shore,
 He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17

Like as the sacred Oxe, that careles stands,
 With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
 Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,
 All suddenly with mortall stroke astown'd,
 Doth grouneling fall, and with his streaming gore
 Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
 And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
 So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

18

The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the strand: which as the ower-went,
 She sawe bestrowed all with rich array
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
 And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howre,
 But them despised 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 *Cymient*,
 The daughter of great *Nerius*, which did beare
 This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
 The famous *Dumarin*; 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 fame
Rich frond to trauel, whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

21

An hundred knights of honorable name
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassils made,
 That through all Fary lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
 That none durst passen through that perillous glade,
 And to aduance his name and glory more,
 Her Sea-god fyre she dearely did perfwade,
 T'endow her sonne, with threasure and rich store,
 Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

22

The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,
 To doen his Nephew in all riches flowe;
 Effroones his heaped waues he did commaund,
 Out of their hollow boosome forth to throwe
 All the huge threasure, which the sea belowe
 Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the ouerthrowe
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did wecpe
 And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

23

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was
 Exceeding riches and all precious 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 often to the icathe of many deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might:
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
 Least his too haughty hardines might reare
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
 For-thy she oft him counfeld to forbear
 The bloody battell, and to stirre vp strife,
 But after all his warre, to rest his weary knife.

25

And for his more assurance, she enquir'd
 One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell
 (For *Proteus* was with prophetic inpir'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 keep him well:
 For, of a woman he should haue much ill,
 A virgin strange and stout him should difmay, or kill.

26

For-ty she gaue him warning euery day,
 The loue of women not to entertaine;
 A lesson too too hard for liuing claie,
 From loue in course of nature to refraine:
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And euer from faire Ladies loue did fie;
 Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
 That they for loue of him would algates die:
 Dy, whoso list for him, he was loues enemy.

But sh, who can deceiue his destiny,
 Or weene by warming to auoyd his fate?
 That when he sleepe in most security,
 And safest fecmes, him soonest doth amare,
 And findeth lew effe & or loone or late.
 So feeble is the powe 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.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
 That *Proteus* propheted should him dismay,
 The which his mother vainly 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 subtile sophisnes, which doe play
 With double senses, and with false debate,
 To approue the vnknowne purpose of eternal fate.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
 Who through late trall, on that wealthy Strond
 Inglorious now lies in senselesse fswound,
 Through heavy stroke of *Erytmartin* hond.
 Which when his mother deare did vnderfond,
 And heavy tydings heard, where-as she playd
 Amongst her watry sisters by a Pond,
 Gathering sweet *Daffadilhes*, to haue made
 Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads faire to shade;

Effsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
 She song, and her faire deawie locks yrent,
 To sorrow huge shee turnd her former play,
 And game some mirth to grieuous drament:
 Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a fswoue,
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
 With yelling out-cries, and with shrieking fowne;
 And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fit
 Arose, shee bade her charer to be brought,
 And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
 Bade eke attonce their charerts to be sought;
 Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensiue thought,
 She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
 And fourth tog, ther went, with sorrow fraught.
 The waues, obedient to their behest,
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surcast.

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,
 And eke him selfe 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:
 Effsoones the roaring billowes still abid,
 And all the grieftly Monsters of the See
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of Dolphins ranged in array,
 Drew the smooth charer of sad *Cymient*;
 They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey
 To the long traines, at her commandement:
 As swift as Swallows on the waues they went,
 That their broad flaggy finnes no forme did reare,
 Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;
 The rest, of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim
 Of the *Ritch Strond*, their charerts they forlore,
 And let their temed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore
 Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:
 And coming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy bloud enwallowd they found
 The lucklesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly fswound;

His mother fswound thrice, and the third time
 Could feare recovered be out of her paine;
 Had shee not been deuoyd of mortall flime,
 She should not then haue been reliu'd againe:
 But soone as life recovered had the raine,
 She made fo pittious moane and deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could feare from teares refrain,
 And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her lobbng breaches with sad complement.

Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high aduancement? Or is this
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
 Thy Granfire *Neerens* promist to adorne?
 Now yest thou of life and honour rest;
 Now yest thou a lumps of earth forlorne,
 Ne of thy late life memory is left,
 Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be west.

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 feared lone: but they that loue doe leare;
 But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
 Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgue,
 And to my selfe, and to accursed fare
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wife dome bought too late.

O what auails it of immortal feed
 To beene ybred and neuer borne to die:
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.
 Who dyes, the vtmost dolour doth abie;
 But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:
 So life is losse, and death felicitie.
 Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
 To see friends Graue, then dead the Graue selfe to engross.

N.

But

39
But if the heauens 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 deare *Marinell*
I more haue closed, and him bid farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;
Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

40
Thus when they all had forrowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his grieuful wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarm'd, and spreading on the ground
Their watchet mantles fringed with siluer round,
They softly wip't away the icily blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,
They pour'd-in soueraigne balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

41
Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
With heauenly seed, whereof wife *Peon* sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still
Some little life his feeble sprites emong;
Which to his mother told, despair'd she from her frong.

42
Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,
They easily vnto her charer beare:
Her to me at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waues their passage sheare:
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber twisfly carry him.

43
Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre
Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,
Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy showre,
And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him layd in easie couch well dight;
And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the soueraigne leach is hight.

44
The whiles, the Nymphes sit all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight:
And oft his mother viewing his huge wound,
Curst 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'ensample of that might,
But fairly well she thriu'd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forooke.

45
Yet did false *Archimage* her still purfew,
To bring to passe his malicious intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beaurie excellent
She left, purfewing that fame foster frong;
Of whole foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed loag,
To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

46
Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through
Those two great champions did atonce purfew (plains,
The fearefull *Danzell*, with incessant paines:
Who from them fled, as light-foot *Hare* from view
Of hunters swift, and sent of houndes trew.
At last, they came vnto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,
Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

47
But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignaunt ire,
After that wicked foster fiercely went.
So benee they three three sundry waies ybent.
But fairest fortune to the Prince befall,
Whose chance it was, that soone he did repent.
To take that way, in which that *Damozell*
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

48
At last, of her farre of hee gained vey:
Then gan he freshly prick his somy steed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary 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 meeke words, to stay and comfort her withall.

49
But nothing might relent her hasty flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was carst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine;
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off espyde a Tassel gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
Doubtleth her haste for feare to be fore-hent,
And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

50
With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dread,
That fearefull Lady fled from him, that meet
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed:
Yet former feare of being foully shent,
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 dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were sildome seene,
That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd
Then of wilde beasts if thee had chased bene:
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
And ward his other brethern ioyeous,
To light their blessed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52
All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
And grieufully shadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thousand starrs was decked faire:
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull sight)
And that perforce, for want of longer light,
He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan sadly wite
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd aslope,
And curst night, that rett from him to 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
Couered with cloudes, her Pilot hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his losstie steed dismounting lowe,
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Vpon the grasse ground, to sleepe a throwe;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillowe.

54
But gentle Sleepe enuide him any rest;
In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdain
Of his hard hap did vex his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Of it did he wite, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were such as thee:
And cuer hastie Night he blamed bitterly.

55
Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heauy 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 fload of *Cocytus* slowe
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngracious,
Halfe of thy daies doost lead in horror hideous.

56
What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doost all things deface, no lestreet see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe,

The slothfull body, that doth loue to sleepe
His listlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and off from *Stygian* deepe
Calls thee, his goddesse in his error blind,
And great Dame Natures hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

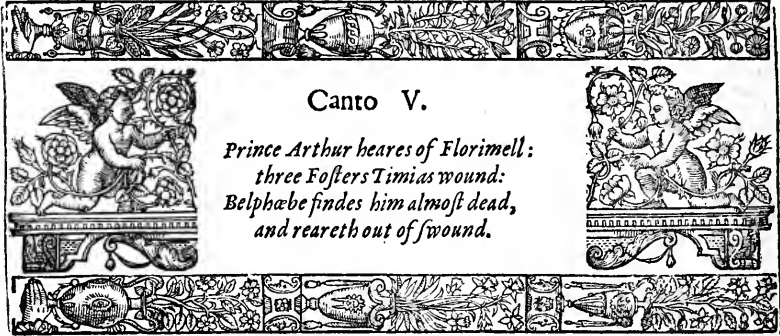
57
But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old linarts:
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
In stead of sleepe thou findest troublous feares,
And drearfull visions, in the which aloue
The drearie image of sad death appears:
So from the wearie spirit thou doost driue
Desired rest, and men of happinesse depruide.

58
Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
Light-flunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent;
Foule honor, and eke hellish dremment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for feare of being shent:
For, light ylike 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 displays,
And his large bounty rightly doth arced.
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,
Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.
Our life is day: but death with darknesse doth begin.

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 beamez bright,
And chafe away this too long lingring night:
Chafe her away, from whence she came, to hell.
She, thee it is, that hath mee 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 anguish and vnquiet paine:
And carely, ere the morrow did vpeare
His dewy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp arose, as halfe in great diddaine,
And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,
With heauy looke and lumpish pale, that plaine
In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.



Canto V.

*Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Fosters Timias wound:
Belphæbe findes 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 baler wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It strereth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd sloth to waite his carelesse day:
But in braue sprite 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 creepe into his noble breast:
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifeth it vp, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all.
But to his first pursuit him forward shall doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,
To find some issue thence, till at the last
He met a Dwarfse, 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, fore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was beseracht, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfse him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
And high 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 meetest may be seeme a noble mayd;
Her fayre locks in rich circler be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,
Yet the her selfe is whiter manifold:
The lustre signe whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trowe.

Now certes swaine, saide he, such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;
Her selfe (well as I might) I 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 leier were to weeten that
Said he, then ranfome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,
And fro me rest both life and light atone.
But Dwarfse are eid, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?
For, of her errour strange I haue great ruth and mone.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she bee,
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;
Liues 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,
Faure *Florimell*, belov'd of many a knight;
Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight,

9
A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearly well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight:
All her delight is set on *Marnell*;
But he sets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe
Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell.
But fame now flies, that of a forraime foe
Hee is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

10
Five dayes there be, since hee (they say) was slaine,
And foure since *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him alive or dead thee 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 yce seeke to be most magnifide:
At least, eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince, Dwarfie, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,
I there avow thee neuer to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them vie for Ladies sake.

12
So with the Dwarfie hee 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 penitue grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him beude;
For, him he loued aboue all man-kind,
Hauing him true and faithfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that wanted by knights side.

13
VWho, all this while, full hardly was assayd
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord purfwd that noble Mayd,
After that Foster foule he fiercely rid,
To beene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire *Danzell*: Him he chased long
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue hid
His shamefull head from his avengement strong:
And oft him threatened death for his outrageous wrong.

14
Nath'lesse, the villaine sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beaft,
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from danger was releaft,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increaft,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavy plague, that for such leachours is prepar'd.

15
For, soone as hee 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 enemye.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one gracelesse Sire,
And vnto them complained, how that hee
Had vled beene of that foole-hardy Squire:
So them with bitter words he surd to bloody ire.

16
Forth-with, themselues with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him forth into the forest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue
In their sturne breasts, on him which late did drieue
Their brother to reproche and shameful flight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such despighte.

17
Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrow foord (to them well knowne)
Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates passe; for-thy themselues they set
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

18
It fortun'd, as they denifed had,
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce Foster which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19
With that, at him a quinn'g dart he threw,
With so fell force and villanous despight,
That through his habericion the forkehead flew,
And through the linked myles empearced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroake the hardy Squire did lorde displeafe,
But more, that him he could not come to smite;
For, by no means the high banke he could seale,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine diseafe.

20
And still the Foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Among one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vn lucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieft 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 arriu'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 fraine;
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,
And with his speare requested him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throwe,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

22
Hee, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho, gan the bartell freshly to begin;
For, nathemore for that spectacle bad,
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23
Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignat hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carcasse grouching fell;
His sinfull soule, with deperate didaine,
Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

24
That seeing now the onely last of three,
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-see
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootlesse boaw in feeble hand vpeaught,
And there-with shot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet traught,
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25
VVith that, he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as hee entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the forde he sent:
The carcasse with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backward on the Continent.
So mischief fell vpon the meeners crowne; (nowne):
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

26
Hee liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For, of that cruell wound he bled so fore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentlest Squire aliue:
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchieue.

27
Prouidence heauenly passeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base *Braygadocchio* did affray,
And made him fallt out of the forestruone;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as *Phabus* sunne.

28
Shee, on a day, as shee purfewd the chace
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene,
To haue besprinkled all the grassie Greene;
By the great perfurie which she there perceau'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29
Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly fwood:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The crystall 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 bloffome faire began,
Spoyld of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30
Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,
That could haue made a rock of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bight
(Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All suddainly abasht, she 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 poynt of pittie pearced 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 rife,
That the weake soule her feat did yet retaine,
She cast to comfort him with buisepaine:
His double-folded neck she rear'd vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon she did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

32
Into the woods thence-forth in haste she went,
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For, she of hearbes had great intendment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her nuried had in true Nobility:
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachae*, or *Polygony*,
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

33
The foueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She powdered small, and did in peeces bruise,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did feruze,
And round about (as she could well it vze)
The flesh there-with shee suppled and did steepe,
T'abate all spafme, and toke the swelling bruze;
And after, hauing feareth the intule deepe,
She with her scarfe did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

34
By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;
And groning inly deepe, atlast his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy raine,
He vpgan 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 bow and gilden quierlyng him beside.

35
Mercy deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blifs,
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 darknesse mee return'd to light,
And with thy heaucnly salues and med'cines sweet,
Hast dress't my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36
Thereat the blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a woody Nymph, desire
No seruice, but thy safety and ayde;
Which if thou gaine, I shall be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
To common accidents still open layd,
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

37
By this, her Damfels, which the former chace
Had vnderaken, after her arriu'd,
As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riu'd:
For-ty, the bloudie 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, arriued at the last.

38
Where, when they flew that goodly boy, with blood
Defouled, 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 heauie stound.
Estfoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in s'wound,
Shee made those Damfels search, which beeing stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39
Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about environed,
And mightie woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a itately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spaciouse Plaine.
And in the midst a litle riuier plaid
Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraints.

40
Beside the fume, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurles greene,
In which the birds sung many a louely 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 Pavilion, scarcely to becene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liuing it more well delight.

41
Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
Hee rested him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salues new dress't;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly his his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42
O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse darance
Of sorrow and despaire without allegeance?

33
Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
So still his hart woxe fore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
Still when-as hee beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound the layd,
So still his malady the more increas't,
The whiles her matchlesse beauty him dismay'd.
Ah God! what other could hee doe at least,
But loue fo faire a Lady, that his life releas't?

44
Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies hee did view,
Her foueraigne bounty, and celestially hew,
The same to loue hee strongly was constrain'd:
But when his meane estate hee did renew,
Hee from such hardy boldnesse was restrain'd,
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plain'd;

45
 Vnthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
 With which her soueraigne mercy thou doost quight?
 Thy life she faued by her gracious deed,
 But thou doost weene with villanous despight
 To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme fo 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! farre be such reproche fro mee.
 What can I lesse do, 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 she gaue, thy life she 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,
 She 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, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

48
 Thus warreid hee long time against his will,
 Till that (through weakenesse) he was forc't at last
 To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:
 Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranfack fast
 His inward parts, and all his entrailles waste,
 That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
 It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blast;
 As pearcing leuin, which the inner part
 Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49
 Which seeing, faire *Belphebe* gan to feare,
 Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
 Or that the wicked steele empoyned were:
 Little shee weend, that loue hee close concealed;
 Yet still he wasted, as the snoue congealed,
 When the bright sunne his beames thereon doth beat;
 Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,
 But rather chose to die for sorrow great,
 Then with dishonourable termes 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 soueraigne salue, in secret store.

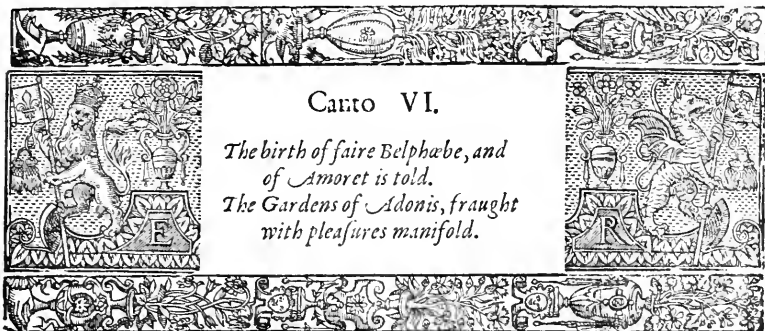
51
 That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
 More deare then life shee tendered, whole flowre
 The girlond of her honour did adorne:
 Ne suffred shee the Middyeyes scorching powre,
 Ne the sharp Northerne windes thercoo to showre,
 But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
 When to the froward sky began to lowre:
 But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,
 Shee did it faire disspred, and let to flourish faire.

52
 Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
 To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
 In Paradise whylome did plant this flowre;
 Whence hee it fetcht out of her natue place,
 And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admire:
 In gentle Ladies brett, and bountious race
 Of woman-kind it fairest flowre doth spire,
 And beareth fruites of honour and all chaste desire.

53
 Faire impes of beauty, whole bright shining beames
 Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
 With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
 Of chastitie and vertue virginnall,
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
 And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,
 Such as the Angels wear before Gods tribunall.

54
 To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,
 Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphebe* faire;
 To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame
 Of chastitie, none liuing may compare:
 Ne poyntous Envy iustly can empaire
 The praye of her fresh flowing Maidenhead;
 For-thy she standeth on the highest faire
 Of th' honourable stage of woman-head,
 That Ladies all may followe her ensample dead.

55
 In so great praye of stedfast chastitie,
 Nath lesse, she was so courteous and kind,
 Temperd with grace, and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to find
 The higher place in her Her-sick mind:
 So struing each did other more augment,
 And both encreast the praye of woman-kind,
 And both encreast her beauty excellent;
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.



Carto VI.

*The birth of faire Belphæbe, 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 curtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this fayre *Belphæbe* in her berth
The heaucens so fauourable were and free,
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,
In th' *Horoscope* of her nauitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chaltitee
On her they poured forth of plentious horne;
Ioue laugh't from *Pænus* from his loueraigne see,
And *Phæbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shewe
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,
That is ingenerate in fleshy slime.
So was this Virgin borne, fo was she bred,
So was shee trained vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bountie-hed,
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphisia*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore *Belphæbe*, she bore in like case
Faire *Amoreta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and 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 *Chrysogonee*
Concei'd these Infants, and how them the bare,
In this wilde forest wandering all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone:
For not as other womens common brood,
They were enwomled in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th' heauens fruitful ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shiny day
(When *Titan* fayre his hot 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 irkefom wearineffe, adown
Vpon the grasse ground her fleshe she layd
To sleep, the whales a gentle slumbering swoun
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
Beeing through former bathing mollified,
And pearc't into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reads
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through impressiõ
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceiue, and quickned are by kind:
So, after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite shapcs of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.

9
Great father hec of generation
Is rightly cald, th' author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Minist'reth matter fit, which tempered right
With heat and humour, breeds the liuing wight.
So sprong these twinned in wombe of *Chryso-gone*,
Yet wist the nought thereof, but fore afraid,
Wondred to see her belly so vp-blone,
Which still increast, till the her terme had full out-gone.

10
Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wildernesse a space,
Till that vnweeldy 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 cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkest,
And seized euery sense with sorrow fore opprest.

11
It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing loft
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as fit as ayery Done,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
And wandred in the world in strange array, (wray.)
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

12
Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous
(The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world deriues the glorious
Features of beauties, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)
And searched euery way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote dete ct:
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 vsed
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore acculed
His falshood, and with foule infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did spot:
Ladies and Lordes shee euery where mote heare
Complaining, how with his empoynded throt
Their wofull harts he wounded bad whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

14
She then the Cities sought, from gate to gate,
And euery one did aske, did he him fee;
And euery one her answerd, that too late
Hee had him seene, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie
And euery one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee
Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife,

15
Then, in the Country she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages enquired;
Where also, many plants to her were brought,
How hee their heedlesse harts with loue had fired,
And his falle venim through their veines inspired;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sat
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,
Shee sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet shee did smile thereat.

16
But when in none of all these shee him got,
Shee gan awise where else he mote him hide:
At last, shee her be-thought, that shee had not
Yet fought the salvage woods and forests wide,
In which full many louely Nymphes abide,
Mongt whom might be, that he did closely lye,
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
For- thy the thither cast her courset' apply,
To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

17
Shortly, into the wastefull woods shee came,
Where-as shee found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chase of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rewe,
Some of them washing with the liquid dewe
From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweat,
And soyle, which did deforme their luely heues;
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 bow and painted quier, had vnac't
Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbrac't,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright
Embreded 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 damselfe slack,
That had not her thereof before avis'd,
But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Vpgath ring, in her bosome she compris'd,
Well as shee might, and to the Goddesse rose,
Whilstt 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 bowres, & beds with pleasures fraught:
That suddaine change she strange adventure thought
To whom (halfe weeping) shee thus answered,
That shee her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,
Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;
That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

21
 Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in forme
 Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;
 Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
 Of your gay sonne, that giues ye fo good ayd
 To your disports: ill mote yee been apayd.
 But shee was more encriued, and replide;
 Faire sifter, ill becomes it to vpbraid
 A dolefull hart with so disdainefull pride;
 The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

22
 As you in woods and wanton wilder nesse
 Your glory set, to chace the salvage beafts;
 So my delight is all in toyfulness,
 In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:
 And ill becomes you with your lustie creasts,
 To scorne the ioy that *Ione* is glad to seeke;
 We both are bound to follow heauenus becheasts,
 And tend our charges with obsequence meeke:
 Spare (gentle sifter) with reproche my paine to ceeke;

23
 And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,
 To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secretwize;
 Or keepe their cabins: much I am affraid,
 Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to their exercise:
 So may hee long himselfe full easie hide:
 For, he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
 As any Nymph (let not it be enuide.)
 So saying, eueri Nymph full narrowly the eyde.

24
 But *Phæbe* there-with fore was angered,
 And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
 Where you him lately left, in *Atars* his bed;
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
 But if I catch him in this company,
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose fad annoy
 The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall aby:
 Hee clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

25
 Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,
 She inly fory was, and gan relent
 What shee had said: to her shee foone 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 cke with her went
 To seeke the fugitive, both farre and nere.
 So long they fought, till they arrived were
 In that lame shade covert, where-as lay
 Faire *Chrysoeone* in slumby rraunce whilere:
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27
 Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:
 She bore withouten paine, that shee conceiu'd
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucina's ayde: which when they both perceiu'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sente bereau'd,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
 At last, they both agreed, her (sceming griued)
 Out of her heavy froune not to awake,
 But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

28
 Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,
 And with them carried, to be fostered.
 Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
 To be brought vp in perfe't Maydenhed,
 And of her selfe, her name *Eelphæbe* red:
 But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,
 To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,
 And in her little Loue's stead, which was straid,
 Her *Amoretta* calld, to comfort her dumaid.

29
 Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwell.
 Where most the wonnes, when shee on earth does
 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 tryall, that this fame
 All other pleasant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost Louers name,
 The Garden of *Adonis*, euer renown'd by fame.

30
 In that fame Garden, all the goodly flowres
 Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifull,
 And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
 Are fetcht: there is the first feminine
 Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
 According to their kinds. Long worke it were,
 Heere to account the endless progenie
 Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there:
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

31
 It 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 moten pass:
 Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
 Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32
 He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
 All that to come into the world desire;
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which doe require,
 That hee with fleshly weedes would them attire:
 Such as him hit, such as eternall fare
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinful mire,
 And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
 Till they againe returne backe by the lunder gate.

After

After that they againe returned beene,
 They in that Garden planted be againe;
 And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene
 Fleishly corruption, nor mortall paine.
 Some thousand yeares so 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.

Ne needs there Gardiner to see, 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 increafe and multiply:
 Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
 Or of the cloudes, to moisten their rootes dry;
 For, in themselves, eternall moyfure they imply.

Infinite shapcs of creatures there are bred,
 And vncouth 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 t'indew,
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
 And all the fruitfull spawn of fishes hew
 In endlesse ranks along engranged were,
 That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they growe, and daily forth arc sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remains in euerlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes
 In hatefull darknesse, and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
 The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made:
 Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade
 The state of life, out of the grieffly shade.
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
 Ne when the life decays, and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
 But changed is, and often altr'd to and fro.

The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,
 But th'onely forme and outward fashion;
 For, euery substance is conditioned
 To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
 Meect for her temper and complexion;
 For, formes are variable, and decay
 By course of kinde, and by occasion;
 And that faire floure of beauty fades away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the Garden of *Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Time*; who, with his scythe addrest,
 Does mowe the flowering herbes and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they doe dic with, and are foully mar'd:
 Hee flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
 Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
 Ne euer pity may relent his inalice hard.

Yet pity often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mar'd, and spoyled quight:
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
 Her hart was pearc't with pity at the sight,
 When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,
 Yer not'e she hind redresse for such despight.
 For, all that liues is subiect to that law:
 All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But, were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull Garden growes,
 Should happy be, and haue immortal blifs:
 For, here all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweet loue gentle fits amongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancour, or fond ialousie;
 Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

There is continuall spring, and haruest there
 Continual, both meeting at one time:
 For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
 Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
 The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime
 Emongst the shady leaues, and their sweet abode,
 And their true loues without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy groue of myrtle-trees did rise,
 Whose shade boughes sharpe Steele did neuer lop,
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the high,
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

And, in the thickest couer 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 Iue-twine entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
 Fashion'd about within their inmost part,
 That neither *Phæbus* beames could through the throng,
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And

And all about grewe eueri sort of flowre,
 To which sad louers were transform'd of yore:
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phloxibus* paramour
 And dearest loue,
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watty shore,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gote
 Me leemes I see *Amitus* wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

There went faire *Venus* often to enjoy
 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 spycery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of *Strygian* gods, which do her loue enuie;
 But she her selfe, when euer that she will,
 Posselleth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth, it seemes, they say: for, he may not
 For euer die, and euer buried bee
 In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
 And by succession made perpetually,
 Transformed oft, and changed diuersly:
 For, him the Father of all formes they call:
 Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
 For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
 She firmly hath cmpisoned for aye
 (That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd)
 in a strong rockie Cave, which is they say, (may.)
 Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him loosen

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
 With many of the gods in companie,
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
 Sporting himselfe in safe felicitie:
 Who, when he hath with spoiles and crueltie
 Ranfackt the world, and in the wofull hearts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hie,
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
 Aside, with faire *Adonis* playes; his wanton parts.

And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
 Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconcyl'd,
 After long troubles and vnmeet vbrayes,
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,
 And eke himselfe her cruelly eryl'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* late.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
 The younger daughter of *Chrysgonee*,
 And vnto *Psyche* with great truit and care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,
 And trained vp in true cōminitee:
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
 Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom slicc
 Made her companion, and her lessoned
 In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
 Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes view,
 To be th'ensample 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 haueour, and found
 His feeble heart wide launced with loutes cruell wound.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
 Sae to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
 To whom her louing heart she linked fast
 In faithfull loue, t'abide for euetmore,
 And for his dearest sake endured tore,
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
 Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
 Her former loue and stedfast loialtie,
 As ye may elsewhere reade that truefull history.

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 bretheren *Timias* slew, besell:
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
 Who wandring for to seek 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.

O

Canto





Canto VII.

*The Witches sonne loues Florimell:
She flies, he saines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Giants tyranny.*



LIke as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast;
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after the from perill was releast:
Each shade she sawe, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't whylcare.

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fed
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wref,
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and habie puiſſaunce
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduauce,
And carried her beyond all icopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby,
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adown did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady went
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

And forc't to alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A trauellr vnwonted to such waie:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth way,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long the traueled, till at length she came
To an hillies side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through th'tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vpprolled to the sky:
Which checrefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne 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 rett her weary side.

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needs;
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 vnknowne, whom-euer she entide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,
Busic (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly vparted from the dusty ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze;
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought:
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

8
With that, adowne out of her Cryfall eyne,
Few trickling teares the softly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearles, did purely shine
Vpon her snowie cheek; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
Nor falsage heart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In milchiefe, was much moued at so pitious sigh t;

9
And gan reconfort her in her rude wifc,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor s' deignfull of so homely fashion,
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 loofe lockes 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 spright;
T'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 lazie loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in idleneffe 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 laefineffe both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12
He, comming home at vnder time, there found
The fairest creature that he euer saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terror and with awe
So inly smote, that as one which had gazed
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdrawe
His feeble cyne, 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 deprived,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued
From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

14
But the faire Virgin was so meeke and milde,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses wild
Her gentle speech applide, that in short space
She grew familiar in that desert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her so kinde
And curteise vs conceiu'd affection base,
And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;
No loue, but brutish lust, that was to befastly tin'd.

15
Closefly the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As vnto her to vter his desire;
His caitiue thought durst nor so high aspire:
But with soft sighes, and louely remembrances,
He 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 prayes sweetly caroled,
Girlls of floures sometimes for her faire head
He sine would dight; sometimes the squerell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow seruant wild;
All which she of him took with countenance meeke & mild.

17
But past awhile, when she fit season sawe,
To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wifc her selfe thence to withdrawe,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might be the witch or that her sonne compact:
Her weary Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repair,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred waies now to remeasure right.

18
And early ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noife afferrd,
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 moil lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
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 emperilht quight,
And lone to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

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
 Aſwage the fury, which his entrailles teares:
 So ſtrong is paſſion, that no reaſon beares.
 Tho, when all other helps the ſawe to faile,
 She turnd 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

Eſſoones 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 likeſt it to an *Hyana* was,
 That feeds on womens fleſh, as others feed on graſs.

22

It forth ſhe cald, and gaue it ſtreight in charge,
 Through thick and thin her to purſue apace,
 Ne once to ſtay to reſt, or breath at large,
 Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
 Or quite 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 ſcent,
 And paſſing ſpeed, that ſtorily he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh eſpide,
 No need to bid her ſiſt away to ſie;
 That vgly ſhape ſo fore her terrifiſide,
 That it ſhe ſhnd no leſſe, then dread to die:
 And her ſiſt Palfrey did ſo well apply
 His numble feet to her conceined 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 paſe gan wax areare.

24

Which when as ſhe perceiu'd, ſhe was diſmayd
 At that ſame laſt extremitic full fore,
 And of her ſafety greatly grew afraid:
 And now ſhe gan approache to the ſea ſhor,
 As it beſell, that ſhe could fly no more,
 But yield her ſelfe to ſpoile of greedineſſe.
 Lightly ſhe leaped, as a wight forlore,
 From her dull horſe, in delperate diſtreſs,
 And to her feet beooke her doubtfull ſickernefſe.

25

Not halfe ſo faſt the wicked *Myrrha* fled
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
 Nor halfe ſo faſt to ſaue her maidenhead,
 Flew fearfull *Daphne* on th' *Aegean* ſtrond,
 As *Florimell* fled from the Monſter yond,
 To reach the ſea, ere ſhe of him were raught:
 For, in the ſea to drown her ſelfe ſhe fond,
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
 Therto feare gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26

It fortun'd (high God did ſo ordaine)
 As ſhe arriv'd on the roſing ſhor,
 In minde to leape into the mighty *Maine*,
 A little boate lay houing her before,
 In which there ſlept a Fiſher old and poore,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the ſand:
 Into the ſame ſhe leapt, and with the ore,
 Did thruſt the ſhallow from the ſtoting ſtrand:
 So ſafety found at ſea, which ſhe found not at land.

27

The Monſter, ready on the prey to ſeaſe,
 Was of his forward hope deceiued quights;
 Ne durſt aſſay to wade the perloſ 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 auenge his diucliſh deſpight,
 He ſet vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And ſlew him cruelly ere any reſkew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,
 To fill his helliſh gorge, it chaunc't a knight
 To paſſe that way, as forth he trauelled;
 It was a goodly *Swaune*, and of great might,
 As euer man that bloody field did ſight;
 But in vaine ſhewes, that wont young knights bewitch,
 And courteſyruices tooke no delight,
 But rather ioyd to be, then ſeemen ſich:
 For, both to be and ſeeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyran*,
 That traung'd abroad, to ſeeke aduentures wilde,
 As was his wont in forreſt, and in Plaine;
 He was all arm'd in rugged ſteele vnſilde,
 As in the ſmoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his ſcutchen bore a *Satyres* hed:
 He comming preſent, where the monſter vilde
 Vpon that milke-white Palfreys carkas 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 feend was rent without remorſe:
 Much feared he, leaſt ought did ill betide
 To that faire Mayd, the ſhowre of womens pride;
 For, her he dearely loued, and in all
 His famous conqueits highly magnifiſide:
 Beſides, her golden girde, which did fall
 From her in ſight, he found, that did him fore appall.

31

Full of ſad feare, and doubtfull agony,
 Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend;
 And with huge ſtrokes, and cruell battery
 Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend
 Himſelfe from deadly danger to defend:
 Full many wounds in his corrupted fleſh
 He did engrauce, and muchell bloud did ſpend,
 Yet might not doe him die; but ayemore freſh
 And fierce he full appear'd, the more he did him thruſh.

³²
 Hewist not, how him to deſpoile of life,
 Ne how to win the wiſhed victory,
 Sith him he ſawe ſtill ſtronger growe through ſtrife,
 And him ſelſe weaker through infirmity;
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
 Hurling his ſword away, he lightly lept
 Vpon the Beaſt, that with great crueltye
 Rorel, and rag'd to be vnder-kept:
 Yet the perforce him held, and ſtrokes vpon him hept.

³³
 As he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſudden flood,
 And in ſtrong bankes his violence encloſe,
 Forceth it ſwell about his wonted mood,
 And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,
 That all the countrey ſeemes to be a Mame,
 And the rich furrowes flore, all quite fordonne;
 The woſfull huſbandman doth looſe comaine,
 To ſee his whole yeeres labour loſt fo ſoone,
 For which to God he made to 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 ſtoop 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 dunt of ſteele his carcaſs could not quell:
 His maker with her charmes had framed him ſo well.

³⁵
 The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
 About her ſlender waite, he tooke in hand,
 And with it bound the Beaſt that loud did rore
 For great deſpight of that vnwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victour to withſtand,
 But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
 And all the way him follow'd on the ſtrand,
 As he had long been learned to obay;
 Yet neuer learned he ſuch ſeruice, till that day.

³⁶
 Thus as he led the Beaſt along the waie,
 He ſpide far off a mighty Gianteſſe,
 Faſt flying on a Courier dappled gray,
 From a bold knight, that with great hardineſſe
 Her hard perlew'd, and fought for to ſuppreſſe:
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
 Lying athwart her hoſe 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 haft
 Her to encounter, ere ſhe paſſed by:
 But ſhe the way ſhunn'd nathemore for-ſhy,
 But forward gallopt faſt; which when he ſpide,
 His mighty ſpeare he couched warily,
 And at her ranne: ſhe, hauing him deſeride,
 Her ſelſe to flight addreſt, and threw her loce aſide.

³⁸
 Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare
 A trembling Culuer, hauing ſpide on high
 An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth ſheare
 The ſubtile ayre, ſtouping with all his might,
 The quarry throwes to ground with fell deſpight,
 And to the battell doth her ſelſe prepare:
 So ran the Gianteſſe vnto the fight;
 Her fiery eyes with furious ſparkes did ſtare,
 And with blaſphemous banes high God in peeces tare.

³⁹
 She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
 Wherewith the many had of life deſpried;
 But ere the ſtroke could ſeize his aymed place,
 His ſpeare amiſs her ſun-broad ſhield arriued;
 Yet nathemore the ſteele aſunder riu'd,
 All were the beame in bigneſſe like a maſt,
 Ne her out of the ſtedfaſt ſaddle driued,
 But glancing on the tempered metall, braſt
 In thouſand ſhewers, and ſo forth beſide her paſt.

⁴⁰
 Her Steed did ſtagger with that puiffant 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 brave youthly Champions to aſſay,
 With burning charet wheeles it nigh to ſmite:
 But who that ſmites it, marres his ioyous play,
 And is the ſpectacle of ruinous decay.

⁴¹
 Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with ſternere regard
 Her dreadfull weapon ſhe to him addreſt,
 Which on his helmet martelld ſo hard,
 That made him lowe incline his loſtry creſt,
 And bow'd his battred viſour to his brelt:
 Wherewith he was fo ſtunn'd, that he n'ote ride,
 But reeled to and fro from Eaſt to Weſt:
 Which when his cruell enemy eſpide,
 She lightly vnto him aduoynd ſide to ſide;

⁴²
 And on his collar laying puiffant hand,
 Out of his wauering ſeate him pluckt perforce,
 Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withſtand,
 Or help himſelſe; and laying thwart her horſe,
 In loathly wiſe like to a carion corſe,
 She bore him faſt away. Which when the knight,
 That her perlew'd, ſaw, with great remorſe
 He neuer was touch'd in his noble ſpight,
 And gan increaſe his ſpeed, as the increaſt her flight.

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 ſelſe more light away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy knight perlew'd ſo nie,
 That almoſt in the bucke he oft her ſtrake:
 But ſtill when him at hand the did eſpy,
 She turn'd, and ſemblance of faire fight did make;
 But when he ſtay'd, to flight againe ſhe did her take.

44
By this, good Sir *Satyran* gan awake
Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which reft him from so faire a cheuifance:
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.

45
To whom approaching, well he mote perceiue
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And lovely face (made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies heart with loues confuming rage)
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He heard 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.

46
Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;
That *Giantesse Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
Warre against heauen, and heaped his 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.

47
For, at that birth another babe she bore,
To weete, the mighty *Olympant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion-brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightfome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wife did to the world appeare.

48
So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst Natures law, and good behauiour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so lowly to deuoure
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
And lustred hefts her body to deflowre:
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49
But ouer all the country she did range,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thirst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

50
Mefely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After the long in waite for me did lie,
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
Her loathfome pleasure there to satisfie;
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,
Then breake the vowes, that to faire *Columbell*
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me befecmeth well.

51
But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe
That *Giantesse*, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,
And deeds of armes about all Dames is deemed,
And about many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is fo chaste a wight.

52
Her well befecmes that *Queen*, quoth *Satyran*:
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amits.
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long sute and weary seruises,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer sweue.

53
I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bide her commaund my life to saue, or spill:
Eftsoones she bade me, with incessant paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might do seruite vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue months end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54
So well I to faire Ladies seruite did,
And found such fauour in their louing hearts,
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good defaults,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

55
To weete, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chaffe and found.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

56
Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
For, onely three they were dispos'd so well:
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy roffred curtesie deny'd?
Or ill they seem'd sure auiz'd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

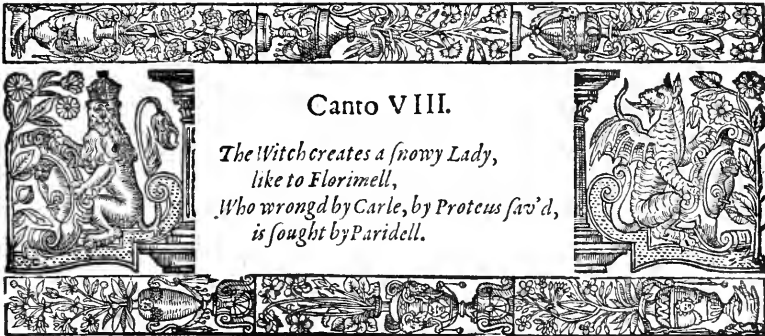
57
The first which then refus'd me, sayd hee,
Certes was but a common Courtiane,
Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,
Because I could not gree her many a Iane.
(Therewith full heartily laugh't *Satyran*)
The second was an holy Nunne to choise,
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
Because she 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 chaste
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obsequance,
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 chastyty did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and found;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

60
Perdy, said *Satyran*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Aicides* labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he ouercame,
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.



Canto VIII.

*The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
is sought by Paridell.*

1
SO oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meeke compassion,
To thinke, how carelesse 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 heart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggravate her grieffe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then relieffe.

2
But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had to enrankled her malicious heart,
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 girdles it, a part
Of her rich spoyle, whom he had erst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

3
An I with roning hastly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieued;
Who thereby deeming sure the thug as donne,
His former grieffe with furie fresh reuiued,
Much more then erst, and would haue algiues tied
The hart out of his brest: for, sith her dead
He lucely dempt, himselfe he thought deuiued
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had hid
His foolish malady, and long time had miled.

O 4

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 she faunce
 To call them all in order to her ayde,
 And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
 To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.
 How the 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 yit,
 That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
 The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke
 To make another like the former Dame,
 Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
 So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

6
 The substance, whereof she the body made,
 Was purest snowe in massie mould congeal'd,
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade
 Of the *Riphæan* hills, to her reucaled
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
 The same she tempered with fine Mercury,
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,
 And mingled them with perfect vermil,
 That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7
 In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she set
 In siluer lockets, shining like the skies,
 And a quicke 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 carcasse dead;

8
 A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
 And faire resemblance about all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of darknesse fell somewhat,
 From heauens blis and euerlasting rest:
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best
 Himselfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,
 Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest:
 For, he in counterfeisance 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 whofo then her sawe, would surely say,
 It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
 Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
 Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state:
 Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought
 She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

10
 Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
 Extremely ioyed in so happy fight,
 And soone forgot his former sickly paine;
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
 Coily rebutted his embracement light:
 Yet still with gentle countenance retained,
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
 Him long the selfe with shadowes entertained,
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained;

11
 Till on a day, as he disposed was
 To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
 Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
 In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
 A knight that way there chanced to repaire;
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,
 That decds of armes had euer in despair,
 Proud *Braggadochio*, that in vaunting vaine
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12
 He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
 Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that match a foule disparagement:
 His bloody speare estfoones he boldly bent
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
 Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
 Villein, said he, this Lady is my deare;
 Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

13
 The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor doo,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
 Who finding little leasure her to wooe,
 On *Trompart* steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away.
 Proud man himselfe then *Braggadochio* deemed,
 And next to none, after that happy day,
 Being possessed of that spoile, which seem'd
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

14
 But when he sawe himselfe free from pursute,
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
 With tearms of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
 For, he could well his glozing speeches frame
 To such vaine vses, that him best became:
 But she thereto would lend but light regards;
 As seeming fory, that she euer came
 Into his powre, that vied 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 encountered on the way
 An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling fecte vpon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
 And fayn'd to cheare his Lady in dismay;
 Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
 And her to saue from outrage, meeckely prayed him.

Fiercely

16
Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And filld his fenies with abashtment great;
Yet seeing nigh him icopardy extreame,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme;

17
Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween't with words
To steale away that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seek elle without hazard of thy hed,
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wax exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his speed about, or sure he should be dead.

18
Sith then, said *Braggadochio*, needs thou wilt
Thy daies abbridge, through prooffe of puiſſance,
Turne we our speedes, that both in equall tilt
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retyr'd their speedes, to ronne in euen race:
But *Braggadochio* with his bloody lance
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his loue to lots, 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 to her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thank himselfe in heauen, that was in hell.

20
But *Florimell* her selfe was farr away,
Driuen to great distresse by fortune strange,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischance had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to range:
Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,
Not fatisfide so farr her to eistrange
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 cruely,
Long to lye on the mighty Maene did stote,
And with the tide droue forward carelesly;
For, th'are was milde, and cleared was the sky,
And all his windes *Dan Aëolus* did keep
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her wale and weepe:
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleepe.

22
At last, when drunk with drownsnesse, he woke,
And saw his drouer driue along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrice his brest he stroke,
For maruell of that accident extreme:
But when he saw that blazing beantes beame,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He manuell more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak't, or that some extasie
Affotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23
But when her well 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 spright:
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.
Ah, sayd she, father, I n'ote read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the fame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safetic am.

24
But thou good man, sith farr 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 worke on sea then vs on land besell.
Therewith old man did nought but fondly grin,
And sai d, 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 heat, that soone in flame forth burst:
The driest wood is sooneest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust:
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reprooued for his rudelic fond.

26
But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteem;
Hard is to teach an olde horse amble trew,
The inward smoke, that did before but seeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misceme:
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

27
The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine reuil'd:
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To saue her honor from that willane vild,
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh desil'd
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
Of lillhoote, or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

But

28
 But if that thou, Sir *Satyrus*, didst weete,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her fory state,
 How soone would ye assemble many a flecte
 To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?
 Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would runnate,
 In your auengement and dispituous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury niote abate;
 But if Sir *Calidore* could it preface,
 No liuing creature could his cruelty aswage.

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 lend to her distressed case:
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilest thus she stifiy froue,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With thrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
 Along the fomy waues driving his sinny droue.

30
Proteus is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;
 An aged sire with head all frory hore,
 And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:
 Who when those pitifull outcries he heard
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;
 Which, with a teeme of fealy *Phocas* bound,
 Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31
 And coming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will, withouren carde or sayle,
 He therein sawe that yrkelosome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion fraile
 Into his heart at once: freight did he haile
 The greedy vellein from his hope'd prey,
 Of which he now did very little faile,
 And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,
 Hum bet so fore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32
 The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rife,
 Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy soile,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle
 To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoile:
 But when she looked vp, to weete what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact allild,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly thright.

33
 Her selfe not saued yet from danger dred
 She thought, but chang'd from one to other feare;
 Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
 From the sharpe Hawke, which her attached neare,
 And fals to ground, to seeke for succour there,
 Whereas the hungry Spawels she doespys,
 With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

24
 But he endeoured with speeches milde,
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
 Ne to recomfort her at all preuail;
 For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,
 And all her senses with abashment quite were quaild.

35
 Her vp betwix his rugged hands he reard,
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold ysicles from his rough beard
 Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:
 Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Remouing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle teares her faire besought.

36
 But that old leachour, which with bold assault
 That beauteie durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
 Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggregate
 The virgin, whom he had abus'd so fore:
 So dragd him through the waves 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 bottome of the Maine,
 Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which do raue
 The roling billowes in their proud disdaine;
 That with the angry working of the waue,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
 That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured out to engraue:
 There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,
 Sauer one olde Nymph, bright *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38
 Thither he brought the fory *Florimell*,
 And entertained her the best he might;
 And *Panopé* her entertained 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 v'allure her sight:
 But she the both offers and the offerer
 Despiide, 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 she had sealed vp her brest.
 Sometimes he boasted, that a God he might:
 But she a mortall creature loued best:
 Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
 But then she said the lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then

Then like a Faery knight himſelfe he drest;
 For, euery ſhape on him he could endrest:
 Then like a king he waſt to her expreſt,
 And offered kingdomes vnto her in view,
 To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
 But when all this he nothing ſawe preuaile,
 With harder meanes he caſt her to ſubdew,
 And with ſharpe threats her often did aſſaile,
 So thinking for to make her ſtubboorne courage quail.

To dreſſe full 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: there by he wend
 Her will to win vnto his wiſſed end.
 But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
 He elſe could doe, he ſaw himſelfe eſteem'd,
 Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome waſt to her more liefe,
 Then loſſe of chaſtitee, or change of loue:
 Die had he rather in tormenting grieſe,
 Then any ſhould of fallenefſe her reprooe,
 Or looſenefſe, that the highly did remooue.
 Moſt vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heauenly praiſe with Saints above,
 Where moſt ſweet hymnes of this thy famous deed
 Are ſung emongit them ſung, that fir my rimes exceed.

Fit ſong, of Angels charmed to bee:
 But yet what ſo my feeble Muſe can frame,
 Shall be to aduance thy goodly chaſtitee,
 And to enroll thy memorable name,
 In th' heart of euery honorable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous deed's 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 aduenures vaine,
 The which himſelfe, then Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' *Hyena* to be ſhine,
 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 he were on ſome aduerture bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardment.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addreſſe,
 To weet what might he waſt, and what his queſt:
 And comming nigh, eſtfoones he gan to gheſſe
 Both by the burning heart, which on his breſt
 He bare, and by the colours in his creſt,
 That *Paridell* it waſt. Tho to him yode,
 And him ſaluting, as beſeemed beſt,
 Gan firſt inquire of tydings farre abroad:
 And afterwards on what aduerture now herode.

Who thereto anſwering, ſayd; The tydings bad,
 Which now in Faery court all men do tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning ſad,
 Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
 And ſudden parture of faire *Florimell*,
 To find him forth: and after her are gone
 All the braue knights, that down in armes excell,
 To ſauegard her, ywandred all alone;
 Emongit 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 ſeruce on thee ta'ne,
 And offered ſacrifice vnto the dead:
 For dead, I ſurely doubt, thou maiſt aread
 Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
 That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
 Which her ador'd, may fore repent with me,
 And all faire Ladies may for euer ſory be.

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly change, and ſeem'd diſmaid to bee;
 Then ſaid, Faire Sir, how may Iween it trew
 That ye do tell in ſuch vn-certaintee?
 Or ſpeake ye of report, or did ye ſee
 Juſt cauſe of dread, that makes ye doubt ſo ſore?
 For, petdy elſe how mote it euer bee,
 That euer had ſhould dare for to engore
 Her noble bloud: the heauens ſuch cruelty abhorre.

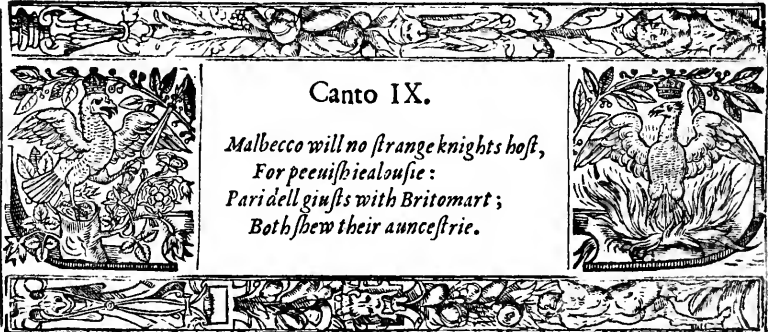
Theſe eyes did ſee, that they will euer rew
 Th' haue ſeene, quoth he, when as a monſtrous beaſt
 The Palefrey, whereon ſhe did trauell, ſlew,
 And of his bowels made a bloudy feaſt:
 Which ſpeaking token ſheweth at the leaſt
 Her certaine loſſe, if not her ſure decay:
 Betides, that more ſuſpicion increaſt,
 I found her golden girdle caſt aſtray,
 Diſtroy'd with durt and bloud, as relique of the prey.

Aye me, ſayd *Paridell*, the ſignes be ſad,
 And but God turne the ſame to good foothſay,
 That Ladies ſafety is ſore to be drad:
 Yet will I not forlake my forward way,
 Till trial doe more certaine truth bewray.
 Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you ſucceed,
 Ne long ſhall *Satyrane* behind you ſtay,
 But to the reſt, which in this Queſt proceed
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their ſpeed.

Ye noble knights, ſayd then the *Squire of Dames*,
 Well may ye ſpeed in fo praiſe-worthy paine:
 But ſith the Sunne now ginnes to ſlake his beames,
 In dewy vapours of the weſterne Maine,
 And loſe the time out of his weiry waine,
 Mote not miſlike you alſo to abate
 Your zealous haſte, till morrowe next againe
 Both light of heauen, and ſtrength of men relate:
 Which if ye pleaſe, to yonder Caſtle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Cistle them before,
 Where soone arruuing, they restrained were
 Of ready entrance, which ought euermore⁵²

To errant knights be common: wondrous fore
 Thereat displas'd they were, till that young Squire
 Gan them informe the cause, why th'it 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 peeuishealousie:
 Pari dell giusts with Britomart;
 Both shew their auncestrie.*

REdoutted knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right fore I feare, least with vnworthy blames
 This odious argument my rimes should shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shining glory of your soueraigne light,
 And knighthood foule defaced by a faithlesie 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 blacke attone;
 Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodncsse is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blifs;
 What wonder then, if one of women all did misf?

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 that Squire does tell.)
 Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
 That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
 Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well;
 For, all his daies he drownes in priuirty,
 Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;
 Yet is he linked to a louely Lasse,

Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpasse,
 The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
 And also far vnlike conditions has:
 For, she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint and ielous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hiey,
 Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply:
 The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Vpon her with his other blinked eye:
 Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight
 Approche to her, ne keep her companie,
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
 Vainly yok't together in one teeme:
 That is the cause, why neuer any knight
 It suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
 Thereat *Sis 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 astrae.

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 spies,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
 But fast good will with gentle courtesies,
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
 May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then

8
Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For, sirc a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we denie of others ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe vs out, in feorne of his owne will,
And rather doe not ranlack all, and himselfe kill?

9
Nay, let vs first, said *Satyrane*, intreat
The man by gentle meanes, 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 misprife,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleasd: Then *Paridell* did rise,
And to the Caille gate approacht in quiet wise.

10
Whereat loft knocking, entrance he desir'd.
The good-man lelic (which then the *Peccer* plaid)
Him answered, that all were now recur'd
Vnto their rest; and all the keyes conuaid
Vnto their Maister, who in bed was laid,
That none him durst awake out of his dreame;
And therefore them of patience gently praid.
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 lo long before the wicket fait
They waitd, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin (soull)oyver-cast)
Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and haile so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

12
It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
Came to that Caille; and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare brough't:
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely therat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himselfe so sore abus'd,
And euermore the Carle of curtesie accus'd.

13
But, to avoyd th'intolerable stowre,
Hee was compeld to secke some refuge neare,
And to that shed (to shrowd him from the showre)
Hee came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there;
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodge, all were they life or loth;
And them desied each, and so deside them both.

14
Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darknesse to debate;
Yet both full hese him lodging to haue lent,
And both full hese his boasting to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten to despightfully,
As if he did a dogge to kennell 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 islew'd; like as a boistrous wind,
Which in the earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge clement againt her kard
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 seas, and skyes doth over-cast.

16
Their steele-head speares they strongly coucht, and 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 brused with the blowe,
Could not arise, the counterchange to scoore,
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throwe.

17
But *Satyrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,
And with laire treatie pacifide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Againt that Cailles Lord they gan confure,
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,
And that incurteous Carle (their common foe)
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in gnicuous woe.

18
Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ranne with fearefull speed;
And to them calling from the Caille 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 belcu'd, & entrance late did not refuse.

19
They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their host did on them lowre,
And welcomd more for feare then charitee;
But they dislembed what they did not fee,
And welcomed them selues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by *Pulcane*s flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

20
 And eke that stranger knight, amongst the rest,
 Was for like need enforce't to dilarray:
 Tho, when as vailed was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in trowels gay
 Vp-bounden, did themselues adowne display,
 And raught vnto her heeles: like sunny beames,
 That in a clowd their light did long time stay,
 Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
 And through the perfeat ayre shoot forth their azure

(streames.)

21
 She also doft her heauy haberjeon,
 V which the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
 And her well plighted frock, which she did wou
 To tuck about her short when she did ride,
 Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lauk side
 Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestie.
 Then of them all stee plainly was espide
 To be a woman-wight (vnwilt to bee)
 The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

22
 Like as *Minerva*, beeing late returnd
 From slaughter of the Giants conquered;
 Where proud *Enclade*, whose wide nosethrils burnd
 With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
 Transfixed with the speare, downe tumbled ded
 From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie;
 Hath loofd her helmet from her lofty hed,
 And her *Gorgonian* sheld gins to vntie
 From her left arine, to rest in glorious victory.

23
 Which when as they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of fo wondrous sight;
 And each on other, and they all on her
 Stood gazing, as it 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 n'ote 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 meruaile at her cheualree
 And noble prowesse, which they had approued,
 That much they faind to knowe who shee mote bee;
 Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
 Yet eury one her lik't, and eury one her loued.

25
 And *Paridell*, though partly discontent
 VVith his late fall, and foule indignity,
 Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
 Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
 And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,
 Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
 Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curteie,
 That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
 And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26
 But he, to shufft their curious request,
 Gan causen why shee could not come in place;
 Her crased health, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid euening, ill for sicke folkes case:
 But none of those excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eate, till shee in presence came.
 Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
 And fairly them saluted, as became,
 And shew'd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

27
 They late to meat, and *Satyrane* his chauce
 Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;
 But he himselfe late looking still ascaunce,
 Gaiust *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde
 Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:
 But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,
 All his demeanure from his sight did hide:
 On her faire face fo did hee fede his fill,
 And sent close meflages of loue to her at will.

28
 And euer and anone, when none was ware,
 With speaking looks, that close embassage bore,
 Hee rov'd at her, and told his secret care:
 For, all that art he learned had of yore.
 Ne was shee ignorant of that lewd lore,
 And in his eye his meaning wisely red,
 And with the like him answerd cuermore:
 She sent at him one fire dart, whose hed
 Empoinded was with priuy lust, and zealous dred.

29
 Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,
 But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;
 The wicked engine through false influence
 Pust through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
 Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.
 But nothing new to him was that same paine,
 Ne paine at all; for hee oft had tryde
 The power thereof, and lov'd fo oft in vaine,
 That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

30
 Thence-forth to her hee sought to intimate
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;
 Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
 He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
 And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
 Or ther ein write to let his loue be showne;
 VVhich well shee red out of the learned line;
 (A sacrament profane in mysterie of wine.)

31
 And when-fo of his hand the pledge she raught,
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing dcfire her inward flame to flake:
 By such close signes they secret way did make
 Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escapè;
 T wo eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 VVho Louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
 By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccos* cape.

Now

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 kindred, and his name.
 Then *Paridell* (in whom a landly pride
 Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded) being glad of so fit tide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde :

³³
 Troy, that art 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 heapt a direfull destinie ;
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthy prayres being blent,
 Their of-spring hath cimbas't, and later glory shent ?

³⁴
 Most famous V Vorthy of the world, by whom
 That warre was kindled, which did Troy inflame,
 And flatly 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 *Lacedemon* fetcht the fairest Dame
 That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
 Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse ;

³⁵
 Faire *Helene*, 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,
 Whole fruitlesse lues were vnder furrow sowne,
 And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

³⁶
 From him, my linage I denue aright,
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
 On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy :
 Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
 She of his Father, *Paris* did name ;
 V Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
 Gath' red the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,
 And with them sayng thence, to th' life of *Paris* came.

³⁷
 That was by him calld *Paris*, which before
 Hight *Nausa* : there he many yeares did raigne,
 And built *Nausida* by the *Ponticke* shore ;
 The which he dying, left next in remaine
 To *Paridas* his sonne.
 From whom *I Paridell* by kin descend ;
 But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
 My native soile haue left, my dayes to spend
 In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

³⁸
 When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt
 (The reufull story of Sir *Paridell*)
 She was empaffiond at that pittous act,
 V With zealous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
 Against that Nation, from whose race of old
 She heard that free was lineally extract :
 For, noble *Eritons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
 And *Troymouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

³⁹
 Then fighting soft awhile, at last, the thus :
 O lamentable fall of famous rowne !
 Which raign'd so many yeares victorious,
 And of all *Asia* bore the foueraigne crowne,
 In one sad night consum'd, and thrown downe :
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empearc't with deepe compaffionne,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That flowres so fresh at morn, and fades at euening late ?

⁴⁰
 Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint
 Hath found another partner of your paine :
 For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
 As Countries cause, and common foes disdain.
 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 safete retire.

⁴¹
Anchyses sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,
 Said hee, out of the flames for safegard fled,
 And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
 Where hee through fatal error long was led
 Full many yeares, and weetelesse wanderd
 From shore to shore, amongst the *Lybick* lunds,
 Ere rest he found. Much there he sufferd,
 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 entertaind
 Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
 Till hee with old *Latinus* was constraind
 To contract wedlock : (so the Fates ordaind.)
 V Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
 Accomplish'd, that many deare complaind :
 The riuall flaine, the Victor (through the flood
 Escaped hardly) hardly prayd his wedlock good.

⁴³
 Yet after all, hee Victor did suruiue,
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
 But after, when both nations gaue to striue,
 Into their names the tide 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,
 V Where faire it flourish'd, and long time stoud,
 Till *Remulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44

There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd
The glory of the later world to spring,
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was rear'd,
To fit in second seate of soueraigne king
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a thurd kingdome yet is to arise,
Out of the *Troians* scattered of-spring,
That in all glorie and great enterprife,
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equaife.

45

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamus* wash'd is along,
Vpon whose stubborn neck (where-at he raues
With roring rage, and fore himselfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes throng)
She fastned hath her foot, which stands fo hie,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forraine Lands; and all which pallen 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 *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes feare:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

47

Ah! fayrest Lady-knight, said *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedlesse over-sight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits bene light.
Indeed, he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Troiane* stock, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

48

For, that same *Brute* (whom much he did aduaunce
In all his speech) was *Sylvius* his sonne,
Whom hauing slaine, through lucklesse arrowes 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 fallall course they driuen were
Into an Island 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 voyd of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on liuing flesh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50

Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:
In which, the great *Goemagor* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were overthrowne, and layd on th' earth full cold,
VVhich quaked vnder their so heudous masts:
A famous history to be enrold
In euerslasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies meritts far did passe.

51

His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowned far away,
That who from East to West will end-long seeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleop'is*: so heard I say
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your cuntry kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

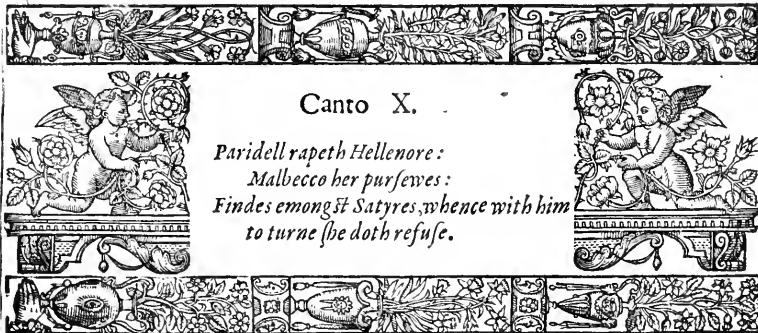
52

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dime *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forloze:
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, euer priuily
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

53

So long these knights discourst diuersly,
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humil night was farforth spent,
And heauenly lampes were halfendale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing well (who too long thought
Euery disconre, and euery argument,
Which by the houres he measured) besought
Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowtes were brought.





Canto X.

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her purfueses:
Finesd amongst Satyres, whence with him
to turne (he doth refuse.*

He morrow next, so soone as *Phæbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with earely light,
And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
Faire *Britomart* and that lame *Faerie* knight
Vprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late sight
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts 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 obeyd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting measure, mooueth surquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans vnruely 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:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his sight her selfe once to 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:
Falle loue, why doe men say, thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancie feine thee bliod,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doost bind,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkst freee,
And seest euery secret of the mind:
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccos* halfen eye did wile,
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and hart atonce, during the while
That he there fo iourued his wounds to heale;
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smile,
To weet how he her loue ayd did steale,
And bade, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

The learned Louer lost no time nor tide,
That least vantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore to fare afeile, that none espide
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
When-so in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

But, when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his false eugins fast he plide,
And all the sleights vnbofoid in his hart;
He sight, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dide,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast beside:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to luee,
He wept, and waild, and false laments belide,
Saying, but if thee Mercie would him giue,
That he mote algates die, yet did his death forgiue.

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now iinging sweetly, to surprife her (sprights,
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,
Branles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles he devis'd,
And thouands like, which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despis'd.

And eury where he might, and eury while
 He did her seruice dutifull, and sewed
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet, that none but shee it wiewed,
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
 With which he many weake hearts had subdewd
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
 What wonder then, if shee were likewise carried?

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 drue;
 And Peece, that vnto parley care will giue,
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the Victors will bylue:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assid
 This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine displaid.

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 company.

Darke was the Eitening, fit for louers stealth,
 When chaunc't *Malbecco* busie be else-where,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid: thereof these countlesse summes did reare,
 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 appear
 The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight,
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull fight.

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ranne with fory haste
 To quench the flames which shee had tyn'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in wastie;
 And ranne into her Lovers armes right fast;
 Where straight embraced, shee to him did cry,
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
 For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to die.

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,
 And ready seeing him with her to flye,
 In his disquiet 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 diuersly,
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
 Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

Ay when to him shee cryde, to her he turn'd,
 And left the fire; loue, money overcame:
 But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,
 He left his wife; money did loue disclame:
 Both was he loth to loofe his loued Dame,
 And loth to leaue his hieft selfe behind,
 Yet sith he n'ore saue both, he sau'd that fame
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
 The God of his desire, the ioy of milers blind.

Thus, whilst all things in troublous vprore were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The louing couple need no reskew feare,
 But leasure had, and libertie to frame
 Their purpos'd flight, free from all mens reclame;
 And Night (the patronesse of loue-stealth faire)
 Gaued them safe conduct, till to end they came:
 So beene they gone yfeare (a wanton paire
 Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

Soone as the cruell flames yslakred were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
 Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
 Into huge waues of grieffe and ieaousie
 Full deepe employed was, and drowned nic,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;
 Hee rav'd, he wept, he stamp't, he loud did cry,
 And all the passions that in man may light,
 Did him atonce oppresse, and vex his carytie spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieffe,
 And did consume his gall with anguish fore:
 Still when he mused on his late mischieffe,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seem'd more grieuous, then it was before:
 At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,
 Ne grieffe might not his loue to him restore,
 He gan deuile, how her he reskew mought,
 Ten thousand waies he cast in his confus'd thought.

At last, resolving like a pilgrim pore
 To search her forth, where to 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 eury where that he mote vnderfond,
 Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
 And of each one he met, he trydings did inquire.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wife,
 Euer to come into his clouch againe;
 And he too simple euer to surprize
 The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
 One day, as he forepassed by the Plaine
 With weary pace, he farre away espide
 A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)
 Which houed close vnder a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide,

21
Well weened he, that those the same mote bee:
And as he better did their shape auize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree:
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did 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 faire hee towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approachen mee,
But stood aloofe, vnuetting what to doe:
Till that prickt forth with louses extremitie,
That is the father of foule lealoufie,
He closely neerer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

23
But it was scornefull *Erastus adachdio*,
That with his seruauit *Trompart* houerd there,
Since late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such when as *Malbeco* lpyed clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* running hastily, him did stay,
And bade before his soueraigne Lord appeare:
That was him loath, yet durst he not gaine-say,
And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24
The boaster, at him sternely bent his brow,
As if hee could haue killd him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bow,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doost thou here,
Vnfitly furnished with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

25
The wretched man, at his imperious speech,
Was all abasht, and lowe prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my rudenesse be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For, I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
That seeke a Lady. There he suddaine staid,
And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppress,
While teares flood in his eyes (few drops of bitternesse.)

26
What Lady, man? said *Trompart*, take good hart,
And tell thy grieue, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to shew thy finart
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearefull word his weake 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, It is not long, said hee,
Since I enioyde the gentlest Dame aliuie;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honour striue,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
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 quartell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainst a faithlesse knight;
So shall your glory be advanccd much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my selfe (albe I simple such)
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

29
With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of threasure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so midtempt,
Or a war-monger to be base lie 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,
Thar, were it not for shame; So turned from him wroth.

30
But *Trompart*, that his maisters humour knew,
In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
VVas inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his eare him rounded close behind:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to seafe;
Till *Trompart* lowe lie to the ground inclin'd,
Besought him his great courage to appeafe,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

31
Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzerepe,
At last, he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that else 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 mard,
And moov'd amillc with massie mucks vnmeect regard.

32
And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,
Which hath thy Lady rest, and knighthood spent,
By *Sanslamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearelie it repent;
Ne hee twixt heauen and earth shall hide his head,
But soome he shall be found, and shortlie doen be dead.

The foolish man therat woxe wondrous blith,
 As if the word to spoken, were halfe donne,
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.
 Tho, forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heauen and hell would ouer-ronne,
 And all the world confound with cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollitie.

Thus, long they three together trauailed,
 Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
 To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
 But thosetwo fought nought but the present pray,
 To weete, the threasure, 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 (wbet.
 The same behold, there-with their keene desires were

It fortun'd as they together tar'd,
 They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast
 Vpon the Plaine, the which himselve prepar'd
 To guist with that braue stranger knight a cast,
 As on aduventure by the way he past:
 Alone he rode without his Paragone;
 For, hauing filcht her bels, her vp he cast
 To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
 He n'ould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde aduventure, like a forlorne weft,
 Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide
 Straying alone withouten grome or guide;
 Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
 With them as housewife euer to abide,
 To milke their goates, and make them cheefe & bred,
 And eury one as common good her handled;

That shortly thre *Malbecco* has forgot,
 And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
 Who from her went to seeke another lot,
 And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,
 Where thosetwo guilers with *Malbecco* were:
 Soone as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,
 Hee fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to speake, his griefto tell,
 But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

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 aduventure fell;
 The whiles, the Boaster from his lofty fell
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
 But the fresh Swaine would not his leasure dwell,
 But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
 He vp remounted light, and after faimd to wend.

Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:
 But let him passe as lightly as he came:
 For, little good of him is to be got,
 And mickle perill to be put to shame.
 But, let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:
 For, of her safety in great doubt I am,
 Least salvage beausts her person haue despoild:
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

They all agree, and forward them adrest:
 Ah! but said crafty *Trompart*, weete ye well,
 That yonder in that wastefull wilderneffe
 Huge Monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
 Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,
 And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend
 All trauellers; therefore advise ye well,
 Before ye enterprife that way to wend:
 One may his journey bring too soone to euill end.

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 threasure, I thinke best
 Heere for to stay in safety behind;
 My Lord and I will search the wide Forrest.
 That counsell pleased not *Malbecco*s mind;
 For, he was much affraid, himselve alone to find.

Then is it best, said he, that ye doe leaue
 Your treasure here in some securitie,
 Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,
 Or buried in the ground from iocopardie,
 Till we returne againe in safetie:
 As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
 Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
 Ne priue be vnto your threasures Graue.
 It pleased; so he did; Then they march forward braue.

Now, when amid the thickest woods they were,
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,
 Which all the forest did with horror fill:
 That dreadfull found the boasters hart did thrill,
 With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
 Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
 And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped:
 The old man could not stie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
 Hee in a bush did hide his fearefull hed:
 The iolly *Satyres*, full of fresh delight,
 Came dancing forth, and with them nimble led
 Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made,
 She proud of that new honour, which they red,
 And of their louely fellowship full glade,
 Daunc'd triuclly, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

The filly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved fore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'vnkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.
All day they launced with great lusthed,
And with their horned feet the greene grasfe wore,
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping *Phæbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

46
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to tuffe,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But every *Satyre* first did giue a buffe
To *Hellenore*: so buffes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour sled the ground
With pearly dew, and the Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the weikin round,
That euery bird and beaſt awarnd 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 damp of miſconceiuing night,
And eke through likeneſſe of his goatith beard,
Hee did the better countreſeite aight:
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him elpyde 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 mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with iealouſie did ſwell;
But yet that nights enſample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued ſo well,
When one fo ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49
So cloſely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearde of their ſport to ſleepe they fell;
And to his wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſpered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was 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,
Shee 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 looteneſſe of her loue, and loathly deed,
Shee was aſtoniſht with exceeding dreed,
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her ſide;
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To ſaue his life, ne let him be deſcried,
But barken to his lore, and all his counſell hide.

51
Tho, gan he her perſwade, to leaue that lewd
And loathſome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all ſhould be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of freſh accord.
And ſhee recciud againe to bed and bord,
As if no treſpaſſe euer had beene donne:
But ſhee it all reſuſed at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But choſe emongſt the toly *Satyres* ſtill to wonne.

52
Hee wooed her, till day ſpring hee eſpide;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery ſide,
And trode downe in the dirt, where his horne beard
Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.
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 hee the Priſon doore did paſſe,
Hee ranne as faſt as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked who behind him was,
Ne fearefully who before: like as a Beare
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hutes to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs eſpy,
And him aſſayling, fore his carcaſſe teare,
That hardly he away with life does flee,
Ne ſtays, till ſafe himſelfe he ſee from ieopardy.

54
Ne itaſt he, till he came vnto the place
Where late his thieſtury he entombed had;
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* baſe
Had it purloyned for his maſter bad:)
With extreame fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelfe away:
That who lo ſtrangely had him ſene beſtad,
With vpſtart haire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From *Limbo* lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

55
High over hilles and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
Ne bank nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:
Griefe, and deſpight, and iealouſie, and ſcorne
Did all the way him followe hard behind:
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd to forlorne,
So ſhamefully forlorne of woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

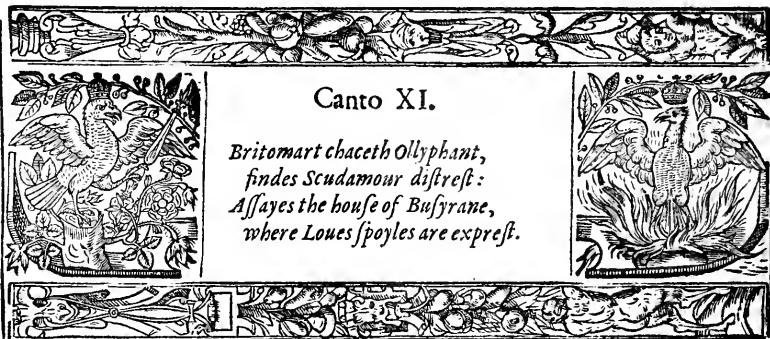
56
Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtaid his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
Over the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrifie
To looke adowne, or vppward to the hight:
From thence he threw himſelfe deſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in liuing fight.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought,
 Hee was so wasted and fore-pined quight,
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an airie Spight,
 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;
 VVhence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
 That at the last he found a Cae with entrance small.

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,
 The roring billowes beate his bowre so boistrously.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
 But toades and frogs (his pasture poisonous)
 VVhich in his cold complexion do breed
 A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
 Crows-cuts the liver with internall smart,
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes cremall dart.

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 dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
 Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;
 Where he through priuy griefe, and horrou vaine,
 Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
 Forgot hee was a man, and *Te. slouise* is hight.



¹
Hatefull hellish Snake, what fury furst
 Brought thee fro baleful house of *Proserpine*,
 Where in her bosom shee thee long had nurst,
 And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,
 Foule *lealouise*, that turnest loue diuine
 To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart
 VVith hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

²
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* enlample take,
 That was as true in loue, as *Turtle* to her make.

³
VWho with Sir *Satyrane* (as carst yce red)
 Forth riding from *Malbeccos* hostlesse hous,
 Far off elspeide a young man, the which fled
 From an huge Giant, that with hideous
 And hatefull out-rage long him chased thus;
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
 Of that *Argenté* vile and vitious,
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;
 This all as bad as shee, and worse, if worse ought were.

⁴
For, as the siter did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceed all woman-kind,
 So hee surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly vse that I did euer find;
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
 The fearefull boy so greedily purfew,
 Shee was enuinc'd in her noble mind,
 T'employ her puillance to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
 But with like fiercenesse did enſue the chace:
 Whom, when the Giant ſaw, he ſooner reſign'd
 His former ſuit, and from th'im-fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did ſtrive the other to out-goe:
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous ſpace,
 For, he was long, and ſwift as any Roe,
 And now made better ſpeed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,
 But *Britomart*, the ſlowe 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 has gotten to a foreſt neare,
 V Where hee is throwed in ſecurity:
 The wood they enter, and ſearch eury where,
 They ſearched diuerſly; ſo both diuided were.

Faire *Britomart* ſo long him followed,
 That ſhe at laſt came to a fountaine ſheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Vpon the graſſy ground, and by him neare
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his ſpeare;
 A little off, his ſhield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare
 Depainted was, full eaſie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where-euer it in field was ſhowne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,
 As if he had been ſlumbering in the ſhade,
 That the braue Maid would not for courtieſie,
 Out of his quiet ſlumber him abraide,
 Nor ſeeme too ſuddainly him to invade:
 Still as ſhee ſtood, ſhe heard with grieuous throb
 Him groane, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with moſt painefull pangſ to ſigh and ob,
 That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At laſt, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
 He ſaid: O ſoueraigne Lord that ſit on hie,
 And raign'ſt in blisſ amongſt thy bleſſed Saints,
 How ſuffreſt thou ſuch ſhamefull cruelty,
 So long vnraked of thine enemy?
 Or haſt thou, Lord, of good mens cauſe no heed?
 Or doſt thy iuſtice ſleepe, and ſilently?
 What booteſt then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodneſſe find no grace, nor righteouſneſſe no meed?

If good find grace, and righteouſneſſe reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
 Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
 Or if that heauenly iuſtice may withſtand
 The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,
 Why then is *Eufirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, theſe cleane moneths day, in ſecret den
 My Lady and my loue ſo cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend
 In dolefull darkneſſe from the view of day,
 Whilſt deadly tormentſ do her chaſte breaſt tend,
 And the ſharp ſteele doth riuie her hart in tway,
 All for the *Scudamore* will not deny.
 Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,
 Ne canſt her ayde, ne canſt her foe daimay;
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
 For whom to faire a Lady feelleſſe to ſore a wound.

There an huge heape of ſingults did oppreſſe
 His ſtragling ſoule, and ſwellings throbs empeach
 His ſolting tongue with pangſ of doctrineſſe,
 Choking the remnant of his plaintiue ſpeach,
 As if his daies were come to their laſt reach,
 Which when ſhee heard, and ſaw the gully fit,
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great truth and terrouſ ſhe was ſmit,
 Fearing leaſt from her cage the weary ſoule would ſlit.

Tho, ſtooping downe, ſhee him amoued light;
 Who there-with ſome-what ſtarting, vp gan looke,
 And ſeeing him behind a ſtranger knight,
 Where-as no liuing creature he miſtooke,
 With great indignance hee that ſight forſooke,
 And downe againe himſelſe diſdainfully
 Abiecting, th'earth with his ſure forehead ſtrooke:
 Which the bold Virgin ſeeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his grieſe, and ſpake thus curteſly:

Ah! gentle knight, whoſe deepe conceiued grieſe
 Well ſeemes t'exceed the powre of patience,
 Yet if that heauenly grace ſome good relieſe
 You ſend, ſubmit you to high prouidence;
 And euer in your noble hart prepenſe,
 That all the ſorrow in the world, is leſſe
 Than vertues might, and values confidence:
 For, who will bide the burden of diſtreſſe,
 Muſt not heere thinke to hie, for, life is wretchedneſſe:

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked felon ſo
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
 Perhaps this hand may help to eade your woe,
 And wreake your ſorrow on your cruell foe,
 At leaſt, if ſure endenour will apply.
 Thoſe feeling words to neere the quick did goe,
 That vp his head he reared eaſily;
 And leaning on his elbow, theſe few words let fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreſt,
 And ſowe vaine ſorrow in a fruitleſſe care,
 Sith powre of hand, nor ſkill of learned breſt,
 Ne worldly price cannot redeme my deare,
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
 For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
 By ſtrong enchantments, and black Magick leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deep her cloſe embard,
 And many dreadfull fiendſ hath pointed to her gard.

There

17

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflicts with morrall paine,
 Because to yield him loue the doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
 But yet by torture he would her conraine
 Loue to conceiue in her diuaine full brest;
 Till so she doe, shee must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest:
 What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18

With this sad herfall of his heauy stresse,
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond fore,
 And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
 Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
 For, nothing so much pity doth implore,
 As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will (with prooffe of last extremity)
 Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19

Ah! gentlest Knight aliué, said *Scudamore*;
 VVhat huge heroick magnanimitie
 Dwells in thy bountious brest? what could it 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 sought.

20

Thus, shee at length perswaded him to rise,
 And with her wend, to see what new successfe
 Mote him befall vpon new enterprise.
 His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,
 She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardred steed vnto him got:
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,
 Till they arru'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

21

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
 And stoutly came vnto the Casile 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 fore amate)
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
 And stinking Sulphure, that with grieffy hate
 And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22

Greatly therat was *Britomars* dismaid,
 Ne in that stownd wist, how herselfe to beare;
 For, danger vaine it were, to haue assaid
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
 And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus sayd;
 What monstrous enmity prouoke we here,
 Foole-hardy, as th' Earthes children, the which made
 Battell againt the Gods? fo we a God invade.

23

Danger without discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious and beast-like is: therefore, Sir knight,
 Arcad what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.
 This is, quoth he, the dolorous desfight,
 Which carst 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' enchantments, which the same do stay.

24

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leaue me to my former languishing?
 Faire *Amores* must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And *Scudamore* here die with forrowing,
 Purdy not so, said she; for, shamefull thing
 It were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,
 For shew of perill, without venturing:
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disauaunce.

25

There-with, resoly'd to proué her vtmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And (her swords point directing forward right)
 Assaid the flame, the which estoones gauc place,
 And did it (else diuide with equall space,
 That through the passed; as a thunder-bolt
 Pearceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The foring clouds into sad showres ymolte;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26

Whom, when as *Scudamore* saw past the fire,
 Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedie will, and envious desire,
 And bade the stubborne flames to yield him way:
 But cruell *Mulciber* would not obey
 His threatfull pride; but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and his imperious sway
 Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,
 And back retire, all forcht and pittifullly brent.

27

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pass,
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodnesse he effered was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the grasse,
 Did beat and bounse his head and breast full fore:
 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 therich metall lurked priuily,
 As fauning to be hid from envious eye:
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vnbwares
 It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
 Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares (clares.
 Through the greene grasse, his long bright burnisht back de-
 And

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 entreat;
 And eke all Cupids warres they did repeat,
 And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writ, how often thundring Ioue
 Had felt the point of his heart-pearing dart,
 And leaning heauens kingdome, here aid roue
 In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
 Now like a Ram, faire Helie to peruert,
 Now like a Bull, Europa to withdrawe:
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender heart
 Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she sawe
 The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

Soone after that into a golden shoue
 Him selfe he chang'd faire Danaë to view,
 And through the roofof her strong brazen towre
 Did raue into her lap an hony dew,
 The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
 Of such decept, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
 And watcht, that none should enter nor isswe;
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
 When as the god to golden hew him selfe transfard.

Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
 To win faire Leda to his louely tract:
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the mat,
 That her in daffadilies sleeping made,
 From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:
 Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
 And brushing his faire breast, did her innade;
 She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,
 How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

Then shew'd it, how the Thebane Semelee,
 Deceiv'd of icalous Iuno did require
 To see him in his fouraine maiestee,
 Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
 Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
 But faire Alcmena better match did make,
 Ioying his loue in likeness more entire;
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, his pleasures longer to partake.

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
 And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:
 Once when he with Asperië did scape;
 Again, when as the Troiane boy so faire
 He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
 How the rude Shepherds after him did stare,
 Trembling through feare lest down he fallen should,
 And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

In Satyres shape, Antiope he snatcht:
 And like a fire, when he Aegin's affayd:
 A shepheard, when Memolyne he catcht:
 And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd,
 Whiles thus on earth great Ioue these pageants playd,
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
 And scoffing thus vnto his mother sayd,
 Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,
 And take me for their Ioue, whiles Ioue to earth is gone.

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
 Wait there enuouen, and the sad distresse
 In which that boy thee plenged, for despight
 That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnesse,
 When the with Mars was meynt in ioyfulness:
 For-ty he thurld thee with a leaden dart,
 To loue faire Daphné, which thee loued lesse:
 Lesse she thee lov'd, then was thy iust defart;
 Yet wasthy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

So louedst thou the lusty Hyacinth,
 So louedst thou the faire Coronis deare:
 Yet both are of thy haples hand extinct,
 Yet both in flowers do liue, and loue thee beare,
 The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare;
 For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seen
 The god himselfe reuding his golden heare,
 And breaking quite his girland euer greene,
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
 The sonne of Clymené he did repent,
 Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
 Himselfe in the world and peeces fondly rent,
 And all the thowd with flashing fire brent,
 So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
 Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
 Forc't him estoones to follow other game,
 And loue a Shepherds daughter for his dearest Dame.

He loued Iffe for his dearest Dame,
 And for her sake her cattell fed awhile,
 And for her sake a cow-heard vile became,
 The seruant of Admetus cow-heard vile,
 Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
 Long were to tell each other louely fit,
 Now like a Lion, hunting after spoile,
 Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon fit:
 All which in that faire arras was mock liuely writ.

Next vnto him was Neptune pictured,
 In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:
 His face was rugged, and his hoary head
 Droppd with brackish dew; his three-forkt Pyke
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did strike
 The raging billows, that on euery side
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
 That his swift charret might haue passage wyde,
 Which foure great Hippodames did draw in terme-wise tide.

Q

His

His sea-horſes did ſeeme to ſnort amaine,
 And from their noſethrilles blowe the briny ſtream,
 That made the ſparkling waues to ſmoake againe,
 And flame with gold: but the white foamy cream
 Did ſhine with ſiluer, and ſhoot forth his beame.
 The god himſelfe did penſiue ſeem and ſad,
 And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
 For, priuy loue his breafte emperced had;
 Ne ought, but deare *Bifalrin*, 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.
 Alſo to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
 Her turnd him ſelſe into a Dolphin faire;
 And like a winged horſe he tooke his flight,
 To ſnaky-lock *Meduſa* to repaire,
 On whom he got faire *Pegafus*, that ſitteth in the ayre.

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
 That fulllein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
 Yet loue is fulllein, and *Saturne*-like ſecne,
 As he did for *Erigoné* it proue.)
 That to a *Centaure* did him ſelſe tranſmoue.
 So proov' d it eke that gracious god of wine,
 When for to compaſſe *Phylliras* hard loue,
 He turnd him ſelſe into a fruitiull vine,
 And into her faire boſome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous aſſayes,
 And gentle pangs, with which he makéd meeke
 The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke
 For many other Nymphes he fore did ſhreeke;
 With womanifh teares, and with vnwarlike ſmartes,
 Priuily moiſtning his horrid cheek.
 There was he painted full of burning darts,
 And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

Ne did he ſpare (ſo cruell was the Elſe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah why ſhould he ſo!)
 Ne did he ſpare ſometimé to 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 ſpoiles, wherewith he all the ground did ſtrowe,
 More eath to number, with how many eyes
 High heauen beholds ſad louers nightly theeueries.

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,
 Wercheap't together with the vulgar ſort,
 And mingled with the rascal rabblement,
 Without reſpect of perſon or of port,
 To ſhew *Dan Cupids* powe and great effort:
 And round about, a border was entrayld
 Of broken boawes and arrowes ſhinered ſnort,
 And a long bloody riuer through them rayld,
 So liuely and ſo like, that liuing ſenſe it ſayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowne,
 There was an Altar built of precious ſtone,
 Of paſſing valew, and of great renowne,
 On which there ſtood an Image all alone,
 Of maſſie gold, which with his owne light ſhone;
 And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,
 More ſundry colours, then the proud *Paoune*
 Beares in his boated fan, or *Ira* bright, (bright.)
 When her diſcolourd bow ſhe ſpreads through heauen

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fiſt
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he ſhot at randon, when him liſt,
 Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
 (Ah man beware, how thou thoſe darts behold.)
 A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,
 Whoſe hideous taile his left foot did enfold,
 And with a ſhaft was ſhot through eyther 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 fowle Idolatree.
 That wondrous ſight faire *Britomart* amazed,
 Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatiſſie,
 But euer more and more vpon it gazed,
 The whyles ſhe paſſing brightneſſe her fraile ſenſes dazed.

Tho, as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,
 To ſearch eke ſecret of that goodly ſped,
 Ouer the dore thus writen the did ſpye
Be bold: ſhe oft and oft it ouer-read,
 Yet could not finde what ſenſe it figured:
 But what-ſo were therein or writ or ment,
 She was no whit thereby diſcouraged
 From proſecuting of her fiſt intent,
 But forward with bolde ſteps into the next roome went.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
 And richlyer by many parts arrayd:
 For, not with arras made in painfull loome,
 But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,
 Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,
 In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
 A thouſand monſtrous formes therein were made,
 Such as falſe loue doth oft vpon him wear.
 For, loue in thouſand monſtrous formes doth oft appeare.

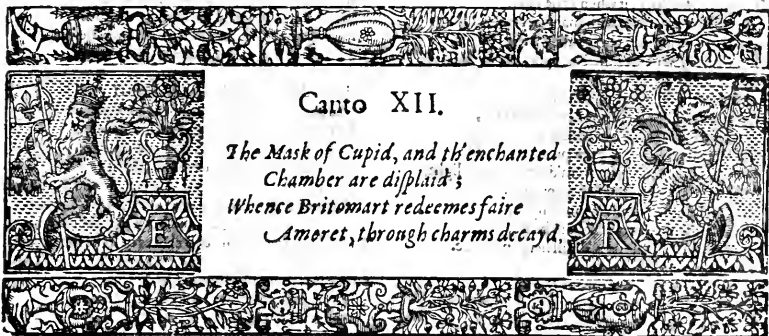
And all about, the gliſtring walles were hong
 With warlike ſpoiles, and with victorious prayes
 Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines ſtrong,
 Which were whilome captiued in their dayes
 To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
 Their ſwords & ſpeares were broke, & hauberques rent;
 And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
 Troden in duſt with fury inſolent,
 To ſhew the Victors might and mercileſſe intent.

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 she meruaile, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
And solenne silence ouer all thair place:
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purueyance, ne them keep with carefulnesse.

54
And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How ouer that same dore was likewise writ
Be bold, Be bold, and euery where *Be bold*;
That much she muzz'd, yet could not construe it

By any riddling skil, or common wit.
At last the spide, at that roomes vpper end,
Another iron dore, on which was writ
Be not too bold, whereto though she did bend
Her carnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

55
Thus there she waited vntill euentide,
Yet liuing creature none she sawe appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hide,
From mortall view, and wrap in darknesse dreare;
Yet n'ould the d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret danger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heauy eyes with Natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her wel-pointed weapons did about her dresse.



1
THo, when as chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faure heauen with an vniuersall cloud,
That euery wight, dismayd with darknesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shroud,
She heard a thrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stard to cruell enmitie,
Expecting cuer, when some foe she might desery.

2
With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull 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
Ensewd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night vnuill the fixt;
Yet the bold Britonnesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

3
All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore:
With which, that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had been tote:

And forth islewd, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haucourt and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4
Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he fowewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a Play,
By liuely actions he gaue bewray
Some argument of matter p. sioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away:
And passing by, his name discovered,
Euse, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5
The noble mayd, still standing, all this viewd,
And meruail'd at his strange inendiment:
With that, a ioyous fellowship islewd
Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bards, and Rymers impudent
All which together sung full cheerefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet concert:
After whom, marcht a ioly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

Q 3

The

6
The whiles a most delicious harmony,
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That th' 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,
Aod 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;
Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
Whom *Loue* 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 womanlike with many a teare,
And euery wood and euery valley wide
He filld with *Hylas* name; the Nymphs eke *Hylas* cride.

8
His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare;
For, still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a winly 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 disguis'd very vaine,
And his embroidered Bonet far awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10
Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote, of strange disguise,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And flet ues dependant *Albanese*-wife:
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did aysie,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrinke, when hard thereon he lay.

11
With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need
Strange horror, to deform his grisly shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was: this *Mitchief*, that *Misthap*:
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 practis'd to entrap:

12
Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow mouing to and fro:
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingy-heel'd;
And euermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gaint whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand vntarmed 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 lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway smyl'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dpt in deawe,
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 purloyn'd, (haire,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds 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 alcaunce;
And euer as *Dissemblance* laugh on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glances;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

16
Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
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 the did appeare,
With ghastrull lookes and dreadfull dreshted;
For, from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismyed Deere in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After

18

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
 He looking lompath and full fulllein sad,
 And hanging dowac his heauy countenance;
 She chearcfull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
 That euill marched paire they seem'd to bee:
 An angry Waspe th'one an viall had:
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee:
 Thus marched theſe fixe couples forth in faire degrec.

19

After all theſe, there marcht a moſt faire Dame,
 Led of two gryſe velleins, th'one *Deſpight*,
 The other cleded *Cruelty* by name:
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
 Cald by ſtrong charmes out of eternal night,
 Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,
 Full of ſad ſignes, fearfull to liuing ſight;
 Yet in that horror ſhe w'd a ſcemly grace,
 And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20

Her breſt all naked, as netiuory,
 Without adorne of gold or ſiluer bright,
 Wherewith the Cractel-man wonts it beautifie,
 Of her dew honour was deſpoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (*O ruefull ſight!*)
 Entrenched deepe with knite accurted keene,
 Yet fiſhly bleeding forth her fainting ſpright
 (*The worke of cruell hand*) was to beſeene,
 That dyde in languered her ſkin all ſnowy cleane.

21

At that wide oriſice, her trembling heart
 Was drawne forth, and in ſiluer baſin layd,
 Quite through tranſixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her bloud yet ſteeming freſh embayd:
 And thoſe two velleins, which her ſteps vplayd,
 When her weake ſeete could ſcarcely her ſuſtaine,
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
 Her forward full with torture did conſtraine,
 And ettermore entrealed her conſuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himſelfe
 Came riding on a Lion raucnous,
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elſe,
 That man and beaſt with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
 His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,
 That his proud ſpoyle of that ſame dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
 Which ſeene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23

Of which full proud, himſelfe vp rearing hyc,
 He looked round about with ſterne didaine;
 And did lurauy 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 lie his colour'd wings twaine,
 That all his many it affraide did make:
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24

Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproache the firſt, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowfull and lame:
Reproache deſpightfull, carcleſſe, and vnkinde;
Shame moſt ill fauour'd, beſtiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* ſight, *Reproache* did ſcoude
Reproache ſharpe ſtings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
 All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confuſed rout
 Of perſons flockt, whoſe names is hard to read:
 Emongſt them was ſterne *Strife*, and *Anger* flout,
 Vnquiet *Care*, and ſond *Enthriſthead*,
 Lewd *Loſſe of Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
 Inconſtant *Change*, and falſe *Diſloyaltie*,
 Conſuming *Riſiſe*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmities*,
 Vile *Pouertie*, and laſtly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whoſe names and natures I n'ote readeen well;
 So many moe, as there be phantaſies
 In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,
 Or paines in loue, or puniſhments in hell;
 And which diſguiſed marcht in maſking wiſe,
 About the chamber with that Damozell,
 And then returned (*hauiug* marcht thrice)
 Into the inner roome, from whence they firſt did riſe.

27

So ſoone as they were in, the dore ſtreight way
 Faſt locked, driuen with that ſtormy blaſt,
 Which firſt it opened; and bore all away,
 Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,
 In ſecret ſhade, and ſawe both firſt and laſt,
 Iſſued forth, and went vnto the dore,
 To enter in, but found it locked faſt:
 It vane ſhe thought with rigorouſ ſpore
 For to efforce, when charmes had cloſed it afore.

28

Where force might not auail, theſe ſleights and art
 She caſt to vie, both fit for hard emprize;
 For-ty, from that ſamer roome not to depart
 Till morrow next, ſhe did her ſelfe auize,
 When that ſame Maſke againe ſhould forth ariſe.
 The morrow next appear'd with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily exerciſe,
 Then ſhe, as morrowe freſh, her ſelfe did reare
 Out of her ſecret ſtand, that day for to out-weare.

29

All that day ſhe out-wore in wandring,
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the ſecond cuening
 Her couered with her ſable veſtiment,
 Wherewith the worlds faire beſtment ſhe hath blent;
 Then when the ſecond watch was almoſt paſt,
 That briden dore ſlew open, and in went
 Bold *Briomart*, as ſhe had late forecaſt,
 Neither of idle ſhewes, nor of falſe charmes aghaſt.

Q 3

52

So soone as she was entred, round about
 She cast her eyes, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which she saw without:
 But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne liuing wight the same in all that roome,
 Sawe that same woeful Lady: both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt round with iron bands,
 Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

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 heart,
 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 charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

Soone as that virgin knight he sawe in place,
 His wicked books in haste he ouerthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface;
 And fiercely running to that Lady drew,
 A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew;
 The which he thought, for villainous despight,
 In her tormented body to embrew:
 But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wreit;
 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,
 Altho the wound were nothing deep imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
 Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
 Demely vnto her called to abstaine,
 From doing him to dy. For, else her paine
 Should be remediless, sith none but hee,
 Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
 Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to see;
 For, life she him enuide, and longd reuenge to see:

And to him sayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed
 For to huge mischief, and vile villany,
 Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
 Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
 But if that thou this Dame doe presently
 Restore vnto her health, and former state;
 This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
 He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlook
 Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuearce;
 Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He read, and meaur'd many a sad verse,
 That horror gan the virgins heart to perce,
 And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him thole same bloody lines rehearce;
 And all the while he read, she did extend
 Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

And she gan perceine the house to quake,
 And all the doores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
 Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangers dout;
 But still with stedfast 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 heart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:
 And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,
 Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;
 And euery part to safety full found,
 As he were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd.
 Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
 And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
 Saying: Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
 Can wretched Lady, quit from woeful state,
 Yield you in liue of this your gracious deed?
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 Euen immortal praise, and glory wide,
 Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notiside,
 And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

But *Britomart*, vprearing her from ground,
 Sayd, 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 Ladv comfort to you take,
 And put away remembrance of late teene;
 In stead therof knowe, that your louing Make
 Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
 Vpon th' enchaunter, which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
 He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and woe.

42

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst
 She saw so rich and royally arrayd,
 Now vanisht vtterly, and cleane subuerst
 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 enuers wont so cruelly to scorch.

43

More easie islew now, then entrance late
 She found : for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
 Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,
 And passage bard to all, that thither came,
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.
 Th' Enchunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
 To haue efforc't the loue of that faire lats,
 Seeing his work now wasted, deepe engrieued was.

44

But when the Victoreffe arriued there,
 Where late she left the pensiue *Scudamore*
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
 Neither of them the found where she them lore.
 Thereat her noble heart was stonish't fore ;
 But most faire *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
 Conceiued had, to see her owne deare knight,
 Being therof begnyl'd wasild with new affright.

45

But he sad man, when he had long in dreed
 Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
 Yet sawe her not nor signe of her good speed,
 His expectation to despair did turne,
 Misdecming sure that her those flames did burne;
 And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
 Who her deare nourlings lasse no lesse did mourne,
 Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

The end of the third Booke.

Q 4

A



A Vision upon this concept of the Faerie

QUEENE.

ME thought I sawe the Graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene:
At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene.
For, they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion 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 griefe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiefe.

Another of the same.

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin,
If thou hast Beauty prayd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temp'rance her dew,
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore
About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse aud fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill,
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuce.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

Collin, I see by thy new taken taskes,
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That teades thy *Muse* in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes,
That lists thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,
So like the luely Lark that mounting sings.

Thy louely *Rosalinde* seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pypes in scorne;
those pretty 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 eart with thy sweet roundelayes,
dilst stirre to glee our lades in homely bowers:
So mougest thou now in these refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And so mougest they in their deepe scanning skill
Allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:
Enfusing, by those beauties siers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mougt thy *Redcrosse* knight with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost wale in type of Faery land,
Elyza's blessed field, that Albion hight:
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty floues.

But (iolly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,
thou feast the humour of the courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through eny or disdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Emprying spright,
From whence thy *Muse*, and all the world takes light.

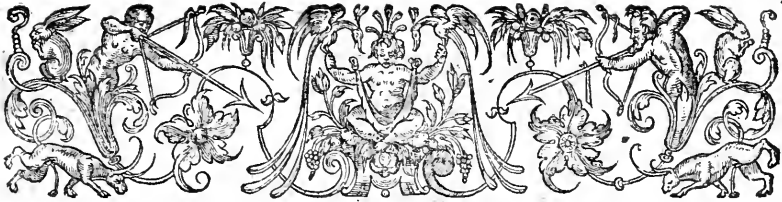
Hobyroll.

THE
SECOND
PART OF THE

WARRIORS

OF
THE
MOUNTAINS

THE
MOUNTAINS
OF
THE
WARRIORS



THE FOVRTH BOOK OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of CAMBEL & TELAMOND,

OR

Of Friendship.



¹
He rugged forehead, that with graue foresight
Witelds 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 allurements of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poems weeds to haue their fancies fed.

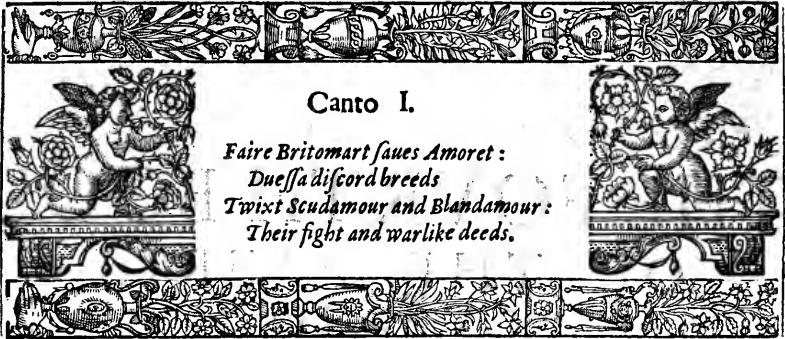
²
Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:
For-*thy* they ought not thing vnknowne reprocue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.
For, it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortal blifs,
The meed of them that loue, and do not lue amifs.

³
Which who so list look backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And braue exploits which great Heröes wonne,

In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witness the father of Philosophie,
Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full many lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke Censours cannot well deny.

⁴
To such therefore I doe not sing at all;
But to that sacred *Saint* my loueraigne Queene,
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her sexe that cuer yet was seene;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
And best is lov'd of all aliu I weene:
To her, this song most fitly is adrest,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

⁵
Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou drad infant, *Venus* dearling done,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awefull *Mistie* remoue:
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweet smyling mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,
That she may hearken to loue, and reade this lesson often.



Canto I.

*Faire Britomart saues Amoret :
Duesse discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :
Their fight and warlike deeds.*

Flowers sad calamities of old,
Full many piteous stories do remaine:
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Flormels* vnworthy paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My loosened heart so forely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pitie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had been writ.

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twenty knights, that did him all assay:
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
And with great glory both the shield of loue,
And eke the Lady selfe he brought away;
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknownen mischiefed did from him remoue.

For, that same vile Enchaunter *Busfran*,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Maske of loue which late was shouen:
And there the Lady ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in Maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknownen.

Seauen months he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
Rel eased her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did keue.
And now she is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wife, that could deserue
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonour of so faire a prey.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diuerse vsage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Left she with blame her honour should attain,
Th'it every word did tremble as the spake,
And eury looke was coy, and wondrous quaint;
And eury 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 liues 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 dealth:
Nathlesse her honour, dearer then her life,
She fought to saue, as thing refer'd from stealth;
Dre had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded minde, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtful to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to ghesse:
For, other whiles to her she purpose made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she fear'd his mind would growe 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 dishonor,
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one evening, that they came
 Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
 VVhere many a Knight, and many a louely Dame
 VVas then assembled, deedes of armes to see:
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
 That many of them mou'd to eye her fore.
 The custome of that place was such, that hee
 Which had no Loue nor Lemman there in store,
 Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
 Who beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
 And offered that to iustifie alowd.
 The war-like Virgine, seeing his so proud
 And boastfull challenge, waxed inly wroth,
 But for the present did her anger shrowd;
 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 giusted;
 But that same younker soone was over-throwne,
 And made repent, that he had rashly iusted
 For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
 Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
 She that no lesse was courteous and stout,
 Cast how to saluē, that both the custome shoune
 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:
 Whom she requir'd, that first faire *Amoret*
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,
 That did her win, and free from challenge set:
 Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
 Then sith that strange Knights loue from him was
 She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,
 He as a Knight might iustly be admitted:
 So none should be out-flur, sith all of Loues were fitted.

With that, her glistering helmet sice 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 seemes in common peoples sight.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And every one gan growe in secret dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit.
 Some thought, that some enchantment fained it;
 Some, that *Bellona* in that war-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 overcommen, 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 afford,
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found night full assurance theatre.

Where, all that night they of their Loues did treat,
 And hard adventures twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great,
 And grieue-full pittie priuately be-mone.
 The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* thone,
 They both vp-rode, 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 pase,
 And each of them had riding by his side
 A Lady, seeming in so faire 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 lidden were,
 That more to none but to the wary wife appeare.

The one of them, the false *Duesse* a hight,
 That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
 For, she could d'on to many shapēs in sight,
 As euer could Chameleon colours new;
 So could she forge all colours, laue 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 offensive vnto each degree.

Her name was *Atē*, mother of debate,
 And all diffension, which doth daily growe
 Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
 And many a prinate oft doth over-throwe.
 Her, false *Duesse*, 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 sprights,
 Where she in darknes waites her curled 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 amiss:
 It is a darksome delue faire vnder ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes enuirowd 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.

R.

And

21
And all within, the riuen walles were hung,
VVith ragged monuments of times fore-past;
All which, the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent roabes, and broken scepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Disshiuered speares, and shields yorne in twaine,
Great Cities ranfact, and strong Castles ras't,
Nations captiued, and huge armies flaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22
There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden Apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire Goddesse did strue:
There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes sive,
Which shar'd to them the spoyles that he had got aliue.

23
And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many *Centaur*s drunken foules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
That each of life fought others to depriue,
All mindlesse of the Golden-sheece, which made the strue.

24
And eke of priuate persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friendes, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnatural;
Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bands there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The monuments whereof there by ding beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and Greene.

25
Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which shee her selfe had sowne all about,
Now growen great, at first of little feedes,
The feedes of euill words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripenesse due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentions iarre,
The which most often end in bloud-shed and in warre.

26
And those same cursed feedes doe also serue
To her for bread, and yield her liuing food:
For, life it is to her, when others sterue
Through mischieuous debate, and deadly food,
That shee may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been 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, vnmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim 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 discided,
That neuer thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

28
Als as shee 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 fort,
That still are led with euery light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both 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 puist away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And fought to bring all things vnto decay;
VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours 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 she 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 she tride,
Vnto his last confusion to bring,
And th' great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31
Such was that hag, which with *Duess*a rode;
And seru'ng her in her malicious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her bande,
To sell her borrowed beauty to abuse.
For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As fresh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce
Shee was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32
Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chiuallrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did defry
His sickle mind full of inconstancie.
And now himselfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse *Duess*a, and false *Paridell*,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell,

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
 From farre elpide the famous *Eritomart*,
 Like knight adventurous in outward view,
 With his faire Paragon (his conquests part)
 Approching nigh, estoones his wanton hart
 Was tickled with delight, and ietling said;
 Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your deſart,
 Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,
 For pity that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
 Whom when as *Paridell* more plain beheld,
 Albe in hart he like affection found,
 Yet nindfull how he late by one was ſeld,
 That did those armes and that ſame ſcutchion weld,
 He had ſmall luſt to buy his Loue ſo deare:
 But anſwerd, Sir, him wife I neuer held,
 That hauing once eſcaped perill neare,
 VVould afterwards aſreth the ſpeering euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might
 I did aſſay, that me nigh dearly coſt;
 Ne liſt I for revenge prouoke new fight,
 Ne for light Ladies loue, that ſoone is loſt.
 The hot-ſpurre youth ſo ſcorning to be croſt,
 Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
 And I without your perill or your coſt,
 Will challenge yond ſame other for my fee:
 So forth he fiercely pricketh, that one him ſcaree could ſee.

The warlike *Britameſſe* her loone addreſt,
 And with ſuch vncouth welcome did receaue
 Her fayned *Paramour*, her forced gueſt,
 That beeing forc't his ſaddle ſoone to leaue,
 Himſelfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:
 And made himſelfe th'enſlame of his folly.
 VVhich done, ſhe paſſed forth not taking leaue,
 And left him now as ſad, as whilome iolly,
 VVell warned 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 vnable once to weld,
 They reared him on horſe-back, and vp-ſtayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
 And all the way with wondrous griefe of mind
 And ſhame, hee ſhew'd himſelfe to be diſmayd,
 More for the Loue which he had left behind,
 Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* reſign'd.

Nath'leſſe, he forth did march well as he might,
 And made good ſemblance to his company,
 Diſſembling his diſeaſe and cuill plight;
 Till that ere long they chaunced to eſpy
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply
 With ſpeedy courſe, as bent to charge them new.
 VVhom, when as *Blandamour*, approaching nie,
 Percei'd to be ſuch as they ſeem'd in view,
 Hee was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For, th'one of them he perfectly deſcride
 To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
 The God of Loue, with wings diſplayed wide;
 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 grieved him full ſore,
 That through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now vnable was to wreake his old deſpight.

For-ty, he thus to *Paridell* beſpake,
 Faire Sir, of friendſhip let me now you pray,
 That as I late adventured for your ſake,
 The hurts whereof me now from battell ſtay,
 Yee will me now with like good turne repay,
 And iuſtifie my cauſe on yonder Knight.
 Ah Sir! ſaid *Paridell*, doe not diſmay
 Your ſelfe for this; my ſelfe will for you fight,
 As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

VVith that, he put his ſpurres vnto his ſteed,
 With ſpeare in reſt, and toward him did fare,
 Like ſhaft out of a boaw preuenting ſpeed.
 But *Scudamour* was ſhortly well aware
 Of his approche, and gan himſelfe prepare
 Him to receiue with entertainment meet.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe vnder their horſes feete,
 That what of them became, themſelues did ſcarceely weete.

As when two billowes in the Irith ſowndes,
 Forcibly driuen with contrary tydes,
 Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes
 VVith roaring rage; and daſhing on all ſides,
 That filleth all the ſea with ſome, diuides
 The doubtfull current into diuers waies:
 So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prides;
 But *Scudamour* himſelfe did ſoone vp-riſe,
 And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraiſe.

Who, rolled on an heape, lay ſtill in ſwound,
 All careleſſe of his taunt and bitter rail:
 Till that the reſt him ſeeing lyc on ground,
 Ran haſtily, to weet what did him ayle.
 Where, finding that the breath gan him to faille,
 With buſſe care they ſtroue him to awake,
 And doſt his helmet, and vndid his mail:
 So much they did, that at the laſt they braike
 His lumber, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

Which when-as *Blandamour* beheld, he ſaid,
 Falſe faitour *Scudamour*, that haſt by flight
 And foule advantage this good knight diſmaid,
 A knight much better then thy ſelfe beight;
 Well ſalles 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 weakned, then thou dooſt him over-ronne:
 So haſt thou to thy ſelfe falſe honour often wonne.

R. 2.

Hee

45
 Hæ little answer'd, but in manly hart
 His mighty indignation did forbear;
 Which was not yet to secret, but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
 Like as a gloomy clowd, the which doth beare
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
 Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
 But that it all the sky doth over-caft
 With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to waft.

46
 Ah! gentle knight, then false *Duessa* said,
 VWhy doe ye striue for Ladies loue to fore,
 Whole chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
 That she your Loue list loue another knight,
 Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;
 For, loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

47
 So false *Duessa*: but viler *Ate* thus;
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That strue and storme with firre out-rageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loues another, with whom now she go'th
 In lovely wise, and sleeper, and sports, and playes;
 Whil'ft both you here with many a curse oth,
 Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloody frayes,
 To win a Willow-bough, whil'ft other wears the Bayes.

48
 Vile hag, sayd *Scudamore*, why doost thou lyc?
 And falsly seek'it a vertuous wight to shame?
 Fond Knight, said shee, the thing that with this eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
 Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,
 Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who-so it heares.
 I saw, quoth she, a stranger Knight, whose name
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

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 fill,
 All many nights, and many by in place,
 That present were to testifie the case,
 Which when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart
 Was thrild with inward grieffe, as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a Stag with shiuering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

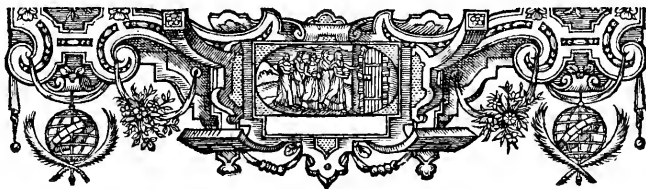
50
 So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
 Ne word he had to speake for great difmay,
 But looke on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard
 Of out-rage for the words which she heard say,
 Albe vntue she wist them by assay.
 But *Blandamour*, when-as he did espy
 His change of cheare, that anguish did bewray,
 He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

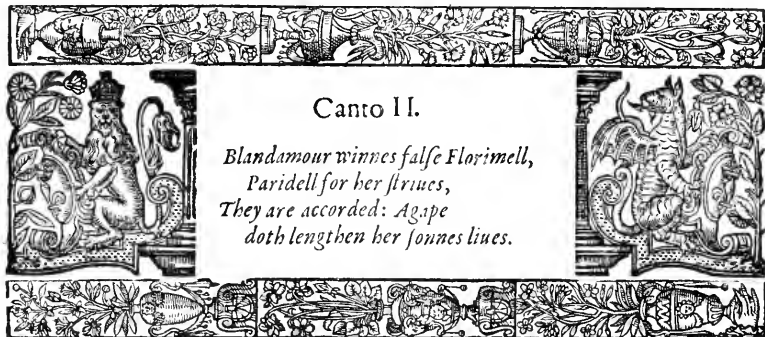
51
 Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost stend,
 And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.
 Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Duessa* cryde,
 Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;
 Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defide.

52
 But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)
 Staid not to aunlwer, (scarcely did retrace,
 But that in all those knights and Ladies sight,
 He for reuenge had guilelesse *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 me Loue this foule despight?
 Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

53
 Discourteous, disloyal *Britomart*,
 Vntue to God, and vnto man vnaint,
 VWhat vengeance due can equall thy defart,
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 Let vgly shame, and endlesse infamy
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
 Yet thou false Squire his fault thalt deare aby,
 And with thy punishment his penance thalt supply.

54
 The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
 Was dead with feare: nath'lesse as need required,
 His flaming furie fought to haue awaged
 VWith sober words, that sufferance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expired:
 And euermore lought *Britomart* to cleare.
 But he the more with furious rage was fired,
 And thrice his hand to kill her did vpreare,
 And thrice he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.





Canto II.

*Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her struics,
They are accorded: As a pe
doth lengthen her Iounes liues.*

Firebrand of Hell, first tynd in *Phlegeton*,
By thousand Furies, & from thence out-thrown
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And let it all on fire (by force vnkown)
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks, once blowne,
None but a God, or god-like man can flake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of *Greece*, did take
His siluer Harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly nores, that did all other pals,
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.
Such musick is wise words with time conected,
To moderate stiffe mindes, dispos'd to struie:
Such as that prudent *Romane* well invented,
What time his people into parts did riuie,
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vs'd wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule despight,
And *Paridell* her scorn'd, and let at nought,
And old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they vnwife, and warelesse of the euill,
That by themselves, vnto themselves is wrought,
Through that false Witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delights
It was to meet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadochio* 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 weft.

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting, as the waucring wind,
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)
Beheld, eifoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent:
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since to good Fortune doth to you present
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall
Of the bad illue of his counsell vaine,
List not to harke, but made this faire denial;
Last turne was mine, well proued to my paine:
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.
Whole coffe I words he taking halie in scorne,
Fiercely forth prekt his steed, as in *disdaine*
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

Who, with the suddaine stroke astonisht fore,
Vpon the ground awhile in slumber lay;
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,
And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpray:
Lo, sluggish Knight, the Victors happy pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
Seeing so faire indeed (as he did say)
His hart with secreet envy gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had spied so well.

Nath'lesse, proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Hauing to peercesse paragon ygot:
For, sure the fairest *Florimell* him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
Whose like ahuo on earth he leuened not:
Therefore he her did court, did terue, did wooe,
With humble fit suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuse, and all things doo,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

9
 Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And such fond fauours sparingly dispenc't:
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy lookes tempering with loose dalliance;
 Some-times estranging him in ferner wife,
 That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,
 Hec seemed brought to bed in Paradise, (wife.
 And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what hee 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 allouements wylie draft,
 Had thousand women of their loue beaft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for, that false spright,
 Which that same Witch had in this forme engraft,
 Was so expert in euery subtil flight,
 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't in sole felicitie:
 So blind is lust, false colours to decry.
 But *Ate* loone discouering his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,
 Did prinly put coales vnto his secret fire.

12
 By sundry meanes there-to the prickt him forth;
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
 And euer when his passion is allayd,
 She it reuiues, and new occasion reaches:
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 Hee mad him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd:

13
 Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
 The open wrongs thou doost mee day by day;
 Well know'it thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
 The couenaunt was, that euery spoyle or pray
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs tway:
 Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
 VWhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
 Render therefore therein to me my 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 sayrest flowre
 Would'it gather faine, and yet no paines would'it take:
 But not so easie will I her forsake:
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
 With that, they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
 Forgetfull each to haue been euer others friend.

15
 Their fiery steeds, with fo vntamed force,
 Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
 That both their speares with pittiflesse remorse,
 Through shield and maile, and haberjeon did wend,
 And in their flesh a grieufully passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret,
 Each other horse and man to ground did send;
 VWhere lying still awhile, both did forget
 The perillous present ffound, in which their liues were set:

16
 As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
 VWith murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Doe meet together on the watry lea,
 They stemme each other with fo fell despight,
 That with the shock of their owne heedlesse might,
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh afunder:
 They which from thore behold the dreadful fight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnvonted wonder.

17
 At length, they both vpstart in amaze;
 As men awak'd rashly out of dreame,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that *Florimell* did seeme,
 In doubt to whom the victory should deeme,
 There-with their dulled sprights they edg'd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad malhiffes, 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 bloud did raine
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
 And all their armours staine'd with bloody gore:
 Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;
 So mortall was their malice and so fore,
 Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

19
 And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
 Was 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 Honour of their loue,
 And rather die then Ladies cause release.
 With which vaine termes 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;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weed the cause of their debate:
 And first, layd on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke t'appeare their deadly hate,
 But gaz'd on their harmes, no pittying their estate.

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 fo be broken,
 Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
 Yet he to them fo earnestly did call,
 And them coniu'r'd by some well known token,
 That they at last, their wrathfull hands let fall,
 Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see :
 They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*.
 Ah ! gentle knights, quoth he, how may that bee,
 And she so farre astray, as none can tell.
 Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,
 Seest not the Lady there before thy face ?
 Hee looked backe, and her awising well,
 VVend as he said, by that her outward grace,
 That fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight
 (For, none aliu'e but ioy'd in *Florimell*)
 And lowly to her louing, thus behight :
 Fairest of faire, that faireness doost excell,
 This happy day I haue to greet you well,
 In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
 Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell ;
 Long may you liue in health and happy state.
 Shee little aniu'er'd him, but lightly did aggregate.

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew ;
 And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
 That for this Lady present in your view,
 Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,
 Certes (mee seemes) been 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.

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance sterne,
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
 Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
 That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take.
 Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
 Heerein, as thus : It lately fo befell,
 That *Satyrae* a girdle did vp-take,
 VVell knowne to appertaine to *Florimell* ;
 Which for her sake he wore, as him besetmed well.

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 enuies sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaimed each where
 A Solemne feast, with publique turneyng,
 To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

And of them all, shee 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 the herselfe is now your ward,
 To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
 Against all those that challenge it to gird,
 And sue her honour with your ventrous paines ;
 That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

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 allwage.
 Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thence-forth to ioyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as their protested sone,
 That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, liue they alone.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
 In friendly sort, that lasted 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, vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

Thus, as they marched all in close diuise
 Of fained loue, they chaunc't to ouer-take
 Two knights, that linked rode in louely wise,
 As if they secret counsels did partake ;
 And each not farre behind him had his Make,
 To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
 That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
 Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
 The which with speedie pace did after them pursue.

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,
 Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
 They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand
 What mote they be : who viewing them more neare
 Returned ready newes, that those same were
 Two of the prowrest Knights in Faery lond ;
 And those two Ladies their two Louers deare,
 Courageous *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
 With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in louely bond.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,
 Those two were foes, the fellest on ground,
 And battell made, the draddest dangerous
 That euer shrilling trumpet did rebound ;
 Though now their acts be no where to be found,
 As that renowned Poet them compiled,
 VVith warlike numbers, and Heroick found,
 Dan *Chaucer* (Well of English vndeiled)
 On Fumes eternall bead-roll worthy to be filed.

33
But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noble wits to nought out-weare,
That famous monument hath quite defac't,
And robd the world of threasure endlles deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O curd Eld! the canker-worme of wits;
How may these rimes (so rude as doth appeare)
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

34
Then pardon, ô most sacred happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,
And steale from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durst euer whilst thou wast aliue,
And becing dead; in vaine yet many strue:
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 so I may the rather meet.

35
Cambelloes sister was faire *Canacee*,
That was the learnedst Lady in her dayes,
Well seene in euery Science that mote bee,
And euery secret worke of Natures wayes,
In witty riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds:
And (that augmented all her other praye)
Shee modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights & Lords.

36
Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet sic 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 stay'd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes afraid.

37
So much the more as she refus'd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and fought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her Louers and great quarrels wrought:
That oft for her in bleedie armes they fought.
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was stout and wise)
Perceiu'd would breed great mischief, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38
One day, when all that troupe of war-like wooers
Assembled were, to weat whose shee should bee;
All mightie men, and dreadfull derring doers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,
That with himselfe should combat for her 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,
Approued off in perils manifold,
Which hee atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happy speed,
Conceiu'd by a ring, which thee him sent;
That amongst the many vertues (which we need)
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40
Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthfully roue so much appall,
That none of them durst vndertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of Loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vnertaine by such outward fight
(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 *Agapé*, 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 lo stout a knight;
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:
On horse-backe vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horie and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax vsed *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 deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that root that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44
Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which stee by art could vie vnto her will,
And to her feruice bind each liuing creature,
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
There-to shee was right faire, when-so her face
Shee list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she (as Feyes are wont) in priuy place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forsets wild to space.

There

45
 There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
 Did by great fortune get of her the fight,
 As shee late carelesly by a crytall flood,
 Combing her golden lockes, as seem'd her good:
 And vnwares vpon her laying hold,
 That troue in vaine hum long to haue withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) (bold)
 Got the three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46
 VWhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
 They loued armes, and knight-hood did ensue,
 Seeking adventures where they any knew.
 Which when their mother law, she gan to doubt
 Their safetie; least by learning dangers new,
 And rash prouoking perils all about,
 Their daes more be abridged throug their courage stout.

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 three fatall Sisters house she went.
 Faire vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
 Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyssi*,
 Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
 Faire from the view of Gods and heaueus blifs,
 The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48
 There shee them found, all sitting round about
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid;
 And with vnwearing fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
 Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
 By grisly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
 That cruell *Atropos* estfoones vnhid,
 With curled knife cutting the twitt in twaine:
 Most wretched me, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine!

49
 Shee them saluting, there by them late still,
 Echolding how the thrids of life they span:
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in hurt, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of coming thee to tell began.
 To whom, fierce *Atropos*, Bold *Fay*, that durst
 Come see the secret of the life of Man,
 VVell worthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,
 And eke thy childrens thrids to be afinder burst.

50
 Where-at the fore affrayd, yet her besought
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That the might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
 And know the measure of their vmoost date,
 To them ordained by eternall Fate.
 Which *Clotho* granning, shewed her the same:
 That when thee saw, it did her much amate,
 To see their thrids to thin, as spydys frame,
 And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came,

51
 She then began them humbly to intreate
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so their liues might be prolonged late.
 But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
 And sayd, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine
 As of humane, that they may alred bee,
 And chang'd at pleasure for those Impes of thine.
 Nor so: for, what the Fates doe once decree,
 Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himselfe can free.

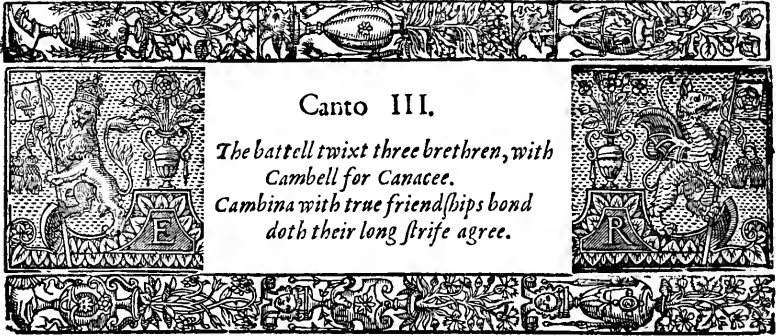
52
 Then sith, quoth she, the tearme of each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Estfoones his life may passe into the next:
 And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their liues may likewise be annex
 Vnto the thrid, that his may so be trebly wext.

53
 They graunted it; and then that careful *Fay*
 Departed thence with full contented mind;
 And coming home, in warlike fresh array
 Them found all three 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 shee fit time could find,
 She 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 ioyned all:
 Vpon which ground t'is same great battell grew
 (Great matter growing of beginning surle;)
 The which for length I will not here peruse,
 But rather will referre it for a Canto new.

Canto





Canto III.

*The battell twixt three brethren, with
Cambell for Canacee.
Cambina with true friendships bond
doth their long strife agree.*

Why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes vnto the vsmost date,
And doe not rather with them soone expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the Maine,
That eury howre they knock at Deathes gate?
And hee that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whil'ft 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;
Ne more renowned for their cheualrie:
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright.
That day (the dreddest day that liuing wight
Did euer lecpou this world to shine)
So soone as heauens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preafe of people farre away;
And at th'one side six Iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deeds of armes that day:
And on the other side, in fresh array,
Faيرة *Canacee* vpon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthy wage,
That could her purchase with his liues adventur'd gage.

Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,
In braue array, and goodly amenunce,
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 clarions sweetly playd.

Which doen, the doughty Challenger came forth,
All arm'd to poynt his challenge to abet;
Gainst whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,
And equall armes himselve did forward set.
A trumpet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Carlesse of perill in their fierce affret,
As if that life to losse they had forlent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And thoroughly skild in vse of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* 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
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare:
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainly by did flyde.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vn lucky giance,
Through *Cambells* shoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disaduaunce:
Much was hee grieued with that gracelesse chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhance
His haughty courage to auengement fell: (swell.
Smart daunts; not mightie harts, but makes them more to
With

9
 With that, his poynant speare he fierce averted,
 With doubled force clofe 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'ote right vp-reare,
 But to and fro in great amazement reeld,
 Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is seare,
 At puffed at euery storme doth stagger here 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, whilst he fought by slight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
 And left the head behind: with which despight
 Hee all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

11
 Lo faitour, there thy meede 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 forgieue the det.
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
 And passing forth with furious affret,
 Peare't through his beuer quite into his brow,
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12
 There-with asunder in the midst it brast,
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
 Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely rest:
 And with such fury back at him it heft,
 That making way vnto his dearest life,
 His wealand 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, assoyld from fleshy band,
 Did not (as others wont) directly fly
 Vnto her rest in *Plutoes* grieu'd land;
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne changed was into a starre in sky:
 But through tradition was estoones deniued,
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
 Into his other brethren, that suruiued;
 In whom he shu'd anew, of former life depriued.

14
 Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though sad and tory for so heauy sight,
 Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:
 But rather stud to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rusht fiercely 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
 With that, they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each meant other to deuoure;
 And with their axes both so forcibly 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 asunder,
 Whilst it through their rifts the ruddy bloud did showre,
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
 That filld the lookers on a lictence with ruth and wonder.

16
 As when two Tigers prickt with hungers rage,
 Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to asuage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the toyle,
 But either sleignes 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 fo good wariment
 Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
 That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
 Till *Diamond*, disleigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune waueing 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,
 Where it was meant (so deadly was it ment)
 The foule had sure out of his body nu'd,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent.
 But *Cambells* fate that fortune did prevent:
 For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd a stide,
 And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
 Who, misting of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did slide.

19
 As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,
 Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
 The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,
 His dreadfull soule avoydes, it thumping light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
 That with the weight of his owne wecdieffe might,
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

20
 Which faire adventure when *Cambello* spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover,
 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 pittious spectacle beheld,
 VVere much amaz'd the head-lesse trunk to see
 Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
 VVnweeing of the Fates diuine decree,
 For lifes succession in those brethren three.
 For, notwithstanding that one foule was rest,
 Yct had the body not dismembred bee,
 It would haue liued, and reuiued eſt;
 But, finding no fit ſeate, the liſe-lesse corſe it left.

22

It left; but that ſame foule which therein dwelt,
 Straight entring into *Triamond*, him ſild
 With double liſe, and grief; which when he felt,
 As one whoſe inner parts had been ythrild
 With poyn of ſteel, that cloſe his hart-bloud ſpild,
 He lightly 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 benee,
 Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
 But had ye then him forth aduancing ſeene,
 Some new-borne wight ye would him ſurely weene:
 So freſh he ſeemed, and ſo fierce in fight;
 Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene
 Hath worne to nought, now feeling 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 bloud to fall, but did reſtore
 His weakned powers, and dull'd 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 equall coſt?
 Three ſuch as able were to match a piſſant hoſt.

25

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
 Ne deſperate of glorious victory,
 But ſharply him aſſayld, and fore beſted,
 VVith heapes of ſtroakes, which he at him let fly,
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the ſky:
 He ſtrooke, he ſoult, he ſoynd, 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 daſht.

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:
 VVhich when for want of breath gan to abate,
 He then aſreſh, with new encouragement,
 Did him aſſaile, and mightily amate,
 As faſt as forward caſt, now backward to retrate.

27

Like as the tyde that comes fro th'Ocean maine,
 Floues vp the Shenan with contrary force,
 And over-ruling him in his owne raine,
 Driues backe the current of his kindly courſe,
 And makes it ſeeme to haue ſome other ſourſe:
 But when the flood is ſpent, then backe againe
 His borrowed waters forc't to rediſbourſe,
 He ſends the ſea his owne with double game,
 And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28

Thus did the battell vary to and fro,
 VVith diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
 Now this the better had, now had his foe;
 Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemed;
 Yet Victors both themſelues alwaies eſteemed.
 And all the while, the diſentrayled bloud
 Adowne their ſides like little riuers ſtremed:
 That with the waſhing of his vitall flood,
 Sir *Triamond* at laſt, full faint and feeble ſtood.

29

But *Cambell* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his bloud to waſte, ne powres emperifht,
 Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
 Still when as he enfeebled was, him cheriſht,
 And all his wounds, and all his brufes guarifht:
 Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
 Is often ſeene full freſhly to haue flouriſht,
 And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
 As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the foyle.

30

Through which advantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
 And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
 That through the ſeame, which did his hauberk cloſe,
 Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
 That downe he fell, as dead in all mens fight:
 Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
 As all men doe, that loſe the liuing ſpight:
 So did one foule out of his body fly
 Vnto her natie home, from mortall miſery.

31

But natheleſſe, whilſt all the lookers on
 Him dead beſight, as he to all appear'd,
 All vnwares he ſtarted vp anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame benee rear'd,
 And freſh aſſayld his foe; who halfe affeard
 Of th'vncouth ſight, as hee ſome gholt had ſeene,
 Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard;
 Till hauing often by him ſtriken benee,
 He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue himſelfe from teene.

32

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
 As one in feare the *Stygian* gods t'offend,
 Ne follow'd on ſo faſt, but rather fought
 Himſelfe to ſaue, and danger to defend,
 Then liſe and labour both in vaine to ſpend.
 Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weneed ſure
 He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
 And that he ſhould not long on foote endure;
 A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

Whereof full blithe, estoones his mighty hand
 He heau'd on high, in mind with that same blowe
 To make an end of all that did withstand :
 Which *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slowe
 Him selfe to faue from that so deadly throwe ;
 And at that instant reaching forth his sword
 Close vnderneath his shield, that fource did shoue,
 Strook him, as he his hand to strike vp-reard,
 In th'arm-pit full, that through both sides the woūd appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his waie,
 And falling heauy on *Cambelloes* crest,
 Strooke him so hugely, that in wounde he lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound impreft :
 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 breft.
 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 weneed sure the warre was at an end,
 And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
 Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend ;
 And *Canacee* gan wayle her dearest friend.
 All suddenly they both vpstart light,
 The one out of the swound, which him did blend,
 The other breathing now another spright,
 And fiercely each aslayling, gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
 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 in selfe seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

Whil' it thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
 Vnture to whether side it woul' incline,
 And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
 Stood gazing, filled were with ruefull tine,
 And secret feare to see their fatal fine ;
 All suddenly they heard a troublous noyse,
 That seem'd some perillous tumult to define,
 Confus'd with wondrous cries, and shouts of boyes,
 Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
 To weetee what that sudden clamour meant ;
 Lo, where they spide with speedy whirling pace,
 One in a charet of strange furniment,
 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 powre all others did excell ;
 Now made forget their former cruell mood,
 T'obey their riders heft, as seemed good.
 And therein fate a Lady passing faire
 And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
 And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
 Whether of them in her shoul'd haue the greater share.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
 And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,
 Hauing therein been trayned many a yeare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she farre exceld all other.
 Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,
 Of th'euill plight, in which her dearest brother
 Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
 And pacifed the strife, which could fo deadly smart.

And as she passed through th'vnruy preace
 Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
 Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
 For haste did ouer-runne, in dust enrould ;
 That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
 Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
 And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
 About the which two Serpens weren wound,
 Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
 And by the tayles together firmly bound,
 And both were with one olone 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 hild,
 The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vp-fill'd.

Nepenthe is a drink of soueraigne grace,
 Denized by the gods, for to assuage
 Hearts grieffe, and bitter gall away to chase,
 Which stirs vp anguish and contentions rage :
 In stead therof, sweet peace and quiet age
 It doth establish in the troubled mind.
 Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the gods to drink thereof allynd ;
 But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do finde.

Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,
 As *Ioue* will haue aduanced to the skie,
 And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
 For their high merits and great dignity,
 Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
 To drinke hereof ; whereby, all cares forepaft
 Are washt away quite from their memory.
 So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
 Before that they in blis amongst the gods were plac't.

45

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,
Describ'd by that famous *Tuscan* penne:
For, that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:
But this doth hatred 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 raile;
Which streight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Couch she gan auaile,
And passing fairely forth did bid All haile,
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quail:
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue r'appeare.

47

They lightly her requit (for, small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And est then turned both againe to fight.
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloody Plaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine
From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke)
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

48

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunk an hearty 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 kissed glad,
And louely haulit from feare of treason fire,
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so 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 *Canacee* beheld,
In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weete 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,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And entertaining her with cur'ties meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

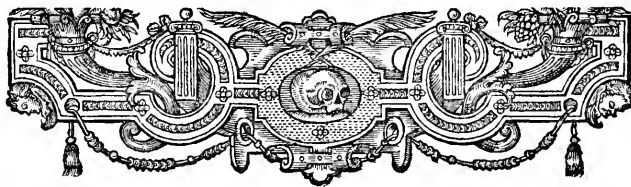
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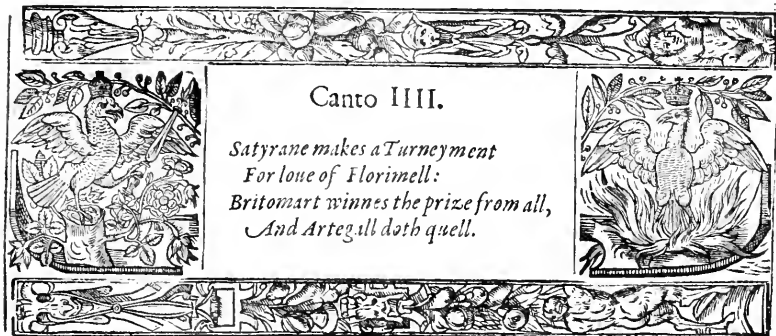
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome cheere.
Those warlike Champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
And wife *Cambina*, taking by her side
Faire *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

52

Where making ioyous feasts their dayes they spent
In perfect loue, deuoid of hatefull strife
Allside with bands of mutuall complement;
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And *Cambel* took *Cambina* to his sure,
The which as life were each to other life.
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That since their daies such louers were not found elsewhere.

Canto





Canto III.

*Satyrane makes a Turneyent
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.*

T often fals (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friends;
And friends profest, are chang'd to foe-men fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depēds;
And th'en 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 seeds.

That well (me seemes) appears, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Sur'd vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by courie befalls me here to tell:
Who, hating those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deseride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

Who, backe 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 thrd by his discordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approaching, he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where-so he came in place,
And with lewd tearmes their louers to deface.
Whose sharp prouokement them incens'd so fore,
That both were bent to auenge his vslage base,
And gan their shields adresse them selues afore:
For, cull deeds may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina*, with perswasions mild,
Did mitigate the fiercenelle of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcl'd,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And strange aduentures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed broad,
For that rich girle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whole beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his courie seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* him selfe adress'd,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repress't.

Which th'other seeing, gan his courie relent,
And vanted speare estoones to disdauance,
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 accompanide,
His rouing eye did on the Lady glance,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he somwhere tofore had eyde.

It was to weat, that snowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Brage adocchio* wonne;
Whom 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,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprise:
Which feornfull 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 winne, as I haue done in fight:
 And so shee shall be placed here in fight,
 Together with this Hag beside her selfe,
 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 *Braggadocchio* layd, 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 fire 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 fowly gan reuile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprise
 The battell, offered in so knightly wise.
 And *Até* eke prouok't him priuily,
 With loue of her, and shame of such mesprise.
 But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
 For, in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

12
 But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest,
 Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
 That we may vs referre both fresh and strong,
 Against the Turnement which is not long;
 When who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall 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 that while, where-so they rode or came,
 That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
 Till that at length vpon th' appointed day,
 Vnto the place of turneyment they came;
 Where they before them found in fresh array
 Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame
 Asssembled, for to get the honour of that game.

14
 There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide
 Them selues asunder: *Blandamour* with those
 Of his, on th' one; the rest on th' other side.
 But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
 For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest them selues in troups did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to euery one;
 The knights in couples marcht, 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 it not profane:
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shew'd, that all men it mote marke;
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With 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 vew,
 To be the prize of beauty and of might;
 The which estoones, discouered, 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 Ladie, and thrice happy knight,
 Them seemd, that could so goodly riches gain,
 So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

17
 Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
 A huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And vauncing forth from all the other band
 Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
 Gaint whom, there singled from the other side
 A Painin knight, that well in armes was skild,
 And had in many a battell oft been tride,
 Hight *Bruncheual* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

18
 So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustaine.
 As two fierce Buls, that stricke the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:
 So the two Champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

19
 Which 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 stify 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
 Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or difmayd.
 But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly steppt forth, and raught away his speare,
 With which so fore he *Ferramont* assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in haste themselves again vpreare.

Which

21

Which to auenge, Sir *Demus* him did dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest:
 For, him likewise he quickly downe did fmight,
 And after him, Sir *Douglas* him adrest,
 And after him, Sir *Palmord* forth prest:
 But none of them against his strokes could stand;
 But all the more, the more his praise increast.
 For, either they were left vpon the land,
 Or went away fore wounded of his haples hand.

22

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
 And looking round about, like one dismayd,
 When as he sawe the mercilesse affray,
 Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
 Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht haue beene, that in so bad a stead.

23

Eff'oones he gan to gather vp around
 His weapons, which lay cattered 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 anvile glode,
 There where he sawe the valiant *Triamond*
 Chafing, and laying on them heauy lode,
 That none his force were able to withstond,
 So dreadfull were his strokes, fo deadly was his hond.

24

With that, at him his beam-like speare he ayred,
 And thereto all his powre and might applyde:
 The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,
 And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
 Stood not, till it arrined in his side,
 And therein made a very grieuif wound,
 That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
 Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
 That feare he him vpheld from falling in a found.

25

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew
 Out of the field, that none perceiud it plaine.
 Then gan the part of Challengers anew
 To range the field, and Victo-like to raine,
 That none against them battell durst maintaine.
 By that, the gloomy eucning on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refraine,
 And trumpets found to cease did them compell.
 So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
 And with the first the hardy *Satyrano*
 Appeard in place, with all his noble crew:
 On th' other side, full many a warlike swaine
 Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
 But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
 Vnable he new battello darraine,
 Through grienance of his late receiued wound,
 That doubly did him grieuie, when-so 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 counterfeisance he did frame.
 The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
 Which *Triamond* had worne, vntwares to wight,
 And to his friend vntwift, for doubt of blame,
 If he misdid; he on himselfe did dight,
 That none could him discernie, and fo went forth to fight.

28

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
 Triumphant in great ioy and iolity;
 Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
 That much he gan his glory to enuy,
 Anst cast t' auenge his friends indignity.
 A mighty speare cftoones at him he bent;
 Who seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29

They vp againe themselues can lightly reare,
 And to their tryed swords themselues betake;
 With which they wrought such wondrous maruels there
 That all the rest it did amazed make,
 Neany dar'd their perill to partake;
 Now cuffling close, now chafing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round, aduantage for to take:
 As two wild Boares together grappling goe,
 Chaufing, and foming cholere, each against his foe.

30

So as they court, and turneyd here and there,
 It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
 Whether through foundring or through fodein feare,
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
 Which vantage *Cambell* did purfue fo fast,
 That ere himselfe he had recouered well,
 So fore he sowt him on the compast crest,
 That forced him to leaue his lofty fell,
 And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feete fell.

31

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
 For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
 That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;
 When all vntwares 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 brondiron round about him layd;
 Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
 Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall,
 Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and rore,
 In royall heart disdaining to be thrall;
 But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?
 They haue him taken captiue, though it grieuie him fore.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
 There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;
 And starting vp, straight for his armour fought:
 In vaine he fought; for, there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
 And lightly asswaid forth to take his lot.
 There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
 Leading his friend away, full fory to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly prece
 He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
 Caried with feruent zeale; ne did he cease,
 Till that he came where he had *Cambell* seene,
 Like captiue thral two other Knights atweene,
 There he amongst them cruell hauocke makes;
 That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
 To let him loofe to faue their proper stakes:
 Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
 Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
 And in reuengement of his owne despight;
 So both together giue a new alarme,
 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 spoile and rauiue without all remore;
 So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bolde emprise,
 Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
 Then all with one consent did yield the prize
 To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
 But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releaft.
 And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
 Each labouring t' aduance the others gekt,
 And make his praise before his owne preferd:
 So that the doom was to another day differd.

The last day came, when all those knights againe
 Asssembled were, their deeds of arms to shew.
 Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:
 But *Satyrane* 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 euermore his honour he recured,
 And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

Newas there Knight that euer thought of armes,
 But that his utmost prowesse there made knowne,
 That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
 By shiuered speares, and swords all vnder strowen,
 By scattered shields was easie to be showne.
 There might ye see loofe steeds at random ronne,
 Whose lucklesse riders late were ouerthrowen;
 And Squiers make haste to helpe their Lords fordonne:
 But full the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

Till that there entred on the other side,
 A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed.
 In queyut disguise, full hard to be descride.
 For, all his armour was like saluage weed,
 With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaues atrapt, that seemed fit
 For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His word which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He 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 knowen to be a valiant Knight,
 Approued oft in many a 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.

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
 Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
 And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Far'd like a lion in his bloody game,
 Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,
 And beating downe what euer nigh him came;
 That eury one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
 No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
 And each of other gan enquire his name.
 But when they could not learne it by no wise,
 Most answerable to his wild disguise
 It seemed, him to tearm the saluage knight.
 But certes his right name was otherwise,
 Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, & most of might.

Thus was *Sis Satyrane* with all his band,
 By his sole manhood and archiement stout
 Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were, and chafed all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;
 So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At *Arthegall*, in midst of his pride;
 And therewith smote him on his *Vmbriere*
 So fore, that tomling backe, he downe did slide
 Ouer his horses taile about a stride;
 Whence little lust he had to rise againe.
 Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuide,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine;
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on the Plaine.

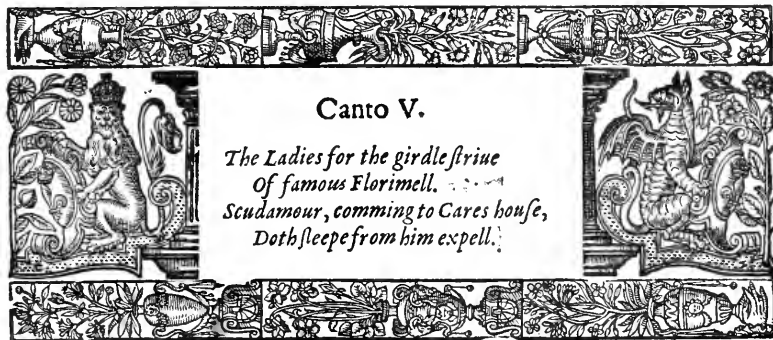
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Whreath full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
 And cast t'ouenge the shame doen to his friend:
 But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fond;
 In no lesse need of help, then him he weend.
 All which when *Elandamou* from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd fore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
 His speare he feur'd, and at him it bore;
 But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran:
 But all of them likewise dismounted were.
 Ne certes wonder; for, no powre of man
 Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
 The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms ahteued,
 And ouerthrew what euer came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights full fore agriued,
 And that late weaker band of challengers relieued.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,
 That all brute beasts forc't to refraine from meat,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
 And missing it, faine from themselves to flie:
 All trauellers tormented are with paine:
 A waty cloud doth ouercast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden floure of raine,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
 The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day
 (Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore
 The prayle of prowesse from them all away.
 Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
 And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,
 To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:
 Where I wish sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.



Canto V.

*The Ladies for the girdle striue
 Of famous Florimell.
 Scudamour, comming to Cares house,
 Doth sleepe from him expell.*

That hath been through all ages euer seene,
 That with the prayle of armes and cheualry,
 The prize of beauty still hath ioyned been;
 And that for reasons speciall priuery:
 For, eyther doth on other much rely.
 For, he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
 That can her best defend from villeny;
 And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
 That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
 After the prooue of prowesse ended well,
 The controuerse of beauties foueraigne 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 vse, which some do tell
 That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
 Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
 And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;
 But whoseouer contrary doth proue,
 Might not the same about her middle wear,
 But it would loofe, or else a funder teare.
 Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
 Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
 What time she vs'd to liue in wiuely fort;
 But layd aside, when fo she vs'd her loofer sport.

Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
 When first he loued her with heart entire,
 This precious ornament they lay did make,
 And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire:
 And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
 Giue it to her for euer to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
 And loose affections streightly to restraine:
 Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

The same one day, when she herselfe 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 pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
 There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre
 Was fostred by those *Graces*, (as they say)
 And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed deare.
 No wonder then, if that to winne the same
 So many Ladies fought, as shall appeare;
 For, peerelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
 And now by this, their feast all being ended,
 The iudges which thereto selected were,
 Into the *Martian* field adowne descended,
 To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all contended.

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 *Satyrene* the first day best had donne:
 For, he last ended, hauing first begonne.
 The second was to *Triamond* be light,
 For that he sav'd the *Victour* from fordonne:
 For, *Cambell* *Victour* was in all mens sight,
 Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight,
 Whom all men term'd *Knigh*t of the *Hebenc* speare,
 To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
 For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
 The *Saluage* Knight, that *Victour* was whileare,
 And all therest, which had the best afore,
 And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;
 For, last is deemed best. To her therefore
 The fayrest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

But therat greatly grudg'd *Arthegall*,
 And much repyn'd, that both of *Victors* meede,
 And eke of honour she did him forefall.
 Yet more he not withstaund what was decreed;
 But inly thought of that despightfull deed
 Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee,
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 The next ensue'd the *Paragon* to see
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view
 His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
 Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
 And passing beaurty did estoones reueale,
 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 dar'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did *Paridell* produce
 His false *Duessa*, that she might be scene;
 Who with her forged beaurty did seduce
 The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
 As diuerse wits affected diuers beene.
 Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
 His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
 And after these an hundred Ladies moe
 Appeard in place, the which each other did out-goe.

All which who-so dare thinke for to enchace,
 Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
 To tell the feature of each goodly face.
 For, since the day that they created beene,
 So many heavenly faces were not seene
 Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
 For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewities *Queene*,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

At last, the most redoubted *Britonnesse*,
 Her louely *Amoret* did open shewe;
 Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse
 The heavenly pourtraict of bright *Angels* hew.
 Well weened all, which her that time did view,
 That she should surely beare the bell away,
 Till *Elandamour*, who thought he had the trew
 And very *Florimell*, did her display:
 The sight of whome once feele did all the rest dismay.

For, all afore that seemed faire and bright,
 Now base and contemptible did appeare,
 Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phœbe's* light,
 Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
 All that her sawe, with wonder rauish't were,
 And weend no mortall creature she should be,
 But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
 Yet all were glad the *Florimell* to see;
 Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

As guiltfull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
 With golden foyle doth finely ouer-spread
 Some baser metall, which commend he will
 Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
 He much in more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
 To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
 So hard, this *Idole* was to be ared,
 That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view
 She seem'd to passe: for forged things do fairest shew.

Then was the golden belt by doome of all
 Granted to her, as to the fairest Dame.
 Which being brought, about her middle small
 They thought to gird, as best it her became;
 But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
 For, cuer 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 hir waste disclos'd.

That

17
That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did think it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuz'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, effloons it was vntide.

18
Which when that scomefull *Squire of Dames* did view,
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;
Alas for pite that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
To shame vs all with this, *Fingert vnblesse*.
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,
That hath this day to many fo vnmanly sent.

19
Therewith all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise aslyd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuy:
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 nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yecded was by them, that iudged it:
And she her selfe adjudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebeue speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe to lent
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous government.

21
Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly meue.
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 *Cancee*, and other none.

22
Tho, vnto *Satyrane* she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine to goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* therewith full greatly grudged,
And little prais'd his labours euill peed,
That for to winne the fiddle, lost the feed.
Ne lesse therewith did *Paridell* complain;
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir *Satyrane*.
Thereto him *Até* stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

23
And eke with theise, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,
Deferued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine 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 *Satyrane*;
And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stir'd vp strifefull floure,
And ready were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramour,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule more them restraîne.

25
Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same;
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the middle to set that fairest Dame,
To whom each one his challenge should disflame,
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then look 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 middle plac't among them all;
All on her gazing with, and vow'd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when the long had lookt vpon each one,
As though she wished to haue pleas'd them all,
At last to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27
Which when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,
And woxe night mad for very hearts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarce aslwg'd:
Some thought from him her to haue rest by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

28
They which remain'd, so soone as they perceiv'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 how each one did succeed,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

For, soone as she them sawe to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide;
 But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
 Vpon her first aduenture forth did ride,
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.
 Vnlucky Mayd to seeke her enemy!
 Vnlucky Mayd to seeke him furre and wide,
 Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguisement could him not descric.

So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle:
 Yet neither toyle nor grieffe she once did spare,
 In seeking him, that should her paine affoile;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
 Who likewise fought her louer long mis-went,
 The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart whileare
 That itryfeull hag with ielous discontent
 Had filld, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent;

Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*
 The crime, which cursed *Atie* kindled earst,
 The which like thornes did prickke his ielous 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 she the same reheart,
 The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
 That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
 Couered with cloudy storm 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 throwd their persons from that stormy stowre.
 Not farre away, not meete for any guest
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Vnder a steepe hillis side it placed was,
 There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
 And fast beside a little brooke did pass
 Of muddy water, that like puddle stankes;
 By which, fewe crooked fallowes grewe 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 dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe,
 Full busily vnto his worke ybent;
 Who was to wet, a wretched wearifh elfe,
 With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,
 As if he had in prison long been pent:
 Full blacke and grievly did his face appeare,
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-light blent;
 With rugged beard, and hoary shagged heare,
 The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
 With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthy, with long nayles vnpared,
 Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
 His name was *Cares*; 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 careful minds invade.

In which his worke he had fixe seruants prest,
 About the Andvile standing cuernore,
 With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
 From heaping stroakes, which thereon soufed fore:
 All fixe, strong groomes, but one then other more;
 For, by degrees they all were disagreed;
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
 Like bellies in greatnesse orderly succed,
 That he which was the last, the first did farre exceed.

He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in fight,
 Farre passing *Bronteus*, or *Pyræmon* great,
 The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
 Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* auengfull threat.
 So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it driue:
 So huge his hamner and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could riué,
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list striue.

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 refrainé,
 Ne let his speeches come vnto their care.
 And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
 Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:
 Those *Pensiuens* did moue; and *Sighes* the bellowes were.

Which when that Warriour sawe, he said no more,
 But in his armour laid him downe to rest:
 To rest, he layd him downe vpon the flore,
 (Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
 And thought his weary limbs to haue redrest.
 And that olde aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
 Her feeble ioints layd eke adowne to rest;
 That needed much her weake age to desire,
 After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
 When gentle sleepe his heavy eyes would close;
 Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing;
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
 And oft in wrath he thence againe vprofe;
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
 But wheresoeuer 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 moleit;
 And euermore, when he began to winke,
 The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
 Ne suffred sleepe to fettle in his brest.
 And all the night the dogs did barke and houle
 About the houle, at fents of stranger guest:
 And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
 Lowde shrieking him afflicted to the very soule.

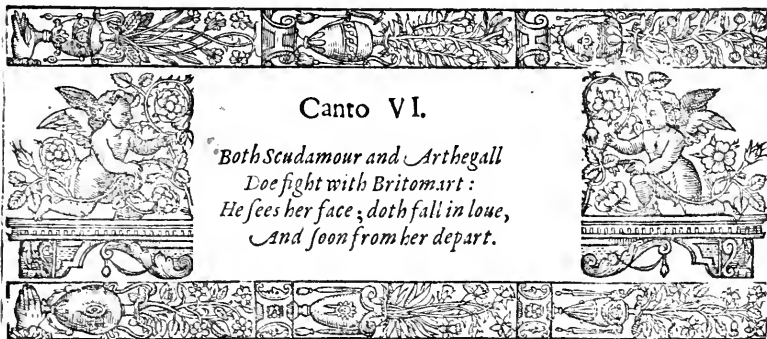
And if by fortune any litle nap,
 Vpon his heavy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
 Eftsoones one of those villains him did rap
 Vpon his head-peece with his yron mall;
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
 Or as if one him suddenly did call.
 So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay mizing long, on that him ill spyd.

So long he mized, and so long he lay,
 That at the last his weary sprite oppress'd
 With fleshy weaknesse, which no creature may
 Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soone arrest:
 Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
 His ydle braine gan busily molest.
 And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
 The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,
 A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
 Vnder his side him nipt; that forc't to wake,
 He felt his heart for very paine to quake,
 And started vp auenged for to be
 On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
 Yet looking round about him none could see;
 Yet did the smart remaine, though he him selfe did seee.

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,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
 Then vp he rose like heauy lumpe of lead;
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
 And ghastly the man to be dismayd with iecalous dread.

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anon,
 And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
 And with him eketh't ag'd Square at one;
 Who, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
 Both equall paines, and equall perill shared:
 The end whercof and dangerous euent
 Shall for another canticle be prepared.
 But here my weary teeme night ouer-spent
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after loo long a went.



What medicine can any Leaches art
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance hide,
 And will to none her maladie impart?
 Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride:
 For which, Dan Phabus selfe cannot a salue prouide.

Who, hauing left that restless house of Care,
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancholy and sad misfare,
 Through misconceit; all vnawares espide
 An armed knight vnder a Forrest side,
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;
 Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
 Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

Which

Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issued
 To haue r'encountred him in equal race;
 But, soone as th'other, nigh approaching, viewed
 The armes he bore, his speare he gan abate.
 And void his course: at which so ludden 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
 Without displeasance for to proue his speare.
 But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue bight,
 What is your owne? that I mote you requite.
 Certes, sayd he, ye mote as now excuse
 Me from discovering you my name aright:
 For, time yet serues that I the same refuse,
 But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
 Or, doe you here within this Forrest wonne?
 (That seemeth well to answer to your weed)
 Or, haue ye it for some occasion donne?
 That rather seemes, sith knowne armes ye shonne.
 This other day, sayd he, a stranger knight
 Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
 On whom I wait to wreak that foule despight,
 When-euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth shame.
 But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
 A stranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,
 But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
 With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.
 He in an open Turney lately held,
 Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
 And hauing me, all weary east, downe feld,
 The fayrest Lady rest, and euer since withheld.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
 The which from him his fairest Loue did beare.
 Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,
 For fell despight, and gnaw his ieaalous heart,
 That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,
 Yet is not this the first vnknighthly part,
 Which that same knight, whom by his lance I read,
 Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For, lately he my Loue hath fro me rest,
 And eke defiled with foule villanie
 The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
 In 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 wratches on *Britomart* agreed.

Whiles thus they communcd, lo farre away
 A knight loft riding towards them they spide,
 Attyr'd in fortaine armes and straunge array:
 Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descried
 To be the fame, for whom they did abide.
 Sayd then *Lir 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 recure my right.

Which being yeilded, he his threatfull speare
 Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran.
 Who, soone as she him sawe approaching neare
 With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
 But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
 That to the ground the smote both horse and man;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did deuise.

But *Artegall*, beholding his mischance,
 New matter added to his former fire;
 And est auentring his steele-headed lance,
 Against her rode, full of dispiteous ire,
 That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
 But to himselfe his felonious intent
 Returning, disappointed his desire,
 Whiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,
 And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that sound;
 And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
 Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
 Thrust to an Hynd within some court glade,
 Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
 With such fell greedinesse he her assayed,
 That though the mounted were, yet he her made
 To giue him ground (so much his force preuayled)
 And thun his mighty strokes, gainst which no arms auailed.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc't
 That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
 So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunc't
 Adowne her backe, the which it fairely bleft
 From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
 Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
 Where biting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
 That quite it chyn'd 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,
 With dreadfull force fallles on some feeble hie;
 Which battering, down to the Church doth glaunce,
 And teares it all with terrible mischance.
 Yet she no whit dismayd, her sted forlook,
 And casting from her that enchanted lance,
 Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
 And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

15
So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yelde vnto her weapon way to pafs:
Whose raging rigour neither Steele nor brats
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the grasse;
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 hastic heat
Abate, and panting breath began to faile,
He through long sufferance 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 every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentraile.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,
That work'st such wreck on her, to whom thou dearest art.

17
What iron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so fure a creature?
And in his madnesse 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 their first loues defeature,
To bathe their hands in bloud of dearest friend,
There-by to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

18
Thus long they tract, and trauester to and fro,
Sometimes pursuing, and sometimes pursued,
Still as advantage they espye thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but his still more decreed.
At last, his lucklesse hand he bea'd on he,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed;
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,
That seemed 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 mome appear'd in fight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating fore;
But somewhat redder then belecem'd aright,
Through toyle some heat, and labour of her weary fight.

20
And round about the same, her yellow haire
Hauing through stirring loos'd her 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 subtle wire, so shaine cleare.
For, it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters there,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

21
And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wrack,
His powrellesse arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his renengefull purpose shrunke aback;
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack
Feli 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 fo diuine a beauties excellence.

22
And he him selfe, long gazing there-vpon,
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeing what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour fraile,
That had done our rage in so high degree:
Whil'st trembling horrour did his sense assaile,
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quail.

23
Nath'lesse, shee 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 vpon him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue, for ought he would vp-stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
Or wreake on him her will for so great injury.

24
Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, where-as he stood not farr aside,
He was there-with right wondrously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plume declide
That peerlesse patterne of Dame Natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25
But *Glaucé*, seeing all that chaunced there,
VVell weeing how their error to assayle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salwd with seemly bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce awhile;
VVhich yelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

26
When *Eritomart* with sharpe azizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of *Arthegall*,
Tempred with sternenesse and stout maieslie,
She gan estoones it to her mind to call,
To be the lame which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw.
There-with her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughty spirits meckely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-draw.

T.

Yet

27
Yet shee it forc't to haue againe vp-held,
As fainting cholere, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assay'd,
Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nath'lesse, her tongue not to her will obeyd, (said.)
But brought forth speeches milde, when she would haue mis-

28
But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,
That all his iousie feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his loue abused had
With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnfound,
The which long tunc 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 leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For suddainc ioy, and secreet feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselves gain 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
VWhen *Glauce* thus gaue wisely all vp-knit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this vncooth fit,
Which secreet fate hath in this Lady wrought,
Against the course of kind: ne meruaile nought,
Ne theocforth feare the thing that hitherto
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
Feareng least shee your Loues away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye seee there wants theretoo.

31
And you Sir *Arthegall*, the salvage knight,
Hence-forth may not didaine, that womans hand
Hath conquer'd you anew in second fight:
For, whylome they haue conquer'd 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 band
Of noble mindes deriued from aboue:
Which, beeing knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

32
And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that hee fulfill
The penance, which ye shall to him emparr:
For, Louers heauen must passe by sorowes hell.
There-at fully bluffed *Britomart*;
But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioy'd in secreet hart.

33
Yet durst hee not make loue suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides, her modest countenance hee saw
So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would re-
(straine.)

34
But *Scudamour*, whose hart twixt dobtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake: But sit, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my Loue,
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
Where shee captiu'd long, great woes did prone;
That where ye left, I may her seecke, as doth behoue.

35
To whom, thus *Britomart*; Certes, Sir Knight,
VWhat is of her become, or whether rest,
I cannot vnto you aread aright.
For, from that time I from Enchanters theft
Her freed, in which yee her all hopelesse left,
I her preferu'd from perill and from feare,
And cuer more from villanie her kept:
Ne cuer was there wight to me the 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,
We did alight, and fate 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 heare.

37
VWhen *Scudamour* those heauy tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with poynnt of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
But senselesse flood, like to a mazed steare,
That yet of mortall stroke the founte doth beare:
Till *Glauce* thus: Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:
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, hee hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled fight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye 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 reau.

There-with he rested, and well pleased was.
 So peace beeing confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pass,
 Vnto some resting place which more befell;
 All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.
 Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
 And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And weary limbes recur'd, after late vslage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way
 Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart* :
 And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart ;
 Which, beeing whylome launc't with loudly dart,
 More eath was new impressiō to receiue,
 How-euer she her paind with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue :
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

So well hee woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 VVith faire entreaty and sweet blandishment,
 That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,
 So as shee 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 content
 To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with manage meet might finish that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
 Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound
 Vpon an 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 sore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make ;
 Her dearest Loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet hee with strong persuasions her asswaged,
 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 fo soone as he by wit or art
 Could that archiue, where-to he did aspire,
 He vnto her would speedily reuert :
 No longer thence there-to hee did desire,
 But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

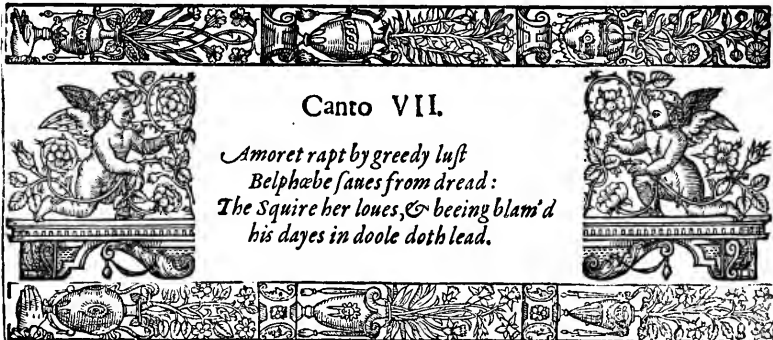
With which, she for the present was appeased,
 And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent
 She nily were, and in her mind displeated.
 So, early on the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way, to which he was v bent ;
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to gude,
 As whylome was the custome ancient
 Mongit Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
 Saue that the algates him awhile accompanide.

And by the way, shee sundry purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the perils where-to he was bound,
 The teare whereof seem'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 oft againe deviz'd some-what to say,
 Which she forgor, whereby excuse to make :
 So loth shee was his company for to forsake.

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
 And new occasion sayld her more to find,
 She left him to his fortunes government,
 And back returned with right heauy mind,
 To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind :
 With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret* ;
 Her second care, though in another kind ;
 For vertuous onely sake (which doth beget
 True loue and faithfull friendship) she by her did set.

Backe to that desert forest they retired,
 Where fory *Britomart* had lost her late ;
 There they her sought, and euesy where inquired,
 Where they might tydings get of her estate ;
 Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,
 Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
 And stolne away from her beloved Mate,
 Were long to tell ; therefore I heere will stay
 Vntill another tide, that I it finish may.





Canto VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedy lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The Squire her loues, & beeing blam'd
his dayes in doole doth lead.*

Great God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts
Dooft conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And fet't it thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
VWhat glory, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their lues thou launcedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*,
And so and so to noble *Britomart* :
So doost thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*; whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorrow and with smart,
In saluage forests, and in deserts wide,
VVith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pity is to heare the perils which she tride.

So soone as she, with that braue *Brittonesse*,
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,
They traue'l'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 surprife
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affard)
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe shee heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed:
That, ere she back could turne to taken heede,
Had vnawares her snatcht vp from the ground.
Feebly she shriekt; but so feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary traue'l 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 over-grown with haire, that could awpae
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For, he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshy gore,
The signe whereof yet stαιν'd his blouty lips afore.

His nether lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,
In which he wont the reliques of his feait
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 stood,
More great then th' eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

His waste was with a wreath of Iviſe greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
VVhose knotty snags were sharpened all afore,
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I 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,
VWith bryers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pity of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing,
Ran till he came to th' end of all his way,
Vnto his Caue, farre from all peoples hearing, (ring.
And there hee threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fea-
For

9
For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,
Whilſt hee in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt
Her ſelfe downe foult, ſhe waked out of dread
Straight into grieſe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,
And eſt gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſſe and drad horroure where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell againe into a ſwound;
No wiſt whether about ſhe were, or vnder ground.

10
VVith that, ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and fobbing fore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
Which ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly aſkt againe
What miſter wight it was that ſo did plaine?
To whom, thus anſwer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
That ſeekes to knowe anothers grieſe in vaine,
Vnwetting of thine owne like hapleſſe plight:
Selſe to forget to mind another, is ore-ſight.

11
Ayme! ſaid ſhee, where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What ſhall of me vnhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.
Vnhappy 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 diſmal day, hath thee a caytiue made,
And vaſſall to the vileſt wretch alſue;
Whoſe curſed vſage, and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkneſſe driue:
For, on the ſpoile of women he doth liue,
VVhoſe bodies chaſte, when euer in his powte
Hee may them catch, vnable to gaine-ſtroue,
He with his ſhamefull luſt doth firſt deſtowre,
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
Seauent women by him ſlaine, and eaten cleene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman heere remaining beene,
Till thou cam'ſt hither to augment our monce;
And of vs three, to morrow he will ſure eate one.

14
Ah! dreadfull rydings which thou dooſt declare,
Quoth ſhee, of all that euer hath been knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vn lucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the ſame chaine attone?
To tell, quoth ſhe, that which ye ſee, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15
But what I was, it irkes mee to reherſe;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree:
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates peruerſe
VVith guilefull loue did ſecretly agree,
To over-throwe my ſtate and dignity.
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;
Yet was hee meet, vnleſſe mine eye did ſaine,
By any Ladies ſide for Lemant to haue laine.

16
But for his meaneneſſe and diſparagement,
My Sire (who mee too dearly well did loue)
Vnto my choiſe by no meanes would aſſent,
But often did my folly foule reprove.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether will'd ornillid friend or foe,
I me reſolv'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 fought 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, vnwetting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreed away to flir,
And in a priue place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a Groue appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

18
But ah! vnhappy howe me thither brought:
For, in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accuſed Carle of helliſh kind;
The ſhame of men, and plague of woman-kind:
Who truſting me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hither brought with him, as ſwift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this preſent day,
I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *Aemylia*.

19
Ah! ſad *Aemylia*, then ſaid *Amoret*,
Thy ruefull plight I pity as mine owne.
But read to mee, by what deuſe or wit,
Haſt thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honour ſau'd, though into thraldome throwne?
Through help, quoth ſhe, of this old woman here
I haue ſo done, as ſhe to mee hath thowne:
For, euer when he burnt in luſtfull fire,
Shee in my ſtead ſupplid his beaſtiall defire.

20
Thus, of their euils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did othre much bewaile and monce;
Loe, where the villain ſelfe, their ſorrowes ſourſe,
Came to the Cauce; and rolling thence the ſtone,
Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might ſiue forth, cameredly ruſhing in;
And ſpredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himſelfe vnto his wonted ſinne:
Which ended, then his bloody banquet ſhould beginne.

21
 VVhich, when-as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
 She staid nor th' ymost end thereof to try,
 But like a gaffly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
 Ran forth in haste with hideous out-cry,
 For horrour of his shamefull villany.
 But after her full lightly he vp-rofe,
 And her pursfwd as fast as freee did fly:
 Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
 Ne feesles the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22
 Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staves,
 But over-leapes them all, like *Roebuck* light,
 And through the thickest makes her night wayes;
 And euer-more when with regardfull sight
 Shee looking back, espies that grieftly wight
 Approching nigh, shee gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her feare a spur to haste her sight:
 More swift then *Myrrh*' or *Daphné* in her race,
 Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in saluage chafe.

23
 Long so shee fled, and so he follow'd long;
 Ne liuing ayde for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heauens helpeto redreffe her wrong,
 Moued with pity of her plentiful teares.
 It fortun'd *Belphebé* with her Peeres
 The woody Nymphes, and with that louely boy,
 VV as hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
 In these wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,
 To banish sloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24
 It so befell (as oft it fals in chace)
 That each of them from other sundred were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
 Where this same curf'd caytiue 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 greunning laughter mote farre off be rad.

25
 Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espying,
 Doth haste to crosse him by the nearest way,
 Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,
 And him assayles with all the might he may:
 Yet will not he the louely spoyle downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand,
 Defends himselfe, and saues his gotten pray.
 Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26
 There-to the villaine vsed craft in sight;
 For, euer when the Squire his *Iuclin* shooke,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puiffance of his intended stroke.
 And if it chaunc't (as needs it must in fight)
 VVhil' st he on him was greedy to bewroke,
 That any little blowe on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27
 Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear:
 For, hardly could he come the earle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard near:
 Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
 That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
 And therein left the pike-head of his speare.
 A streame of cole-blacke blood thence gusht a maine,
 That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

28
 With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his handsvpon his gloue,
 With dreadfull strokes let driue at him so fore,
 That forc't him flie aback, himselfe to saue:
 Yet he there-wih so felly still did raue,
 That scarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,
 But (for advantage) ground vato him gaue,
 Tracing and traeruing, now here, now there:
 For, bootlesse thing it was to thinke such blowes to beare.

29
 Whil' st thus in battell they embused were,
Belphebé (traunging in that forest wide)
 The hideous noyic of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew there-to, making her earc her guide.
 Whom, when that theefe approaching nigh espide,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combat would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly dremment,
 Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

30
 Whom, seeing flie, shee speedily pursfued
 With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
 And euer in her bow shee ready shewed
 The arrow, to his deadly marke design'd:
 As when *Latonas* daughter, cruell kind,
 In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despight her cruell arrowes tind
 Gaint wofull *Njobés* vnhappy race,
 That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

31
 So well shee sped her, and so far she ventred,
 That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,
 Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
 Shee sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
 That in the very dore him over-caught,
 And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
 His greedy throat, there-wih in two distraught,
 That all his vitall spirits there-by spild,
 And all his hairy breast with gory blood was filld.

32
 Whom, when on ground shee grouching saw to roule,
 She ran in haste his life to haue bereft:
 But ere she could him reach, the sinfull soule,
 Having his carrion corse quite senselesse left,
 Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
 Yet ouer him shee there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
 His mighty limbes, whil' st all with filchy blood
 The place there, over-flowne, seem'd like a suddaine flood.

Thence,

33
Thence, forth the past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darksome drearinesse she found,
Ne creature law, but harkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning found.
With that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

34
Then forth the sad *Aemylia* islewed,
Yet trembling cucky ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A Lemman fit for such a Louer deare.
That mou'd *Belphabé* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
V Who 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 sleepe him found by that new louely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in twoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,
V Which softly shild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For, of that Carle the forely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36
V Which when the law, with suddaine glauncing eye,
Her noble hart with sight thereof was filld
With deepe diddaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
V With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had killd:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for cuer more.

37
Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right ore agricued at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
And cuer more, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes shce at him did threat,
And forc't him back with foule dishonour to retreat.

38
At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:
And finding there fit solitary place
For weofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
V Where hardly eye more see bright heauens face
For mossy 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 vie no more,
Ne thence-forth euer strinke in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse (of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten night)
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
And waite his wretched dayes in woofull plight;
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne deliight.

40
And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire locks, that wont with oyntment sweet
To be embaum'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
Hee let to growe, and grievly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshd;
That in short time his face they over-grew,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispend,
That who he whylome was, vneath was to be red.

41
There he continued in this careful plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quights,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he neuer taste
Then running water, tempered with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to waite;
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 epide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne:
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shunne;
Or else some wood-man shrowded there from scorching
(Iunne.)

43
Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his dayes in dolour and despaire;
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 seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,
And pittie much his plight, that he'd like out-cast thrall.

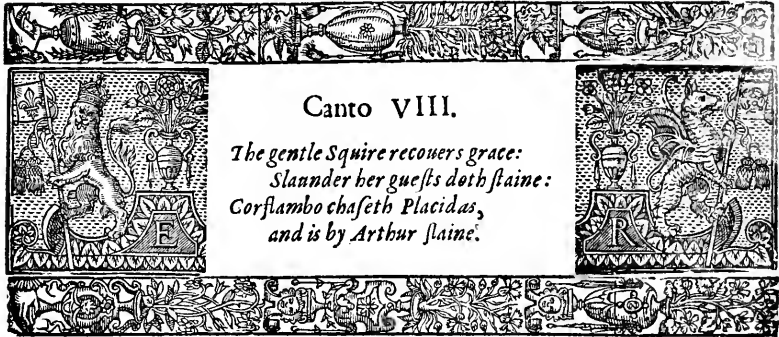
44
But to his speech he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguish over-cum,
And vnto euery thing did answer Mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing toyous semblance for his like.

45
 At which his vncouth guile 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 manlinesse,
 Which close appear in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whylome some gentle Swaine had beene,
 Trained vp in feates of armes and knightlinesse;
 Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
 To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

46
 And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
 How he the name of one engrauen had,
 Which, likely was his liefest Loue to bee,
 For whom he now fo forely was bestad;

VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphæbe*, he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
 When hee it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

47
 Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy prouide,
 And him restore to former grace againe.
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end vntill another tide.



Canto VIII.

*The gentle Squire recouers grace:
 Slaunder her guests doth staine:
 Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
 and is by Arthur slaine.*

1
 Ell said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
 Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
 That the displicature of the mighty is
 Then death it selfe more drad and desperate:
 For, nought the fame may calme, ne mitigate,
 Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
 With sufferance loit, which rigour can abate,
 And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

2
 Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
 Whose tender hart the faire *Belphæbe* had
 With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,
 He euer tasted; but with penance sad,
 And peniue sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
 Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted bloom through heat doth languish & decay;

3
 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 deuise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest Loue;

Which losse, her made like passion also proue.
 Who seeing his sad plight, her tender hart
 VVith deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
 That she gan mone his vnderseurd smart,
 And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

4
 Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full pittiously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
 Him seemed off he heard his owne right name.
 With that, he forth would poure so plenious teares,
 And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
 That could haue pearc't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

5
 Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vie,
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Vnto his wonne; and with her mournfull Muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 And euery day, for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would share;
 That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
 Companion shee became, and so continued long.

Vpon

6
Vpon a day, as shee him late beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphazé* threw
On him, whilst goodly grace shee did him shew:
Amongst the rest, a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

7
The same he tooke, and with a riband new
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
About the Turtles necke, that with the view
Did greatly solace his encriued 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 till to make her flight,
His weary eye returned to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iewell he had lost to light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Vntill shee came wheree wonted his *Belphazé* faire.

9
There found shee her (as then it did beide)
Sitting in court (shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, 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 grieffe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasur did partake.

10
Shee, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iewell, which shee formerly
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribband drest:
There-with shee rose in haste, and her address
With ready hand it to haue rest away.
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swar'd aside, and there againe did stay;
Shee follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

11
And euer when shee nigh approach't, the Doue
Would sit a 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 oft away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
Shee drew her farr, 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 dirty new devis'd,
As if he would haue made him vnderstand,
His sorrowes cause to be of her depis'd,
Whom when shee saw in wretched weedes disguis'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his Graue agriz'd,
Shee knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

13
Hee her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And waft the same with water, which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed:
Yet spake no word, whereby shee might read
What mister wight hee was, or what hee ment:
But as one daunted with her presence dreed,
Onely fewe ruefull looks vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

14
Yet nathemore, his meaning shee read,
But wondred much at this so selcouth case:
And by his perions secreet seemlish
Well weend, that hee had been 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 disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15
If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then foule rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward grieffe, or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe auise.
For, hee whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not vse his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

16
When so hee heard her say, eftsoones hee brake
His suddaine silence, which hee long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
Then haue they all themselves against me bent:
For heauen (first author of my languishment)
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent,
To cloud my daies in doolefull misery,
And make mee loath this life, still longing for to die.

17
Nee any but your selfe, O dearest dreed,
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasur, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and mee restore to light.
Which sorry words, her mighty hart did mate
VVith mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath shee gan abate,
And him receiued againe to former fauours state.

18

In which, he long time afterwards did lead
 A happy life, with grace and good accord;
 Fearelesse of Fortunes change, or Enuiers dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne dear Lord
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
 Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;
 But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
 Him seeking cuermore, yet no where him descride;

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
 He chaunc't to come where those two Ladies late,
Amylia and *Amoret* abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
 The one right feeble, through the euill rate
 Of foodes, which in her durlesse 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 affound.

20

VVhom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
 The euill case in which those Ladies lay;
 But most was moued at the pitious view
 Of *Amoret*, so neere vnto decay,
 That her great danger did him much dismay.
 Effoones that pricious liquor forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly deaw
 Her wounds, that vnto strenght restor'd her soone anew.

21

Tho, when they both recovered wereright well,
 He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
 Them thither brought; and how their harmes besell.
 To whom they told all that di' them betide,
 And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins bond;
 Whose bloody corse they thew'd him there beside,
 And eke his Caue, in which they both were bond:
 At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

22

And cuer-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 cotage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
 And entring in, found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside,
 Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,
 With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for ire,
 And there-out sucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature lure in sight,
 And in condicions to be leath'd no lesse:
 For, shee was stuf't with rancour and delight
 Vp to the throat; that oft with bitternesse
 It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall,
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
 - Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
 And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causlesse crimes continually to frame;
 With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name:
 Ne cuer Knight so bold, ne cuer Dame
 So chaste and loyall liu'd, but shee would striue
 VVith forged caute them falsely to defame:
 Ne cuer thing so well was doen aliuie,
 But the with blame would blot, & of due praise depruie.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,
 T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind;
 But noysome breath, and poynous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cancred malice liu'd,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
 Which, passing through the eares, would pearce the hart,
 And wound the soule it selfe with griefe vnkind:
 For, like the stings of Asps, that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did prick, & 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 entertainie;
 And eke that age despised nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to war-like discipline did traine,
 And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
 Against all hard mishaps, and fortunelesse misfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcomm'd with cold
 And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
 And raile 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 reulde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as these rimes be red
 With mis-regard, that some rash witted wight,
 VVhose looter 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 heate of youthfull spright
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,
 More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant fare.

But antique age, yet in the infancie
 Of time, did hee then like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blamelesse chafitic,
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;
 But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue for it selfe in foueraine awe:
 Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
 And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,
 And eke the Doue fate by the Faulcons side;
 Ne each of other feared frande or tort,
 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 shortly tride
 The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold.

Then beauty, which was made to represent
 The great Creators owne resemblance bright,
 Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight:
 Then faire grew foule, & foule grew faire in sight;
 And that which went to vanquish God and Man,
 Was made the vallall of the Victors might;
 Then did her glorious floure waxe dead and wan,
 Depis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

And now it is so vtterly decayd,
 That any bnd thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But if few plants (preferu'd through heauenly ayde)
 In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bounty foueraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious floure proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
 Now th'only remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly feed.

Tho, soone as day discovered heauens face
 To sinfull men with darknesse over-dight,
 This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves vnto their iourney dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly pafed,
 That them to view had been an vnouth 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,
 That shamefull Hie (the slauer of her sex)
 Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled fore,
 Him calling thiefe, them whores; that much did vex
 His noble hart: there-toe shee did annex
 False crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
 That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax:
 The more did shee pursue her lewd intent,
 And ray'd and rag'd, till shee had all her poyson spent.

At last, when they were pafed out of sight,
 Yet shee did not her spightfull speech forbeare,
 But after them did barke, and still back-bite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
 Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
 The stone, which pafed stranger at him threwe;
 So shee them seeing pafte the reach of eare,
 Against the stones and trees did raile anew,
 Till shee had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,
 With easie steps so soft as foote could stride,
 Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret, that secretly shee could ride;
 And eke through heauy armes, which fore annoyd
 The Prince on foot, not wanted so to fare:
 Whose steady hand was faime 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 speed
 A Squire came galloping, as he would fure;
 Bearing a little Dw-rie before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
 That seem'd his strikes would rend the brazen sky:
 VWhom 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 beames
 More sharpe then poynts of needles did proceed,
 Shooting forth faire away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breed
 To all, that on him: lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay:
 Like as the Batilisk, of serpents feed,
 From pookerfull eyes close venom doth conuay
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

Hee all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threwe,
 With curses vaine in his auengefull ire:
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him over-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 fight.

Estsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
 From lofty steed, and mounting in their stead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling eury vaine:
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
 Who, as he gan the fame 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;

42
 VWho, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe
 Over his head, before the harme came neare.
 Nath'lesse, it fell wih to despiteous dreare
 And heauy sway, that hard vnto his crowne
 The shield it droue, and did the couering reare :
 There-with both Squire and Dwarfie did tumble downe
 Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swoune.

43
 VWhere-at, the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
 In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
 And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand
 So fore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie :
 And sure, had not his massie iron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,
 It would haue cleft him to the girding place :
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

44
 But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare ;
 And vow by *Maboue* that he should be flaine.
 With that, his murderous mace he vp did reare,
 That seemed nought the fowfe 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 fore-sight,
 Did flun the prooffe thereof, and it auoyded light.

45
 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 blasphemie
 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.

46
 Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his foc breathe out his spright in vaine :
 But that same Dwarfie right fory seem'd and sad,
 And how'd aloud to see his Lord there flaine,
 And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.
 Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
 Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
 And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire ;
 All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47
 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 hosts of men with banners brode dispred,
 But by the powe of his infectious fight,
 With which he killed all that came within his sight.

48
 Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
 But euer vanquisht all with whom he fought ;
 Ne was there man so strong but he downe bore,
 Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
 Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
 For, most of strength and beautie his desire
 Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his falle eyes, into their harts and parts entiere.

49
 Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
 Though namelisse there his body now doth lie,
 Yet had he left one daughter, that is right
 The faire *Pæana* ; who seemes outwardly
 So faire, as euer yet law liuing eye :
 And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any vnder sky.
 But (ah !) thee given is to vaine delight,
 And eke too loole of life, and eke of loue too light.

50
 So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
 That lov'd a Lady of high parentage ;
 But for his meane degree might not aspire
 To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,
 Disswaded her from such a disparage.
 But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Resolu'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51
 So twixt themselues they pointed time and place:
 To which, when he according did repaire,
 An hard mishap and disuentrous case
 Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Amylia* faire
 This Giants sonne, that lyes there on the laire
 An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught ;
 And, all dismay'd through mercelisse despaire,
 Him wretched thrall vnto his dungeon brought,
 Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnought.

52
 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 chanced there to see
 This lowely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree ;
 To whom shee did her liking lightly cast,
 And wooed him her Paramour to be :
 From day to day the woo'd and pray'd him fast,
 And for his loue, him promist libertie at last.

53
 He, though affide vnto a former Loue,
 To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
 But by that means, which fortune did vnfold,
 Her graunted loue, but with affection cold,
 To win her grace his libertie to get.
 Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold ;
 Fearing lest if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

54
Yet so much fauour shee to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a Keeper still with him in place;
Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her deariest base,
To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list refuse, to be afflicted more.

55
Whereof when tydings came vnto mine care
(Full inly sorry for the seruic 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 steale;
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 beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so vntrue,
To seeke by fight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lov'd mee deare, as dearest thing aloue.
Thence she commanded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor strue,
But suffred that same Dwarf to her dungeon driue.

57
There did I find mine onely faithfull friend
In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sorry, yet my selfe did bend,
Him to recomfort 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 aviz'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 loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent, that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did performe it so decree:
Yet over-mild, at last, he did to me 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 *Placidus*,

And vnderstand, forth with him did pass.
There, with great ioyance and with glad some glee,
Of faire *Pæana* I receiu'd was,
And oft embrac't, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

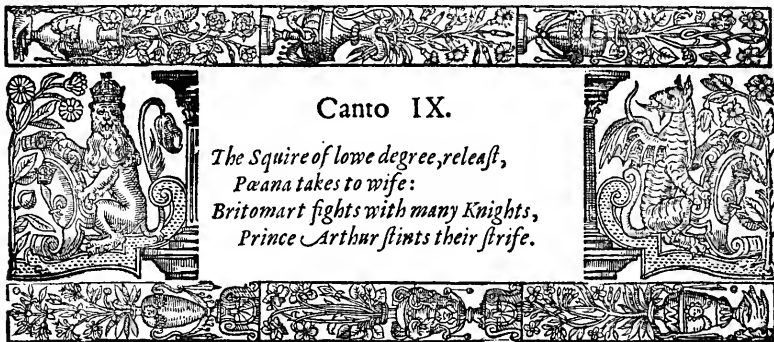
60
Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the present need it wisely vs'd.
My former hardnesse, first, I faire excus'd;
And after, promis'd large amends to make.
With such smooth tearmes, her error I abus'd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole liberty, I loue and life did stake.

61
Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;
That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,
She bade 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 streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no means how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarf I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

62
There-at he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursu'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue performe him hither brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe, where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through dismay)
In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63
Where, soone as sad *Aemylia* did espie
Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidus*;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and him with straight embras
Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?
Hee liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loones.
Then lesse, said she, by all the woe I pass,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
But what mishap thus long him from my selfe remoues?

64
Then gan he all this story to renew,
And tell the course of his captiuitie;
That her deare hart full deeply made to reu,
And sigh full sore, to heare the misery,
In which so long he mercilesse 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 shall appeare by his event.



Canto IX.

*The Squire of lowe degree, releast,
Pæana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights,
Prince Arthur stints their strife.*

Ard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the 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 cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with maiesting discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For, as the foule 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 surmounts the meanest brass.

All which who list by trial to assay,
Shall in this story find approued plaine;
In which, this Squires true friendship more did sway,
Then either care of Parents could restraine,
Or loue of fairest Lady could constraîne.
For, though Pæana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trusty Squire with proud disdain,
For his friends sake her offered fauours scorne,
And she her selfe her sire, of whom she was yborne.

Now after that Prince Arthur granted had,
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swaine,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan aduise how best he mote darraigne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gaine.
That headlesse Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,
Vpon his visuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride, as it aliue was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the rider, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarf (though with vnwilling ayd)
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
Till to his Castle they approached neere.
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbar;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

There he did find in her delicious boure,
The faire Pæana playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And finging all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attach't, and captiue held by might.

Whence beeing forth produc't, when she perceiued
Her owne deare Sire, she cald to him for ayde.
But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
But saw him senselesse by the Squire vp-staid,
She weened well, that then she was betraid:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraide,
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarf, and him compeld
To open vnto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralls which there he held.
Thence, forth were brought to him about a score
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest, that Squire of lowe degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.
VVhom

Whom soone as faire *Æmilia* beheld,
 And *Placidus*, 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 *Peana* them beholding both,
 Can both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping iuly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

But when awhile they had together been,
 And diuersly conferred of their case;
 She, though full oft she both of them had scenē
 Afunder, yet not euer in one place,
 Began to doubt, when the same faw embrace,
 Which was the captiue Squire she lov'd so deare,
 Deceiued through great likenesse of their face.
 For, they so like in person did appeare,
 That she weath discerned, whether whether were.

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
 Their like resemblance much admired there,
 And maz'd how Nature had so well disguized
 Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so neare,
 As if that by one patterne scenē somewhere,
 She had them made a Paragone to be;
 Or, whether it through skill, or error were.
 Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
 So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

Then gan they ranfacke that same Castle strong,
 In which he found great store of hoorded treasure:
 The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong
 And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
 Vpon all which the Briton Prince made feaure,
 And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
 To rest him selfe, and so lace in soft pleasure
 Those weaker Ladies after weay toyle;
 To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
 The faire *Peana* he enlarged free;
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
 To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
 Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasant glee:
 But grieued was for losse both of her fire,
 And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
 But most she touched was with griefe enrire,
 For losse of her new Lone, the hope of her desire.

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
 To better tearme of myldnesse did entreat,
 From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;
 And that same bitter corsue, which did eat
 Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
 He with good thewes and speeches well applide,
 Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
 For, though she were most faire, and goodly dide,
 Yet she it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,
 Sith loue was first the ground of all her griefe,
 That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
 Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him liefe,
 Till he had made of her some better priefe,
 But to accept her to his wedded wife.
 Thereto he offered for to make him chiefe:
 Of all her land and Lordship during life:
 He yeilded, and her tooke; so stunted all their strife.

From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blis,
 They liv'd together long without debate:
 Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enemis
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
 And she, whom Nature did so faire create
 That the mote match the fairest of her dayes,
 Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
 Had it defie't; thenceforth reformed her waies,
 That all men much admir'd her change, & spake hir praise.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compilde
 These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;
 Him selfe, whose minde did trauell as with childe
 Of his old loue, conceit'd in secret breast,
 Resolued to pursue his former guest;
 And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
 Faire *Amorat*, whom Fortune by bequest
 Had left in his protection whileaere,
 Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constraene.
 For, well she wist now in a mighty bond,
 Her person late in perill, did remaine,
 Who able was, all dangers to withstand.
 But now in feare of shame she more did stand,
 Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
 Left in the Victors powre, like vassall bond;
 Whose will her weaknesse could no way repressē,
 In case his burning lust should breake into excessē.

But cause of feare loue had the none at all
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The course of loose affection to forsall,
 And lawelesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
 Thus many miles they two together wore,
 To seeke their Loues dispersed diuersly,
 Yet neither shew'd to other their hearts priuery.

At length they came, wher-as a troupe of Knights
 They sawe together skirmishing, as seemed:
 Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight;
 But foure of them the battell best betceimed,
 That which of them was best, most not be deemed.
 Those foure were they, from whom false *Florimell*
 By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeemed;
 To weete, sterne *Driuen*, and lewd *Clarihell*,
 Louc-luishi *Elandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

21
Draons delight was all in single life,
 And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
 With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
 So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans proude:
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all that him did moue.
 So diuersly 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 stoure,
 V whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
 And lyd on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would riue
 Out of their wretched corpes, and their liues deprive:

23
 As when *Dan Aeolus* in great displeasure,
 For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
 Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent:
 They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
 From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full fore,
 And tolle the deepes, and tear 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 so fell debate,
 Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
 V whom they had lost in Turneyment of late;
 And seeking long, to weet which way she straid
 Met here 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,
 V whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

25
 For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
 The better had, and bet the others backe;
 Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:
 Yet neither would their fiend-like furie slack,
 But euermore their malice did augment;
 Till that vneath they forced were, for lack
 Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
 And rest themselues, for to recouer spirits spent.

26
 There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
 For, *Paridell* did take to *Draons* side,
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake
 Gaint *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* reldie.
 So all afresh gan former fight renew:
 As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

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 clifts the vermeil bloud out spoone,
 And all adowne their riuen sides did roane,
 Such mortal malice, wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and fo great out-rage donne:
 But foorth is said, and tride in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-meu bee.

28
 Thus they long while continued in fight,
 Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,
 By fortune in that place did chance to light:
 Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,
 They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,
 The which that Britonelle had to them donne,
 In that late Turney for the snowy maid;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29
 Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood,
 They from themselues gan turne their furious ire,
 And cruell blades yet steeming with hot blood,
 Against thole two let driue, as they were wood:
 Who wondring much at that fo suddaine fit,
 Yet nought dimaid, them stoutly well withstood;
 Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did sit,
 But beeing doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30
 The war-like Dame was on her part assaid
 Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attonce;
 And *Paridell* and *Draon* fiercely layd
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
 Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:
 Yet did thole two themselues so brauely beare,
 That th'other little gained by the lone,
 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 mathiffe once doth proue
 The taste of bloud of some engored beast,
 No wordes may rate, nor rigour him remoue
 From greedy hold of that his bloody feast:
 So little did they harken to her sweet behest.

32
 Whom when the Briton Prince asfarre beheld
 With ods of so vnequall match opprest,
 His mighty hart with indignation sweld,
 And inward grudge filld his heröick breast:
 Eftsoones humselfe he to their ayde addressd.
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
 Duided them, how euer loth to rest,
 And would them saue from battello surcease,
 With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

33
 But they so farre from peace or patience were,
 That all attonce at him gan fiercely flie,
 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 sit,
 At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
 First, from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;
 And then another, till that likewise fleet;
 And so from side to side, till all the world it weet.

34
 But now their forces greatly were decayd,
 The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;
 Who them with speches milde gan first diswade
 From such foule out-rage, and them long forbore:
 Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
 Him selfe he bent their furies to abate:
 And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
 That shortly them compelled to retrate,
 And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

35
 But now his courage being thoroughly fired,
 He meant to make them knowe their follies prise,
 Had not those two him instantly desired
 T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their misprise.
 At whose request he gan himselfe aduise
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
 In milder tearmes, as list them to deuise:
 Mongst which, the cause of their so cruell heat
 He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat;

36
 And told at large, how that lame errant Knight,
 To weat, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
 Both of their publique praise had them despoyled,
 And also of their priuate Lones beguiled;
 Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
 But thence, that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
 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 soule defame;
 To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,
 That of their lones choice they might freedom clame,
 And in that right, should by all knights be stieled:
 Gainst which meecenes this war yee wrongfully haue wic-
 38 (ted).

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,
 Whole 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 professd,
 Vnto this howre, this present lucklesse howre,
 I neuer ioyed happinelle nor rest;
 But, thus turmoild from one to other flowre,
 I waste my life, and doe my dayes deuoure
 In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
 That liuing thus, a wretch, and louning so,
 I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40
 Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake;
 Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you
 Dislikefull paine, so for a taske to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
 Is now so well accorded all ancw;
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to vs in order dew
 All that adventure, whiche ye did assay
 For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

41
 So gan the rest him likewise to require;
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
 To take on him that paine: whose great desire
 He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
 In that atchieuement, 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 X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd,
and Louers life forth set.*

Rue hee it said, what-euer man it said,
That loue with gall and 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 trial 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 fill with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue,
But seeme gainst common sense to them most sweet;
As boasting in their martyrdom vnmect.
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 the will not be allourd.

Long were to tell the traueil and long toyle,
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchas'd this peccerlesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then harken, 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 possesst,
I hauing armes then taken, gan a vise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot: such all by lot we hold.

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame:
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus*, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,
And all the others pauement were with Iuory 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 faue to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all manner wights,
By all means to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

Before that Castle was an open Plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillour placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;
And in the Marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that well can vse his blifs:
Whose-euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

Which

9
Which when I read, my hart did inly yearne,
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 ringed with the clap.
Straight forth ifscw'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 fire glaunst from his hories hoofe.

10
Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him vnfeated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould ;
But I them both with equall hap defeated :
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the Plaine.
Then preacing to the pillow, 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 viter 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 hath in charge the ingre of the yeare :
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

13
On th'one side he, on th'other side *Delay*,
Behind the gate, that none her might espy ;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions fly ;
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recover might againe ;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpietied paine,
And seeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

14
Mee when as bee 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 awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feining full many a fonde excuse to prate,
And time to steale the treasure of mans day ;
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

15
But by no meanes my way I would forflowe,
For ought that euer he could doe or say ;
But from my lofty steed dismounting lowe,
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And vnderneath, the riuier rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to ferue the vworkmans

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 fame to all stood alwaies open wide :
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An audious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faime enter would.

17
His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,
VWho 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 fure 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 sternesse of his looke abide ;
But soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

19
But I, though meanest 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.
Eftsoones advauncing that enchanted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about :
Which when he saw, the glauiue which he did wield
He gan forth-with to auaile, 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 (wherof heed I tooke)
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did eare 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-fight.

21
Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that Islands space;
The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightful 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 Iuniper to Cedar tall;
No floure in field, that dainty odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any quaint deuice,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

23
In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to bee,
So lawfully enricht with Natures treasure,
That if the happy soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
They soone would loathe their lesser happinesse,
And with to life return'd againe to ghesse.
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24
Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, 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 lunds about to view;
Lowe looking dales, disioynd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace Louers trew;
Falle Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which, by Nature made, did Nature selfe amaze.

25
And all without were walkes and alleys dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowing bankes,
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 blakt.

26
All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.
But farre away from these, another sort
Of Louers linkt in true harts consent:
Which loued not as these, for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraude, or fained blundilment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more aspire.

27
Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* deare;
True *Jonathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
Stout *Thefeus*, and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades, and *Orestes* by his side;
Milde *Titus*, and *Gessippus* without pride;
Damon and *Pythias*, whom death could not feuer:
All these, and all that euer had bene tyde,
In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer;
Whose liues, although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

28
Which, when as I, that neuer tasted blifs,
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endless happinesse enuy,
That being free from feare and ieaalousie,
Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;
Whil'ft I, through paines and perous icopardie,
Was forc't to seeke my lifes deare patronesse: (stresse,
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

29
Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps with-hold, but that forth-right
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queene of beauty, and of loue the mother,
There worshipp'd of euery liuing wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre 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 *Asa* sought with voves profane,
One of the worlds feauen wonders said to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties fee;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

31
I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approacht, which open stood;
But therein fate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire: for on her head a Crowne
Shee wore, much like vnto a Danisk hood,
Pouderd with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full lowe adowns.

32
On either side of her, two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th'elder, and him may'stred still in all debate.

Nath'lesse,

Nath'lesse, that Dame so well them tempred both,
 That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
 Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commandment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 And gnasht his iron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

Concord shee cleeped was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true;
 They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
 And she herself likewise diuinely grew;
 The which right well her workes dinine 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 minds, sweet rest and quiet lends.

By her the heauen is in his course contained,
 And all the world in state vnmooued stands,
 As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
 And bound them with inuoliable bands;
 Else would the waters over-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.

By her I entring, halfe dismayed was;
 But shee in gentle wise me entertayned,
 And twist her selfe and Loue did let me pass;
 But *Hatred* 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 weath refrained;
 And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
 Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with Frankensence I found,
 And odours rising from the altars flame.
 Vpon an hundred Marble pillors round,
 The rooffe vp high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crownes, and chaines, and girlonds gray,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
 The which did Louers for their vovves did pay:
 (May) And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as

An hundred Altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steme thereof the Temple sweet,
 Which rou'd in cloudes, to heauen did aspire,
 And in them bore true Louers vovves entire:
 And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,
 To bathe in ioy and amorous desire,
 Eury of which was to a Damzell hight;
 For, all the Priests were Damzels, in soft linnen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand,
 Vpon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was weath to vnderstand:
 For, neither pretious stone, nor durcfull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to crytall glais,
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
 But being fare and bricke, likest glasse did seeme.

But in in shape and beauty did excell
 All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,
 Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer shined,
 But couered with a slender veile afore;
 And both her feet and legs together twined
 Were with a snake, whose head & taile were fast combined.

The cause why shee was couered with a veile,
 Vvas hard to knowe, for that her Priests the same
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
 But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
 Both male and female, both vnder one name:
 She fire and mother is her selfe alone;
 Begets, and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 A flock of little loues, and sports, and ioyes,
 VVith nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
 But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes;
 The whil' ft their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldest brother; he enioyes
 The wide kingdome of loue with lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

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 disclaiming,
 Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently layning,
 As eury one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest, some one through loues constraining
 Tormented fore, could not containe it full,
 But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

Great *Venus*, Queene of beauty and of grace,
 The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
 Dooft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,
 That with thy smiling looke doost pacifie
 The raging seas, and mak' st the stormes to flie:
 Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the cloudes do feare,
 And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
 The waters play, and pleasant Lands appere,
 And heauens laugh, & all the world shewes ioyous cheare.

Then doth the dædale earth throw foth to thee
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres:
 And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
 The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
 They all do learne to play the Paramours;
 Firſt do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 Primily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then do the saluage beaſts begin to play
 Their pleasaunt friskes, and loath their wanted food:
 The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,
 The raging Bulls rebell through the wood,
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepeſt flood,
 To come where thou doest drawethem with desire:
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And dayly yet thou doest the same repaire:
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,
 But thou the same 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.

So did he say: but I with murmur 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.
 Whileſt 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 Antheem should be sung on hie.

The first of them did seeme of riper yeares,
 And grauer countenance then all the rest;
 Yet all therest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet vnto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was *Womanhood*, that the exprest
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wise:
 For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Nerov'd at randon after gazers guife,
 Whose luring baytes oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entice.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastnesse*:
 Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,
 Ne euer once did looke vp from her deſſe,
 As if some blame of euill she did feare,
 That in her cheekes maderoses oft appeare:
 And her against, sweet *Cherifinesse* was placed,
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
 Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chased,
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

And next to her fate sober *Moderſtie*,
 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 ouerthwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submiſſe *Obedience*,
 Both linkt together neuer to diſpart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both giſonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus fate they all around in ſecemely rate:
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there fate,
 The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
 With siluer ſtreames amongst the linnen ſtray'd;
 Like to the morne, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world it ſelfe bewray'd:
 That fame was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
 Shining with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my heart gan throb,
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be done:
 For, sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob;
 And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
 Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

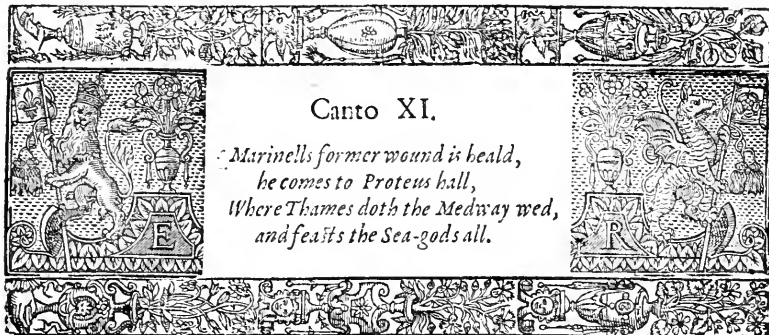
Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharper rebuke, for being ouer-bold:
 Saying it was to Knight vntemely ſtame,
 Vpon a reclusé Virgin to Ly hold,
 That vnto *Venus* seruices was fold.
 To whom I thus; Nay but it ſiteth best,
 For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to rest:
 For, ill your goddesse seruices are drest
 By Virgins, and her ſacrifices let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did ſhowe,
 Which all that while I cloſely had conceald;
 On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe
 And cruell shafts emblazond the beheld,
 At ſight thereof the was with terror queld,
 And ſayd no more: but I which all that while
 The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 Like wary Hynd within the weedy ſoyle,
 For no intreacy would forgoe ſo glorious ſpoyle.

And euermore vpon the goddesse face
 Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
 Whom when I lawe 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 a ſtoniſht ſtaring,
 Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

57
 Shee often prayd, and often me befought,
 Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
 Sometime with witching smiles: but yet for nought,
 That euer she to mee could say or doe,
 Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe:
 But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
 By which I hardly past with much adoë:
 But that same Lady which me friended late
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

58
 No lesse did danger threaten me with dread,
 When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
 That glorious spoile of beauty with me lead,
 Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
 His Lemn from the *Sygyan* Princes bourc.
 But euermore my shield did me defend,
 Against the storme of euery dreadful stoure:
 Thus lively with my Loue I thence did wend.
 So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.



Canto XI.

*Marinell's former wound is heald,
 he comes to Proteus hall,
 Where Thames doth the Medway wed,
 and feasts the Sea-gods all.*

1
BUt 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 *Florenell* in bands remaine,
 In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chaine:
 From which, vnlesse some heauenly powre her free
 By miracle, not yet appearing plainc,
 Shee lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
 That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

2
 Here neede you to remember, how ere-while
 Vnlocuy *Proteus*, missing to his mind
 That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
 Her threw into a dungeon deepe and blind,
 And there in chaines her cruely did bind,
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
 For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,
 Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,
 He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

3
 Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither yron barres, nor brazen locke
 Did need to gard from force, or secret theft
 Of all her Louers, which would her haue rest.
 For, wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
 As they the cliff in peeces would haue cleft:
 Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhord
 Did waite about it, gaping grieisly, all begor'd.

4
 And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
 And darkensse drad, that neuer viewed day;
 Like to the bale full house of lowest hell,
 In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
 (Old *Styx*, the Grandane of the Gods) doth lay.
 There did this lucklesse mayd three months abide,
 Ne euer cucning saw, ne mornings ray,
 Ne euer from the day the night defende,
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

5
 And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
 Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)
 And womens loue did from his hart expell,
 And all those ioyes that weake mankind entise.
 Nath'lesse, his pride full dearely he did prise;
 For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell trocke
 Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

6
 Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother sought,
 And many salues did to his fore apply,
 And many herbes did vse. But when as nought
 She saw could ease his rankling maladic,
 At last, to *Tryphon* shee for helpe did hie
 (This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods surgeon hight)
 Whom shee befought to find some remedy:
 And for his paines, a whistle him beight,
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that Leach did harke to her request,
 And did so well employ his carefull paine,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
 In which he long time after did remaine
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
 Who fore againt his will did him retaine,
 For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proued ouer all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
 To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seed,
 In honour of the spousalls, which then were
 Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
 Long had the *Thames* (as we in records read)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed;
 But the proude Nymph, would for no worldly need,
 Nor no creature to his loue be led;
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast
 Should for the gods in *Proteus* house be made;
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the 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 note excell,
 In order as they came, could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, ô thou sacred imp of *Ioue*,
 The nourling of Dame *Memory* his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
 And records of 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 watry Gods,
 And all their fundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

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 Diademe imperiall:
 And by his side, his Queene with Coronall,
 Faire *Amphitrité*, most diuinely faire,
 Whose Iuory shouldres weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire:
 And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian seas for her prepare.

These marched 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.

Phorcys, the father of that fatal brood,
 By whom those old Heröes wonne such fame;
 And *Glaucus*, that wife toothfayes vnderfoot;
 And tragick *Inoes* sonne, the which became
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight *Palemon*, and is Sayers friend;
 Great *Bromes*, and *Afræus*, that did shame
 Himselfe with incest of his kin vnked;
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

The rich *Creatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Nelus and *Pelias*, lovely brethern both;
 Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Caius* strong;
Euryptulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
 And faire *Emphæmus*, that vpon them go'th
 As on the ground, without difmay or dread:
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Albins*, that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth their bottoome tread;
 And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There also, some most famous founders were
 Of puissant Nations, which the world posselt;
 Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
 Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncientest,
 And *Inachus*, renowm'd aboue the rest;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelafagus* old,
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, best;
 And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
 And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Islands hold.

For, *Albion*, the sonne of *Neptune* was;
 Who for the proefe of his great puiffance,
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass
 Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might:
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine: but that which is th'immortall spright
 Liues still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
 Which all the world haue with their issue filld?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contained be, and in small compasse hild?
 Let them record them, that are better skild,
 And knowe the monuments of passed times:
 Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,
 T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
 Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
 Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest;
 For, all the rest, of those two Parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land posselt:
 Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
 Most void of guile, most free from foule despight,
 Dooing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There-to

19
 Threeto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ladden of the Gods vnfold,
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prize
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him tortolde,
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud *Priams* towne. So wife is *Nereus* old,
 And so well skild; nath lesse he takes great ioy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphes to sport and toy.

20
 And after him the famous riuers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
 The fertile Nile, which creates new doth frame;
 Long *Rhodanus*, whose fourfe 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, gliftring with his golden flood,
 And *Tigris* fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood

21
 Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
 Deepe *Indus*, and *Mæander* intricate,
 Slow *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phafides*,
 Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowned for the *Romaines* fame,
 Rich *Oranochy*, though but knowne late;
 And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possess the same.

22
 Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
 And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
 Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.
 Put this to you, ô Britons, most pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath fold;
 The which, for sparing little cost or paines,
 Lose so immortal glory, and so endlesse gaines.

23
 Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
 Of dainty musicke, which did next enfew
 Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crown'd;
 Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
 The cares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That euen yet the *Dolphin*, which him bore
 Through the *Agæan* seas from *Pirates* view,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

24
 So went he playing on the watry Playne.
 Soone after whom the louely *Bridegroom* came,
 The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly traine;
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His auncient parents, namely th' auncient *Thame*.
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The *Oaze*, whom men do *Iſis* rightly name;
 Full weak and crooked creature seemed she,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

25
 Therefore on either side she was sustained
 Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
 The *Cherne*, and *Charwell*, two small streames, which
 Them selues her footing to direct aright, (pained
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward fight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe away.

26
 And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
 And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
 Of that faire Citie, wherem make-abode
 So many learned impes, that shoot abroad,
 And with their branches spred all Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourfery,
 Of Arts: but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* most glonfie.

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* glas,
 So cunningly enuowen were, that few
 Could weenen, whether they were faw or trew.
 And on his head like to a *Coronet*
 He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
 In which were many *Towres* and *Castles* set,
 That it encompassed round as with a golden fret.

28
 Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron char: wents to ride,
 When to *Ioues* palace she doth take her way;
 Old *Cybelé*, arrayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a *Diademe* embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a *Turnbant*.
 With such an one was *Thamis* beautifide;
 That was to weat, the famous *Troy* nouant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

29
 And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duely, ready to obay;
 All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the soft *Thetis* gray;
 The morish *Cole*, and the soft sliding *Breane*,
 The wanton *Lec*, that oft doth lose his way,
 And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

30
 Then came his neighbour *Flouds*, which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the *English* soile throughout;
 They all on him this day attended well;
 And with meet seruice waited him about;
 Ne one disdaind lowe to him to lout:
 No not the stately *Seuerne* grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;
 But both him honor'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters lowe before him fall.

31

There was the speedy Tamar, which diuides
 The Cornist, and the Deuonish confines;
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
 And Dart, 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 Britow faire, which on his waues he buildd hath.

32

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
 Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hie,
 That doth his course through Blandford Plains direct,
 And washeth Winborne meades in fealon drie.
 Next him, went Wylbourne with passage flye,
 That of his wylineffe his name doth take,
 And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
 And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
 His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

33

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
 Like a wood god, and flowing fast to Rhy:
 And Sture, that parteth with his plefant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ry,
 And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautifie:
 Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwiche wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish vnto their festiual, (call.
 Whose like none else could shewe, the which they Ruffins

34

Next these, the plentious Ouse came far from land,
 By many a City, and by many a Towne,
 And many Rivers, taking vnder hand
 Into his waters, as he palldh 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
 With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

35

And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning, more then euer did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly bearnes.
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
 And bountious Trent, that in him selfe enfeames
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty fundry streames.

36

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony banke
 That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flanke
 Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,
 Which yet thereof Gualleuer they do call:
 And Twede the limbit betwixt Logris land
 And Albany: and Eden though but small,
 Yet often stainde with blood of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that tryed on his strand.

37

Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
 That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
 Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymph yborne,
 Which did in noble deeds of armes excell,
 And woned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
 Still Vre, swift Werke, and Oze the most of might,
 High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
 Slew cruely, and in the river drowned quight.

38

But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne
 Loetrinus them aueng'd, and the same date,
 Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
 By equall doome repayd 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;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
 Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

39

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 fend
 Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
 And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the auncient Lincolne men do call,
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

40

Ne thence the Irish Riuers absent were,
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they be,
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
 Why should they not likewise in lone agree,
 And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
 They sawe 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, through which they passe.

41

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 Awniduff, which of the English man
 Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe;
 Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerteanne,
 Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
 And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

42

And there the three renowned brethren were,
 Which that great Giant Blomius begot
 Of the faire Nymph Rheisja wandring there.
 One day, as she to hunne the season hot,
 Vnder Slewblomme in shady groue was got,
 This Gyant found her, and by force deshou'd:
 Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought
 These three faire sons, which being thence forth powd
 In three great riuers ran, and many countries scowd.

43
The first, the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepoite boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmon in his deepe bosome:
All which long hundred, doe at last accord
To ioine in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44
There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Island faire
Encloseth Corke with his diuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late stay'd with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemely good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befall.

45
Then came the Bride, the louing *Medua* came,
Clad in a vesture of vnknowne geare,
And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like siluer, sprinkled here and there
With glittering spang, that did like starrs appeare,
And way'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewray'd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

46
Her goodly lockes a towne her backe did flowe
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 the wote,
From vnder which the dewy humour, shed,
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47
On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One call'd the *Thyife*, the other call'd the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind vp-held her spredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her siluer feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there pased Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Donne* & eke the *Frisib*, both which prepar'd her way.

48
And after these the Sea Nymphs march'd all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire *Nerides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;

The gray-cyde *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucraté*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endoré*, *Sao* sad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glanéc*, and *Galené* glad;

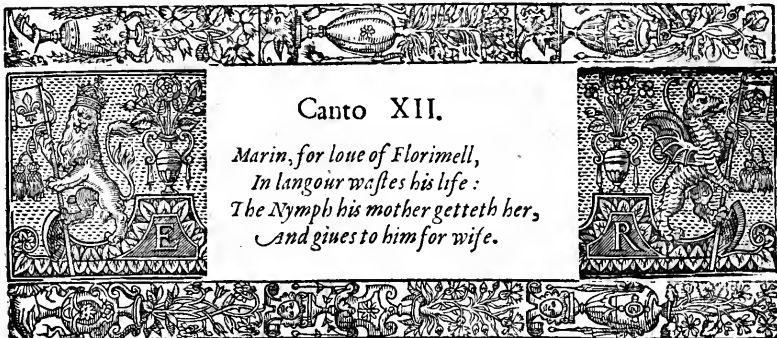
49
White hand *Enuica*, proud *Dinamené*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Pasithe*, kinde *Eulimené*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweete *Melite*,
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agaué*, *Poris*, and *Ngisa*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,
And *Panope*, and wife *Protonoéda*,
And snowy neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathea*;

50
Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Altea*,
Large *Lisanaissa*, and *Pronaafage*,
Euagoré, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she, that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they doe forestrage,
Cymodocé, and stout *Autonoé*,
And *Ngiso*, and *Eioné* well in age,
And seeming still to smile, *Glauconomé*,
And she that hight of many hefts *Polynomé*;

51
Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girland greene;
Hyponoe, with salt bedew'd wreits:
Laomedia, like the cryстал sheene;
Liagoré, much pray'd for wife behests;
And *Psamathé*, for her broad snowy breasts;
Cymo, *Eupompé*, and *Themisté* iust;
And she that vertue loues and vice detests,
Euarna, and *Menippé* true in trust,
And *Nemetea* learned well to rule her lust.

52
All these the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,
Which haue the sea in charge to them assignde,
To rule his tides, and surges to vp-rette,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vp-binde,
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but *Ioues* and *Phæbus* kind;
The which in fouds and fountaines doe appeare,
And all mankind doe nourish with their waters cleare.

53
The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the fands, or count the starrs on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right,
But well I wote, that these which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of lucklesse *Marinell*, *Cymodocé*;
Which, for my Mufe her selfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-pas.



Canto XII.

*Marin. for loue of Florimell,
In langour wastes his life :
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.*



¹
What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny !
Whose fruitfull seed far passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne 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.

²
Therefore the antique wizards well inuented,
That *Venus* 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 tholes, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Riuers yet vnread :
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which carft I did recount.

³
All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* house they fill even to the dore ;
Yet were they all in order, as besell,
According their degrees, disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cynodocé*,
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.

⁴
But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, 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 rome,
To view the building of that vncouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home :
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a disaduentrous case.

⁵
Vnder the hanging of an hideous cliefe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitiously complaind her car-full griefe,
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemoone,
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That truth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maine.

⁶
Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare ;
Yet hoping, griefe may lessen being tolde,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare :
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is faire from hearing of my heavy plight ;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euills hap to wretched wight ;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

⁷
Yet loe, the seas I see by often beating,
Do pearce the Rockes, and hardest marble weares ;
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yeeld ; but when my pitious plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

⁸
And when my weary ghost with griefe out-worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes protest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart opprest.
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case ;

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
 Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 By one or other way me woeful thrall
 Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I dayly 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 dayes atone,
 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 be loued be:
 And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,
 Do you by durezza him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me:
 One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
 So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
 Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be.

But o vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
 The which the prisoner points vnto the free!
 The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
 He where he list goes loofe, and laughs at mine.
 So cuer loofe, so cuer happy be.
 But where so loofe or happy that thou art,
 Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart
 Would quite haue burst through great abundance of 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 misfare,
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pity rare;
 That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
 And inly wish, that in his powre it were
 Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
 He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
 And mighty courage something mollified,
 Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
 Into his mouth his maystering bridle threw,
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
 Then gan he make him tread his steps awc,
 And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde deuise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
 Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
 To *Proteus* selfe to lue for her discharge:
 But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
 Gainsst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
 Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraîne:
 But soone he gan such folly to forthinke 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 ilsew 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 him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment;
 And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame
 To damne himselfe by cury cull name,
 And deeme vnworthy of loue or life,
 That had despis'd so chaste and faire a Dame,
 Which him had sought through trouble and long strife:
 Yet had refus'd a god that her had fought to wife.

In this sad plight he walk'd here and there,
 And roamed round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where;
 Oft listning if he mote her heare againe;
 And still benoning her vnworthy paine:
 Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vnwares
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right forrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this, the feast was throughly ended,
 And euery one gan homeward to resort:
 Which seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,
 That his departure thence should be so short,
 And leaue his Lone in that sea-walled fort,
 Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
 But her attending in full fecemely fort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way:
 And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
 In solitary silence farre from wight,
 He gan record the lamentable towre,
 In which his wretched Lone lay day and night,
 For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
 The thought whereof empearc't his heart so deepe,
 That of no worldly thing he tooke 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 liuely spirits deaded quight:
 His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,
 And brawny armes had lost their knownen might,
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
 Ere long, so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
 He waxt, that longer he n'ote stand vpright,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
 Like a refulfull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

21
Which when his mother sawe, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene.
Ne could by search nor any meanes out-find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne :
Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend ;
To see an helpelesse euill, double griefe 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 appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amiss,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Why leare by *Tryphon* was not thoroughly healed,
But closely rankled vnder th' offence:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnreuealed.

23
Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth haste,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plac't,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent :
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her Patient ;
Where searching euery part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured ;

24
But that it was some other malady,
Or griefe 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 griev'd thought,
It to reueale : who still her answered, there was nought.

25
Nath'lesse she rested not for latitide :
But leaming 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 minde ;
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

26
Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbeliue :
But afterwards she gan him soft to stricke,
And woone with faire intreaty, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphs his heart so sore did mieuie.
For, sure she wend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seen, that for his Loue he chose.

27
Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware ;
Which being meant of mortall creatures feed,
For loue of Nymphes she thought he need not care,
But promist him what-euer 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,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

28
Yet since she sawe the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to feare the propheticie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of danger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denyd :
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How the that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

29
To *Proteus* selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe :
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his maiestie,
To grant to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuously
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30
To whom god *Neptune* sottly smyling, thus ;
Daughter, me leemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gaineit one that hath both wronged you, and vs :
For, death t'ward I wend'd did appertaine
To none, but to the seas sole Sovereigne.
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

31
To whom she answered ; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ord'ny'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 equite,
But yours the waift by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to repleiue, and my sonne reprieue :
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

32
He graunted it : and streight his warrant made,
Vnder the sea-gods scale autenticall,
Commanding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which the receiving with meeete thankfulnessse,
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall :
Who, reading it with inward ioythfulnessse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possessse.

33
 Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But vnto her deliuered *Floismell*.
 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 iorsons that the gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne *Marinell*.
 So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him, then being fore bestad.

34
 Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
 Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
 His cheared heart estfoones away gan chace
 Sad death, retained with her sweet inspection,

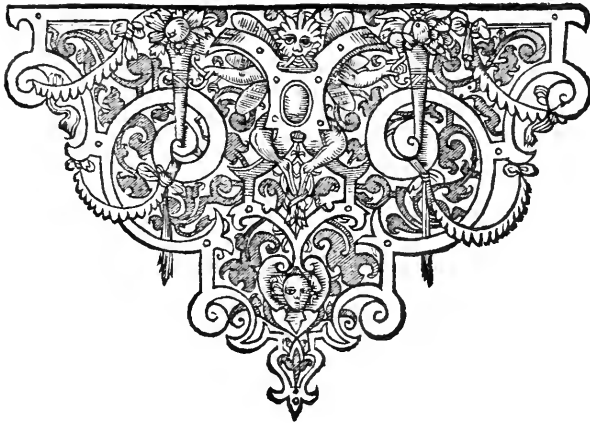
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
 As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
 That feelles the warmth of sunny beames refection,
 Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

35
 Right so him selfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
 When he in place his dearest Loue did spy;
 And though his limbs could not his body beare,
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret heart affected,
 But that she masked it with modesty,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

X 4

Canto





THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of ARTHUR GALL.

OR

Of Justice.

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 blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse.

For, from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stony one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill vses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,

But to the antique vsé, 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,¹
But simple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are changed quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre from, where it first was pight,
And so do make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For, who so list into the heauens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appears.
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull, which faire *Europa* bore.

And

6
 And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 So hardly butted those two twinnes of *Ioue*,
 That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great *Nemean* lions groue.
 So now all range, and do at randon rouse
 Out of their proper places farre away,
 And all this world with them amisse do moue,
 And all his creatures from their course afaire,
 Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

7
 Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
 But is miscarried with the other spheres.
 For, since the rearm of fourteene hundred years
 That learned *Ptolomee* his height did take,
 He is declined from that marke of theirs,
 Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;
 That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

8
 And if to those *Ægyptian* wifards old,
 Which in *Star-read* were wont haue best insight,
 Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
 That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
 Four times his place he shifted hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
 And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
 But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
 And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

9
 For, during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's sayd,
 That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
 All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
 Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
 No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets sound,
 Peace vniuerfall raignd mongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground:
 Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
 And to all people did diuide her drad behests;

10
 Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperall might;
 Whole foueraigne powre is heren most exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
 And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
 That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like himsef in glorious fight,
 To sit in his owne seat, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11
 Drad foueraigne goddesse, that doest highest sit
 In seate of iudgement, in th'Almighties stead,
 And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
 Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
 That furthest Nations fillles with awefull dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so diuine a read,
 As thy great iustice prayd ouer all;
 The instrument whereof loc here thy *Arthegall*.



Canto I.

*Arthegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
 Irenaeus quest purfewed:
 He doth auenge on Sanglier
 His Ladies blond embrewed.*



1
I Hough vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times, of which I doe entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice
 Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
 And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
 But euermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose vp, inspired with herboicke heat,
 That cropt the branches of the fiend 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 ouerronne,
 And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne.
 There Iustice fist her princely rule begonne.
 Next, *Hercules* his like ensample shewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued;
 The club of Iustice drad, with kingly powre endued.

And

And such was he, of whom³ I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iustice, *Arthegall*.
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, 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: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse;
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse.
That foueraigne Queene, that mighty Emperesse,
Whose glorie is to ayde all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For, *Arthegall* in iustice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Africa*, 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,
Africa 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 giftes 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 raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance 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 thereof mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of decerning wrong and right,
Vntill the ripencile of mans yeares he raught;
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awefull sight,
And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand
His dreadfull heft, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the honor of his weakfull hand,
When-so he list in wrath list vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her sight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In *Ioues* eternall house, vniuisit 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 prov'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Gyants quell-
(led.

For, of most perfect metall it was made,
Temp'd 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 firm and hard,
But it would pierce or cleaue, where-so it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But whereloeuer it did light, it thoroughly snar'd.

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Africa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we doe see
The heauens bright-shining baudrick to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, fixt in her degrec:
And next her selfe, her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groom
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always, to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,
And do what euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, resistlesse, without end;
Who, in his hand, an yron flail did holde,
With which he thresh't out falsehood, & did truth vnfolde.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunc't to need,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeed,
And kept the Crowne in which she should succced.
And now together on their way they bin
When as they sawe a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting fore his sorrowfull sad tinc,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To whom as they approached, they espide
A fory fight, as euer scene with eye;
An headlesse Ladie 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 flamm'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly;
He askt, who had that Dame so fouly dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah!

15
 Ah! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
 Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
 That euer I this dimall day did fee:
 Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
 Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
 If I should grant that I haue doen the same,
 That I mote driok the cup, whereof the 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, sayd *Arthegall*, that wrought?
 And why? doe it declare vnto me trew.
 A knight, sayd 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 fayer in his eye,
 Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
 Would change with me; but I did it deny:
 So did the Ladies both as may be knowen,
 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 retimie away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her fet, to beare her out of sight.

18
 Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching holde, gon 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 crompt off her head with scorne,
 In that same place, whereas it now doth lie,
 So he my loue away with him hath borne,
 And left me here, both his & mine owne Loue to mourne.

19
 Aread, sayd he, which way then did he make?
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
 To hope, quoth he, him soone to ouertake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
 But yet he pricked ouer yonder Plaine;
 And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
 By which its easie 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 purfew'd so light,
 As that it seem'd aboute the ground he went:
 For, he was swift as swallow in her sight,
 And strong as Lion in his lordly might.
 It was not long, before he ouertooke
 Sir *Sanguier*: (so cleeped was that Knight)
 Whom at the first he ghesled by his looke,
 And by the other markes, which of his shield he took.

21
 He bade him stay, and backe with him retire;
 Who full of scome to be commanded fo,
 The Lady to alight did est require,
 Whilft he reformed that vacuill foe:
 And streight at him with all his force did goe:
 Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stones thrown;
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a senselesse blocke.

22
 But ere he could him selfe recure againe,
 Him in his Iron pawe he seized had;
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 He found him selfe vnswift, so ill bestad,
 That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
 The sight whereof the Lady fore adrad,
 And fayn'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
 But he her quickly stayd, and forc't to wend withal.

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 betwixt him and that Squire betide.
 Who with stern countenance and indignant pride
 Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
 And his accuser thereupon deside:
 For, neyther he did fied that Ladies blood,
 Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24
 Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe 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 him selfe to yield,
 But *Arthegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,
 That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
 But that strange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25
 And sayd, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
 Can hardly be by Sacrament be tride,
 Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
 But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further quarell end,
 So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.
 Thereto they both did frankly condiscend,
 And to his doome with listfull cares did both attend.

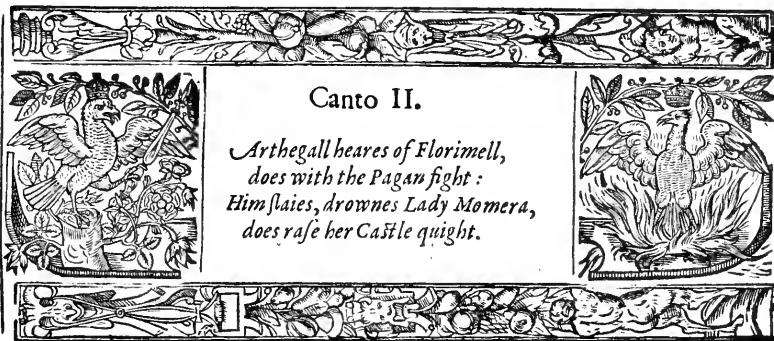
26
 Sith then, sayd he, ye both the dead deny,
 And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
 Let both the dead and liuing equally
 Diuided be betwixt you herein sight,
 And each of either take his share aright.
 But looke who does dissent from this my read,
 He for a twelue moneths day shall in despight
 Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;
 To witnesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

²⁷
 VVell pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,
 And offred straight the Lady to be flaine.
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
 When as he sawe she should be cutin twaine,
 Did yield, she rather should with him remaine
 Alue, 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 despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

²⁸
 Whom when so willing *Arthegall* perceaued;
 Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme
 The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
 For, worthy thou of her dooft rightly seeme.
 And you, sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,
 As that ye would for litle leaue the same,
 Take here your owne, that doth you best befeeme,
 And with it beare the burden of defame;
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

²⁹
 But *Sangliere* disdaind much his doome,
 And iternly gan repine at his behest;
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
 To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
 Vnrill that *Talus* had his pride represt,
 And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
 Who, when he saw it bootlesse to resist,
 He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

³⁰
 Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,
 For his great iustice, held in high regard;
 And (as his Squire) him offred euermore
 To serue, for want of other meet reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard.
 But he thereto would by no means consent;
 But leauing him, forth 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 slaies, drownes Lady Momera,
 does rase her Castle fight.*

¹
Nought is more honorable to a Knight,
 Ne better doth befeeme braue cheualry,
 Then to defend the feeble in their right,
 And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
 Whilome those great Heröes got thereby
 Their greatest glory, for their rightful deeds,
 And place deserued with the Gods on hie.
 Herein the nobleste of this knight excedes,
 Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

²
 To which as hee now was vpon the way,
 He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfie in hasty course;
 Whom herequir'd his forward haste to stay,
 Till he of tydings mote with him discourse.
 Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay perforce,
 And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
 As to his memory they had recourse:
 But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,
 How she was found againe, and spouide to *Marinell*.

³
 For, this was *Dony*, *Florimell's* owne Dwarfie;
 Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whylcare)
 And finding in the way the scatted scarfie,
 The fortune of her life long time did feare.
 But, of her health when *Arthegall* did feare,
 And safe returne, he was full inly glad;
 And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
 Should be solemnis'd: for, if time he had,
 He would be there, and honour to her spouill ad.

⁴
 Within three dayes, quoth hee, as I do heare,
 It will be at the Castle of the *Strond*;
 What time, if nought me let, I will be there
 To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
 But in my way a little here beyond,
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keeps a Bridges passage by strong hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
 That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

Y.

What

5
 VVhat mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence
 Is he, that doth to traouellers such harmes?
 He is, said he, a man of great defence;
 Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
 With which his daughter doth him still support;
 Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
 By which he fill them holds, & keepes with strong effort.

6
 And daily hee his wrongs encreaseth more:
 For, neuer wight he lets to passe that way,
 Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
 Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a groomme 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 tyrannize.

7
 His name is hight *Pollentis*, 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 downe doth fall through ouer-

8
 And vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
 Into the which whom-so he ouer-throwes,
 All destitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:
 But he himselfe, through practise vsuall,
 Leapes forth into the flood, and there affiaies
 His foe, confused through his suddaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 And eyther both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

9
 Then doth he take the spoyle of them at will,
 And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
 Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill
 The coffers of her wicked threasury;
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
 And purchaft all the countrey lying ny
 With the reueneue of her plentifull meedes;
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

10
 There-to shee is full faire, and rich attired,
 With golden hands and siluer feete beside,
 That maoy Lords haue her to wife desired:
 But she them all despiseth for great pride.
 Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:
 Therfore 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, awayning for some spoile.
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law,
 To whom he answered wrooke, lo, there thy hire:
 And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

12
 Which, when the Pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
 And straight himselfe vnto the fight addrest;
 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 vnblest,
 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 choler new.
 But theret the Paynim, who that vs well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That often-times him nigh he ouer-threw:
 And eke the coufer, where-vpon he rad,
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his back bestad.

14
 Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* espide,
 He saw no way, but close with him in haste;
 And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,
 Vpon his iron coller griped fast,
 That with the straint, his wefand nigh he brast.
 There they together stroue and struggled long,
 Either 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 Seale are met,
 In the wide champion of the Ocean Plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maister dome of each by force to gaine,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
 They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
 That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
 Doth frie with some about the farges hore:
 Such was betwixt these two the troublefome yprore.

16
 So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forsake
 His horses back, for dread of beeing drownd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold vnbound,
 And then no ods at all in him he found:
 For, *Arthegall* in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water found.
 So ought each Knight, that vs of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

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 throughly tride.
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe vp-right,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18
But *Arthegall* pursuw'd him still so neare,
With bright Chrysaor 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 gnashed with his teeth, as if he had
High God, whose goodnesse he despairod quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight.

19
His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy blood it stained:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordained;
Where many yeeres it afterwards remained,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-reen,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

20
That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochefull blasphemy deside,
Beaten with stones downe from the battlement,
That he was forced to wath-draw aside;
And bade his seruauant *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21
Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flae at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did foreamate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochefully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst fo hie.
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideously,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great vp-rorre.

22
With noife whereof, the Lady forth appeared
Vpon the Castle wall; and when she saw
The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neere overthrowe;
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,
To cease his out-rage, and him faire befought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throwe,
Nor powre of charmes, 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 pittious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great sacks, with endlesse riches fraught,
Vnto the battlement to be vp-brought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That the might win some time (though dearly bought)
Whil'ft he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing moou'd, nor tempted there-withall;

24
But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge iron flae,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile.
VWho beeing entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, against his powre them selues to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,
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 wend she was escap't away:
But *Talus*, that could like a lunc-bound wind her,
And all things secret wisely could bewray,
At length found out, where as shee hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire locks, and foully did array,
Withouten pity of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegall* himselfe her seem'd esse plight did rew.

26
Yet for no pity would he change the course
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorse,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet submissiuely.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feet, those feet of siluer try
(Which sought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold)
Chopt off; and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27
Her selfe then tooke he by the slender wafe,
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
But the streame wafst away her guilty blood.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoyle of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28
And lastly, all that Castle quite he rased,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* thoroughly had performed,
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fastion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he retourned.

29
In which they meaur'd mickleweary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did trauell ou 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 relost they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing fo 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 fame to counterpoys.
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballance full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes.

31
He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,
And all the sea, diuided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballance make,
And one of th' ayre, without or 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 vnquall 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 fort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33
Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluster thick vnto his leasings vaine:
Like foolish flies about an hony crock,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In Ideignfull wife he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34
Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong doost shew,
And far about thy forces pitch to fore.
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,
What was the poyle of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth ouer-flowe,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

35
For, at the first, they all created were
In goodly measure, by their Makers might:
And weighed out in ballance to nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoucaable abide,
Hem'd 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 courtes guide.

36
Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
That euery one doe knowe their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine;
And mongst them all no change hath yet been found.
But if thou now should'st weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would fo 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,
Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order go'th?
The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see
Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;
And th' earth it selfe how daily it's iucreat,
By all that dying to it turned bee?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

38
Therefore, I will throwe downe those Mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowely Plaine:
These towing rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest Maine,
And as they were, them equelize againe.
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raigne;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39
Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous *Arthegall*,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continually
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 doe fade.
For, of the earth they formed were of yore:
How-euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
 Ne euer any asketh reason why.
 The hills doe not the lowely dales disdain;
 The dales doe not the lofty hills enuy.
 He maketh Kings to sit in louerainty;
 He maketh subiects to their powre obey;
 He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;
 He giues to this, from that he takes away;
 For, all wee haue is his: what he list doo, he may.

What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
 Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;
 Ne any may his soueraigne power shonne,
 Ne looke that he hath bound with stedfast band.
 In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,
 To call to count, or weigh his workes 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.

For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)
 And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;
 Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
 Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flowe:
 But, if the weight of these thou canst not shoue,
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
 For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,
 That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?
 Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

There-with the Giant much abashed said,
 That he of little things made reckoning light;
 Yet the least word that euer could be layd
 Within his ballaunce, he could weigh right.
 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 his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,
 Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
 But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
 Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be tride.
 First in one ballaunce set the true aside.
 He did so first, and then the false he laid
 In th' other scale; but fill it downe did slide,
 And by no means could in the weight be staid.
 For, by no means the false will with the truth be way'd.

Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegall*,
 And counterpoise the same with so much wrong.
 So first the right he put into one scale;
 And then the Giant stroue with puissance strong
 To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
 But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
 Might not it poise; yet did he labour long,
 And sweat, and chaunst, and proued euery way:
 Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

VVhich when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
 And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:
 But *Arthegall* him fairly gan aswage,
 And said; Be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:
 For, they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
 But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
 And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
 The care must be the ballaunce, to decree
 And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside
 (For, they two wrongs together 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 plainc it did appeare,
 Whether of them the greater were atone.
 But right fate in the middle of the beame alone.

But hee 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 ecke.
 For, of the meane he greatly did mislecke.
 Whom when to lewdly minded *Talus* found,
 Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And downe the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

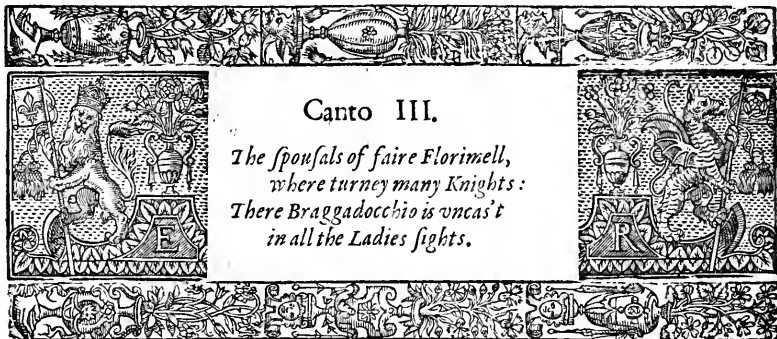
Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
 Vpon a rock with horrible distmay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riuies,
 And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
 Does make her selfe misfortunes pittious pray:
 So downe the cliff the wretched Giant tumbled;
 His batted ballaunces in peeces lay,
 His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
 So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there-about
 Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,
 They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining, to sitre vp ciuill faction,
 For certaine losse of so great expectation.
 For, well they hoped to haue got great good,
 And wondrous riches by his innoation.
 Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
 They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
 In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did view,
 He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
 For, loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
 In the base blood of such a rascal crew:
 And otherwise, if that he should retire,
 He fear'd least they with shame would him persure.
 Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t' inquire
 The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
 They gan with all their weapons him asslay,
 And rudely strooke at him on euery side:
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
 But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
 He like a swarme of flies them overthrow;
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,
 But heere and there before his presence flew,
 And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his view:

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a flussh of Ducks, fore by the brooke,
 The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them all ouer-tooke,
 Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
 Amongst the flags and covert round about.
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke,
 And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
 To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughtout.



After long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
 The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
 So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
 Some blisful houres at last must needs appeare;
 Like should afflicted wights oft-times depeire.
 So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
 In which captiu'd shee many months did mourne,
 To taste of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

Who, being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
 By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
 And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
 Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
 And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore.
 To which there did resort from euery side
 Of Lords and Ladies infinite great flore;
 Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
 The goodly seruice, the deuisefull fights,
 The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
 Were worke fit for an Herald, not for me:
 But for so much as to my lot herelights,
 That with this present treatise doth agree,
 True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satiety
 Of meates and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deedes of armes and prooffe of cheualrie
 They gan themselues adresse, full rich aguz'd,
 As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
 And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
 And with him fixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
 To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,
 And to maintaine, that shee all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
 A noble knight, and tride in hard affaies:
 The second had to name Sir *Bellisfont*;
 But second vnto none in prowesse praise;
 The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
 The fourth *Ecaflor*, of exceeding might;
 The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
 The sixt was *Lansacke*, a redoubted Knight:
 All fixe wellscene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,
 From euery coast, and country vnder sunne:
 None was debar'd, but all had leaue that list.
 The trumpets sound; then all together runne.
 Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
 And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
 But all that day the greatest praise redounded
 To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
 Appar'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, n'ote be ghest:
 But at the last, the trumpets did proclame
 That *Marinell* that day deserued best.
 So they departed were, and all men went to rest.

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 Lyon flew,
 Rafting off helmes, and iuning plates asunder,
 That euery one his danger did euew.
 So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thunder,
 That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwaies happy stand?
 The greater prowesse greater perils find.
 So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
 That they haue him enclosed so behind,
 As by no means he can himselfe out-wind.
 And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
 And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
 Vnlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill befet,
 Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
 With *Eraggadocchio*, whom he lately met
 Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.
 Where, when he vnderstood by common fame,
 What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
 Hee 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.

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
 VVhere they were leading *Marinell* away,
 Whom he assaid with dreadlesse hardiment,
 And forc't the burden of their prize to stay.
 They were an hundred knights of that array;
 Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did let,
 Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray.
 But he ere long the former siffe bet;
 And from th'other siffe, soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
 Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
 They both together ioyned might and maine,
 To set afresh on all the other crew.
 Whom with fore hauock soone they overthrew,
 And chased quite out of the field, that none
 Aganst them durst his head to perill shew.
 So were they left Lords of the field alone:
 So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
 To *Eraggadocchio* did his shield restore:
 VVho all this while behind him did remaine,
 Keeping there clofe with him in pretious store
 That his falle Ladie, as ye heard afore.
 Then did the trumpets sound, and Iudges rose,
 And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
 Came to the open hall, to listen whole
 The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

And thicher also came in open fight
 Faire *Florimell*, into the common hall,
 To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
 And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
 Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
 To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
 VVho came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*
 Cam: *Eraggadocchio*, and did then his shield,
 Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
 So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
 Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets shrill
 Don *Eraggadocchio*'s name retounded thrise:
 So courage lent a cloake to cowardise.
 And then to him came fairest *Florimell*,
 And goodly gan to greet his braue enprise,
 And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well
 Approu'd that day, that the all others did excell.

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,
 VVhom on his perill he did vndertake,
 Both her, and eke all others to excell:
 And further did vncomly speeches craike.
 Much did his words the gentie Lady quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*,
 Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
 Coared from peoples gaze with a veile,
 Whom when discovered they had throughly eyde,
 With great amazement they were stupefide;
 And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,
 Or, if it were not *Florimell* to tride,
 That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pass.
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,
 He was there-with exceedingly dismayd:
 Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise:
 But like as one, whom fiends had made afraid,
 He long astonisht stood: ne ought he said,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
 He gaz'd still vpon that snowy maid:
 Whom euer as he did the more auize,
 The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmise.

19
As when two sunnes appear in th'azure sky,
Mounred in *Phæbus* charact fieric bright;
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So stooe Sir *Marinell*, when he had feene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

20
All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while
Stooe in the preale clofe couer'd) well aduised,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth islewed,
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed:
And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doost deface,
VWhen they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21
That shield which thou doost beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour fan'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 stird this day:
Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So sharp a battell, that fo many did dilmay.

22
But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten dooth appeare.
As for this Lady which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wagge) *Florimell* at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For prooffe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23
So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increafe in her faire blushing face;
As Roses did with Lillies interlace.
For, of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did view,
They shonted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24
Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether should the honour get.
Straight way so soone as both together met,
Th'enchanted Danzell vanish into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought.
But th'empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25
As when the daughter of *Thasmanes* faire,
Hath in a watry clowd displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26
Which when as all, that present were, beheld,
They striken were with great astonishment;
And their faint harts with senselesse horror 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 dremment
So daunted was in his despaying mood,
That like a lifelesse corse in moueable he stooe.

27
But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-rooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her rest,
While she was flying, like a weary west,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbackling est,
Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:
Who rouod about her tender waste it fitted well.

28
Full many Ladies often had assayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waste
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Vnlesse that shee were continent and chaste,
But it would loofe or breake, that many had disgrac't.

29
Whil'ft thus they buffed were bout *Florimell*,
And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)
Forth from the thickest preace of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his sword: for, with the same
He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30
Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that same war-like horse.
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pass;
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 flight deceaued.

Who, all that pittious story,³¹ which besell
 About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
 And their young bloudy babe to him gan tell;
 With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
 His horse purloyned was by subrill traine:
 For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
 But he for nought could him there-to constraîne:
 For, as the death he hated such despight,
 And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

Which, *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 decry,
 He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
 If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,
 Within his mouth a black spot doth appeare,
 Shap't like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

Whereof to make due triall,³³ one did take
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:
 But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
 That all his ribs be 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 embrodered head-stall tooke:
 But by the shoulder him to fore he bit,
 That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,³⁴
 Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
 And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight):
 Whose voyce lo soone as he did vnder take,
 Eft-soones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see:
 And when-as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
 And friskt, and slong aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine aeed,³⁵
 That vnto him the horse belonged, and said;
 Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,
 As he with golden saddle is arraid:
 And let that lotell, plainly now displaid,
 Hence fare on foote, till he an horse haue gaind.
 But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraid,
 And him reuil'd, and rated, and did daind,
 That iudgement fo vniust against him had ordaind.

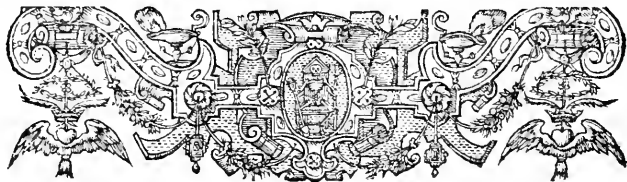
Much was the Knight incenit with his lewd word,³⁶
 To haue reuenged that his villeny;
 And thrice did lay his hand vpon his sword,
 To haue him slaine, or dearly doen aby.
 But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,
 Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
 To you, that are our iudge of equity,
 To wreake your wrath on such a Carle as hee:
 It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

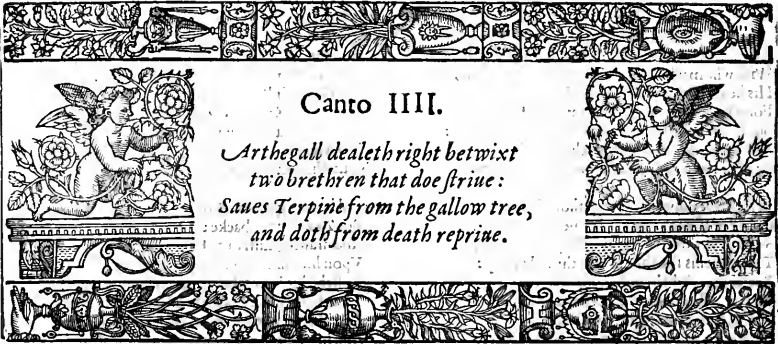
So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegall*;³⁷
 But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall,
 Vpon him did inflict this punishment.
 First, he his beard did shauie, and foully stent:
 Then from him rest his shield, and it reuents,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherst,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

The whiles, his guilefull groome was fled away:³⁸
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to fle.
 Who over-taking him, did distaray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamy,
 And out of Court him scoutrged openly.
 So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all braue knights be banisht with defame:
 For, oft their lewdnes blotte th good deserts with blame.

Now, when these counterfeites were thus vncafed³⁹
 Out of the fore-side of their forgerie,
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
 All gan to iest and gibe full merily
 At the remembrance of their knauey.
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery
 He them abused, through his subrill flights,
 And whit a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,⁴⁰
 Spending their ioyous daues and gladfull nights,
 And taking vsury of time fore-past,
 With all deare delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
 And turne we heere to this faire furrowes end
 Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
 That when as time to *Arthegall* shall rend,
 We on his first adventure may him forward send.





Canto III.

*Arthegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe strue:
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death reprice.*

V Ho-so vpon himselfe will take the skill
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had need haue mighty hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth wish righteous dōome de-
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride,
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-dooers Iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might,
For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise,
The charge of Iustice giuen was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beate downe leucentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.
Whereof no brauer precedent this day
Remaines on earth, prefer'd from iron rust
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

Who, 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 adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great iron groome, his gard and gouernment.

With 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 meanes seeking to asfwage their ires,
Now with fair words: but words did litle good: (moode)
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increaft their

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vpon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands,
Seem'd that for it these Squires at odds did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands,
But euermore those Damzels did forefall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustifie,
So stood they both in readinesse there-by,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brcthen be,
To whom our sire, *Mileso* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Islands, which ye there before you see:
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yer was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deuouring Sea that nought doth spare,
The most part of my Land hath washt away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreas'd, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further maid, which *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,
And should haue ioyned been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

9
Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,
Loue that same other *Damzell*, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* saw my lands decay,
And former liuelod 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 fo,
Through dolorous despair, which she conceiued,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
Whil' it 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 maid, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly vniomic,
Can to repent that thee had beene so mad,
For any death to change life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
After long tossing in the seas distrett,
Her weary Barke at last vpon mine Isle did rest:

12
Where I by chance then wandering on the shore,
Did her spy, and through my good endeuour,
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatred fore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.
She then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better see.

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 *Damzell* 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' it euer that I may.

15
So hauing said, the younger did enfew:
Full true it is, what-so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
Which well I proue, 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 remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide what iudgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for 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 downe his sword out of his hand.

17
Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger said;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and plucked from his away,
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?
What 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 owne should seeme.

18
Then turning to the elder, thus he said;
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is straid,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

19
For, equall right in equall things doth stand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once posselt,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wrack, that wretches hath distrett,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first right,
And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20
When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeas'd:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seized.
So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*
When as their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

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 courfe he haftily applide,
To weet the caufe of their affemblance wide.
To whom when he approached neere in fight
(An vn-couth fight) he plainly then defcried
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22
And in the midft of them he faw a Knight,
With both his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke 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 defcry;
And with full beaury hart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the foule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands fo bafe a death fhould dy.

23
But they like tyrants, mercileffe the more,
Reioyced at his miserable cafe,
And him reviled, and reproched fore
With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile difgrace.
Now when as *Arbeggall*, arriu'd in place,
Did afke, what caufe brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to fwarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares fome villanous affay.

24
But he was foone aware of their ill mind,
And drawing backe, deceiu'd their intent;
Yet though him felfe did fhame on woman-kind
His mighty hand to fhend, he *Talus* fent
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
Who with few fowces of his yron flae,
Disperfed all their troupe incontinent,
And fent them home to tell a pittious tale
Of their vaine prowefle, turned to their proper bale.

25
But that fame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be fo quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horreur of foule death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him reftoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did fit,
Beholding all that womanifh weakie fight;
Whom foone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

26
Sir *Terpine*, hapleffe man, what make you here?
Or haue you loft your felfe, and your difcretion,
That enen in this wretched cafe ye were?
Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppreffion
Of womens powre, that boaft of mens fubiection?
Or elfe, what other deadly difmall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne fo fondly far aftray,
As for to lead your felfe vnto your owne decay?

27
Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with fhame, and partly with difmay,
That all astonifht hee himfelfe did find,
And little had for his excufe to fay,
But onely thus; Moft hapleffe well ye may
Me iuftly tearme, that to this fhame am brought,
And made the fcorne of Knighthood this fame day.
But who can fcape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will furpafleth humane thought.

28
Right true: but faulty men vfe 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 ftate.
Then fith yee needs, quoth he, will know my fhame,
And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,
I fhordly will to you rehearfe the fame,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29
Being defirous (as all Knights are wont)
Through hard adventures dedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did flie,
That a proud Amazon did late defie
All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany
That he could forge in her malicious head,
Which fome hath put to fhame, and many done be dead.

30
The caufe, they fay, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the fake of *Bellodane* the bold,
To whom the bore moft feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies he could:
But when she fawe at laft, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his fake, vow'd to doe all the ill
Which fhe could do to Knights: which now fhe doth fulfill.

31
For, all thofe Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth fubdue, fhe foully doth entreat.
First, fhe doth them of war-like armes depouile,
And clothe in womens weedes: and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to fwe, to wafh, to wring;
Ne doth fhe giue them other thing to eate
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to difable from reuenge adventuring.

32
But, if through stout difdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obferuance will withftand,
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She caufeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did ftand.
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that bafe feruice of her band,
I rather chofe to die in lynes deepfight,
Then lead that fhamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

How hight that Amazon (sayd *Arthegall*)?
 And where, and how far hence does she abide?
 Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,
 A Princeesse of great powre, and greater pride,
 And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tried,
 And sundry battells, which she hath atchieued
 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 prieued.

Now sure, sayd he, and by the faith that I
 To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 I will not rest, till I her might do try,
 And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth stowe.
 Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throwe
 This squalid weede, the pattenne of despair,
 And wend with me, that ye may see and knowe,
 How Fortune will your ruind name repaire, (paire.
 And Knights of Maydenhead, whose praise she would em-

With that, like one that hopeles was repriv'd
 From deatnes dore, at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters, wherewith he was giu'd,
 The badges of reproach, he threw away,
 And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
 Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
 A goodly City, and a mighty one,
 The which of her owne name she called *Radegone*.

Where they arriuing, by the watchmen were
 Defierd 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.
 Elitsoones the people all to hurnesse ran,
 And like a sort of bees in clustres swarmed:
 Ere long, their Queene her self, arm'd like a man,
 Came forth into the rout, and them r'array began.

And now the Knights, being arriued neare,
 Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
 And at the Porter (scorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
 To reare his flesh in peeces for his sinne.
 Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
 She bad that straight the gates should be vnbar'd,
 And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them fet,
 They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them stayd,
 And better bad aduise, ere they assayd
 Vnknown perill of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout vpon them rudely layd,
 And heaped strokes fo fast on euery side,
 And arrowes hayld fo thicke, that they could not abide.

But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
 Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
 So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide,
 T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit;
 All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
 Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
 And on his head-peece hum fo fiercely smit,
 That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
 Dismayd fo with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

Soone as she sawe him on the ground to grouell,
 She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke
 Her proud foot setting, at his head did leuell,
 Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
 And his contempt, that did her judgement breake:
 As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
 Vpon the carcasle of some beast too weake,
 Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
 To heare the pitious beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

Whom when as *Arthegall* in that distresse
 By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
 In which he swam, and ran to his redresse.
 There her assaying fiercely to fesse, he raught her
 Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:
 And had she not it wanded warily,
 It had repriv'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;

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
 Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
 To weather his broad sayles, 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 byliue,
 That with his fowce, which none endure dare,
 Her from the quarry he away doth driue,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riuie.

But soone as she her sense recouerd had,
 She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
 Through vengeful wrath & disdainfull pride halfe mad:
 For, neuer had she suffred such despight,
 But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike maydes about her flockt so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their might,
 And with their troupes did far aunder cast:
 But amongst the rest the fight did vntill cuning last.

And euery while, that mighty yron man,
 With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
 Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouer-ran,
 And brokethir bowes, and did their shooting marre,
 That none of all the manie once did dare
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
 But like a sort of sheepe disperd farre
 For dread of their deuouring enemy,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him fie.

A a

But

45
But when as daies faire shiny beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold *Radigund* (with sound of trump on hight)
Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;
And gathering them vnto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her fight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

46
When thus the field was voyded all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
Caus'd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the Citie gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
Together with fir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vs'd in times of icopardie
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47
But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
Coul'd take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoyled quight,
As she had seene that day a disauentrous fight.

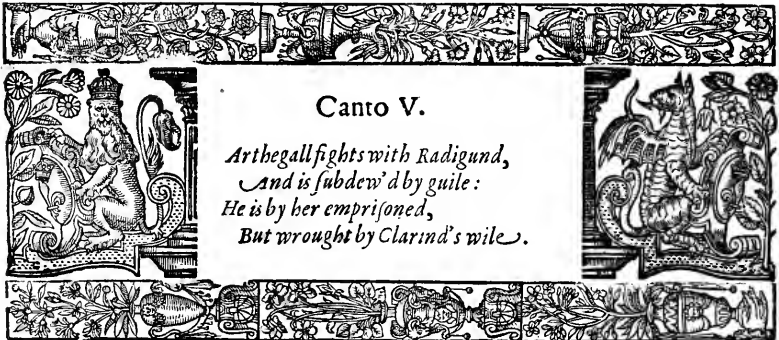
48
She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was *Clarinda*, and thus to her sayd;
Goe danzell quickly, do thy selfe addresse

To do the message, which I shall expresse.
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yester day droue vs to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in euall field, whether hath greater might.

49
But these conditions do to him propound,
That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
What-euer he shall like to doe or say:
Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellows of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

50
The *Danzell* 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 issuing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets founding ment:
Where that fame *Danzell* loudly him bespake,
And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emperance make.

51
So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertayn'd with curtesies meete,
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 Clarinda's wile.*

SO soone as daies, forth dawning from the East,
Nights hudd curtain from the heauens with-
And early calling forth both mā & beast, drew
Commanded them their dayly works renew,

These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue
The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selues 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.

1
All in a Camis light of purple silke
Wouen vpon with siluer, lubly wrought,
And quilted vpon fatin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diuerfly distraught,
Like as the workeman had her courtes taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham: but when the list, it aught
Downe to her lowest hecle, 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 betwene, and laced close afore:
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
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 City 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 height.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

5
Then forth came *Arthegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lits did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with full intent,
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vnto triall to aduenter.
The lits were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center:
Which to great heapes them circled all about,
Waiting, how Fortune would resolute 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
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart had rended:
But he that had like tempests often ride,
From that first flawe, him selfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hew'd, she foyn'd, she last, she laid on euery side.

7
Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win aduantage new;
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:
Which sayling, he gan fiercely her peruse;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubbornne metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he fees it moltsid with heat,
With his great Iron sledg doth strongly on it beat.

8
So did Sir *Arthegall* vpon her lay,
As if she had an iron anduile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
But with her shield he well her selfe the warded,
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she fately garded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9
For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That 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 enrag'd the grew,
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glancing down his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

10
Therewith she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well;
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaire,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull 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,
That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
In senselesse swoone, as if her life forooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,
He to her leapt, with deadly dreadfull lookes,
And her sunshiny helmet soone vnaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

12
But when as he discouered had her face,
He sawe his senses strange astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage void of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which, in the rudnesse of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

13
At sight thereof his cruell minded heart
Empeaced 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 heart so hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
By this, vparting from her swoone, she stard
A while about her with confused eye:
Like one that from his dreame is wakcd suddenly.

14

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,
 With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,
 And gan renew her former crueltie:
 And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelittle
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
 And more encreast her outrage merciellesse,
 The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,
 Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

15

Like as a Puttocke hauing spide in sight
 A gentle Falcon sitting on an hill,
 Whose other wing, now made vnmeet for flight,
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
 The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beate vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still:
 Euen so did *Ratignand* with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble Knight, and forely him constrain.

16

Nought could he do, but shun the drad despight
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward still 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 him selfe would yield:
 Yet nould she hearken, neler 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 warlesse word,
 To be her thrall, and seruice her afford,
 For, though that he first victory obtayned,
 Yet after by abandoning his sword,
 He wilfull lost, that he before attained.
 No fayrer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18

Tho, with her sword on him the statling strooke,
 In signe of true subiection to her power,
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
 But *Terpine* borne to a more vnhappy howre,
 As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
 She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led
 Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull stowe,
 From which he larely had through reskew fled:
 Where he full shamefully was hang'd by the head.

19

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,
 He with his iron haile 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 nombred:
 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 disarmed quight
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
 In stead whereof the made him to be dight
 In womans weads, that is to Manhood shame,
 And put before his lap an apron white,
 In stead of Curiets and bafes fit for dight.

21

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
 In which he had beene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was field
 With monuments of many knights decay,
 By her subdew'd in victorious fray:
 Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike armes
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
 With which he went to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

22

There entred in, he round about him saw
 Many braue Knights, whose names right well he knew,
 There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his bigge heart loth'd so vncomely view.
 But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,
 To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
 For, nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,
 But what their hands could eame by twisting linnen twyne.

23

Amongst them all, she placed him most lowe,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
 That he theron should spin both flaxe & tow:
 A fard office for a mind so braue.
 So hard it is to be a womans slaue.
 Yet he it took 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 dight.

24

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,
 How for *Iolas* sake he did apply
 His mighty hands, the distaffe vile to holde,
 For his huge club, which had subdew'd of olde
 So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
 His Lions skin chang'd to a pall of golde,
 In which forgetting warres he onlyoyed
 In combats of sweet Loue, and with his mistresse toyed.

25

Such is the cruelty of women-kynd,
 When they haue shaken off the shamefast band,
 With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
 T'obay the heafths 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.

26
Thus there long while continu'd *Arbezall*,
Seruing proud *Radiquand* with true subiection;
How-cuer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing chofen, now he might not change.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandering fancy after lust did range,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue strange.

27
Which long concealing in her couert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded plight,
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 she such balence much abhord.

28
So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborn handling of her loue-sicke heart;
And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meek obeylance of loues mighty raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29
Vnto her selfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmaid whom life most did trust,
And to her sayde: *Clarinda*, whom of all
I trust aloue, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time, that I vntimely must
Thee of make tryall, in my greatest need:
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,
Spighting my happy freedom, haue agreed,
To thral my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

30
With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through heart-murduring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still retrain.

31
Ah my deare dread (sayd then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadlesse heart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare euen Deaths most dreadful face behold?
Say on my soueraigne Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, the gan vnfold
The cause of her conceiued malady,
As one that would confesse, yet faune would it deny.

32
Clarind', sayd she, thou feest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde
Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
What right is it, that he should thraldome finde,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkinde,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbide,
And by his freedom get his free good-will;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

33
Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of malicious minde, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discouery of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,
And eke with grateful seruice me right well apay.

34
Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant be,
And token true to olde *Enmenias*,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

35
The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with great promise of her good endeavour,
Gue her great comfort, and some hearts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the means she might, to carry fauour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved;
With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,
Euen at the marke-white of his hart the roued,
And with wide glancing words, one day she thus him pro-
(ued)

36
Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, enuying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauie fate;
I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else haue with felicity been crowned:
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

37
Much did he maruell at her vnouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, least she him sought t' approach
Of treason or some guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which the might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
Faie Damzell, that with such (as I perceiue)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

38
Yet weete ye well, that to a conrage great
It is no lesse beſeeming, 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 (vnlike) they ſhould for euer laſt,
Yet in my truths aſſurance I reſt fixt 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 purſue, if he attaine it may.
Which ſpeeches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhopt;

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 *Radiſund*? who though ſhe ſtill haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weete thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tigres, nor ſo ſaluage minded,
As that, albe all loue of men ſhe ſcorne,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of men was kynded:
And ſooth offeene, that proudeſt hartes baſe loue hath blind-
(ded.)

41
Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
Sayd ſhe, nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,
That ſhe a Queene and come of Princely kinde,
Both worthy is for to beſeue vnto,
Chieſly by him, whoſe life her lawe doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42
But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From ſeeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your ſelſe 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 vnſound,
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 ſalue the Amazon,
She wound was with her deſceptiue owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt aſſection,
Conceiued cloſe in her beguiled heart,
To *Arthegall*, through pittie of his cauſeleſſe ſmart.

44
Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to him ſelſe, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtris ſhould haue knowledge gayned,
But to her ſelſe it ſecretly retained,
Within the cloſet of her couert breſt:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to awaite fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And ſaſely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts vnreſt.

45
One day her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demand of her ſome rydings good,
Touching her loues ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart.
Therewith the gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it ouer-paſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wypt, to freſh her blood:
Tho, gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe fought his loue for to haue wonne:

46
But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne
So fond a leſſon, as to loue againe.
Dierather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waſte,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47
Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceiued,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe borne thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall;
Of which the vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall.
Nath'leſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

48
What now is left *Clarinda*? what remaines,
That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paynes;
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 gracions mercy by this wize,
I will awhile with his firſt folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.

49
Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromiſt, that may him perſwade;
Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great auaille;
With which the gods themſelues are milder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not inuade,
Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heauy arme: (harne.
Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe with
Some

Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;
 For, I him find to be too proudly fed.
 Giue him more labour, and with streighter Lawe,
 That he with worke may be forwaried.
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
 And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;
 And let, what-euer he desires, be him denide.

When thou haft all this doon, then bring me newes
 Of his demeaner: thenceforth not like a Louer,
 But like a Rebelle stout I will him vse.
 For, I resolute this sieg not to giue ouer,
 Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
 So she departed, full of grieue and sdaine,
 Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Vnto the prison, where her heart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtil nets she did vnfold,
 And all the engins of her wit display;
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
 And of his innocence to make her pray.
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
 That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,
 And eke the knight atonce she did betray:
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which faying to receiue
 In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,
 Withholdes it to her selfe and doth deceiue
 The infant, so forwant of nour'ture spoyld:
 Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguild,
 And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,
 To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
 Her inward breast, and in her entrayles fryde,
 The more that she it fought to couer and to hide.

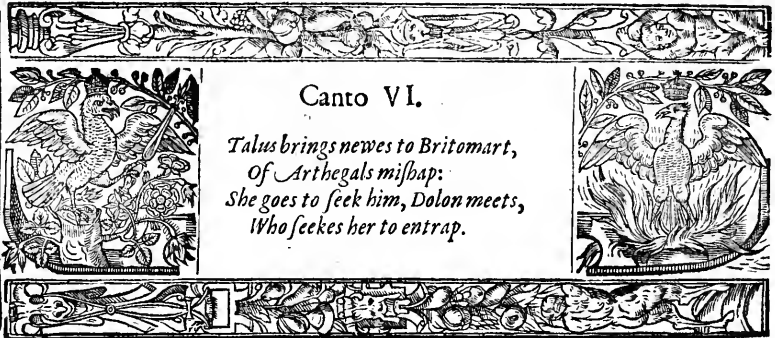
For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
 How earnest suit she earst for him had made
 Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
 But by no meanes could her thereto perfwade:
 But that in steade thereof, she sternely bade
 His misery to be augmented more,
 And many iron hands on him to laide.
 All which nath'lesse she for his loue forbore:
 So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
 In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
 Deuize how to enlarge him out of holde.
 The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,
 Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;
 And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
 To feed the humour of her malady,
 Promist, if she would free him from that case,
 He would by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

So dailie he faire semblant did her shew,
 Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
 To his owne absent Loue to be ventrew:
 Ne euer did deceitful *Clarinda* finde
 In her false heart, his bondage to vnbinde;
 But rather how she mote him faster tyer.
 Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkinde
 She dailie told, her loue he did desire;
 And him she told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

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 remayned,
 Of both beloued well, but little frended;
 Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned,
 Which in an other Canto will be best containd.





Canto VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Arthegals mishap:
She goes to seek him, Dolon meets,
Who seekes her to entrap.*

¹
Some men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*
 Great weakenesse, and report of him much ill,
 For yeelding fo himselfe a wretched thrall,
 To th'insolent commaund of womens will;
 That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
 But he the man, that lay or do 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.

²
 Yet in the strenghtesse of that captiue state,
 This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
 That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
 With which those Amazons his loue 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 loues impression euer could
 Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

³
 Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,
 Scarfeso conceiued in her iealous thought,
 What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
 In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
 Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was sought.
 For, after that the vtmost date, affynde
 For his returne, she waited had for nought,
 She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull minde
 A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancies faine to finde.

⁴
 Sometime she feared, least howe hard mishap
 Had him misfaine in his aduenturous quest:
 Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
 In traytrous trayne, or had vnwares opprest:
 But most she did her troubled minde inoleft,
 And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
 Least some new loue had him for her possert;
 Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
 To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

⁵
 One while she blam'd her selfe; another while
 She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
 And then, her griefe with errour to beguile,
 She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
 As if before she had not counted trew.
 For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
 She tolde but moneths, to make them seeme more fewe:
 Yet when she reckoned them, still drawing neare,
 Each hour did seeme a moneth, & every moneth a yeere.

⁶
 But when as yet she sawe him not returne,
 She thought to send some one to seek him out;
 But none she found so fit to serue that 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 resolv'd to hunt him out
 Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
 And then both Knights enuide, and Ladies eke did spight.

⁷
 One day, when as she long had sought for ease
 In euery place, and euery place thought best,
 Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
 She to a window came, that opened West,
 Towards which coast her Loue his way addrest.
 There looking forth, she in her heart did find
 Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
 And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then winde,
 To beare vnto her Loue the message of her minde.

⁸
 There as she looked long, at last she spide
 One coming towards her with hasty speed:
 Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descrie,
 That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.
 Who when he nigh approacht, the mote arede
 That it was *Talus*, *Arthegall* his groomer;
 Whereat her heart was filld with hope and drede;
 Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
 But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.

9
Euen in the dore him meeting, she began;
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?
Declare attonce; and hath he lost or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood fill mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

10
Till she againe thus sayd; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what-euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length, The tydings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see be ad.
My Lord (your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.
Ay me, quoth she, what wickted destiny?
And is he vanquish't by his tyrant enemy?

11
Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,
That him captiued hath in haplesse woe.
Cesie thou bad newes-man: badly doest thou hide
Thy Masters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.
With that, in rage she turn'd from him aside
(Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like solitary Cell.

12
There she began to make her monesfull plaint
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
And him to touch with fallhoods woe attain't,
That all his other honor ouerthrew,
Of't did the blame her selfe, and often rewe,
For yeelding to a strangers loue so light,
Whose life and manners strange she neuer knew;
And euermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

13
And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chaunt; a while she threw
Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loud slew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singults few.

14
Like as a wayward childe, whose fonder sleepe
Is broken with some fearful dreames affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe;
Ne can be filld for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight:
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing;
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light;
Then craving sueke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accusing.

15
But when she had with such vnquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of *Arthegalls* detain:
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16
Ah weal-away! sayd 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 therennto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then, quoth she, ere-while aright,
That this is things compact betwix you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forc't, nor ouercome in fight?

17
With that, he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captiuaunce 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 rightfore bestad,
With sodaine foudns of wrath and grieue attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere mad;
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18
So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with fo fowle reproch had blent.

19
So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of grieue and inward paine,
She chaunc't to mee'te, toward the euen-tide
A Knight, that softly pased on the Plane,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
Well thot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraîne,
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

20
He, coming neere, gan gently her salute
With courteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mate,
Then terms to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then the kindnesse would depize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan she the other further to deuize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which she answerd light.

For, little lust had she to talke of ought,
 Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
 Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
 That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
 He list no lenger to vs loathfull speach,
 But her besought, to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady damp had dimd the heauens reach,
 To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause impeach.

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
 Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:
 And with him went without gaine-saying more.
 Not farre away, but little wide by West,
 His dwelling was, to which he him adrest;
 Where soone arriuing they receiued were
 In seemly wise, as them besemed best:
 For, he their Host them goodly well did cheare,
 And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

Thus passing th'euening well, till time of rest,
 Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
 Where groomes awaited her to haue vndrest.
 But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
 Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.
 For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgoe
 Those warlike weeds, till she reuenge had wrought
 Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe:
 Which she would iure performe, betide her weale or woe.

Which when her Host perceiud, right discontent
 In minde he grew, for feare lest 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 *Britomart*,
 Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
 Not suffring the least twinkling sleepe to start
 Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued;
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprinted.

Ye guilty eyes, sayd she, the which with guile
 My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
 My life now to, for which a little while
 Ye wil 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 thinke of your nights want, that should ye waking keep.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
 In wayfull plaints, that none was to appeare;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still vpriight,
 As sundry change her seemed best to eate.
 Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to leaze
 His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
 Lying without her dore in great dis ease;
 Like to a spaniell wayting carefullly
 Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the native Bel-man of the night,
 The bird that warn'd *Peter* of his fall,
 First rings his silver bell t'each sleepe yight,
 That should their minds vp to deuotion call,
 She heard a wondrous noise belowe the hall.
 All sodainly the bed, where she should lie,
 By a false trap was led adowne to fall
 Into a lower roome, and by and by
 The loft was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
 Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
 But kept her place with courage confident,
 Wayting what would ensue of that euent.
 It was not long, before she heard the found
 Of armed men, comming with close intent
 Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull found
 She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

With that, there came vnto her chamber dore
 Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
 And after them full many other more,
 A rascall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
 Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glimse of night,
 He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
 They, seeing that, let driue at him streight way,
 And round about him preace in riotous array.

But soone as he began to lay about
 With his rude iron flail, they gan to fly,
 Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
 Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,
 Where-euer in the darke he could them spy;
 That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.
 Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
 He to her tolde the story of that fray,
 And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
 To be auenged for so fowle a deede,
 Yet being forc'tt' abide the dayes returning,
 She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,
 Least any more such practice should proceed.
 Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomart*
 Vaknowen was) whence all this did proceed:
 And for what cause so great mischieuous snart
 Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight,
 A man of subtil 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 flie shifts and wiles did vnderminde
 All noble knights, which were aduenturous,
 And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

33
 He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
 Of all that on this earthly compas womes:
 The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
 By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
 His name was *Guizor*: whose vntimely fate
 For to auenge, full many treasons vile
 His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
 With these his wicked sons, and shew'd his cancred hate.

34
 For sure he weend, that this his present guest
 Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens plain;
 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 heedinesse,
 She was preferred from that traytrous traine.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
 Ne suffred slothfull slepe 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'auenge that villanie,
 On that vile man, and all his family.
 And coming downe to seeke them, where they wond,
 Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could the 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 mounting light,
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.
 She had not rid the mounenance of a flight,
 But that she sawe, there present in her sight,
 Those two false brethren, on that perilous 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 them selues on her to wreake:
 Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
 Thou recreant false traytour, that with lone
 Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the darknesse of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy sone;
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appeale the spright
 Of *Guizor*, by thee slaine, and murdered by thy flight.

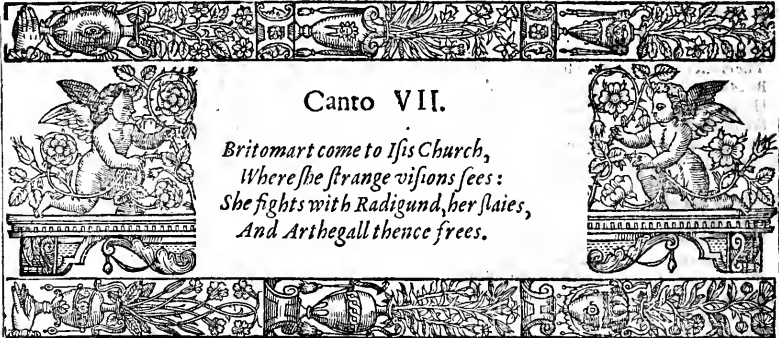
38
 Strange were the words in *Britomart*'s eare;
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
 Till to the perilous bridge she came: and there
Talus desir'd, that he might haue prepared
 The way to her, and those two losels feared.
 But she therat was wroth, that for despight
 The glaucing sparkles through her beuer glared,
 And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
 Like coales, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

39
 She stayd not to aduize which way to take;
 But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,
 Thorough the midd of them she way did make.
 The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
 Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,
 Til to the Bridges further end she past;
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
 Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

40
 As when the flashing *Leuin* haps to light
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
 That way betwixt them none appears in fight;
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
 Th'one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
 The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,
 Vpon one side, and from his rootes doth rear:
 So did the Championesse those two there strowe,
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestowe.

Canto





Canto VII.

*Britomart come to Isis Church,
Where she strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Art he gall thence frees.*

Nought is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
The this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th' heu'ns the selfes, whence mortal men implor
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferior gods, and euermore
Therewith contains his heavenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hears he doth reuale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a god of soueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heavenly honors in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th' old *Aegyptian* Kings, that whilome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For, that *Osyris*, whilste he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great power and souerainty,
And in her person 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 wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend:
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse, them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did beholde,
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispred
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shoue that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense defining.
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-cast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forlooke:
Which when she sawe, her helmet she vnlaet,
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 lye,
 And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,
 T' enure them/ clues to sufferance thereby;
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortifie.
 For, by theuow of their religion,
 They tied were to stedfast chastitie,
 And continence of life; that, all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
 Ne feed on ought the which doth blood containe,
 Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;
 Euen the blood of Giants, which were slaine
 By thundring *Ioue* in the Phlegrean Plaine.
 For which the earth (as they the story tell)
 Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
 Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
 With inward grieue and malice did against them swell.

11

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloody red,
 Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,
 Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
 To make new warre against the Gods againe:
 Such is the powere of that same fruit, that nought
 The fell contagion may there of refraine;
 Ne, within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

12

There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,
 Vnder the wings of *Ihs* all that night;
 And with sweet rest her heauy eyes did close,
 After that long daies toile and weary plight.
 Where, whil't her earthly parts with loit delight
 Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
 There did appeare vnto her heavenly sight
 A wondrous vision, which did close imply
 The courtie of all her fortune and posteritee.

13

Her seem'd, as shee was dooing sacrifice
 To *Ihs*, deckt with Mitre on her head,
 And linnen stole, after those Priestes guize,
 All suddainly she saw transfigured
 Her linnen stole to robe of Scarlet red,
 And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
 That euen she her selfe much wondered
 At such a change, and ioied 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 vnwares did growe,
 That all the Temple put in icopardy
 Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

15

With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
 Vnder the Idols feet in fearefull bowre,
 Seem'd to awake in horrible distray,
 As beeing troubled with that stormy stowre;
 And gaping greedy wide, did straight denoure
 Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
 And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
 He gan to threaten her likewise to eate;
 But that the Goddesse with her rod him back did beat.

16

Tho, turning all his pride to humbleesse mecke,
 Himselfe before her feet he lowly 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 fildew.
 With that, the waked, full of fearefull fright,
 And doubtfully dismayd through that foucouth fight.

17

So, there-vpon long while the musing lay,
 With thousand thoughts feeding her fantastic,
 Vntill she spide the Lampe of lightome day,
 Vp-listed in the porche of heauen hie.
 Then vp the rose fraught with melancholy,
 And forth into the lower parts did pass;
 Where-as the Priestes the found full busily
 About their holy things for morrow Mass:
 Whom she saluting faire, faire reculated was.

18

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
 They might perceiue she was not well in plight;
 Or that some peniueneesse to hart shee tooke.
 Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight
 To be the greatest, and the grauest wight)
 To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,
 That thorough euill rest of this last night,
 Or ill apaid, or much dismayd ye bee,
 That by your change of cheare is easie for to seee.

19

Certes, said shee, sith ye so well haue spide
 The troublous passion of my peniue mind,
 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 yow which me doth bind,
 I am adinr'd, best counsell to impart
 To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20

Then gan shee to declare the whole discourse
 Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
 As well as to her minde it had recourse.
 All which when he vnto the end had heard,
 Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
 And with long locks vp-standing, stify staid,
 Like one adawed with some dreadfull pright:
 So, sild with heaueny fury, thus he her beblight.

21

Magnifick Virgin, that in quiet disguise
Of British armes doost make thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How could'st thou weene, through that disguised hood,
To hide thy state from being vnderstood;
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy lineage, and thy Lordly breed;
They doe thy Sure, lamenting sore for thee;
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldome 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 enduer.
For, that same Crocodile *Ophis* is,
That vnder *Iphis* feet doth sleepe for euer:
To shew that clemencie oft, in things amifs,
Restraines those sterne benefits, & cruell doomes of his.

23

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage,
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 fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:
And afterwards, a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24

All which when she vnto the end had heard,
She much was eas'd in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and silver 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 fought;
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 confus'd in her troublous thought,
But fill'd with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Hid long surreast, she bade to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that iron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, shee bade the forth to hold.

26

So, there without the gate (as seem'd best)
She caus'd her Pavilion be pight;
In which, stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morow next, so soone as dawning light
Bade do away the dampe of drouzie 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 the full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vniquiet rest
Did closely harbour such a ialous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the straight conditions to propound,
With which she vs'd still to ryc her fone;
To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sternely frownd
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them found.
For, her no other teames 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 either tought the others strokes to shun,
But through great furie both their skill forgot,
And practicke vs'd in armes: ne spar'd not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
For other vses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vses they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tigre claws thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand;
To which the Lion strongly doth giue-slay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hand;
And therefore ought it haue, where cuer she it fond.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnumercifully fore:
Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fill'd with bloud, which from their sides did flowe,
And gush'd through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lines did strowe,
Like fruitlesse seed, of which vntimely death should growe.

32

At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
Hauing by chance espide advantage neare,
Let driue at her wish all her dreadfull might,
And thus vbraying, said; This token beare
Vnto the man whom thou doost lone to deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gapest.
Which spightfull words she, sore enuieu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainly brauest.

Nath'leffe,

33
Nath'lesse, that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieuoly wound,
That she her shield through ruing smart of it
Could scarce vphold; yet loone 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 Plaine.

34
Where beeing 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 fore 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 sense bereft)
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole Victor leit.

35
But yet, so fast they could not home retrace,
But that swift *Zelus* did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelwell with them atonce did enter in.
There then a pittious slaughter did begin:
For, all that euer came within his reach,
He with his iron slaie did thresh fo thin,
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:
Liketo an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

36
And now by this, the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
VWhere though reuengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make,
Of slaughtred carcasses, her hart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost riuie,
That she his fury willed him to flake:
For, else he sure had left not one aliuie,
But all in his reuenge of spirit would deprive.

37
Tho, when she had his execution staid,
She for that iron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched Loue was captiuie layd:
Which breaking open with indignat ire,
She entred in to all the parts entire.
VWhere when she saw that lothly vncouth sight,
Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of 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 abasht with secreete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a spectacle so sad:
And then too well belieu'd, that which to-fore
Jealous suspect as true vntruely drad.
Which vaine conceit now nourishing no more,
She fought with ruth to lalue 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 pittious wretchednesse,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his fauours likelineffe,
For many faeces, and many hoary hairees:
But stood long staring on him, mongst vncertaine 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 hew? (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 thot vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their steede for other rayment fought,
Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,
Which had been rest from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,
Whil' st Fortune fauour'd her successe in fight:
In which when-as the him anew had clad,
She was reuiu'd, and ioi'd much in his semblance glad.

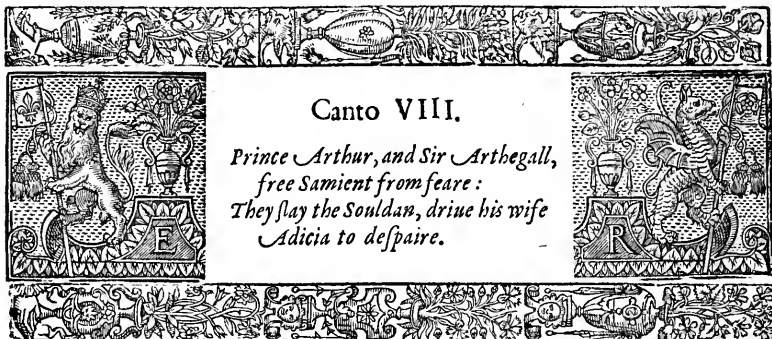
42
So, there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princes raign'd,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
That all they, as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and harkned to her loring.

43
For, all those Knights, which long in captiuie shade
Had throwded been, she did from thraldome freee;
And Magistrates of all that Citie made,
And gaue to them great huing and large fee:
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to *Arthegall*.
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,
Vpon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

44
Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of grieffe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honour, which the tendred chiefe,
Consistd much in that adventures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and relieffe,
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heauinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
 Till through his want her woe did more increase:
 Then hoping that the change of ayre and place
 Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what ease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
 Meane-while, her noble Lord *Sir Arthegall*
 Went on his way, ne euer howe did ceale,
 Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
 That for another Canto will more fully tall.



Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
 free Samient from feare:
 They slay the Souldan, driue his wife
 Adicia to despaire.*

Nought vnder heauen so strongly doth allure
 The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,
 As beauties lovely bait, that doth procure
 Great warriours oft their rigour to repress,
 And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
 Drawne with the powre of an hart-robbing
 And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, (eye,
 That can with melting pleasance mollifie
 Their hardned harts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,
 Each of whose locks did match a nuan in might,
 Te lay his spoiles before his Lemans traine:
 So also did that great Ocean Knight
 For his Loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
 And so did war-like *Antony* neglect
 The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* fight.
 Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
 To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retaine,
 Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
 Which he had vnderane to *Gloriane*;
 But left his Loue (albe her stroogrequest)
 Faire *Britomart*, in languor and vnrest,
 And rode himselfe vpon his first intent:
 Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
 Ne night but onely *Talus* with him went,
 The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

So traouelling, he chaunc't furre off to heed
 A Damzell, sying on a palfrey fast
 Before two Knights, that after her did speed
 With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaect,

In hope to haue her overhent 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.

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 chafed, that did others chafe.
 At length, he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turne his face;
 How euer loth he were his way to flake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th'other still purfwd 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 spy
Sir Arthegall, to whom she straight did bie
 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.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his speare him quite haue over-went.
 So, both together ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met. But *Arthegall* was stronger,
 And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
 The two spears length; so muchiefie overmarcht the won- (gr.
 And

8
And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;
For, on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne weight, his necke afunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body draift:
Whom leauing therein that despiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9
In stead of whom, finding there ready prest
Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses back, yet to & fro long flooke, (quooke.)
And tottered like two rowres, 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 sayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
She to them runnes in haste, and her haire reeds,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Vnill they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

11
They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redreit likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12
Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
To weet if it were true as she had told;
Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
And Ventailles reare, each other to behold.
Tho, when *is Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his hart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13
Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus fore;
Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:
Which if ye please forgieue, I will therefore
Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,
Or what-so please shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
To craue the same, whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the liuing for the dead.

14
But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Sith neither is endmadg'd much thereby.
So can they both them selues full eath perwade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other louingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Newer thence-forth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

15
Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those Knights which there on ground were
And had recei'd their follies withery hire, (layd,
And for what cause they chafed fo that Maid.
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:
And lo, the Damzell selic, 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 sone,
From whom the earst fo fast away did die;
And what was she her selfe fo woe begone,
And for what cause purfu'd of them atone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princeesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

17
Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
That is a mayden Queene of his renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And soueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happinesse doe 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 wones hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seekes 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 Princeesse vnder sky)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19
Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That o' ye heauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the misercant himselfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly selfe.
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

20
 To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
 He is prouokt, and stir'd vp day and night
 By his bad wife, that hight *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 filld doth fight,
 Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,
 And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21
 Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
 With that his wife in friendly 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 enterdeale,
 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,
 Rewiling me, and rayling as she lust;
 But lastly, to make prooue of vtmost shame,
 Me like a dogge she out of dores did thrust,
 Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
 That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23
 And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
 When I was gone, soone after me she sent.
 These two false Knights, whom there so lying see,
 To be by them dishonoured and spent:
 But thank be God, and your good hardiment,
 They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
 So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;
 And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
 Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repaid.

24
 But they, now hauing throughly heard and seene
 All those great wrongs, the which that maid complained
 To haue been done against her Lady Queene,
 By that proud Dame, which her so much disdaind,
 Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
 With all their force to worke auengement 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 desaigne to make the easier way,
 They did this complot twixt them selues deuise;
 First, that sir *Arthegall* should him array,
 Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
 And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
 Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
 Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present
 Vnto his scornefull 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, loone 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 lum a Page, that mote direct his way.

27
 Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
 Offerd his seruice to disarme the Knight;
 But he, refusing him to let vnlace,
 For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
 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 prisoner.

28
 Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,
 Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
 Commanded straight his armour to be brought;
 And mounting straight vpon a Charret hie,
 With iron wheelcs and hookcs arm'd dreadfully,
 And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
 With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie
 He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe dead,
 Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spread.

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 bescene,
 That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
 And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
 Playing his Pages part, as he had bene
 Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
 He should his faile to final execution bend.

30
 Thus goe they both together to their gearc,
 With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
 For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous chearc,
 And countenance subline and insolent,
 Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
 But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
 Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
 In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
 More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31
 Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
 Vnto his horses gauch his guests for meat,
 Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,
 And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
 So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
 Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
 With his sharpe wheelcs, in his first ragcs heat,
 Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne
 And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdaind
 (scorne.)

But the bold child that perill well eſpyng,
 If he too raſhly to his Charet drew,
 Gave way vnto his horſes ſpeedy flying,
 And their reſiſtleſſe rigour did eſchew.
 Yet, as he paſſed by, the Pagan threw
 A ſhowering dart with ſo impetuous force,
 That had he not it ſtund with heedfull view,
 It had himſelfe transfixed, or his horſe,
 Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorse.

Of 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 ſpeare
 He could aduance, he furre was gone and paſt.
 Yet ſtill he him did follow euery where,
 And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt:
 So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant ſtore,
 On euery ſide of his embattelld cart,
 And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
 Which warlike vſes had deuiz'd of yore.
 The wicked ſhaft guided through th'ayrie wide,
 By ſome bad ſpirit, that it to miſchiefe bore,
 Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
 And made a grieſly wound in his enriuen ſide.

Much was he grieued with that hapleſſe throe,
 That opened had the well-ſpring of his blood;
 But mote the more that to his hatefull foe
 He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
 That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
 Which being wounded of the huntſmans hand
 Can not come neere him in the court wood,
 Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
 And ſenc't himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he ſought t'approch vnto him nie,
 His Charet wheelles about him whirled round,
 And made him backe againe as faſt to flie;
 And eke his ſteedes, like to an hungry hound,
 That hunting after game hath carrion found,
 So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
 That his good ſteed, all were he much renownd
 For noble courage, and for hardy race,
 Durſt not endure their fight, but fled from place to place.

Thus, long they tract, and trauerſt 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 aſſay he might him teach.
 At laſt, from his victorious ſhield he drew
 The weile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
 And comming full before his horſes view,
 As they vpon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

Like lightning flaſh, that hath the gazer burned,
 So did the fight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
 That backe againe vpon themſelues they turned,
 And with their rider ranne perforce away:
 Ne could the Souldane them from flying ſtay,
 With raines, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
 Nought feared they, what he could doe or lay,
 But th'onely feare that was before their view;
 From which, like mazed Deare, diſmayfully they flew.

Faſt did they flie, as them their feet could beare,
 High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former feare.
 In vaine the Pagan bannes, and ſwearas, and railes,
 And back with both his hands vnto him hailes
 The reſty runes, regarded now no more:
 He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought auales;
 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 waine to *Phaetons* decay,
 Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion view,
 With vgly craples crawling in their way,
 The dreadful fight did them ſo fore aſtray,
 That their well known courſes they forwent;
 And leading th'euer-burning lampe aſtray,
 This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
 And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
 Soone as the Infants ſun-like ſhield they ſaw,
 That all obedience both to words and deeds
 They quite forgot, and ſcord all former law;
 Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
 The iron Charet, and the wheelles did teare, (draw
 And toſt the Paynim, without feare or awe;
 From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
 Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.

Yet ſtill the Prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
 Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
 No eaſie means according to his mind.
 At laſt, they haue all over-throwne to ground
 Quite topſide turuey, and the Pagan found
 Amongſt the iron hookes and grapples keene,
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
 That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
 But ſcattered all about, and ſtrow'd vpon the Greene.

Like as the curſed ſonne of *Theſeus*,
 That following his chace in deawy morne,
 To ſie his ſtepdames loue outrageous,
 Of his owne ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
 That for his lake *Diana* did lament,
 And all the woody Nymphs did waile & 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 bruis'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 ensample mote for euer warned bee.

45
 So, on a tree before the Tyrants dore,
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight;
 To be a moniment for euermore.
 Which when his Lady from the Castles hight
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled spright:
 Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
 And gan estoones deuise to be aveng'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 messengere,
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere
 By *Arthegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,
 That brought her back. And comming present there,
 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despight:

47
 Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husbands murtherd infant out;
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand
 Her brothers bones she scatterd all about;
 Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare.
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Manadés* so furious were,
 As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.

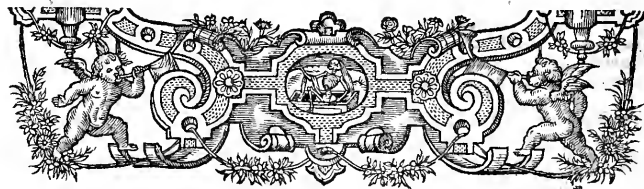
48
 But *Arthegall*, being there of aware,
 Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,
 And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did rome, whither her rage her bore,
 With frantick passion, and with furie fraught;
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Vnto the wilde wood ran, her delours to deplore:

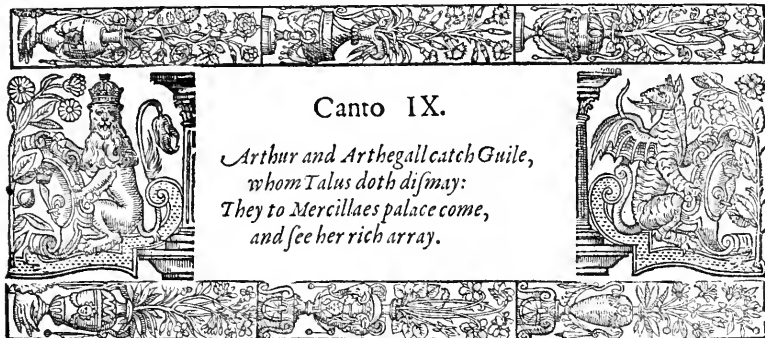
49
 As a bad bitch, when as the frantick fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
 On man and beast that commeth in her path.
 There they doe say, that she transformed was
 Into a Tigre, and that Tigris scath
 In crueltie and outrage she did pafs,
 To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.

50
 Then *Arthegall*, him selfe discouering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout
 Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wilde Goares them chased all about,
 Flying from place to place with coward shame,
 So that with finall 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 glorified,
 Presenting him with all the rich array,
 And royall pompe, which there long ludden 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 long.

Canto





Canto IX.

*Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,
whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes 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 mell,
But amongst wilde beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnes 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 despoiled :
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 vterly subuerted his vnrighteous state.

Where, hauing 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 behight
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But seee them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they, overcommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way
(As often fallies) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray
A strange aduenture, which not farre thence lay ;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wooned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the Country there about, (out.
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

There to, both his owne wilde wit, she said,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde :
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his pafe,
So smooth of tongue, and subtle in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face ;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well known by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wonns to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell ;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of 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 harts gan
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (yearne,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not, said she, that it should let your pafe
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 hent.

So, forth they past, till they approached nie
Vnto the rocke where was the villaines won.
Which when the Damzell neere at hand did spy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof : who there-vpon
Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayeing pittifull vprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With

9
 With noyse whereof, when as the caytiue Carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
 They in await would closely him enstarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
 And so would hope him easily to foile.
 The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
 Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the foile
 Hauiug her selfe in wretched wife abiected,
 Gan weep and waile, as if great grieffe had her affected.

10
 The cry whereof, entring the hollow Caue,
 Effoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
 With hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.
 Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
 Vpon 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 iagged.

11
 And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
 And euer round about he cast his looke.
 Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,
 With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
 But vs'd to fish for fooles 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 dismaid;
 And now for helpe aloud in carnest cried.
 But when the villaine saw her so affraid,
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
 To banish feare: and with *Sardonian* smile
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,
 That from her selfe vnwares he might her steale the while.

13
 Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedy 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-mainie the mysteries did knowe.

14
 To which, whilst he lent her intenuic mind,
 He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
 That over-sprad her like a puffe of wind;
 And inatching 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 persew,
 The whiles the Priouce there kept the entrance still:
 Vp to the rocke he ran, and thercon flew
 Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauning on the craggy cliffes at will;
 That deadly danger seem'd in all mens fight,
 To tempt such steps, where footing was to ill:
 Ne ought hauing for the armed knight,
 To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

16
 Which when he saw, his iron man he sent
 To follow him; for, he was swift in chace.
 He him persewd where-euer that he went,
 Both over rocks, and hilles, and euery place,
 Where-so he fled, he followed him apace:
 So that he shortly forc't him to forsake
 The height, and downe descend vnto the base.
 There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
 To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

17
 Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
 But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell vpon the land,
 But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

18
 So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
 And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast, for feare of slights.
 Who whilst in hand it griping hard he hent,
 Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
 And prickt him so, that he away it threw.
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,
 Becing returned to his former hew:
 But *Talus* so one him over-tooke, and backward drew.

19
 But, when as he would to a snake againe
 Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his iron haile
 Gan driue at him, with so huge might and maine,
 That all his bones, as small as sandy graile
 He broke, and did his bowels disentraile;
 Crying in vaine for help, when help was past.
 So did deceit the selfe deceiuer faile,
 There they him left a carrion out-cast,
 For beafts 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 the approached, thus she said:
 Lo, now, right noble Knights, arriu'd yee bee
 Nigh to the place which yee desir'd to see:
 There shall yee 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 Knights reioyced much to heare
The praises of that Prince so manifold;
And passing little further, commen were,
Where they a stately Palace did behold,
Of pompous shewe, much more then she had toid;
With many rowres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their rops bright glittering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed sky,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22
There they, alighting, by that Damzellere
Directed in, and shewed all the fight:
Whole porch, that most magnifick did appeare,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That fate thereby, with giant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to worke great feathe and hind-

23
His name was *Aere*; by whom they passing in
Went 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,
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing through the thickest peace,
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 most amaze,
And with unwonted 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 Seriene, 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 blaspheme that *Queene* for forged guile,
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;
For, the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26
Thus, there he stood, whilst high over his head,
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
BON FON 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 the euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a Vell-hed
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

27
They, passing by, were guided by degree
Vnto the presence of that gracious *Queene*:
Who fate on high, that the might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-de-lis.

28
All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich silke, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistering like gold, amongst the plights enrolld,
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering

29
Seemed those little Angels did vphold
The cloth of State, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimble bold:
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sat:
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,
Whilst fit Kings and Kesaris 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,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforce't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

31
And round about, before her feet there sat
A beaue of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd to adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight
Lite, by him begot in Ioues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement feat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threatens the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32
They also doe by his diuine permission
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wile *Ennomie*, mild *Erene*;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sat goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
 Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
 Whil' t'vnderneath her feet, there as the fate,
 An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
 An hardy courage, like captiu'd thrall,
 With a strong iron chain and collar bound,
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
 And softly roynce, when saluage cholere gan rebound.

So, sitting high in dradded loueraigntie, (brought;
 Those two strange Knights were to her presence
 Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,
 Did to her milde obeyfance, as they ought,
 And meckest boone, that they imagine thought.
 To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
 As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame
 Towards the weasterne 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 doe so many quake,
 And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
 When these two stranger knights arrin'd in place,
 Shee 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,
 Which on both sides was then debating hard:
 But at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

But, after all her princely entertaine,
 To th' hearing of that former cause in hand,
 Her selfe estoones she gan conuert againe;
 Which, that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
 And witnesse forth aight 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 nere them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
 A Lady of great countenance and place,
 But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
 Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,
 But blotted with condition vile and base,
 That all her other honour did obscure,
 And titles of nobilitie deface:
 Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
 The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
 And rare in-sight, hard matters to reucale; (speach
 That well could charme his tongue, and time his
 To all affiaies; his name was called Zeale:
 He gan that Lady strongly to appeale
 Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;
 And with sharpe reason 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, *Duessä* hight,
 That false *Duessä*, which had wrought great care,
 And mickle mischief vnto many a knight,
 By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
 But not for those she now in question came,
 Though also those mote question'd be aight,
 But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
 Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
 Remember) had her counsels false conspired,
 With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
 (Both two her paramours, both by her hired,
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)
 And with them practiz'd, how for to deprue
Mercilla of her Crowne, by her aspired,
 That she 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 desires,
 Gainst loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,
 Ere prooffe 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 kingdomes title climes.
 But false *Duessä*, now vntitled Queene,
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

Strongly did Zeale her hainous fact enforce,
 And many other crimes of foule defame
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
 And aggravate the horror of her blame.
 And with him to make part against her, came
 Many graue persons, that against her plead;
 First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name
 The *Kingdomes 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 role,
 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 Commonnes lute,
 Importune care of their owne publike cause;
 And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

45
But then for her, on the contrary part,
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pittie*, with full tender heart,
And with her joynd *Regard* of woman-head;
And then came *Danger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren Powre;
Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowe;
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

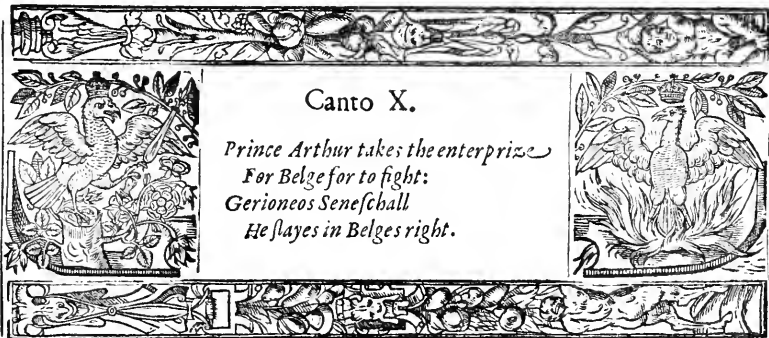
46
With the necre touch whereof in tender heart
The Briton Prince was sore empaffionate,
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zelee* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest seruour to augment,
And many fearfull obiects to them to present.

47
He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new acculements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of heilish hew,
The curld *Ate*, brought her face to face,
Who priue was, and party in the case:
She, glad of spoile and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practice 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 blood-shead charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedstion*, breeding strife
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her acculed fore.

49
All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie estoones was drawn cleane.
But *Arthegall*, with constant firm intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was the guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zelee* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50
But she, whose Princely breath was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she sawe 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 faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose wishall.



1
Some Clarke doe doubt in their deucefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To wecten *Mercy*, 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 feat
She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd downe on men, by influence of grace.

2
For, if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preferue inuioleat right,
Of it spilles the principall, to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayle to save, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

Cc

Who

Who then can thee, ³ *Mercilla*, thoroughly praise,
That herein 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' utmost brinke of the *Armericke* shore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Those Nations farre thy iustice do adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayfe much more.

Much more it prayfed was of those two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,
When they had seene and heard her doom arights
Against *Dufsa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempered without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorse
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing courtesies,
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 mercies rare,
And worthy patens of her clemencies;
Which till this day amongst many liuing are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,
Ferre thence from forreinland, where they did dwell,
To seek for succour of her and her Peeres,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,
Writ in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children rucfully, alas!

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Euen seuentene goodly sonnes: which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatal teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happy mother would her surely weene,
Then famous *Njobé*, before she tasted
Latonias childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fine of all that brood:
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Why! if 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 and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and brad
Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine so fore was drad,
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combynd;
And eke all strangers in that region
Anyting, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne ahue, but of the fiercest kynd.

For, they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow-heard, hyght *Euryon*.
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t' attend them on,
But walke about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orithrus* hight;
Orithrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the house 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 took his flight
From that sad land, where he his fire did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widowe (as befell)
After her noble husbands late decease;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and seruaice to her offer'd;
Her to defend against all forrein foes,
That should their powre against her right oppose.
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose:
Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence.
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre
To 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 *Geryone*.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had rest.
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seek for succour of this Ladies grief:
To whom their sute they humbly did present,
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst

15
Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor vndertake the fame, for coward feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,
To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

16
She gladly granted it: then he, straight way,
Himselfe vnto his iourney 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 heauens faire,
When he was ready to his feed 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 giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind becene,
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 still 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
Within the land, where dwelt that Lady Gad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriv'd,
And into moores and marshes banish't had,
Out of the pleasant foyle, and Cities glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
Put now his cruelty to fore the drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there her selfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19
There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without liuing wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselues, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she sawe, began to fly;
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take heart, and looke vp joyfully:
For, well she wist this Knight came, succour to supply.

20
And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell streight about their neckes, as they did kneele:
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,
Sayd she, yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe, at this your ioyous fight.
Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne 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 this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:
For, other meed may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine;
And that fo wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

22
Much was he moued with her pitious plight;
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty steed,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dreede,
With 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,
An if she take comfort, which God now did send:
Good heart in euills doth the euills much amend.

23
Ay me! sayd she, and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My Palaees possessed of my foe,
My Cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres
Raled, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marshes, and miry bogs,
In which the fearefull cwfes do build their bowres,
Yield me an hoftry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those rauencous dogges.

24
Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe:
Some place shall vs receue, and harbour yeeld;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wend
Her mind fo well, that to his will she bends;
And binding vp her lockes & weeds, forth with him wends.

25
They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had beene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleane
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny shene;
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

26
That Castle was the strenght of all that Stare,
Vntill that State by strenght 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 heauens list to lowre
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne.
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do coniure,
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,
Straining long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most bafe submission,
And life enioy for any composition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders 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 vntrew.

28
To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Iuery, full rich beset,
On which that cursed Idole farre proclaimed,
He hath set vp, and him his god hath named;
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud 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 darknesse 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 Seneschall of draded might,
That by his powre oppressed euerie one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wou'd 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 stonke,
Whereas fo many knights had foully been fordonne.

31
Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;
But riding streight vnder the Castle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did waite, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Culs for his armes, and arming him withall,
Effsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce address 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 ryuen quight
Out of their breasts, with furious despight.
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empight;
So pure the metall was and well 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 haberjeon, and eke his corse:
Which tumbling downe vpon the fenlesse ground,
Gaulleau vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieu'd shades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ffound;
And thence vnto the Castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

34
But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him encheace.
As three great Culuerings for battery bent,
And leueld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

35
So all attonce they on the Prince did thunder;
Who from his saddle swarued nought aside,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwarke, firmly did abide;
Rebutting 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 deare.

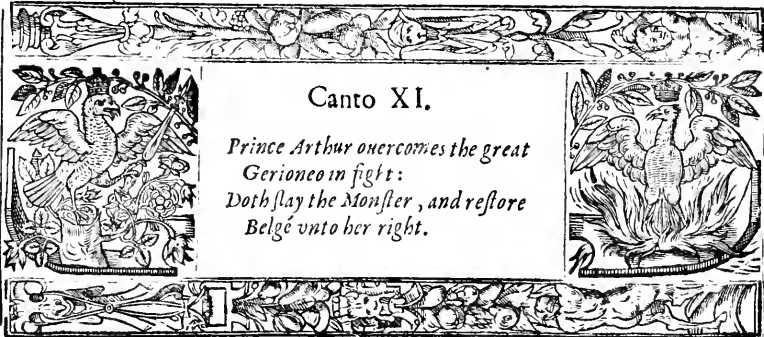
36
Whom when his other fellows saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknighly play.
There whileit they entring, th'one did th'other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he ouer-hent,
And as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carcase tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.

37
The other which was entred, laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that famelume of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was therout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince had preaced in betweene,
And entrance wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ran 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 ensamble them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long fought the Prince: but when he found no more
T'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 seene, within vnto her shewed.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moued,

And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
With her two fionnes, right deare of her beloued,
Where all that night them felues they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.



Canto XI.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgè vnto her right.*

I T often fals in course of common life,
That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But iustice, though her dome the doe prolong,
Yet at the last the will her owne cause right.
As by Lad Belgè seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length the did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

2 Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his seneschall lowe on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burn in rage, and friele in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle vnfound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

3 Nathelasse himselfe he armed all in haste,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Vnto the Castle, which they conquer had.
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gates
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatening bade
Dehure him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

4 The Prince stayd not his answer to deuize,
But opening straight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wise;
And asked him, if that he were the same,

Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ip ke shame.
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

5 With that, so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouer-run him threight;
And with his huge great iron axe gan heu
So hideously vpon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his delight;
The whilst 't at him so dreadfully he drue,
That seem'd a marble rocke aunder could haue riue.

6 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 shift from side to side,
From hand to hand, and with such nimble fley
Could wield about, that ere it were efpide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

7 Which vncouth vs when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceiued,
And euer ere he sawe the stroke to land,
He would it meete, 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 list.

Cc 3

There-

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain,
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
 And sodainely r'auenge him selfe againe,
 Gan into one assemblle all the might
 Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
 But the fid steele feizd not, where it was hight,
 Vpon the childe, but somewhat short did fall;
 And lighting on his horses head, him quite did malle.

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 seene enraung'd disorderly,
 Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Efdooones againe his axe he raught on hie,
 Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his gear;
 And can let driue at him so dreadfully,
 That had he chanced not his shield to reare,
 Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare;
 He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.
 But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
 So well was tempred, that (for all his maine)
 It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

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 curst'ie with like kindnesse to repay;
 And smote at him with so importune might,
 That two more of his armes did fall away,
 Like fruitelesse branches, which the hatchets sight
 Hath pruned from the natue tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
 Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
 And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,
 Against his gods, and fire to them did threat;
 And hell vnto him selfe with horror great.
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
 Ane gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
 And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
 But onely wexed now the more aware,
 To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
 And warch aduantage, how to work his care,
 The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
 For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,
 He ere he could his weispon buckle repair,
 His side all bare and naked ouertooke,
 And with his mortall steel quite through the body strooke.

14

Through all three bodies he him strook atonce;
 That all the three atonce fell on the Plaine;
 Else should he thrice haue needed, for the nonce,
 Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.
 So now all three one senselesse lump remaine,
 Enwallow'd in his owne black bloody gore,
 And byting th'earth for very deaths disdain;
 Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
 Downe to the house of doole, his dayes there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand
 She towards him in haste her selfe did draw,
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people both of towne and Land,
 Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall
 Vpon these warriours, greedy vnderstand
 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,
 Mongst ieyes mixing som tears, mongst weale som wo,
 Him thus bespake; O most redoubted knight,
 The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
 That carst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
 And these wake impes replanted by thy might;
 What question can I giue thee for thy paine,
 But euen that which thou sauest, thine still to remaine?

17

He took her vp forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying; Dear Ladie, deeds ought nor be scand
 By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
 But by their truth and by the causes right:
 That same is it, which fought for you this day.
 What other meed then need me to requight,
 But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thank him for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
 Till ye haue rooted all the relics out
 Of that vilerace, and stablished my peace.
 What is there else, sayd he, left of their rout?
 Declare it boldly Dame, and do not stand in dout.

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 offered vp for daily sacrifice
 My children and my people burnt in flame;
 With all the tortures that he could deuize,
 The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloody guize.

And

20
 And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
 An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
 And feeds on all the carcasses, that die
 In sacrifice vnto that cursed fend:
 Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,
 That euer escap't: for, of a man they say
 It has the voice, that speeches forth doth fend,
 Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bray
 Out of her poyntous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21
 Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne
 For great desire that Monster to assay,
 And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
 Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streight way
 Thereto address, and his bright shield display.
 So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,
 The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;
 There he that Idoll sawe of 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 (mooke,
 A dreadfull fend, with foule deformed looke,
 That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lien full;
 And her long taile and feathers strongly shooke,
 That all the Temple did with terror fill:
 Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23
 An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
 Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
 Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
 Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
 For, of a Mayd she had the outward face,
 To hide the horrour, which did lurke behind,
 The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

24
 Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell raui and fierce greedinesse;
 A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,
 To rend and teare what-so she can oppresse;
 A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
 Full deadly wounds, where-so it is empight;
 An Eagles wings for scope and speedinesse,
 That nothing may ecape her reaching might,
 Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight;

25
 Much like in foulnesse and deformite
 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 vlc like flight
 To many a one, which came vnto her school,
 Whom she did put to death, deceued like a fool!

26
 She coming forth, when as she first beheld
 The armed Prince, with shield fo blazing bright,
 Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
 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 forc't her turne againe in her despight,
 To faue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
 And sure he had her flaine, had she not turnd her way.

27
 Tho, when she sawe, that she was forc't to fight,
 She flew at him, like to an hellish fend,
 And on his shield took hold with all her might,
 As if that it she would in peeces rend,
 Or reauce out of the hand, that did it hend.
 Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
 To loofe his shield, and long while did contend:
 But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
 Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

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 taile she at him strooke,
 That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghast
 With trembling ioynts, as he for terror shooke:
 Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29
 As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottom of the bulke,
 And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,
 Whil' it still she stands as stonit and forlorne:
 So was he stonn'd with stroke of her huge taile.
 But ere that it the backe againe had borne,
 He with his sword it strook, that without faile
 He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her taile.

30
 Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
 That all the people (there without) it heard,
 And *Belge* selfe was therewith stomed sore,
 As if the onely found therof she feard.
 But then the fend her selfe more fiercely reard
 Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
 With all her body at his head and beard:
 That had he not forcene with heedfull view,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31
 But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
 Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
 And for her entrails made an open way,
 To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
 Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gush't,
 And powred out of her infernall sink
 Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rust,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maffe,
Breathing out cloudes of sulphur fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Styrgan* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he sawe on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same danger drad.

Whom when she saw fo joyoufly come forth,
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant cheare,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd fo costly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathly foyle.

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 dancing forth, and ioyous Carrolles song:
So him they led through all their streets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortal bayes,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose euerlasting prayle
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with *Belge* did awhile remaine,
Making great feast and ioyous metrimment,
Vntill he had her settled in her raigne,
With safe assurance and establishment.
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belge*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former iourney him addrest,
On which long way he rode, ne cuer day did rest.

But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, stright way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weete, to worke *Irenaes* franchisement,
And eke *Grantortoos* worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pass,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approach't he has.

There as he traueled by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had fet
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 Faery Court he saw her wend,
Vnto his soueraigne Queene her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight aliuie,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new occasion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is the thrall, or doth he not suruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and found;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For, she presuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promise, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the saluage Ilands tyde
(And then and there for tryall of her right
With her vrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come, where she (affraid of nought)
By guilefull treason and by subtyll flight
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often fought.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare
Of all those crimes, that he gaint her doth reare,
She death shall by. 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 vsage bad.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely ayde,
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
But witnesse vnto me, ye heuens, that knew
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,
And kept from compassing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he 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 none can there arriue without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghost.

Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then sayd:
For if I liue till those ten dayes haue end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her do spend:
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusid 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 ruderout, him chasing to and fro,
 That fought with Lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
 And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

45

Yet still he struiues, ne any perill spares,
 To rescue her from their ruder violence,
 And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which, the pallid death findes no defence.
 But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,
 That nought may boot to banish them from thence:
 For, soone as he their outrage backe 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 laue;
 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 ruder rout
 Them also 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 yron man
 With his huge flailie began to lay about;
 From whose iterne preence 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 dangerous despaire
 Of those, which sought his life for to empaire.
 Of whom Sir *Arthegall* gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfate,
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd fo neere.

49

To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* bight,
 Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
 Vntill late mischief did vpon me light,
 That all my former prayse hath blemisht fore;
 And that faire Lady, which in that vprour
 Ye with those caytiues sawe, *Flourdelis* hight,
 Is mine own Loue, though me she haue forlore,
 Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50

But sure to me her faith the first did plight,
 To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;
 Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
 With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word
 Entyce her, to him for to accord.
 (O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
 Sith which, she hath me euer since abhord,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
 Ay me! that euer guile in women was intenced.

51

And now he hath his troop of villains sent,
 By open force to fetch her quite away:
 Gainst whom, my selfe I long in vaine haue bent
 To reskcw her, and daily means assay,
 Yet reskcw her thence by no means I may:
 For, they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 And with vnequall might do ouer-lay,
 That oft I druen am to great distresse,
 And forced to forgo th' attempt remedlesse.

52

But why haue ye, sayd *Arthegall*, forborne
 Your owne good shield in dangerous difmay?
 That is the greatest shame and soule's icorne,
 Which vnto any knight happen may,
 To lose the badge, that should his deeds display.
 To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,
 That shall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray,
 Least yetherfore mote happily me blame,
 And deem it doen of wil, that through enforcement came.

53

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight
 By a good knight the knight of the *Redcrosse*;
 Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
 Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse
 His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:
 The same long while I bore, and therewithall
 Fought many battels without wound or losse;
 Therewith *Grantorto* selfe I did appall,
 And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54

But, for that many did that shield enuie,
 And cruell enemies encreased more;
 To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
 That bloody scutchin being battered fore,
 I laid aside, and haue of late forborne,
 Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:
 Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;
 For, she by force is still for me detained,
 And with corruptfull bribes is to vntruth mis-trained.

55

To whom thus *Arthegall*; Certes Sir knight,
 Hard is the case, the which ye do complaine;
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
 That it to such a straight mote you constrainc)
 As to abandon that which doth containe
 Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.
 All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
 Then losse of fame in disaduentrous field;
 Dyer rather, then doe ought, that mote dishonour yeeld.

56
 Nor so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,
 My former shield I may refuse againe:
 To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
 Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
 When as necessity doth it constraîne.
 Fie on such forgery, sayd *Arthegall*,
 Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.
 Knights ought to be true, and truth is one in all:
 Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

57
 Yet let me you of courtesie request,
 Sayd *Barbon*, to asstime now at need
 Against these peasants, which haue me opprest,
 And forced me to so infamous deed,
 That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.
 Sir *Arthegall*, albe he earst did wyte
 His waucting mind, yet to his ayde agreed,
 And buckling him est'woones vnto the fight
 Did serpon those troupes with all his powre and might.

58
 Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
 Of flies vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible allarme,
 And ouer all the fields themselves did muster,
 With bills and glayues making a dreadfull luster;
 That for'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 & beast do fly, and succour doe inquire.

59
 But when a ouerblown was that brunt,
 Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
 But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auaille,
 Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,
 And chased them both ouer hill and dale:
 The rascall many soone they ouerthrew;
 But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

60
 At last, they came whereas that Lady bode,
 Whom now her keepers haue forsaken quight,
 To saue them selues, and scattered were abroad:
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
 As neither glad nor fory for their sight;
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
 In royall robes, and many Jewels dight,
 But that those villens through their vjage bad
 Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

61
 But *Barbon*, 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 she, back-starting with disdainfull ire,
 Bad him auant, ne would vnto his lore
 Allured be, for prayer nor for need:
 Whom wch those Knights so froward and forlore
 Beheld, they her rebuked and vprayed fore.

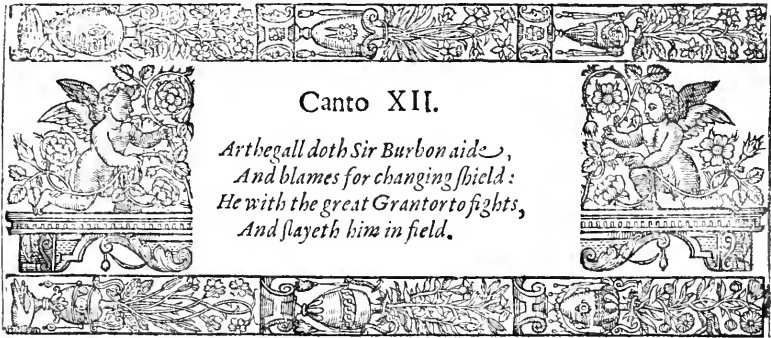
62
 Sayd *Arthegall*; What foule disgrace is this,
 To so faire Lady, as ye seeme in fight,
 To blot your beauty, that vnblemisht is,
 With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
 Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?
 Is ought on earth so precious or deare,
 As praye and honour? Or is ought fo bright
 And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?
 Whose goodly light then *Phæbus* lampe doth shine more
 (clear.)

63
 Why 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?
 Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,
 And honour with indignity debased:
 Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
 But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64
 Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
 Ne ought to answer thereunto did find;
 But hanging downe her head with heavy cheare,
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.
 Which *Barbon* seeing, her againe assaid,
 And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
 Vpon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-sayd;
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65
 Nath'lesse the yron man did still purfew
 That rascall many with vnpietted spoyle;
 Ne ceased not, till all their scattered crew
 Into the sea he droue quite from that foyle,
 The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
 But *Arthegall*, seeing his cruell deed,
 Commanded him from slaughter to recoyle,
 And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
 For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.





Canto XII.

*Art he gall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.*

Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Whō neither dread of God, that diuels bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that Cōmon-weals contain,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts refraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No 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 vnfound:
And witnesse be *Gerione* found,
Who for like cause faire *Belgé* did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

Gainst whom *Sir Art he gall*, long hauing since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by th' mighty Faery Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoe,
Through other great adventures hitherto
Had it forslackt. But now came drawing ny,
To him asynd, her high behest to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To weet, if shipping ready he mote there descric.

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 waide and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forfall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might found the bottom plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth islew,
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threwe;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

The whyles, *Sir Art he gall*, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in fight.
By this, came tydings to the Tyrants care,
By those, which earl did fly away for feare
Of their arriual: wherewith troubled fore,
He all his forces streight to him did teare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue incounted, ere they left the shore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
And brusht, and battered them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scatterd ouer all the land,
As thicke as doth the feed after the fowers hand;

Till *Art he gall* him seeing so to rage,
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all hearking, did awhile aswage
Their forces fury, and their terror like;
Till he an Herald cadd, and to him spake,
Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant freight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of faire *Irenas* cause with him in single fight.

And

9
And willed him for to reclaime with speed
His scattered people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place conuenient to ared,
In which, they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full faine
And glad he was the slaughter fo to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine
The morrowe next, ne gaue him longer day;
So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

10
That night, *Sir Arthegall* did caufe his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;
For, he had giuen streight commandement,
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst break, though many would right fain
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet olde *Sergis* did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull were.

11
The morrow next, that was the difmall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Arthegalls* arriual, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full fore;
Weening her lifes last howre then nere to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she 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'nance, and with dolefull spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull difmay,
For to receiue the doom of her decay.
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir Arthegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

13
Like as a tender Rose in open Plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her dainty face,
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glory of her leaues gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
When *Arthegall* the fawe 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 hefearelesse 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 rusty browne, but sure & strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steele was iron studded, but not long,
With which he went to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

15
Of stature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous height,
And did in strength most forts of men surpafs,
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 fray'd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

16
Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
And grinning grimly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th' *Elfin* swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

17
The Trumpets found, and they together goc,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestowe,
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.
But with sure force and fury violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the iron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall 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 shund his strokes, where-euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-theat,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptic ayre to beat.

19
So did the Faery Knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft, his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a little for to yield;
So stoutest king his doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant stexed at him layd,
And did his iron axe so nimble wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him fore did ouer-lade.

20
Yet, when as fit aduantage 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 grieuouly,
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 course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wife respect,
And twixt him and the blowe his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect;
But bying deepe therein, did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

22
Long while he tugd and stroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed there-vnto,
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:
Nath'lesse, for all that cuer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.
Which *Arthegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,
But loosing toone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combrd was there-with so fore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23
So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
He strooke him with *Chrysaor* on the head,
That with the soule thereof full sore agast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull stead.
Agaue, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
VWhom when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,
He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

24
Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for joy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse:
And running all with greedy joyfullnesse
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse,
As their true Liege and Princeesse naturall;
And eke her champions glory sounded over all.

25
Who, straight her leading with meet maiesty
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigene,
Did her therein establish peaceably,
And to her kingdomes feat restore againe;
And all such persons as did late maintaine
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayd,
He forely 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 ragged Common-weale:
And that same iron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he sent,
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

27
But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faery-Court, that of necessity
His course of Iustice he was forc't to stay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from distress,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinesse.

28
Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe whence forth he fet,
He had not pass'd farre vpon the strand,
When-as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way side beeing together set,
Two grieu' creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yet
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

29
The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung loose and louthsomely: there-to her hew
VVas wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:
And as the spake, there-with she flauered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse shee fed.

30
Her hands were foule and dirty, neuer washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like Puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scratcht
Her curld head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloody gore and poyson dropping louthsomely.

31
Her name was *Envy*, knownen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieue, and grudge at all
That cuer she sees doen praise-worthy:
VVhose 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 male vnatural,
And of her owne foule entrailles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monst'ers monstrous diet.

32
And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her flesh for felcnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheere, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gain'd a great stake.

33
The other, nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree:
For, what-fo *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, (reaned.
That all these fought, was mens good name to haue be-

34
For, what-foeuer good by any said,
Or doen she heard, she would straight-waies invent
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 compaioes frequent,
To harke what any one did good report,
To blot the fame with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

35
And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That euery matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was 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 mowth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her curst tongue (full sharpe and short)
Appear'd like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which the little spines, but spils,
And faines to weaue false tales and leasings bad,
To throwe amongst the good, which others had disspad.

37
These two now had themselues combyn'd in one,
And linkt together gainst Sir *Arbeggall*,
For whom they waited 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 dreadful fiend, of Gods and men y'trad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

38
Such were these Hags, and so vnhandfome dreft:
Who when they nigh approaching had espide
Sir *Arbeggall* return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,

As it had bene two shepherds curres, had scride
A rauinous Wolfe amongst the scattered flocks.
And *Envy* first, as she that first him cyde,
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks
About her eares, does beat her brest, & forehead knocks.

39
Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whylcare she was so greedily
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despighfully.
The curst Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all fo dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40
Then, th' other comming neere, gan him reuile,
And foully rail, with all she could invent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iusticelent,
Had stained with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtoro*, 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 barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the ayre rebelled againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore those hags themselues did paine,
To sharpen him, and their owne curst tongues did straine.

42
And still among, most bitter words they spake,
Most shanetull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
That they the mildest man aliu would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that so false slaunders at him threw.
And more, to make the peacee and wound more deepe,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

43
But *Talus*, hearing her so lewdly rail,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
Would her haue chastiz'd with his iron flail,
If her Sir *Arbeggall* had not preferred,
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerne
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.



THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE: (..)

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.

OR

Of Curtesie.

T¹ He waies, through which my weary steps I guide,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet 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 feeble decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort, and such heavenly pleasures,
² Ye sacred Imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse;

Reuale to me the sacred nourfery
³ Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.

Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, becing deriu'd at first
From heavenly feedes of bounty soueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,
⁴ Then is the blooime of comely curtesie;
Which, though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which, though present age doe plentifull soeme,
Yet beeing matcht with plaine Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained shoues esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeeme.

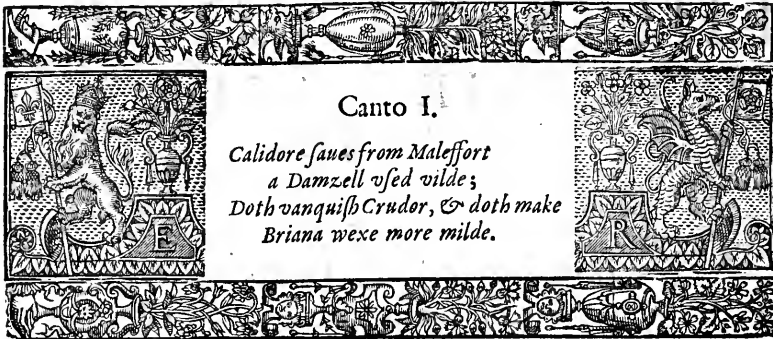
But in the triall of true curtesie,
⁵ Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them, that pass,
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blind
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertues seat is deepe within the mind,
And not in outward shoues, but inward thoughts defin'd.

D d. z.

But


6
 But where shall I in all Antiquitie
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
 The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
 As in your selfe, & soueraine Lady Queene?
 In whose pure mind, as in a mirror sheene,
 It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
 But meriteth indeed an higher name:
 Yet to from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7
 Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to your selfe doe it returne againe:
 So from the Ocean all riuers spring,
 And tribute backe repay, as to their King,
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the rest, which round about you ring,
 Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.



Canto I.

*Calidore saues from Malefourt
 a Damzell vsed wilde;
 Doth vanquish Crudor, & doth make
 Briana wexe more milde.*

1
 F Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
 For that it there most vseth to abound;
 And well befeemeth, that in Princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of ciuill conuersation.
 Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2
 But amongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
 Then *Calidore*, beloued over all:
 In whom, it seemes, that gentleness of spright
 And manners milde were planted naturall;
 To which he adding comely guise withall,
 And gracious speech, did steale mens harts away.
 Nath'lesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approv'd in battaillous affray,
 That him did much renowne, and far his fame display.

3
 Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
 In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,
 For his faire visage and conditions 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 embayse.
 For, he loath'd leasing, and base flattery,
 And loued simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

4
 And now he was in trauell on his way,
 Vpon an hard adventure fore bestad,
 When-as by chance he met vpon a day
 With *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe sad
 From his late conquest which he gotten had.
 Who, when-as each of other had a sight,
 They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
 When *Calidore* thus first; Haile noblest Knight
 Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing spright:

5
 Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
 Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
 To whom *Sir Arthegall* gan to expresse
 His whole exploit, and valorous emprise,
 In order as it did to him arise.
 Now happy man, said then *Sir Calidore*,
 Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,
 Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before;
 That shall you most renowned make for euermore.

6
 But where ye ended haue, now I begin
 To tread an 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 me befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be testified.
 What is that quest, quoth then *Sir Arthegall*,
 That you into such perils presently doth call?

7
The Blattant Beast, quoth he, I doe pursue,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdue:
Yet knowe I not or how, or in what place,
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beast, then he replide?
It is a Monster bred of hellish race,
Then answerd he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

8
Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in *Strigian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9
Then since the salvage Island I did leaue,
Said *Arthegall*, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,
That all in spite and malice did agree,
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

10
That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you speed, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
And keepe your body from the danger drad:
For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted feuerall.

11
Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When-as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:
Who, seeing him from farre, with pittious sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide.
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.

12
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 occasiond through my misdeedert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subuert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

13
Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,
Hird by a straight there stands a Castle strong,
Vvhich doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintaind 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 shauce away,
And that knights beard for toll, which they for passage pay.

14
A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou haue it knowne.
Said then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight,
Then which a prouder Lady lueth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And fought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

15
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,
With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,
Cald *Malfort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

16
He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome,
Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke, vnable to withstand;
And whiles he her pursued euery where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

17
Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek
Of one loud crying, which they straight way ghest,
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to left,
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand vnblest
Haling that maiden by the yellow haire,
That all her garments from her snowy breast,
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refrain for feare.

18
Which haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftsoones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
With harts dismay, and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had rest
That pittious spoile by so iniurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cride;
Leaue faylor quickly that misgorten west,
To Lim that hath it better iustifide,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art deside.

19
 Who harkning to that voice, himselfe vp-reard,
 And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afear'd,
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
 And with sterne count'nance thus vnto him spakes
 Art thou the cariue that defiest mee,
 And for this Maid, whose party thou doost take,
 Wilt giue thy heard, though it but little bee?
 Yet shall it not her locks for ransom fro me free.

20
 VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as vnstaid,
 And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight.
 But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirit spar'd,
 Lying in wait how him he damage might.
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
 He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21
 Like as a water streame, whose swelling source
 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*,
 When once he felt his foe-man to relent;
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,
 Who as he still decayd, so he encreas'd more.

22
 The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might
 When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,
 His hart gan faint, and straight he tooke his flight
 Toward the Castle, where if need constraine,
 His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.
 Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chased through the Plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to cry
 Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

23
 They, from the wall him seeing so aghaft,
 The gate soone opened to receiue him in;
 But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
 That euen in the Porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
 The carcasse tumbling downe within the dore,
 Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
 That it could not be shut, whil't *Calidore*
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

24
 With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
 With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
 Where, of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymet: who with vncomely shame
 Gaue him salute, and foule vpbraid with faultie blame.

25
 False traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,
 But corne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
 Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall;
 Now comest thou to rob my house vnmad,
 And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
 Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,
 Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
 And if none doe, yet shame shall thee with shame requight.

26
 Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
 Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford.
 Blood is no blemish; for, it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserue the fame;
 But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
 No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

27
 Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
 This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
 And doe in stead thereof mild cur'sie shoue
 To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine
 More then his loue, which thus ye seeke to obtaine.
 VVhere-with, all full of wrath, she thus replide;
 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 deside.

28
 To take defiance at a Ladies word
 Quoth hee, I hold it no indignity;
 But were he here, that would it with his sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it decree aby.
 Coward, quoth shee, were not that thou wouldst flie,
 Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.
 If I doe fo, said he, then liberty
 I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace,
 With all those shames that eart' ye spake me to deface.

29
 VVith 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 *Crador*, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskew her against a Knight,
 Who through strong powre had now herselfe in hold,
 Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
 And all her people murdred with outrageous might.

30
 The Dwarfie his way did haste, and went all night;
 But *Calidore* did with her there abide
 The comming of that so much threatned Knight,
 Where that discourteous Dame with cornfull pride,
 And foule entreaty him indignifide,
 That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:
 Yet he, that could his wrath full witley guide,
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,
 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 aunswere back, that ere he tasted bread,
He would her succour; and aliuie or dead
Her foe deliuier vp into her hand:
Therefore he wil'd her doe away all stand;
And that of him she mote assured tread,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

³²
Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,
And gan r'augment her bitterneffe much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismaied was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more cheerfull 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 straight, that he should be the fame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne staid to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymett in middelt of the Plaine,
With so fell furie and despituous force,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pity 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 sound,
There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on ground:
And made such pittious mourning there-withall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

³⁵
Nath'lesse at length himselfe he did vp-reare
In lustlesse wite; 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 late fall, awhile he rested still:
But when he saw his foe before in view,
He shooke off luskfulness, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foot then horseback would enfew.

³⁶
There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for maistry of might.
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Which as it still increast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breathe awhile their angers tempest ceast.

³⁷
Thus, long they tract and traueser't 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 asfender brake,
As they had por-shares been; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeances, but goary blood;
That at the last, like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them flood,
Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.

³⁸
At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie
Attonce did heaue, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the vtmost of their force to try,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of sight,
And nimble handed then his enemy,
Preuented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerly,
That made him stoope to ground with meecke 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 groweling cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnslac't
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 loe before your foot doth lay.

⁴⁰
VVith that, his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
And hauing some-what calm'd his wrauthfull 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 vñge sterne,
The which shall nought to you but foule dishonour earne.

⁴¹
For, nothing is more blamefull to a Knight,
That cour'tise doth as well as armes profess,
How-cuer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproche of pride and cruellnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not leard him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is fraile, and full of sicklenesse,
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

⁴²
VWho 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 euery stead and found.

⁴³
The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his hearts did gladly heare,
And promitt to performe his precept well,
And what-soeuer else he would require.
So suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to releafe his former foule condition.

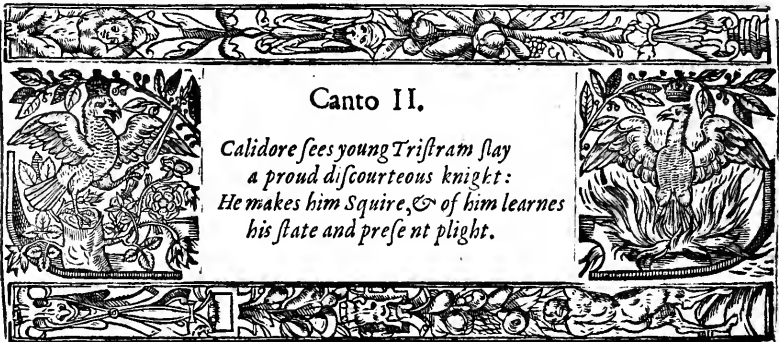
⁴⁴
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Binding himselte most firmly to obay,
He vp arose, how euer liefc or loth,
And swore to him true fealty for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull distmay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir Calidore vp-heard, and to her told
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

⁴⁵
Wherof she now more glad, then fory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearc't
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before his feet her selfe she did proiest,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thanks, and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Loue retord.

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 faime,
By all the meanes the 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 Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.



Canto II.

*Calidore sees young Trisfram slay
a proud discourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, & of him learns
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 themselues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behone?
For, whether they be placed high aboue,
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 grations are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;

Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.
For, euery 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* appeares;
Whose euery deed, and word that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man from thence not farr away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deseride,
Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

An I them beside, a Lady⁴ 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 hart was inly child
 With great amazement, & his thought with wonder filld.

Him steadfastly 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, belay dwith siluer lace;
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwaive,
 Pink 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,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
 With which he went to launce the salvage 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 vewed,
 At length bespake: What means this, gentle swaine?
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is flaine?
 By thee no knight; which armes impugne th 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 troken,
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
 May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surly thus vnarm'd I likely were;
 But he me first, through pride & puilance strong
 Affaild, not knowing what to armes doth long.
 Perdie, great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,
 For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
 But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
 Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne vp-rore.

That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare.
 I, whose vnriper yeeres are yet vnfit
 For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
 Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
 To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
 In all this forrest, and wilde woody raine:
 Where, as this day I was engaging it,
 I chaunc't to meet this knight, who there lies flaine,
 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 pas
 Through thick and thin, vnfir for any Dame.
 Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
 When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
 He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
 Would thumpe her forward, and morce to goe,
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

VVhich when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moued in indignat mind,
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty
 Towards a Lady, whom with vsage kind
 He rather should haue taken vp behind.
 Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
 Tooke in foule come 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 taunts vnto his teeth againe,
 That he straight way with haughtie cholere burned,
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
 Which I, enforc't to beare, thought 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 had made so strong a breach
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
 His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
 Of that same 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 which, when as she could nought deny,
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,
 Staid then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
 For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
 And what he did, he did himselfe to saue: (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 irrecuo cable,
 Please it you Lady, to vs to aread,
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,
 To driue you lo on foot vnfit to tread
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
 Certes, sir knight, said she, full loth I were
 To raise a liuing blame against the dead:
 But sith it me concerns my selfe to clere,
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunc't whiere.

16

This day, as he and I together roade
 Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
 We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade
 Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
 Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment
 Of their franke loues, free from all iealous spies :
 Faire was the Lady sure, that mote content
 An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
 And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,
 He inly gan her Louer to envie,
 And wish that he part of his spoyle might share.
 Where-to when as my prefence he did spy
 To be a let, he bade me by and by
 For to alight : but when as I was loth,
 My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
 He with strong hand downe fro his steed me throw'th,
 And with presumptuous powre againt that knight straight

18

Vnam'd all was the knight; as then more meete
 For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
 Then fearing any foe-man there to meet :
 Whereof he taking oddes, straight bids him dight
 Himselfe to yield his Loue, or else to fight.
 Whereat, the other starting vp dismaid,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he tightly might;
 To leaue his Loue he should be ill apayd,
 In which he had good right gainst all, that it gaunc-faid.

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 try,
 Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)
 Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
 Ne time would giue, nor any teames aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smote ;
 From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,
 VVhil't they together for the quarry stroue,
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
 And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.
 My knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,
 And left sore wounded : but, when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
 And range through all the wood, where so he wist
 Shee hidden was, and fought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no means could find,
 After long search and chauffe, he turned back
 Vnto the place where me he left behind :
 There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wrack
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
 Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,
 Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long :
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused
 To take me vp (as this young man did see)
 Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
 But forc't to trot on foot, and foule misused ;
 Punching me with the butt end of his speare,
 In vaine complaining to be so abused.
 For, he regarded neither plaint nor teare,
 But more enforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met ;
 And beeing mou'd with pity of my plight,
 Spake, as was meet, for caue of my regret :
 Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
 Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault :
 Who euer thinks through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
 To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
 VVhich had himselfe so stoutly well acquit ;
 Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,
 He prayd it much, and much admired it ;
 That sure he wend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit :
 And when he long had him beholding food,
 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 looks repaire,
 As they are wont vnto *Latonas* son,
 After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don :
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
 Or surely borne of some Herodick seed,
 That in thy face appears, and gracious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell
 (Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
 For loue amongst the woody Gods to dwell ;)
 I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
 For deare affection and vnfaied zeale
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 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 hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth ; May be
 Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,
 Harme may arise vnweeting vnto mee ;
 Nath'lesse, sith ye so courtesous seem'd late,
 To you I will not feare it to relate.
 Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,
 Sonne of a King, how euer through our fate
 Or fortune I my country haue forlorne, (adorne.
 And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

And

28
And *Trifram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras*, which did raigne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire
Vntimely did, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29
The widow Queene, my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile safety, resting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose ielous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remoue some-where
Into some forraigne Land, where-as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30
So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to send me knight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
Into the Land of *Faery*, where no wight
Should weete of mee, nor worke me any wrong.
To whose wife read she harkning, sent me straight
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

31
All which, my dayes I haue not lowly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender yeares
In idleness; but as was conuenient,
Haue trained been with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres.
Mongst which, my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,
Of all that rangeth in the Forrest Greene;
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that euer was seene.

32
Ne is there hake which mantlet her on perch,
Whether high towing, or accoasting lowe,
But I the measure of her flight doe fearech,
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.
Such be our ioyes, which in these Forrests growe:
Onely the vie of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swaine to knowe,
I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to inploy.

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 vie them right;
The rather, sith that fortune hath this day
Ginen to me the spoile 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 eare 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 wilst, that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is cheualric)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35
There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all;
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Trifram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small,
Long slutt vp in the bud from heauens view,
At length breakes forth, and brode displays his smiling
(hew.

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 aduenture; 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 so noble hart,
In hope he sure would proue a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight;

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 assaid,
That in atchieuement of her high behest,
I should no creature ioynv vnto mine ayde,
For-ty, 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 doe 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 cruceaine,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twaine,
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former paine.

39
But *Trifram*, then depoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,
Longed his greedy eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright metall, shining like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand waies.
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 marched forth, as she did him behight.

There

40

There, to their fortune, leaue wethem awhile,
 And to rne we backe to good Sir *Calidore* ;
 Who, ere he thence had traueil'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 despicous pride ;
 There he that knight found lying on the flore,
 With many wounds full perillous and wide,
 That all his garments, and the graffe in vermill dide.

41

And there beside him, fate vpon the ground
 His wofull Lady, pittiously complaining
 With loud laments that most vnluckie found,
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constraining
 To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
 Which sory sight when *Calidore* did vew
 With heauy cyne, from teares vneath refraying,
 His mighty hart their mournfull case can rew,
 And for their better comfort to them n:gher drew.

42

Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said :
 Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieffe empeach
 To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid
 This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach
 Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may auenge him of so foule despight.
 The Lady, hearing his so courteous speech,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her sory hart few heauy words forth sigh't.

43

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,
 Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
 And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reue
 From him, to whom she was for cuer bound :
 Yet when she fled into that couert graue,
 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 maner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this ont-rage wrought with wicked hand.

She then, like as she best could vnderstand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quartered athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a fomme't 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 himselfe in much more wretched plight ;
 These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,
 The mee'd of his desbert for that despight,
 Which to your selfe he wrought, and to your loued knight.

46

Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieffe,
 Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart
 For that displeasure ; and thinke what reliefe
 Were best deuise for this your Louers smart,
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part
 Conuay to be recur'd. She thank't him deare,
 Both for that newes he did to her impart,
 And for the courteous care which he did beare
 Both to her Loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

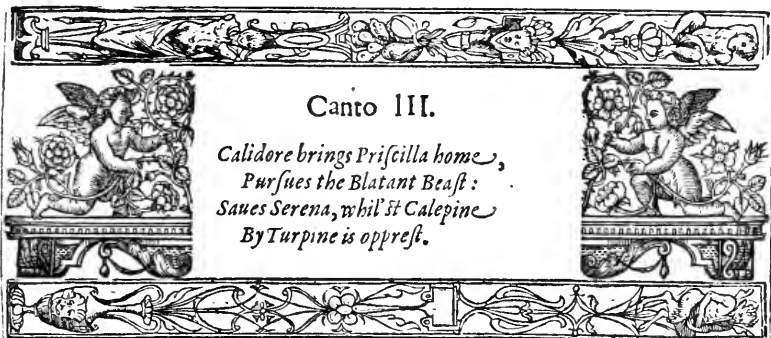
47

Yet could she not denie by any wit,
 How thence she might conuay him to some place.
 For, him to trouble she it thought vnfit,
 That was a stranger to her wretched case ;
 And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
 VVhich 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 long puruaid,
 Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
 And twist 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:
Saues Serena, whil' st Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.*

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.
For, a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
As by his manners; in which plaine is shownt
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For, feldome seene, a trotting Stallion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So feldome seene, that one in baseness fet
Doth noble courage shew, with courteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle maners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* descride,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was befought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had 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 chine,
And *Adms* was his name, and his sonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he sawe his sonne fo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a stranger knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so doolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; Ah fory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad annoy?

Such is the weakeneffe 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 Keafars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meener place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vn lucky cae.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his grieffe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh't and sorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her peniue thought, (brought.
With thinking to what cae her name should now be

For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affie
To a great Peere: but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight, who dwelt her nie,
The lusty *Aladine* though meener borne,
And of lesse liuelood and ability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meannesse much, and make her th' others riches come.

So hauing both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle *Aladine* did easit invade,
Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' aduize,
How great a hazard she at easit 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
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The peniue 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 eucning past, till time of rest;
When *Calidore* in iecemely good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

10
But faire *Priscilla* (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 steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,
That of the deadly swoun, in which full deep
He drenched was, she at the length dispatcht him,
And droue away the fount, which mortally attach't him.

11
The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,
He also gan vp-look with drye eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he sawe his faire *Priscilla* by,
He deeply sigh't, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill fate, in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weeningly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

12
Which she perceiuing, did with plentious teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equal care to cast,
How to saue whole her hazarded 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, to loone as *Titans* beams forth brust
Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darknesse, duld with iron rust,
Calidore rising vp as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him adressed vnto his former way.

14
But first him seem'd fit, that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely Lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to ouer-passe:
Mongst 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 safe-conduet 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,
Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did fay,
Sith his own thought the knew most cleare from wite.
So as they past together on their way,
He can deuize this counter-cast of flight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in fight.

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 *Tristram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke therof did cut in twaine,
And took 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 peniue man, thorough fear, what of his child became.

18
There he arriuing boldly, did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he sawe her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had rest,
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left.
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

19
Most ioyfull man her Sire was her to see,
And heare th'adventure of her late mischance;
And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for see
Of his large paines in her deliuerance
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduance.
Thus hauing her restored trustfully,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Vnto his first exploit he did him selfe apply.

20
So as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,
In count' shad him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that him selfe he thought from danger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous with all, becomming her degree.

21

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,
 Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
 Them much abaſht, but more him ſelfe thereby,
 That he ſo rudely did vpon them light,
 And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
 Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
 Him ſelfe thereof he labourd to acquite,
 And pardon crau'd for his ſo raſh default,
 That he giuſt courtſie ſo fowly did default.

22

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
 He ſoon allayd that Knights conceiv'd diſpleaſure
 That he beſought him downe by him to ſit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leiſure;
 And of adventures, which had in his meaſure
 Of ſo long waies to him befallen late.
 So downe he ſate, and with delightfull pleaſure
 His long adventures gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23

Of which whileſt they diſcourſed both together,
 The faire *Serena* (ſo his Lady hight)
 Allur'd with mildneſſe of the gentle weather,
 And pleaſance of the place, the which was dight
 With diuers flowres diſtinct with rare delight;
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led
 Her wauering luſt after her wandring fight,
 To make a garland to adorne her head,
 Without ſuſpect of ill or dangers hidden dread.

24

All foddainly out of the forreſt neere
 The *Blatant Beaf*, forth ruſhing vnaware,
 Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
 Crying aloud in vaine, to ſhew her ſad miſaire
 Vnto the Knights, and calling off for ayde;
 Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
 Haſtily ſtriting vp, like men diſmaide,
 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 middelt of his race:
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,
 Fore't to forgoe his prey there in the place,
 And to betake him ſelfe to fearefull flight;
 For, he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26

Who nathelleſſe, when he the Lady ſawe
 There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
 Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,
 Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
 But follow'd faſt the *Monſter* in his fight:
 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 gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
 As if his lungs and lites werenigh aſunder braiſt.

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 bloud there tumbled on the ground,
 Hauing both ſides through grip't with grieſly wound:
 His weapons ſoone from lum he threw away;
 And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,
 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 reuoike againe,
 To her fraile manſion of mortalitie.
 Then vp he took her twixt his armes twaine,
 And ſetting on his ſteed, her did ſuſtaine
 With carefull hands ſofting foot her beſide,
 Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
 Where ſhe in ſafe aſſurance mote abide,
 Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

29

Now when as *Phabus* with his fiery waime
 Vnto his Inne began to drawe apace;
 Tho, waxing weary of that toyſeleſſe paine,
 In traueiling on foote lo long a ſpace,
 Not wont on foot with heavy armes to trace,
 Downe in a dale forby a riuers ſide,
 He chaunc't to ſpy a faire and ſtately Place,
 To which he meant his weary ſteps to guide,
 In hope there for his Loue ſome ſuccour to provide.

30

But conning to the riuers ſide, he found
 That hardly paſſible on foote it was:
 Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſound,
 Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote paſſe.
 Thus whyl'ſt 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 theſelues prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting (as became)
 Beſought of courtſie 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 reed
 Me then to be full baſe and euill borne,
 If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

32

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
 So fare on foote till thou another gaine,
 And let thy Lady likewiſe do the ſame,
 Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing paine,
 And proue thy manhood on the billowes vaine.
 With which rude ſpeech his Lady much diſpleaſed,
 Did him reprove, yet could him not reſtraine,
 And would on her owne Palfrey him haue caſed,
 For pity of his Dame, whom ſhe ſawe ſo diſcaſed.

33
 Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet, inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentlesse refused,
 And carelesly into the riuer goth,
 As in despight to be so fowle abused
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
 Of fowlediscourtesie, vnfit for Knight;
 And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
 With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe vpright,
 With th'other stayd his Lady vp with stedy might.

34
 And all the while, that same discourteous Knight
 Stood on the further banke beholding him :
 At whose calamity, for more despight,
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
 But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
 And sawe his carriage past that perill well,
 Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
 His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
 And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and fell.

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,
 Loe I desie thee, and here challenge make,
 That thou for euer doe those armes forsake;
 And be for cuer 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 equal fight.

36
 The dastard, that did heare him selfe deside,
 Seem'd not to waigh his threatfull words at all,
 But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
 So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
 That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
 But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
 Ne cared as a coward to be demened.

37
 But he, nought weighing what he sayd 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 hemay,
 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.
 Nathelesse 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 wofe 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 enforce'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 assayes to euery errant Knight,
 Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight.
 Ill seemes, sayd he, if he to valiant be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
 For, seldom e yet did liuing creature see,
 That courtesie and manhood euer disagree.

41
 But goe thy wayes to him, and from me say,
 That there is at his gate an errant knight,
 That house-roume craues, yet would be loth t'assay
 The prooffe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
 Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite:
 Yet if he needs will fight, craue leaue till morne,
 And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
 That pity craues, as he of woman was yborne.

42
 The groomme went streight way in, and to his Lord
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;
 Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
 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 vsage did reprocue
 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 awhit reclame,
 Which answer when the groom, returning, brought
 To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
 That he could not thereof auenged be:
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,
 Whom now in deadly danger he did see;
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44
 But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
 He sawe, the present mischief to redresse,
 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,
 Cover'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 funny beames bedight,
Serenes full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darknesse dead, and hope of liuing light,
Vprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile despight;
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there longer stay, forth on his journey goth.

46
He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Vpstayng till her selfe vpon her steed,
Being vnhabie else alone to ride;
So tore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:
Till that at length, in his extreame 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 wot what issue would thereof betide.
Tho, when-as he approched nigh in view,
By certaine signes he plainly him descride,
To be the man, that with such scornfull pride
Had him abutde, and shamed yesterday.
Therefore mid-doubting, least he should mis-guide
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keep him telte so safely as he may.

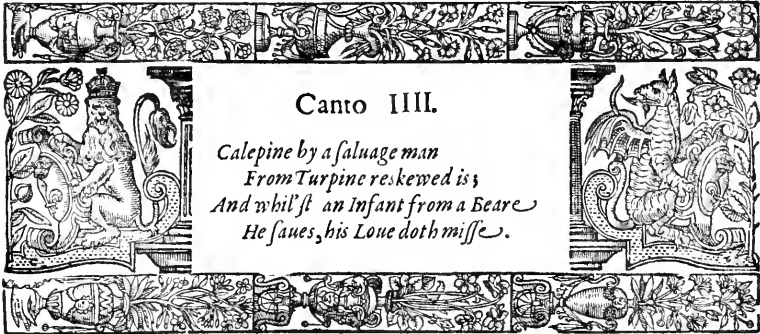
48
By this, the other came in place likewise;
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bid him stand, t' abide the bitter stoure.

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 shun
The perill of his pride, or else be ouer-run.

49
Yet he him still purfwd from place to place,
With full intent him cruely to kill;
And like a wilde goate round about did chafe,
Flying the fury of his bloody will.
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As euer he to Lady was affide,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

50
But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felcicie him purfwd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chance a close aduantage vew'd,
He ouer-raught him, hauing long elchew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his speare
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood enfew'd
In great abundance, as a Wel it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeare.

51
Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chac't him still, for all his Ladies crie;
Not satisfide till on the fatal ground
He saw his life pourd forth dupiteously:
The which was certes in great ieopardie,
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,
And saued from his cruell villany.
Such chanches oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.



Canto III.

*Calepine by a saluage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And whilst an Infant from a Beare
He saues, his Loue doth misse.*

1
Like as a ship with dreadfull stotme long tost,
Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold;
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher barke doth 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 Lad Lady left in pittifull affright;

²
Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious shriegt,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

³
The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentleffe knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoued at his perils view ;
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his quill plight,
Against his foe, that did him so peruse :
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him aunge of that villenous delight.

⁴
Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
Sawe such as sudden rage him lent to smite ;
But naked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpe with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,
No more then for the strokes of straws 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 to assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force inest
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 forc't him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

⁶
With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tigre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.
The saluage nation doth all dread despise :
Tho, on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wife
He could him force to loofe, or leaue his enterprife.

⁷
Long did he wrest and wring 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 needleffe were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

⁸
But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him perused with importune speed:
(For, he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he notin his extreamest need,
Been helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him ouertaken in his fight,
Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing vncomely for a knight.

⁹
But when the Saluage saw his Labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled so fast,
He weary woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speed vnto the place, wher-as he last
Had left that couple, neere their vtmost cist.
There he that knight full forly bleeding found,
And eke the Lady fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her ranking wound.

¹⁰
For, though she were right glad, so rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended ;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did fee,
And perill by this saluage man pretended ;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded fore.
Therefore herselfe 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 deep 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
Of senselesse 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 streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stop't the bleeding straight, ere he it stanch'd thought.

¹³
Then taking vp that Recreants 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,
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading broad
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trod, (boode.
Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was this wights a-
Thither

14
 Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests;
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by lookes and all his other gifts.
 But the bare ground, with hoary mossie bestrowed,
 Must be their bed, their pillow was vnflowed,
 And the fruites of the Forrest was their feast:
 For, their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor fowed,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast
 Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures first behest.

15
 Yet howsoever base and meane it were,
 They took it well, and thanked God for all;
 Which had them fre'ed from that deadly feare,
 And liv'd from being to that captive 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 awihleredrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

16
 During which time, that wyld man did apply
 His best endeour, and his daily paine,
 In seeking all the woods both faire and nye
 For herbs to dresse their wounds; still seeming faire,
 When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.
 So as ere long he had that knightes wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe:
 But that time Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnfound.

17
 Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
 Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
 And without sword his person to defend.
 There him befell, vnlooked for before,
 An hard aduerture with vnhappy end,
 A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his bloody iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

18
 The little babe did loudly scricke and squall,
 And all the woods with pitious plaints did fill,
 As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
 To *Calepine*, whose eares those shrill cries shrill
 Peareing his heart with pities point did thrill;
 That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
 To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
 Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued fast.

19
 Well then him chaunc't 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 weare, and wend on foot for need,
 Now wanting them he felt himselfe to light,
 That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
 From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20
 So well he sped him, that the weary Beare
 Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;
 And without weapon him assailing neare,
 Compell 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 crossed 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 theat dismayd:
 But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
 Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
 Vpon him ran, and thrust it all atone
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
 And gasp 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,
 Striuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold
 Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
 And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
 Ere long enforc't to breath his vtmost blast,
 Gnawing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatening his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to
 (straine.

23
 Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
 The litte babe, sweet relicks of his pray;
 Whom pitying to heare so fore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wip't away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray:
 And euery little limbe he searcht around,
 And euery part, that vnder sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

24
 So hauing all his bands againe vp-tide,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe:
 But when he lookt about on euery side,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine,
 To bring him to the place where he would finde,
 He could no path nor tract of foot defery,
 Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by ayme.
 For, nought but woods and Forrests farre and nye,
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25
 Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
 Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
 So vp and downe he wandred in any a mile,
 With weary trauell and vncertaine toyle,
 Yet thought the nearer to his journeyes end;
 And cuermore his lonely little spoyle
 Crying for food did greatly him offend.
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

26
 At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
 Him selfe out of the forest he did winde,
 And by good fortune the plaine Champion wonne:
 Where looking all about, where he mote find
 Some place of succour to content his mind,
 At length he heard vnder the Forrests side
 A voice, that seemed of some woman-kinde,
 Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cride,
 And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft decide.

27
 To whom approching, when as she perceiued
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she sayd,
 As if she doubted to haue been deceiued,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed.
 Whom when as *Calepine* saw fo dismayd,
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
 Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;
 What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?
 And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

28
 To whom she thus; What need me Sir to tell
 That which your selfe haue earst ared fo right?
 A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;
 So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
 Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.
 Nath'lesse, quoth he, if need do not you bind,
 Doe it disclose, 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 grief 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 *Cormorant*;
 Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,
 And in three battailes did fo deadly daunt,
 That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30
 So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
 And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
 Ne any dares with him for it debate.
 But to those happy fortunes, cruel 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 posteritie,
 Which we might fee after our felues remaine
 In th'heritage of our vnhappy paine:
 So that for want of heires it to defend,
 All is in time like to returne againe
 To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
 To leape into the same after our liues end.

32
 But most my Lord is grieved here withall,
 And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
 That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,
 For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
 That now the same he greatly doth for-thinke.
 Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
 Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
 And dry 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 farre be magnifide,
 And this proud Giant should with braue emprise
 Quite ouerthrowe, who now ginnes 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 appears;
 For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaselesse teares.

34
 Which when he heard, he inly touched was
 With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:
 And when he had deuic'd of her case,
 He gaue in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
 For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.
 And hauing cheared her, thus sayd; Faire Dame,
 In euils, counsell is the comfort chiefe:
 Which though I be not witte enough to frame,
 Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

35
 If that the cause of this your languishment
 Be lacke of children, to supply your place;
 Lo, how good fortune doth to you present
 This little babe, of sweet and louely face,
 And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchance
 What-er formes ye list thereto apply,
 Being now lost and fit them to embrace;
 Whether ye list him train in cheualry,
 Or nourish vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

36
 And certes it hath often-times been seene,
 That of the like whose linage was vnknowne,
 More braue and noble knights haue raysed beene
 (As their victorious deeds haue often shonen,
 Being with fame through many Nations blown)
 Then those, which haue been dandled in the lap.
 Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were
 Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap, (Gowen
 That made them growe so high t'all honorabile hap.

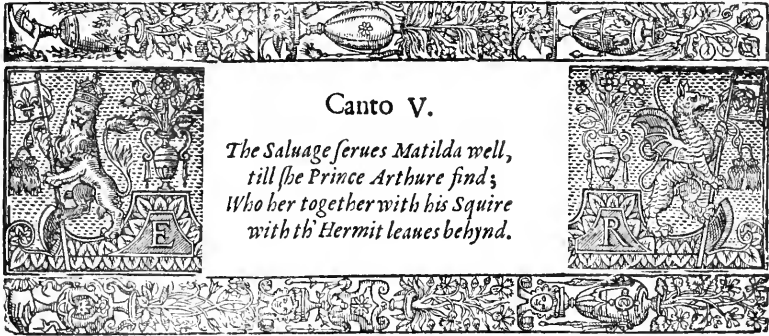
37
 The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,
 Found nothing that he sayd, vnmeet nor reason,
 Hauing oft seene it tride, as he did teach.
 Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place & season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her owne by luery and seisin;
 And hauing ouer it a little wept,
 She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

38
 Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
 Of his young charge, wherof he skilled nought:
 Ne she lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,
 And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,
 That when that infant vnto him she brought,
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
 And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,
 That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
 And did right noble deeds, the which elsewhere are shown.

39
 But *Calepine*, now being left alone
 Vnder the green-woods side in forry plight,
 Withouten armes or steed to ride vpon,
 Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,


Albe that Dame (by all the means she might)
 Him oft desired home with her to wend,
 And offered him (his courtesie to requite)
 Both horse and armes, and what-so else to lend;
 Yet he them all refus'd, though thank her as a friend.

40
 And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
 That he his Loue so lucklesse now had lost,
 On the colde ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
 For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
 And there all night himselfe in anguish toist;
 Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
 Till that his Ladies fight he mote attaine,
 Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remaine.



Canto V.

*The Saluage serues Matilda well,
 till she Prince Arthure find;
 Who her together with his Squire
 with th' Hermit leaues behynd.*

1
 What an ease thing is to deserue
 The gentle blood, how-euer it be wrapt
 In sad misfortunes soule deformity,
 And wretched torrows, which haue ostē hap't
 For, how focuer it may growe mis-shap't
 (Like this wyld man, being vndisciplin'd)
 That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
 Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mind,
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

2
 That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
 Who though he were still in this desert wood,
 Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
 Ne euer sawe faire guize, ne learned good,
 Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,
 By gentle visage of that wretched Dame.
 For, certes he was borne of noble blood,
 How-euer by hard hap he hither came:
 As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3
 Who, when as now long time he lacked had
 The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,
 Did waxe exceeding forrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afraid:

And leauing there this Lady all dismayd,
 Went forth streightway into the forrest wide,
 To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,
 Or what-so else were vnto him betide:
 He fought him far and 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 wringing both his wretched hands in one,
 Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,
 That ruth it was to see him so lament.
 By which the well perceiuing, what was done,
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
 And beat her breast, and pitoufly her selfe torment

5
 Vpon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
 Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
 That with their blood did all the floore imbrow,
 As if her breast, new launc't with murtherous knife,
 Would streight dislodge the wretched weary life.
 There she long grouching, and deep groning lay,
 As if her vitall powers were at strife
 With stronger leath, and feared their decay:
 Such were this Ladies pang and dolorous alay.

Whom

6

Whom when the Saluage sawe so sore distrest,
He reared her vp from the bloody ground,
And fought by all the meanes that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony f wound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient found,
But daye and night did vexe her careful thought,
And cuer 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 wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
To seek some comfort in that fory case,
His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:
And being thereon mounted, forth did pafe,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8

Whom when her Host saw ready to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan him selfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whylearne
Had left behind, he gan estoones prepare,
And put them all about him selfe vnfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without sword vpon his thigh to fit:
Sir Calepine himselfe 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 spoyle, then purchased aright.
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serue both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne cuer strewed signe of soule diloyalty.

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunc't some furniture about her steed
To be disorderd by some accident:
Which to redresse, she did th' assistance need
Of this her groomme: which he by signes did reed;
And freight his combrous armes aside did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11

Bout which whilet he was busied thus hard,
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
Which seemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By strange occasion, that here needs forth be 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 afear'd,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vnjust detraction him did beard;
Yet he him selfe do well and wisely bore,
That in her soueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13

But of them all, which did his ruine seecke,
Three mighty en'mies did him most despight;
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To ouerthrowe, but to iuplant by flight.
The first of them by name was calld *Despetto*,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;
The second not so strong, but wife, *Decetto*;
The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Desetto*.

14

Of't-times their fundry powers they did employ,
And euerall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For, neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,
To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

15

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
When he did range the wood for saluage game,
They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
To drawe him from his deare beloued Dame,
Vnwares into the danger of defame.
For, well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wilde or tame,
Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the prey of't-times out of their greedy holde.

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 icopary;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That (his great force vnable to endure)
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

17

Securely he did after him pursue,
Thinking by speed to ouertake his fight;
Who through thick woods & brakes & briers him drew,
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, whole couert stoop his further sight:
There his three foes, snorowed in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharply

18

Sharply they all atonce did him assayle,
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,
 And heaped strokes did round about him haile
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
 Bear off their blowes from piercing thorough quite.
 Yet he them all to warily did ward,
 That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
 And all the while his backe for best safeguard,
 He leant against a tree, that backward onlet bard.

19

Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,
 Is baited of a mastiffe and a hound,
 And a curre-dog; that doe him sharpe assay
 On enery side, and beat about him round;
 But most that curre, barking with bitter found,
 And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
 That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
 And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder;
 So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue asonder.

20

Him well behoued fo; for, his three foes
 Sought to encompass him on enery side,
 And dangerously did round about enclose;
 But most of all *Desetto* him annoyd,
 Creeping behinde him still to haue destroyde:
 So did *Deccetto* eke him circumuent:
 But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,
 Did front him face to face against him bent;
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21

Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
 He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
 Full like ere long to haue escaped hard:
 When-as vnwares he in the Forrest heard
 A trampling steed, that with his oerhigh fast
 Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;
 With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
 Remiued was, and sad despair away did cast.

22

Eft' soones he spide a Knight approaching nie,
 Who seeing one in so great danger let
 Mongst many foes, himselfe did falter hie,
 To reskue him, and his weak part abet,
 For pittie so to see him ouer-set.
 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 couert was so thick, that did no passage shew.

23

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
 To be his *Thomas* his owne true Squire:
 Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
 And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
 Him thus bespake; My life, my lifes desire,
 Why haue ye me alone thus long yest?
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
 Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin west?

24

With that, he sighd deep for inward tyne:
 To whom the Squire nought answered againe;
 But shedding few soft teares from tender cyne,
 His deare affect with silence did restraine,
 And shut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.
 There they awhile some gracious speeces spent,
 As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.
 After all which, vp to the steeds they went,
 And forth together rode a comely complement.

25

So now they be arriued both in sight
 Of this wild man, whom they full busse found
 About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
 With those brane armours lying on the ground,
 That seem'd the spoyle of some right well renownd.
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
 Thinking to take them from that hiding hound:
 But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
 And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

26

Enslashing his grinded teeth with grieisly looke,
 And sparking fire out of his furious cyne,
 Him with his fist vnwares on th'head he strooke,
 That made him downe vnto the earth encline,
 Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine.
 And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
 Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue flaine;
 Who it perceiving, hand vpon him layd,
 And greedily him griping, his awngement stayd.

27

With that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde
 Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:
 Who to them stepping did them soon dauide,
 And did from further violence reframe,
 Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
 Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,
 What and from whence the was, and by what traine
 She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28

To whom the thus; I am, as now yefee,
 The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;
 Who both in minde, the which most griueth me,
 And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,
 That hath me driuen to this dreary found.
 I was erewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:
 Who whether he aliu be to be found,
 Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
 Sith I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

29

In saluage Forrest I him lost of late,
 Where I had surely long ere this been dead,
 Or else remained in most wretched state,
 Had not this wilde man in that wofull stea I
 Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
 In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,
 Amongst wilde beaists in desert Forrests bred,
 It is most strange and wonderfull 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 fimple minde,
 Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:
 Small praise to proue your powre on wight fo weake.
 With fuch faire words the did their heat awfage,
 And the ftrong courfe of their difpleafure brake,
 That they to pittie turn'd their former rage,
 And each fought to fupply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,
 She on her way caft 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 likewife wounded was
 Of that fame Monfter late, for lacke of heed,
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pafs
 Through feeblenefse, which all his limbes oppreffed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
 To feek fome place, the which mote yeeld fome ease
 To thefe ficke twaine, that now began to droupe:
 And all the way the Prince fought to appeafe
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe difeafe,
 By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;
 Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Mongft which, *Serena* did to him relate
 The foule difcourtesies and vnknighly parts,
 Which *Turpine* had vnto her fhewed late,
 Without compaffion of her cruell fmarts:
 Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
 Him otherwife perfwade, all that she might;
 Yet he of malice, without her defarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But alfo traiteroufly did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the Prince fore moued, there avoud,
 That foone as he returned backe againe,
 He would auenge th'abufes of that proud
 And fnameful knight, of whom she did complaine.
 This wize did they each other entertaine,
 To paffe the tedious trauell of the way;
 Till towards 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 ftood,
 Which being all with Yuy ouer-fpred,
 Deckt all the rooffe; and fhadowing the rood,
 Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
 In ftreight obferuance of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
 And therein he likewife was praying now,
 When-as these knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

They stayd not there, but ftreight way in did pafs.
 Whom when the Hermite present fawe in place,
 From his deuotion ftreight he troubled was;
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pafs,
 With stayed steps, and graue befeeming grace:
 For, well it feem'd, that whylome he had bene
 Some goodly perfon and of gentle race:
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,
 How each to entertaine with curtie well befeene.

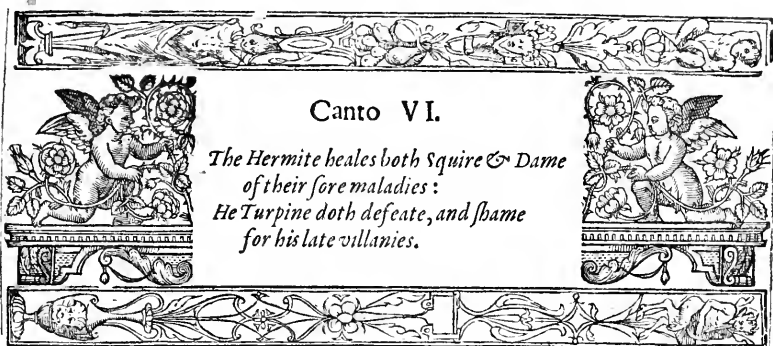
And footherly it was fayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had bene a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
 But being aged now and weary to
 Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
 The name of knighthood he did difauow,
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombance did himfelfe affoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
 Letting their steeds to graze vpon the Green:
 Small was his boufe, and like a little cage,
 For his owne tume, yet inly neate and cleane,
 Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay befeene.
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine
 Not with fuch forged fhowes, as fitter beene
 For courting fools, that courtesies would faine,
 But with entire affection and appearance plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, fuch as hee
 Did vie, his feeble body to fuffaine;
 The which full gladly they did take in gree,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well fuffiz'd, them refted faine.
 But faire *Serene* all night could take no reft,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine
 Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beast*
 Had giuen the, whose grief through fuffrance fore increast.

So all that night they paff in great difeafe,
 Till that the morning, bringing early light
 To guide mens labours, brought them alfo ease,
 And fome affwagement of their painefull plight.
 Then vp they rofe, and gan themfelues to dight
 Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame:
 Their harts were ficke, their fides were fore, their feet were lame.

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 vllage and array,
 Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)
 Would needs depart, as shall declared be elfewhere.



Canto VI.

*The Hermite heales both Squire & Dame
of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
for his late villanies.*

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Infixeth 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 *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increast,
For want of taking heed vnto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
How-be that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meet, to tame
The poyntous humour, which did most infect
Their ranking 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 affaies,
He knew the diuerse went 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 heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For, whylome, he had beene a doughty Knight,
As any one that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perillous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attach with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke himselfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had felted pruitly,
And rarking inward with woruldy founds,
The inner parts now gan to putrie,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be discipline
With wholesome recede of sadtobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blind:
Giue salues to curey 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 coul'd 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 maladic.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, obserue this one;
First, learne your outward senses to retrain
From things that sure vp fraile affection;
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talke retrain
From that they most affect, and in due tearmes containe.

For, from those outward senses ill affected,
The seed of all this euill first doth spring,
Vvhich at the first before it had infected,
Mote casie be suppress with little thing:
But being grown strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly leattering
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,
It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his finall ban.

Ff.

For

For, that beaſts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
 Are ſo exceeding venomous and keene,
 Made all of ruſty iron, ranking ſore,
 That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
 With ſalve, or antidote, or other meane
 It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
 For, that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh fire,
 And long in darkſome *Stygian* den vp-brought,
 Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

Echidna is a Monſter direfull dred,
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to ſee;
 So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her head,
 That euen the helliſh fiends affrighted bee
 At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee:
 Yet did her face and former parts profefſe
 A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee;
 But all her hinderparts did plaine expreſſe
 A monſtrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglincfe.

To her the Gods, for her ſo dreadfull face
 (In fearefull darkeneſſe, furtheſt from the ſkie,
 And from the earth) appointed haue her place
 Amongſt Rocks and Caves, where ſhe enrold doth lie
 In hideous horror and obſcurity,
 Waſting the ſtrength of her immortal age.
 There did *Typhaon* with her company;
 Cruell *Typhaon*, whole tempeſtuouſ rage
 Make th' heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes aſſwage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
 This helliſh dog, that hight the *Blatant Beaſt*;
 A wicked Monſter, that his tongue doth whet
 Gainſt all, both good and bad, both moſt and leaſt,
 And poures his poiſonous gall forth, to infect
 The nobleſt wights with notable deſame:
 Ne euer Knight, that bore ſo lofly creſt,
 Ne euer Lady of ſo honcſt name,
 But he them ſpotted with reproche, or ſecret ſhame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
 To goe about to ſalve ſuch kind of ſore,
 That rather needs wile read and diſcipline,
 Then outward ſalues, that may augment it more.
 Aye me! ſaid then *Serena*, ſighing ſore,
 What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
 If that no ſalues may vs to health reſtore?
 But, ſir, we need good counſell, ſaid the ſwaine,
 Are ad good ſire, ſome counſell, that may vs ſuſtaine.

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' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
 Abſtaine from pleaſure, and reſtraine your will,
 Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
 Vſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your ill,
 Shun ſecretie. and talke in open ſight:
 So ſhall you ſoone repaire your preſent euill plight.

Thus hauing ſaid, his ſickly Patients
 Did gladly harken to his graue becheat,
 And kept ſo well his wite commaundements,
 That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt;
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beaſt
 Was thoroughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceaue
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
 Of that good Hermit both they tooke their leaue,
 And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue:

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
 The Lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity;
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
 So both together trauel'd, till they met
 With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,
 Vpon a mangy ſade vnmeeterly ſet,
 And a lewd ſoule her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
 And how thereof her ſelfe ſhe did acquite,
 I muſt 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 whileare,
 Wrought to *Sir Calidore* ſo foule deſpight;
 And eke his Lady, though ſhe ſickly were,
 So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token,
 Which ſaue *Serena* to him deliuered had,
 Purſu'd him ſtraight, in mind to be ſeuen ywroken
 Of all the vile demeaſe, and vſage bad,
 With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad:
 Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
 But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,
 Yet for no bidding, nor for beeing ſhent,
 Would he reſtrained be from his attendement.

Arriuing there, as did by chance befall,
 He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
 Ne ſtaid, till that he came into the hall:
 Where ſoft diſmounting like a weary lode,
 Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
 As he vnable were for very need
 To moue one foot, but there muſt make abode;
 The whiles the ſaluage man did take his ſteed,
 And in ſome ſtable nere did ſet him vp to feed.

Ere long, to him a homely groomme 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 ſaiuing 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.

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, doing his worst assay.

22
Which, when the Saluage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones 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 noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house forth in great vp-ore.

23
Who, when on ground they saw their fellow flaine,
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 flaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault with food fo mightuly,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilst many vnderneath him fell.

24
Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left aliue, 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 bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on light;

25
Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast flaine my men in this vnmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the pittous spoile
Of these poore folke, whose soules with black dishonor
And soule defame doe decke thy bloudy banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26
With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to adresse.
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,
Was at his back with hartlesse heedinesse,
Waiting if he vnwares him murder might:
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27
VWhereof when-as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turn'd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing bufie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curie behind his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement:
So likewise turn'd 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 furie of his force abide,
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thicke preace, 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 shrinke aside;
But ioyning close, huge load at him did lay:
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

29
But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did beake,
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,
Where-so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whilst euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chase;
That made him euermore increase his speedy pace.

30
At last, he vp into the chamber came,
Where-as his Loue was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him over-take anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemoane;
And with his sword him on the head did smite,
That to the ground he fell in sentelette swome:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lide,
The tempered Steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31
Which when the Lady saw, with great affright
She starting vp, began to shricke aloud;
And with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowely at his feet, her bow'd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and pray'd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abase.

32
Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discouer:
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quier,
That euen the Prince his haten esse did despise;
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who 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 when the Prince so deadly saw difmaid,
 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 cartiue fo vnworthy art;
 That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
 And eke all Knights haft shamed with this knightlesse (part.

Yet further haft thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.
 For, first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou doost reare;
 Whom when thou maist, thou doost of armes despoile,
 Or of their vpper garment which they weare:
 Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
 Maintain this euill vte, thy foes thereby to foile.

And lastly, in approuance of thy wrong,
 To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
 Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercize,
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
 Yet haue, through prowesse & their braue emprize,
 Gotten great worship in this worldes fight. (right.
 For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

Yet sith this 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
 With so braue badges onefo basely borne;
 But onely breathe, sith that I did forgieue.
 So, hauing from his crauen body torne
 Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,
 And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There, whilst he thus was settling 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 backe in haste, he fought
 If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about
 With slughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
 And laying yet afresh with courage stout
 Vpon the rest that did aliue remaine;
 Whom he likewise right forly did constraine,
 Like scattered sheepe, to seeke for safety,
 After he gotten had with buffe paine
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approching to him neere, his hand he itaid,
 And fought, by making signes, him to alswage:
 Who, them perceiuing, straight to him obaid,
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons laid,
 As if he long had to his hearts been trained.
 Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid
 Into the chamber, where that Dame remained
 With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

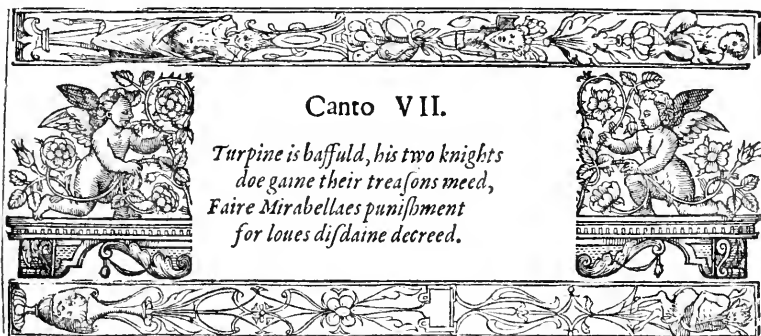
Whom, when the Saluage law from danger free,
 Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,
 He well remembered, that the same was hee,
 Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:
 Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did leaze,
 As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
 And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him vntrent:
 But straight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
 Where him *Blandina* fairely entertain'd,
 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.
 Trough tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fained,
 To some hid end to make more easie way,
 Or to allure such fondlings, whom the trained
 Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
 There-to when needed, she could weepe and pray,
 And when her list'd, she could fawne and flatter;
 Now smiling smoothly, like to fommers day,
 Now glooming sadly, fo to cloke her matter;
 Yet were her words but wind, & all her teares but water.

Whether 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 the so well applide
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifide
 The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:
 Who nathelless, not therewith fatisfide,
 His rancorous despite did not release,
 Ne secretly from thought of fell euenge surceasse.

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, whilst 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 baffuld, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed,
Faire Mirabellæes punishment
for loues disfdaine decreed.*

Like as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:
Euen to the bairer mind it selfe displays,
In cancred malice and reuengfull spight.
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vse shifting flight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discouring his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who nowwistanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
Hegain deuize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, to loone as he was out of view,
Himselfe in haste he arm'd, and did him fast purfew.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ride,
Yet would not neere approche in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe, for dread to be definde,
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him feathe and villeny.
At last, he met two knights, to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, what-euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom false *Turpine* comming courtcoufly,
To cloke the mulcheife which he nely ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a strange knight, that neere afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady shent:
Which, 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 belecud, that all he said, was trew;
And beeing fresh, and full of youthly spight,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make tryall of their might,
Which 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 wrongfull deed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

He rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
With 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 pale with portance sad,
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger drad.

Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytor knight,
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him defide.
Vvith that, they both atonce with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ranne; but th'one did misse his marke:
And beeing carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunst twitly by: like to that heauenly sparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens

But th'other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shuuered quite,
And (scattered all about) fell on the floure.
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre
Full on his beuer did him strike to fore,
That the cold Steele, through-pearing, 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 whites they strike at him with heedlesse might,
 The warie 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 falleth down to ground like fenefleesse thing;
 But th'other, not so swifte as like before,
 Failes of her soule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

By this, the other which was passed by,
 Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
 Where, when he saw his fellow lifeliesly,
 He much was daunted with so dismal sight;
 Yet nought abating of his former sight,
 Let driue at him with so malicious mind,
 As if he would haue passed through him quight:
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could find,
 But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he desyn'd.

Not so the Prince: for, his well learned speare
 Tooke surer hold, and from his horses backe
 About a launces length him forth did beare,
 And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
 Of him, for all his former follies meed,
 With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull swaine, beholding death so nigh,
 Cride out aloud for mercy him to saue;
 In heu whereof, he would to him desery
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reauere.
 The Prince soone harkend, and his life forgauere.
 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 mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
 He would surcease, but him, where-so he were, would seeke.

So, vp he rose, and forth straight way he went
 Backe to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment,
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
 And grieu'd wounds that him appalled fore.
 Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir knight?
 What meaneth this which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
 So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in sight?

Perdy, said he, in euill houre it fell,
 That euer I for meed did vnder take
 So hard a taske, as life for hire to sell;
 The which I earst adventur'd for your sake.
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,
 Which ye may see yett all about me steeme.
 Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,
 My duereward, the which right well I decme
 I earned haue, that life so dearely did redeeme.

But where then is, quoth hee, halfe wrathfully,
 Where is the bootie which therefore I bought;
 That curst caitiue, my strong enemy,
 That reecant 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;
 Whom afterwards, my selfe with many a wound
 Did flesy againe, as ye may see there in the found.

Thereoff false *Turpine* was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him straight to the place would ride,
 Where 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 ashes 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 base,
 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,
 Where-as the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweet sleepe, that luld him soft in ffound.

Wearie of trauell in his former sight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whites, his saluage Page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing that seemed to him best,
 The whites his Lord in sluer slumber lay,
 Like to the Euening starre, adorn'd with dewy ray.

Whom when-as *Turpine* saw so loosely laid,
 He weened well that he indeed was dead;
 Like as that other knight to him had said:
 But when he nigh approach't, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and liuelhead.
 Where-at much grieu'd against that stranger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would haue backe rettyred from that sight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

21
But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainly gan to him declare the cate
Of all his mischiefe, and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-so he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

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 or swaine:
Yet rather counfeld him contrariwise,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuise,
Whil'ft time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

23
Nath'lesse, for all his speech, the gentle knight
Would not be temptred to such villeny,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
All were it to his mortall enemy,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus, whil'ft they were debating dunctly,
The Saluage forth out of the wood it flew'd
Backe to the place, where-as his Lord he sleeping view'd.

24
There, when he saw those two so neere him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee:
And throwing downe his load out of his hand
(To weet, great store of Forrest 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 root: which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quivered and quooke.

25
Where-at, the Prince awaking, when he spide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He started vp; and snatching neere his side
His trusty sword, the seruant of his might,
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar laid.
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him said,
But holding vp his hands, with silence mercy praid.

26
But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayr nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of seruile oke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his hainous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recceant call,
And lastly, to despoile of knightly bannerall.

27
And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And buffeld so, that all which passed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like enfample warned bee,
How cuer they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now back to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding vpon an Ase,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

28
She was a Lady of great dignity,
And lifted vp to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindele lordly fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29
But shee thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none the worthy thought to be her ere,
But scorned them all that loue vnto her ment:
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere;
Vnworthy shee to be belov'd to dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest shee, that serued is of noblest knight.

30
But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her praised more;
And that the more shee did all loue despise,
The more would wretched Louers her adore.
What cared shee, who sighed for her fore,
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?
Let them, that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would cuer live, and loue her owne delight.

31
Through such her stubborn stiffnesse, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last, through dreary dolour die:
Whil'ft shee (the Lady of her libertie)
Did boast her beauty had such soueraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

32
But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whil'ft shee did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each *Saint Valentines*,
Vnto the which all Louers resort,
That of their loues successe they there may make reports;

33
 It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,
 In wich 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 wexed wroth,
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
 He bade his eyes to be vblindfold both,
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34
 Then found he many missing of his crew,
 Which woult do suit and seruice to his might;
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
 Therefore a Iurie was impanel'd freight,
 T'enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.
 To whom foule *Infamie* and fell *Despight*
 Gaue euidence, that they were all betraid,
 And murderd cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35
 Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
 Of all those crimes she there indited was:
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
 In great displeasure, will'd a *Capias*
 Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull Lasse.
 The Warrant straight was made, and therewithall
 A Baillicke errant forth in post did passe,
 Whom they by name their *Portamore* did call;
 He which doth summon 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 nould plead, nor answer ought
 Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrained.
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordained
 In cases like; which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborne hart, which loue before 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 repress;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelittle
 He vnto her a penance did impose:
 Which was, that through this worlds wide wildernes
 She wander should in company of thofe,
 Till shee had sau'd fo many Loues as she did lose.

38
 So now she had been wandring two whole yeares
 Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
 Yet had the not, in all these two yeeres space,
 Sued but two: yet in two yeeres before,
 Through her despitous pride, whil't loue lackt place,
 She had destroied two and twenty more.
 Aye me! how could her loue make halfe amends therefore.

39
 And now she was vpon the weary way,
 When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
 Met her in such misseeming foule array;
 The whiles, that mighty man did her demeane
 With all the euill rearmes and cruell meane
 That he could make; And ecke that angry foole,
 Which follow'd her, with curld hands vnleane
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarging toole
 Oit whip her dainy selfe, and much augment her doole.

40
 Ne ought it mote auail her to entreat
 The one or th'other, better her to vse:
 For, both so willfull were and obstinate,
 That all her pittious plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beat and bruse.
 But most, the former villaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her lize, nor rest a little stead.

41
 For, he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
 And ecke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
 And rather like a Giant monstrous.
 For sooth he was descended of the house
 Of those old Giants, which did warres darraine
 Against the heauen in order battailous,
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was flaine
 By *Arthur*, when as *Venus* 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 scorn'd 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 Jacket quilted richly rare,
 Vpon checklaton, he was strangely dight,
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Moores of Malaber he wore:
 With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,
 And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44
 This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
 Through thick & thin, through mountaines & through
 Compelling her, where she would not by force (Plaines,
 Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reines.
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
 Her there-with yrks, and full when she complaines,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
 To see her fore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whofe

45
Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vilely vse,
His gentle hart with indignation tweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
As such a Lady so to beate and brufe;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forc't him th' halter from his hand to loofe,
And manger all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he luredly there bene flaine, or foully sheat.

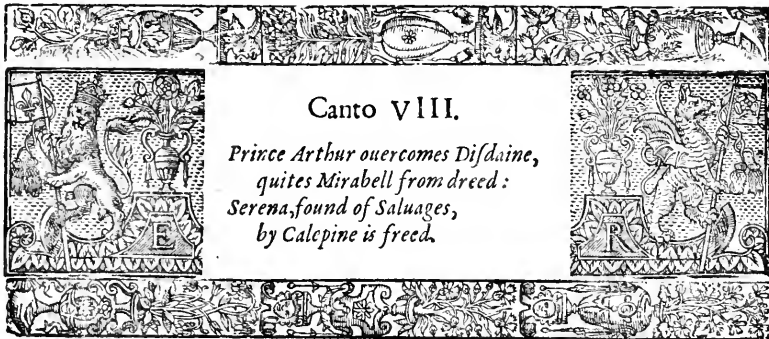
46
The villaine, wroth for greeting him so fore,
Gathered himselfe together toone againe;
And with his iron baton which he bore,
Let driue at him to dreadfully amane,
That for his safery he did him constrain
To giue him ground, and shuft to euery side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For, bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or proue the puillance of his pride.

47
Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whyles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whyles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainfull mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turnagant and Mahound swore.

48
Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursew'd,
That at advantage him at last he rooke,
When his foot slipt (that slip he dearely rew'd)
And with his iron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did looke,
And saw himselfe captiu'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 pittie did him spare;
But with his whip him folk-wing behind,
Him often scourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:
And other-whyles, with bitter mocks and mooves
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greauest griefe of scorning
grows.

50
The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That flaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed she mought,
To seeke for safery, which long time she sought:
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she came to *Calepine* was brought;
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellæ's* fortunes I doe further say.



Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes Disdaine,
quites Mirabell from dread:
Serena, found of Saluages,
by Calepine is freed.*

1
YE gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' harts of men, as your eteinnal dowe,
In iron chunes, of liberty bereft,
Deluered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,
That pride doe not to tyranny you list,
Least if men you of cruell accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

2
And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardneste from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellæ's* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woces, which she repented late.

Who

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
 V Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
 Was touched with compassion entire,
 And much lamented his calamity,
 That for her sake fell into misery:
 Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat,
 To hope for to releafe or mollifie;
 For, aye the more that she did them intreat,
 The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

So, as they forward on their way did pass,
 Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
 Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore)
 To whom as they approach't, they gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement;
 As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire him selfe, when—as he saw his Lord,
 The wtnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
 Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
 He like a dog was led in captiue case;
 And did his head for basfulness abase,
 As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
 Shame would be hid. But when—as *Enias*
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
 His manly mind was much emouued 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 despight
 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 loone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The Prince assented: and then he straight way
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
 With which approaching, thus he gan to say;
 Abide ye captiue treachetours vntrew,
 That haue with treason thrall'd vnto you
 These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
 And now your crime with cruelty purfew.
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
 Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine staid not, answer to invent,
 But with his iron club preparing way,
 His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
 That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
 No more then lightning from the lofty sky.
 Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
 Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,
 Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to require 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 sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
 And gauē his foe good hope of victory.
 Who there-with flest, vpon him set anew,
 And with the second stroke, thought certainly
 To haue supplid the first, and paid the vsury.

But Fortune answerd not vnto his call;
 For, as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
 The villaine met him in the middle tall,
 And with his club bet backe his broadiron bright
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
 Rebeaten backe vpon himselfe againe,
 He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

With that, the foole, which did that end await,
 Came running in; and whil' st 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, & tame their courage stout.

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his hinde
 By strength haue overthrowne a stubborn steare,
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde
 Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
 So did these two this Knight oft tug and tear.
 Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
 He left his lofty steed to aide him neare;
 And buckling loone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
 Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from icopardie.

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate
 To be captu'd, and handled as he list,
 Himselfe address 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 layd, some-times alowes;
 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 enured was
 With such huge strokes, approoued 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,
 Resol'd in one t'assemble all his force,
 And make oue end of him without ruche or remorse.

15
His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;
And with his dreadfull instrument of fire,
Thought sure haue pownd 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 preuenting his desire,
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knce, that neuer yet was bent.

16
It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body beare,
It crackt through-out, yet did no blood appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt;
Whence he asaid 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 sweet.
V Which when the Lady saw, she cride amaine;
Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for lone of God abstaine,
From that vnwares yee weestlelle doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be flaine:
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 vn-couth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety 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 despights.

19
Then, bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, awhile she staid;
Till the sharp passion being over-past,
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said;
Nor heauens, nor men, can me most wretched maid
Deliu'er from the doome of my defart;
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,
And dammed to endure this direfull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20
In prime of youthly years, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloome delight,
And Nature me eniur'd with plentifuld dowre
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And fude and fought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe ground and sigh't,
And to the doore of death for sorrow drew,
Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

21
But let them loue that list, or line or die;
Me list not die for any Louers doole:
Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,
To pittie him that list to play the foole:
To louemy selfe I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,
And sitting carelesse on the forners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

22
For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,
V Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addem'd me to endure this penance fore;
That in this wife, and this vnme't array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world should stay,
Till I haue laur'd so many as I earst 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 list
Might them oppresse, and painefully turnoile,
His kingdome would continue but awhile.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And cke this wallet at your backe a reare,
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 contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag for torne,
That all which I put in, falls out anon;
And is behind me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourne,

25
The Infant harkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudgement wise,
That could so meekly make proud harts auale,
And awake 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 late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feere
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

26
But, being vp, hee lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if hee would haue daunted him with-all:
And, standing on his tip-toes to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feet he oiten gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was to far from being ought amazed,
That he his looks despised, and his boast dispraised.

Then

27
Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Vnwillig 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 groome, the gentle Squire,
He theeat wext exceedingly afoound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Ne 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 vnwieldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Knight
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 sore him scourgeth, that the blood downe 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 straight way,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

30
Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,
But that I need's must by all meanes 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 adventure, which did him from them diuide.

31
But first, it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire *Serena*: who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afraid
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former deard,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foot 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 the thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of danger to her offer might,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;
And sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought
Of her long trauell and turmoiling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33
And euermore, she blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull time:
For beeing of his loue to her so light,
As her to leaue in such a pittious 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 displaid,
And well disburdened her engroined brest;
Vpon the grasse her selfe adwight she layd;
Where beeing ryde with trauell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
There, whil'ft in *Morphem* bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
Falle Fortune did her safety betray,
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac't her decay.

35
In these wilde deserts, where the now abode,
There dwelt a saluage Nation, which did liue
Of stealth and poile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
Themselues to any trade (as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

36
There-to they vs'd one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote find,
And frangers 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 euery 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 fearelesse lay.

37
Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst them selues: but when her face
Like the faire luory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuife what course to take:
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

38
The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encombrment:
For, sleepe (they said) would make her battill better.
Then, when the wak't, they all gaue one consent,
That sith by grace of God the thier was sent,
Vnto their God they would her sacrifice;
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood they would present:
But, of her dainne flesh they did deuize
To make a common feast, & feed with gurmardize.

So, round about her they ³⁹ them felues did place
 Vpon the grasse, and diuerly dispose,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
 Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose;
 Some praise her paps, some fraie her lips and nose;
 Some whet their knives, and strip their elbowed bare:
 The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
 Of finest flowers, and with full buisie care
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

⁴⁰
 The Damzell wakes: then all atonce vp-start,
 And round about her flocke, like many flies,
 Whooping, and hollowing on eury part,
 As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
 Which when the feces with ghastly grieffull eyes,
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
 Beambes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
 Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
 And rends her golden locks, and snowie brefts embrew.

⁴¹
 But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
 And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,
 And afterwards of all her rich array;
 The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
 And of the prey each one a part doth beare.
 Now being naked to their lordly eyes
 The goodly treasures of Nature appear:
 Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
 Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest enuies.

⁴²
 Her yuory necke, her alabaster breast,
 Her paps, which like white silken pillows 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 thighs, whose glory did appear
 Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
 The spoiles 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 vil'eins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,
 And closely tempted with their crafty spies;
 And some of them gan amongst themselues deuise,
 Thereof by force to take their beauly pleasure.
 But them the Priest rebuking did aduise
 To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure,
 Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theemes 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 slay 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 green turfes an altar soone they fayned,
 And deckt it al with flowers, which they nigh hand obtained.

⁴⁵
 Tho, when-as all things readie were aright,
 The Damzell was before the altar set,
 Being already dead with fearefull fright.
 To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
 Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
 Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
 With other diuinish ceremonies met:
 Which doen, he gan aloft t'aduance his arme,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

⁴⁶
 Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,
 And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voice
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
 The whiles she wayld, the more they did reioice.
 Now more ye vnderstand that to this groue
 Sir Calpine by chance, more then by choice,
 The selfe same euening fortune hither droue,
 As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did roue.

⁴⁷
 Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
 Had traueled 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 slornes,
 In which his Loue was lost, he slept full fast,
 Till being waked with these loud alarms,
 He lightly started vp like one aghast,
 And catching vp his arms streight to the noise forth past.

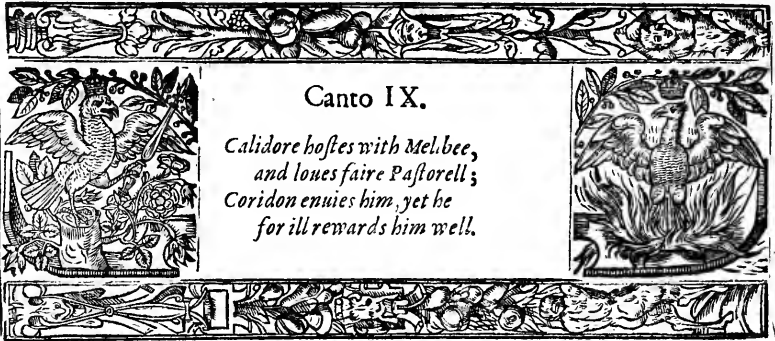
⁴⁸
 There by th'vncertaine glimic of starry night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
 He mote perceiue a little dawning sight
 Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
 Mongst whom, a woman spoyld of all attire
 He spide lamenting her vn lucky strife,
 And groning sore from grieued heart entire;
 Eftsoones he sawe one with a naked knife
 Ready to launce 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 swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
 The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons view.

⁵⁰
 From them returning to that Ladie backe,
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,
 He first her hands beginneth to vnbinde;
 And then to question of her present woe;
 And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind.
 But she, for ought that he could say or doe,
 One word durst speake, or answer him whar'thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case
 She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,

Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.
 So, all that night to him vnknown she past.
 But day that doth discouer bad and good,
 Entewing, made her knowne to him at last:
 The end whereof he keep vntill another cast.



Canto IX.

*Calidore hostes with Mel. bee,
 and lounes faire Pastorell;
 Coridon enuies him, yet he
 for ill rewards him well.*

Now turne againe 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 which my coulter 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;
 Befides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to *Calidore's* immortall name.

Great tranell hath the gentle *Calidore*
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last
 Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore
 To finish then, for other present haste.
 Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,
 Through hils, through dales, thugh forrests & through
 In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;
 Which he achieved to his owne great gaines,
 Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse 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, nor to be redrest,
 If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
 Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
 And from the Cities to the townes him prest,
 And from the townes into the country forced,
 And from the country back to priuate farms he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
 And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
 Layes of sweet loue and youthes delightfull heat:

Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)
 He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
 That to the folds, where sheep at night doe seat,
 And to the little cotes, where shepheards lie
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he pursued the chase,
 He chaunc'd 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 courteously befought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,
 Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
 Their happie 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 seeing 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 took 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
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
 Yclad in home-made green that her owne hands had dyde.
 Vpon

8
Vpon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girlond, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses: and them all without
The lusty shepheard swaines fate in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her prayes dew,
And oft reioice, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them defended in that earthly view.

9
And soothly sure she was full faire of face,
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for her soueraigne goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day & night,
The fairest *Pasforella* her by name did hight.

10
Newas there Heard, ne was there shepherds swaine
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither sue 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 demeanure, which him seemed
So faire the meane of shepherds to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtil bands
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12
So food he full long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his quest were farre afor him gone;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And late there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuersly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And euermore his speech he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasie.

13
By this, the moystie night approaching fast,
Her dewy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepherds to their homes to haste
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeck't his beard and head,
With shepherds hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

14
He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fairest *Pasforell*,
And of her selfe in very deed so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and nourfed well
As his owne 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 little floske did fare:
Then all the rest about her rofe likewise,
And each his fundry sheep with leuerall care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whil'st euery one with helping hands did striue
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To heipe faire *Pasforella*, home to triue
Her fleecy floske; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16
But *Melibee* (so high 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 to
To lodge, then in the false fields to come.
The Knight full gladly loone agreed thereto,
Being his hearts owne wish, and home with him did goe.

17
There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,
And of his aged Bel dame homely well;
Who him be'lought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which, home came the fayrest *Pasforell*,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,
The which doth little craue, contented to abide.

18
Tho, when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19
How much, sayd he, more happy is the state,
In which ye father here do dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly feares,
Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease?
Where warres, and wrecks, and wicked enmitie
Doethem afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse eniue,
And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

Gg 2

Surely

20
Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing small, yet do I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But do my selfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helps to lifes denourishment.
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

21
Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am enuide of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to lose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches there.
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 dayly doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praise thy Almighty, that doth send it?

22
To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leaue,
And to great ones such follies do forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themselues do driue
To sad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoored quiet grieue;
But all the night in slauer sleep I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

23
Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Somtime the fawne I praunce, from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baites and nets display,
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile:
And when I weary am, I downe do lay
My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth
(boile).

24
The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peeres
To follow sheepe and shepheards base 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 dayly wrought:
There I beheld such vainece as, 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 excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho, backe returning to my sheep againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

26
Whil't thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attend;
Whose sensefull words melting his heart to feare,
That he was wrapt with double raiusment,
Both of his spech that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwaies 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 insinuate his hearts desire,
He thus replide; Now surely fyre I finde,
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mighty ones, affrayd of euery changes dread.

28
That euen I which dayly doe behold
The glory of the great, amongst 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 th'heavens so much had graced me,
As grant me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed be
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29
In vaine, said then old *Melibeë*, 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: is 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 io greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For, with none is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

31
Since then in each mans selfe, sayd *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 toylefome paine;
That whether quite from them for to retreat
I shall resolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a gueſt
 Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;
 For, your meane food ſhall be my dayly feaſt,
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
 Befides, 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 laſer hie.
 So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
 And thus beſpake; Sir knight, your bountious proffer
 Be farre from me, to whom ye ill diſplay
 That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
 That mote empayre my peace with dangers dread.
 But if ye algates couet to aſſay
 This ſimple ſort of life, that Shepheards lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your telic aread.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
 And long while after, whilſt him liſt remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire *Paſſorell*,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne chare.
 During which time, he did her entertaine
 With all kinde courteſies, he could inuent;
 And every day, her compaignie to gaine,
 When to the field the went, he with her went:
 So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But ſhe that neuer had acquainted beene
 With ſuch quaint vſage, fit for *Queenes* and *Kings*,
 Ne euer had ſuch knightly ſeruiſe ſcene
 (But being bred vnder baſe Shepheards wings,
 Had euer learn'd to loue the lowely things)
 Did little whit regard his courteous guize;
 But cared more for *Colins* carolings
 Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:
 His layes, his loues, his lookes he did them all deſpize.

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it beſt
 To change the manner of his loſty looke;
 And doſſing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
 In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,
 In ſtead of ſteele-head peare, a Shepheards hook;
 That who had ſcene him then, would haue bethought
 On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
 When he the lone of faire *Enone* fought,
 What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad vnto the fields he went
 With the faire *Paſſorella* every day,
 And kept her ſheep with diligent attent,
 Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
 The whylſt at pleaſure the mote ſport and play;
 And every evening helping them to fold:
 And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
 In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to preſſe the milk: loue fo much could.

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
 Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that ſtrangers guize,
 And many ieaſulous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
 That thiſ of all his labour and long paine
 Should reap the harueſt, ere it ripened were;
 That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
 Of *Paſſorell* to all the ſhepheards there,
 That ſhe did loue a ſtranger ſwayne them him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,
 Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
 And byte his lip, and cuee for ieaſouſie
 Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,
 Impatient of any *Paramoure*:
 Who on the other ſide did ſeem ſo farre
 From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
 That all he could, he grac'd him with her,
 Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
 Or little ſparrowes, ſtolen from their neſt,
 Or wanton ſquarrels, in the woods faire fought,
 Or other dainty thing for her addreſt;
 He would commend his gift, and make the beſt;
 Yet ſhe no whit his pretents did regard,
 Ne him could finde to fancy in her breaſt:
 Thiſ new come ſhepherd had his market mard.
 Old loue is little worth, when new is more preſard.

One day when as the ſhepherd ſwaynes together
 Were met, to make their ſports and merry glee,
 As they are wont in faire ſun-ſhiny weather,
 The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes 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 *Paſſorellas* grace did fit.
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

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 *Paſſorella*, him to grace,
 Her flowry garland took from her owne head,
 And plac't on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
 And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

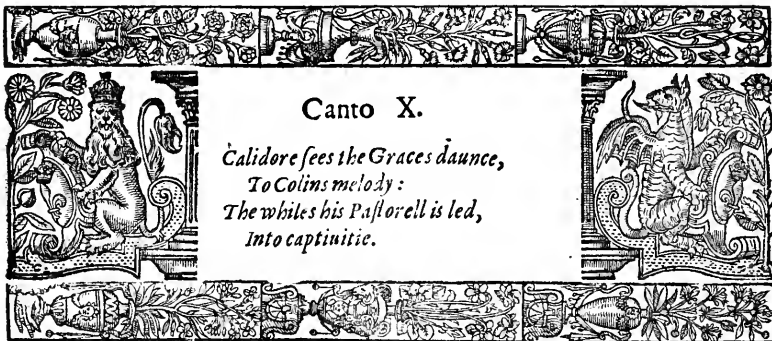
Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
 To practice games, and maſteries to trie,
 They for their Iudge did *Paſſorella* choiſe;
 A garland was the meed of victory.
 There *Coridon*, forth ſtepping openly,
 Did challenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
 For, he through long and perfect induſtry,
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the fame
 Thought fare'r to change his grudge, & worke his foe great
 Gg 3 But


44
But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;
For, he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake:
And had he not upon 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,
Gauē it to *Coridon*, and sayd he wonne it well.

45
Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs :

For, 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 lall forth brought
The fruit of ioy & blis,; though long time dearely bought.

46
Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;
Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.



1
 Ho now does follow the foule *Blatant Beest*,
Whil'st *Calidore* does follow that faire *Mayd*,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high beheast,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchieued?
But now, entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (griued;
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath sore en-

2
That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toyle and paine;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report
Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies 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 doe growe
Amongst poore hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted shewe
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T'entrap vnway fooles in their eternall bales.

4
For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?
The glauce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them look askew:
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Sauc ouely *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'st his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chaunc'd to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whose pleasure did appeare
To passe all others, on the earth which were:
For, all that euer was by natures skill
Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did fill.

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 disdaine;
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 hung aloud,
And in their tops the foring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles, in maiesty and powre.

7

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmurd with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wilde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8

And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Eicher to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or else to court- about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equall height,
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowely vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasure, and vnto to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladfome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne *Cytheron*, though in it
She vnto most to keep her royall Court,
And in her *fouerraine* maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refulde and thought vnfit.

10

Vnto this place when as the *Elfin* knight
Approacht, him seem'd that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their *Eccho* did rebound.
Hence he drew, to weet what mote it bee;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull 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 deserde,
For breaking of their dance, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all. yet of them vnspide.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,
An hundred naked maidens hilly 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 dance and sing,
The whil't the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another *Danzell*, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much grace'd.

13

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her vnto his brideale bore
(When the bold *Centavres* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did them dismay)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to telle
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crown'd with a rose girlond, that right well
Did her besetme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunc't, sweet flowers, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw:
But moit of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

15

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaidys of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paraunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp't alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16

She was to weet that iolly shepheards lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Cloute* (who knowes not *Colin Cloute*?)
He pyp't apace, whil't they him daunc't about.
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee lowe to lout;
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduanc't to be another Grace.

17

Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,
Wholike before his eye had neuer seene:
And standing long astonish'd in spright,
And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to weene:
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted showe,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resolving, what it was, to knowe,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did goe.

G g 4

But

But soone as he appeared to their view,
 They vanisht 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 turne.
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse fory wight,
 For that mis-hap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

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,
 Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:
 But why, when I them sawe, fled they away from me?

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe.
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list to grace.
 Right fory I, layd then Sir *Calidore*,
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so sore.

Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
 Then wote thou Shepheard, whatsoeuer thou be,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus* 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
 Hit to adorne, when-so she forth doth wend:
 But those three in the midst do chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,
 By him begot of faire *Eurynomé*,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleafant grotte,
 As he this way comming from feastfull glee
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Acidee*,
 In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyné*,
 Next faire *Aglais*, last *Thalia* merry,
 Sweet goddesses all three which me in mirth do chery.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,
 Which decke the body or adorne the minde,
 To make them louely or well fauoured showe:
 As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,
 Sweet semblant, friendly offices that binde,
 And all the complements of courtesie:
 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.

Therefore they alwayes smoothly seem to smile,
 That we likewise should milde and gentle be;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true from couert malice free:
 And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,
 That two of them still forward seem'd to be,
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore:
 That good should from vs go, then come, in greater store.

Such were those goddesses, which ye did see;
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
 Who can aread, what creature mote she be,
 Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from heauen first enaced?
 But what-so sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth, with those three other placed:
 Yet was the certes but a country lasse,
 Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
 All other lesser lights in light excell,
 So farre doth she in beautiful array,
 About all other lasses beare the bell:
 Ne lesse in vertue that befemes her well,
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
 For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
 Haue for more honour brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserues to be,
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree;
 Diuine resemblance, beauty foweraine rare,
 Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dares;
 All which she with such courtesie 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.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,
 That all the earth do'st lighten with thy rayes,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,
 Pardon thy Shepheard mongst in many layes,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And vnderneath thy feete to place her praye;
 That when thy glory shall be faire displayd
 To to future age, of her this mention may be made.

When thus that Shepheard ended had his speech,
 Sayd *Calidore*: Now sure it yrketh mee,
 That to thy bliss I made this luckefle breach,
 As now the Author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare sight from thee:
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly fought that, which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

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 greedie fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses raiſhed,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht, that with that ſhepherd he mote dwelling ſhare.

³⁰
But that enuenim'd ſting, the which of yore,
His poiſonous point deep fix'd in his heart
Had left, now gan aſtreſh to rancle fore,
And to renew the rigour of his ſmart:
Which to recure, no ſkill of Leaches art
Mote him auail, 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 from the mayne.

³¹
So, taking leaue of that ſame gentleſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire *Paſſorella* did remaine:
To whom in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſeruiſe, void of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines n: perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And hiking in her yet vtained heart procure.

³²
And cuermore the Shepherd *Coridon*,
What-euer thing he did her to aggrae,
Did ſtrive to match, with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
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 Shepherd ſtreight with iea louſie did friſe.

³³
One day, as they all three together went
To the Greene wood, to gather ſtrawberies,
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 *Paſſorell*, her to ſurprize:
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate
Can cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

³⁴
Which *Coridon* firſt hearing, ran in haſte
To reſcue her: but when he ſaw the ſceend,
Through coward feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the danger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer then his friend.
But *Calidore* ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſawe ready now to rend
His Loues deare ſpoile, in which his heart was praiſe,
He ran at him enrag'd, in ſtead of being fraide.

³⁵
He had no weapon, but his ſhepherds hooke,
To ſerue the vengeance of his wrathfull wil;
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,
An: hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire *Paſſorell*;
Who, ſcarecly yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thank't, that had her death preuented.

³⁶
From that day forth the 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 heart ſeornes baſe diſparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not deſpize him quight,
But vſide him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip, he colour might
Both his elate, and loue, from ſkill of any wight.

³⁷
So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſeruiſe, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt vnto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did profecute,
That of his loue he reapt the tinely fruit,
And ioied long in cloſe felicity:
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That enuies louers long proſperity,
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 vſide 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 ſhepherds did invade,
And ſpoild their houſes, and themſelues did murder;
And droue away their floeke, with other much diſorder.

³⁹
Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoild old *Melbee* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faيرة *Paſſorella*, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that euer ſight,
Now made the ſpoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight,
That euer liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

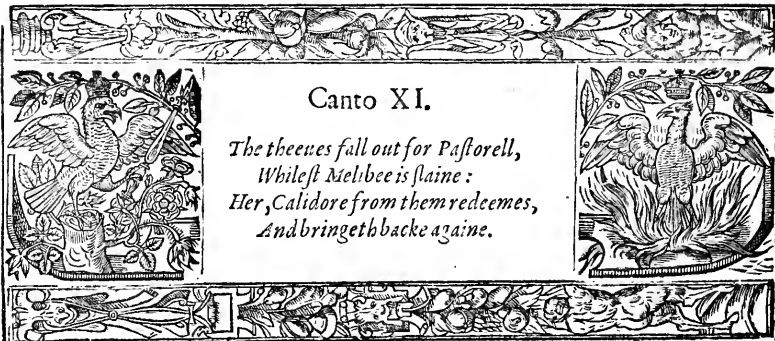
⁴⁰
With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captiue by thoſe theeues away;
Who in the court of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſcue from their pray,
Vnto their dwelling did them cloſe conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Covered with thubby woods, in which no way
Appear'd for people in nor out to paſſe,
Nor any footing find for ouer-grown graſſe.

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caues, that no man mote discover
 For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
 From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
 But darknesse drad and daily night did houer
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
 Ne lightned was with window, nor with lower,
 But with continuall candle-light, which dealt
 A doubtfull sense of things, nor so well seen, as felt.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
 For slaves to sell them, for no small reward,

To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
 Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
 Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
 Of grieufully theues, she thought her selfe in hell,
 Where with such damned fiends she should in darknes dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dremiration,
 And pittifull complaints, which there she made
 (Where day and night she nought did but lament
 Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
 Like to a flowre, that feelles no heate of sunne,
 Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)
 And what befell her in that cheecfull wonne,
 Will in another Canto better be begonne.



Canto XI.

*The theeues fall out for Pastorell,
 Whilest Melibee is slaine:
 Her, Calidore from them redcemes,
 And bringeth backe againe.*

The ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
 Without offiſſion or diſquietneſſe,
 That worldly channes doe amongst them caſt,
 Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
 Liket to heauen then mortall wretchedneſſe.
 Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,
 That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
 A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
 To make it ſeem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now beſalne to this faire mayde,
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my ſong:
 Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd,
 Amongſt thoſe theeues, which her in bondage throng
 Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
 And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
 That who-ſo heares her heauineſſe, would rew
 And pitie her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſant hew.

Whilſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remained,
 Wrapp'd in wretched cares and hearts vnrast,
 It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordain'd)
 That he, which was their Capitaine profeſt,

And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
 One day as he did all his prioners view,
 With luſtfull eyes beheld that louely gueſt,
 Faire *Pastorella*: whoſe clad mournfull hew
 Like the faire Morning clad in milly fog did ſhew.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart 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 himſelfe allot.
 From that day forth he kindneſſe 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.

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 ſew and all waies proue,
 By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue:
 Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

6
At last, when him she so importune sawe,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his powte she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall;
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

7
So from thenceforth, when loue heto her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine:
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.
But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faime
A sodaine sicknesse, which her sore opprest,
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.

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 remedie.
But she resolvd no remedie 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 sicke 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,
Arriue in this Isle (though bare and blunt)
T'inquire for slaues: where being ready met
By some of these same thecues 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
Arriue in place, their bondslaues for to buy;
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demand deny,
And willed streight the slaues should forth he called,
And sold for most aduantage not to be fortilled.

11
Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did shoue;
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for the faire sheheardesse,
Which with the rest they took not long agoe,
And gan her form and feature to expresse,
The more t'augmet her price, through praise of comlines.

12
To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize:
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Little for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to paie.
So shew'd them her, to proude hie pale & weake she was.

13
The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadowe of the darkeome night,
With starry beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so 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 wcre,
And prices to them plac'd at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth about all threasure
They did esteem, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his Loue should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15
Therewith, some other of the chiefeft thecues
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 hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearly shall aby, and death for handsell 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 fiercely flie,
Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grisly night,
In thousand dreadfull shapcs doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candle light
Out-quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17
Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doc fall together, struing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey;
All on confused heaps themselues assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and rug, and reare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray;
And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

18

But first of all, their captiues they do kill,
 Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will:
 Old *Melibee* is slaine, and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide:
 But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
 Creeps forth of doores, whilst darknesse him doth hide,
 And flies away as fast as he can hye,
 Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

19

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended:
 Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
 His target alwaies ouer her pretended;
 By means whereof, that more not be amended,
 He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;
 Yet holding fast twix both his armes extended
 Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
 Lanc't through the arm, fel down with him in dreary swoold.

20

There lay she couered with confused preaffe
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
 Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,
 And each to other calling, did comell
 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 slaine, how many fone.

21

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
 Like a sweet Angell twix two clouds vp-hild:
 Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
 With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd:
 Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
 Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
 And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
 To sparke out little beames, like starres in foggy night.

22

But when they moy'd the carcases aside,
 They found that life did yet in her remaine:
 Then all their helps they busily applide,
 To call the soule backe to her home againe;
 And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
 That they to life recovered her at last.
 Who fighting sore, as if her heart in twaine
 Had riuen been, and all her hart-frings brast,
 With dreary drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23

There she beheld, that fore her grieu'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be
 Of those, that haning saued her from dying,
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
 What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
 Wringing her hands, and raufully 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 reuiv'd againe,
 They left her so, in charge of one the best
 Of many worst, who with vnkinde disdain
 And cruell rigour her did much molest;
 Scarce yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
 And fastely suffering her infestred wound,
 That fore her payn'd, by any to be dreft.
 So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
 And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
 And saw his shepherds cottage spoyled quight,
 And his Loue rest away, he wexed wood,
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
 That euen his heart for very fell delight,
 And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:
 He chauf, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he fight,
 And fared like a furious wilde Beare,
 Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
 Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
 That more increast the anguish of his paine.
 He fought the woods; but no man could see there:
 He fought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.
 The woods did nought but echoes yaine rebound;
 The Plaines all waste and empty did appeare:
 Where wont the shepherds oft their pipes resound,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27

At last, as there he romed vp and downe,
 He chaunc't one coming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some fory simple clowne,
 With ragged weeds, and lockes vp-staring hie,
 As if he did from some late danger flie,
 And yer his feare did follow him behind:
 Who as he vnto him approched nic,
 He note perceiue by signes, which he did finde,
 That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

28

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
 Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dymay,
 And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
 That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
 And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.
 Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
 But askt againe, what meant that rusull hew:
 Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29

Ah well away, sayd he then fighting sore,
 That euer I did liue, this day to see,
 This dismall day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.
 Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
 How could the death dare euer her to quell?
 But read thou sheheard, read what destiny,
 Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell
 Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

The

30
 Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhile,
 He thus began: Where shall I then commence
 This woofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vile,
 With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence
 Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence?
 Or how faire *Pafforell* should haue been sold
 To Marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?
 Or how those theiues, whilst one fought her to hold,
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31
 In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
 This fallall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
 Whose heavy tydings now I haue to tell,
 First, all the captiues which they here had hent,
 Were by them slaine by generall consent;
 Old *Melibæ*, and his good wife withall
 These eyes saw die, and deetely did lament:
 But when the lot to *Pafforell* did fall,
 Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall.

32
 But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
 It could not boote; needs mote she die at last:
 I onely scap't through great confusion
 Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,
 In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast;
 That better were with them to haue been dead,
 Then here to see all desolate and waste,
 Despoiled of those ioyes and iolly head
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

33
 When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught;
 That he his face, his head, his breath did beate,
 And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat:
 Oit cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were
 To her, whose name he often did repeat;
 And wishing oft, that he were present there,
 When she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

34
 But after griefe awlwe had had his course,
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
 Began to mitigate his swelling course,
 And in his mind with better reason cast,
 How he might saue her life, if life did last;
 Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
 Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

35
 Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
 The ready way vnto that thieuiſh wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trow
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
 Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;
 But by all means the danger knowne did shonne:
 Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,
 And fare bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

36
 So forth they goe together (God before)
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepherds hooks: But *Calidore*
 Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
 Tho, to the place when him approached nie,
 They chaunc't vpon an hill, not furre away,
 Some flocks of sheepe and shepherds to espy;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

37
 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 whylcare,
 And certaine of the 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 asleepe.

38
 But *Calidore*, recomforting his griefe,
 Though not his feare: for, nought may feare dissuade;
 Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thiefe
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counseled to inuade
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoile away;
 But he, that in his mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not so them flay,
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39
 Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,
 Of sundry things he purpose gan to faine;
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene
 Of *Pafforell*, were she aliuè or slaine.
 Mongst which the, the thieues them questioned againe,
 What misther men, and eke from whence they were,
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (Iere
 Had that they were poore heard-groomes, the which why-
 Had from their maisters fled, & now sought hire elfewhere.

40
 Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
 To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:
 For, they themselues, were euill groomes, they said,
 Vnwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
 But to forray the Land, or scoure the deepe.
 There-to they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
 To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:
 For, they for better hire did shortly looke;
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forooke.

41
 Tho, when-as towards darksome night it drew,
 Vnto their hellish denes those thieues them brought;
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
 And all the secrets of their entrailes sought.
 There did they find (contrary to their thought)
 That *Pafforell* yet 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 posselt.
 Hh.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
 In dead of night, when all the theuees did rest
 After a late forray, and slept full found,
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
 Having of late (by diligent inquest)
 Provided him a sword of meaneft fort:
 With which he straight went to the Captaines nest.
 But *Coridon* durst not with him comfort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worfe effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast:
 But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,
 The dores assailed, and the Locks vp-braist.
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light,
 Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight
 Encountering him with small resistance flew;
 The whiles faire *Pasforell* through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
 Some vp-rore were like that, which lately she did view.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
 And gan aloud for *Pasforell* to call;
 Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)
 She suddaine was reuiued there-witthall,
 And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
 Like him that beeing 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.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
 Began some smack of comfort new to taste,
 Like lifefull heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feele, that long for death had sought:
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*
 When he her found; but like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
 A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noise of late vp-rore,
 The hue and cry was raised all about;
 And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store,
 Vnto the Caue gan preace, nought 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 slew the formost that came first to hand,
 So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

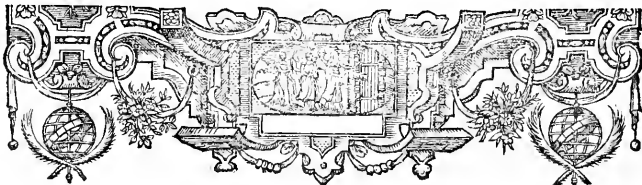
Tho, when no more could nigh to him approche,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
 Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,
 Through the dead carcasses he made his way;
 Monght which he found a sword of better fay,
 With which he forth went into th'open light;
 Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
 And fierce assailing him, with all their might
 Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flies in hottest Sommers day
 Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarmes doe ouer-lay,
 And with their little stings right felly fare;
 So many theues about him iwarming are,
 All which doe him assaile on euery side,
 And fore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
 Bur he doth with his raging brood diuide
 Their thickest troupes, & round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongt an heard of Dere,
 Disperseth them to catch his choicest pray;
 So did he sie amongst them here and there,
 And all that neere him came, did hewe & slay,
 Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way;
 That none his danger daring to abide,
 Fleed from his wrath, and did themselves conuay
 Into their Cauces, their heads from death to hide,
 Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

Then backe 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 the long had lackt the wishfull sight,
 Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
 So, her vneath at last he did reuiue,
 That long had lien dead, and made againe aliuie.

This doen, into those thieueish dennes he went,
 And thence did all the spoiles and treasures take,
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,
 But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
 Of which the best he did his Loue betake;
 And also all those flocks, which they before
 Had rest from *Melibæ*, and from his Make,
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
 So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.





Canto XII.

*Faire Pastorella, by great hap,
her parents vnderstands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
subdew, and binde 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 & crost,
And the her selfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often staide, yet neuer is astray.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said,
To shew the courtie by him profest,
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his attachment 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 *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youthe freshest flower
A lustie Knight, as euer wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloody battell for a Lady deare,
The fairest Lady then of all that liuing were.

Her name was *Claribell*: whose father hight
The Lord of *Many Islands*, faire renownd
For his great riches, and his greater might,
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering nere;
But shee, whose sides before with secret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empearced were,
By all meanes stund to match with any foraine fecre.

And *Bellamoure* 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.
V Which when her father vnderstood, he grew
In fo great rage, that them in dungeon deepe
VVithout compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did fo straightly them slunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

Nath'lesse, Sir *Bellamoure*, whether through grace
Or secret guits, so with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Loue sometimes he came in place;
Wherof, her wombe vnwilt to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.
Which the straight way (for dread least if her Sire
Should know thereof, to fley he would haue sought)
Deliu'rd to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She should it caufe be fostred vnder strange attire.

The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad
Into the emprie fields, where liuing 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.
Whom, whil'ft he did with watty cync behold,
Vpon the little breast (like crysfall bright)
She mote perceiue 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 he did hide,
To weet what mortall hand, or heaucns grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifull cryde.

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the Plaines around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th'abandon'd spoile, he softly it vnbound:
And seeing there that did him pittie fore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her site
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire
Were turn'd, and they to freedom did retire.
Thence-forth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entire,
VVithout disquiet, 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 wax more found and strong.

Tho, gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduise
Of his first queste, which he had long foreore;
Aflam'd to thinke, how he that enterprife,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had fo fore;
That much he feared, least reprochefull blame,
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore resoluing to returne in haste
Vnto so great archieument, hee bethought
To leaue his Loue, now perill beeing past,
VVith *Claribell*, whil'st he that monster fought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So, taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*
(Whom to reconfort, all the meanes he wrought)
VVith thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his queste, and did that him befall.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfarc:
Yer did that auncient Matrone all the might,
To cherish her with all things choise and rare;
And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who, in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her (hauing her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest)
Chaunc't to cspy vpon her Iuorie cheft
The rosie marke, which she rememberd well
That little Infant had, which forth she 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 loosely laid
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste
Vnto her Mistresse, beeing halfe dismaid,
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,
To saue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was plac't.

The fober 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 mou'd her fo.
My life, said shee, ye know, that long ygo,
Whil'st yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little maid, the which ye childd the;
The same againe if now ye list to haue,
The same is vnder Lady, whom high God did saue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
Most certaine marks, said shee, doe me it teach;
For, on her brest I wish these eyes did view
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,
Where-of her name ye then to her did giue.
Besides, her countenance, and her likely hew,
Matched with equal yeeres, do surely proue,
That yond same is your daughter true, which yet doth liue.

The Matrone staid no longer to enquire,
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
Whom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent vp her brest, and boosome 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 aliue, whom dead I long did saue?

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents;
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondering long at those fo strange euents,
A thousand times she her embraced neare,
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

21

Who-euer is the mother of one child,
Which hauing thought long dead, the findes aliuē,
Let her by prooffe of that which she hath filde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy deliue:
For, other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
As *Pasforella* was, that might the swelt
For passing ioy, which did into pittie melt.

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledge'd for his owne faire *Pasforell*.
There leauē we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*; who seeking all this while
That monitrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restless 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 left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such hauock, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monkes he chased heere & there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cels and secrets neare;
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were irkefome to report; Yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransack all their dennes from mozt to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

25

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;
And the Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whil't none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, loone approached neare.

26

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assailing, forc't him turne againe:
Sternely he turn'd againe, when he him itrooke
With his sharpe Steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the vtmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in rages twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of Beares, that growynd continually;
And some of Tigris, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloody gere
At all that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;
Ne Kefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

29

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Re'ncountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he staid,
And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,
And spetting forth the poyson of his spight,
That formed all about his bloody iawes.
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on high,
He ramp't vpon him with his rauenous 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 puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and mistred lo with might,
That he gan fret and some out bloody gore,
Striuing in vaine to reare himselfe vp-right.
For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whylome over-threw,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whil't *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast:
But eye the more herag'd, the more his powre increast.

33
Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought auile
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter tearmes of shamefull infamy;
Of interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthy:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbcare,
But strained him so straighly, 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 vnto louely Lady dooing wrong;
And there-vnto, a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his owne despight.

35
Like as whylome that strong *Tyrnthian* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in iron chaine;
And roaring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne; that he might tell
To grieffy *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth thonne:
Soled 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 fearefull dog him followed through the land.

37
Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where-so he did goe,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,

To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he carst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight)
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38
Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammage wight
With 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.

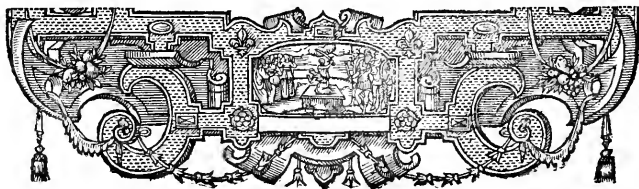
39
Thence-forth, more mischiefe & more scathe hee wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maistred any more:
Al' that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pellias* him tooke in hand;
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40
So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking, and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most 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 despote,
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 nightie Peeres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite.
Therefore do you my rimes keepe better measure, (sure)
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threa-

The end of the sixt Booke.

TWO

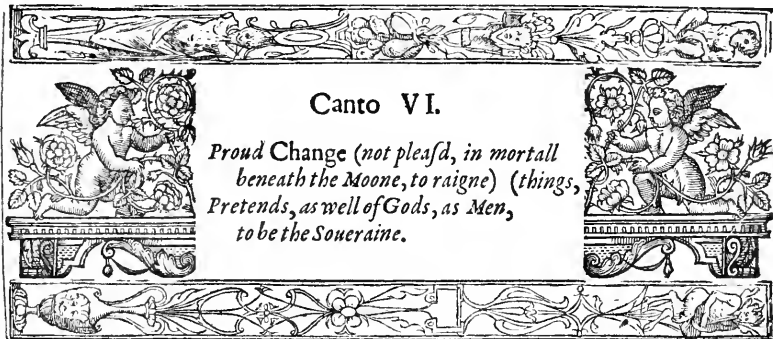


TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare
to be parcell of some following Booke of the
FAERIE QUEENE,
(..)

VNDER THE LEGEND
OF
Constancie.

Neuer before imprinted.



Canto VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd, in mortall
beneath the Moone, to raigne) (things,
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
to be the Soueraine.*

W¹hat man that sees the euer-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth
But that therby doth find, & plainly feele, (sway,
How *MUTABILITIE* in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearte that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her life began to reare, (beare.
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

²But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it registred of old,
In *Faery Land* mongst records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome striue
VVith *Saturnes* lonne for heauens regiment.
VVhom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their stemme long after did suruiue.
Hh. 4.

And

And many of them, afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whose almighty hand,
He plac'd all rule and principality,
To be by her dispos'd diuerfly,
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth found on hie
Warres and all'arms 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 honours yield, as to them twaine.
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewd)
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

For, she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establist first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest; and did at first prouide
In that still happy state for euer 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 foolishly:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worle.
Opitious worke of *MPTABILITIE!*
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,
And death in stead of life haue suckt from our Nurse.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
To attempt th'empire of the heuens hight,
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she pait 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 she clamb,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palaece straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heuens goodly story:
Whose siluer gates (by which there fate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight *Tyme*) she entred, wete he liefc or sory:
Ne staidc till she the highest stage had scand,
VWhere *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,
Enuiron'd with tenne thousand starrs around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Euening-starre intend:
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring traualers did lead:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heuens substance, and vp-held
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious 'pright,
And t'euie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,
Her to displace; and to her selfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemoane,
Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th'infernal Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soueraigne feat
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lump, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;
But with sterne countenance and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heuens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Gianesse* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught 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 she did with-stand.
Where-at the starrs, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,
All beking 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 here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heuens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpruide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

15
All ran together with a great outcry,
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens height;
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that suddaine lack 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 forly fear'd.

16
Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forlowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to loose:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

17
The wind-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat,
That loone he came where-as the *Titanesse*
Was struiuing 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 dooings to discharge.

18
And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid
His inaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Dooth make both Gods and hellish fiends afraid:
VVhere-at the *Titanesse* did fernely lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia* siluer bower;
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia*'s selfe; but all their kingdomes

19 (sought).
The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th' highest sky,
VVas placed in his principall Estate,
VVith all the Gods about him congregat:
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Sauc *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold;

20
Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers;
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their blood, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despise.

21
Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire *Phæbe* from her siluer bed,
And eke our selues from heauens high Empire.
If that her might were match to her desire:
VVherefore, it now behoues vs to aduise
What way is best to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
Arceed yefonnes of God, as best ye can deuise.

22
So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded becke
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And cunct 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.
Meane-while, th' Earths daughter, though she nought did
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now aduise, (reck
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

23
Eftsoones she thus resolvd; that whilst the Gods
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
Before they could new counseils re-allie,
To let 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 boods 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 wit what way to chose.
But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soueraigne throne, gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, & 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 queld;
And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense,
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, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

26
Shee, halfe confus'd with his great command,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand:
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Ofer that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not euide)
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.

For,

27
 For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)
 Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
 Both, sonnes of *Yranus*: but by iniuft
 And guile full meanes, through *Corybantes* flight,
 The younger thrust the elder from his right:
 Since which, thou *Ioue*, inuiously haft held
 The Heauens rule from *Titan*'s Ionnes by might;
 And them to hellifh dungeons downe haft fold:
 Witneffe ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue told.

28
 Whil'ft she thus spake, the Gods that gaue good care
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
 Beeing of itature tall as any there
 Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
 As any of the Goddeffes in place,
 Stood all aftonied, like a fort of Steeres;
 Mongft whom, some beaft of ftrange & forraine race,
 Vnwares is chaunc't, far ftraying from his peeres:
 So did their ghafly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29
 Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus befpoke:
 VVill neuer mortall thoughts ceaffe to afpire,
 In this bold fort, to Heauen claime to make,
 And touch celeftiall featues with earthly mire?
 I would haue thought, that bold *Procrustes* hire,
 Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixon*'s paine,
 Or great *Promethes*, tafing of our ire,
 Would haue fuffiz'd, the reft for to reftraine;
 And warn'd all men by their example to reftraine:

30
 But now, this off-fcum of that curfed fry,
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;
 Whom what fhould hinder, but that we likewise
 Should handle as the reft of her allies,
 And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he fhooke
 His Nectar-leawed locks, with which the skyes
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
 And eft his burning leuin-brond in hand he tooke.

31
 But, when he looked on her louely face,
 In which, faire beames of beauty did appear,
 That could the greateft wrath foone turne to grace
 (Such fway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
 He ftaide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
 He thus againe in milder wife began;
 But ah! if Gods fhould ftriue with flefh yfere,
 Then fhould the progeny of Man
 Be rooted out, if *Ioue* fhould doe fill what he can:

32
 But thee faire *Titan*'s child, I rather weene,
 Through fome vaine errour or inducement light,
 To fee that mortall eyes haue neuer feene;
 Or through enftample of thy fifters might,
Bellona: whofe great glory thou dooft fpiight,
 Since thou haft feene her dreadfull power belowe,
 Mongft wretched men (difmaide with her affright)
 To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to beftowe:
 And fure thy worth, no leffe then hers doth feem to fhowe.

33
 But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titan*'s offe,
 That not the worth of any liuing wight
 May challenge ought in Heauens intereffe;
 Much leffe the Title of old *Titan*'s Right:
 For, we by Conquest of our foueraigne might,
 And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
 Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
 Which to our felues we hold, and to whom wee
 Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliffe to bee.

34
 Then ceaffe thy idle claime thou foolifh gerle,
 And feeke by grace and goodneffe to obtaine
 That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
 There-to thou maift perhaps, if fo thou faine
 Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraigne.
 So, hauing faid, fhe thus to him replide;
 Ceaffe *Saturnes* fonne, to feeke by proffers vaine
 Of idle hopes t'allure mee 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 defect, or of my dewfull Right;
 That in thine owne behalfe maift partiall feeme:
 But to the higheft 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 fpright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well concale;
 And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation feale.

36
 Eftfoones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heauenly Powers, & earthly wights,
 Before great Natures prefence fhould appeare,
 For triall of their Titles and beft Rights:
 That was, to weete, vpon the higheft heights
 Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knows not *Arlo-hill*?)
 That is the higheft head (in all mens fights)
 Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural skill.

37
 And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
 To fing of hilles & woods, mongft warres & Knights,
 I would abate the ftreneneffe of my ftile,
 Mongft thefe fterne ftounds to mingle foft delights;
 And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* fpiights
 (Beeing of old the beft and faireft Hill
 That was in all this holy-Ilands heights)
 Was made the moft vnpleafant, and moft ill:
 Meane while, *o Clie*, and *Calliope* thy quill.

38
 Whylome, when *I R E L A N D* flourifhed in fame
 Of wealths and goodneffe, far about the reft
 Of all that beare the *Britifh* Ilands name,
 The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for reft)
 Oft to refort there-to, when seem'd them beft:
 But none of all there-in more pleasure found,
 Then *Cynthia*; that is foueraigne *Queene* profest
 Of woods and forrefts, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with whofom waters, more the moft on ground.

39
But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Fither for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shroude in shade from *Phæbus* flaine,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She chose this *Arlo*; where shee did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft comfort:
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

40
Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And sister vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:
Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearly did console,
And made her lucklesse loues well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were she not fo shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

41
For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girland seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous flowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So, through the flowy Dales shee tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and shady coverts flowes
(That on each side her siluer channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleys shee doth
(drowne.)

42
In her sweet streames, *Diana* vsed oft
(After her sweate chace and toilefome play)
To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft
And downy grasfe, her dainty limbes to lay
In court shade, where none behold her may:
For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.
Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuity.

43
No way he found to compassse his desire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So, her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing guits for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
VWith which he her allure and betraid,
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret see.

44
There-to hee promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did fet 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 moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

45
The simple maid did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That neerer any law, saue onely one;
VWho, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds deuour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* likely pray.

46
There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought, A foolish *Faune* indeede,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so ludden blest,
But wouldst needs thine owne conceit recd.
Babblers vnworthy beene of Ioue a meed.

47
The Goddesse, all abasted with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & strooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48
Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Daine to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware
That breaks into her Dayr'house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath in some Inare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deaths deuiseth in her vengeancefull mind:

49
So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Vle silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;
For, nought against their wils might countervale!
Ne ought he said what euer he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

50
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 cuer liue:
Others would through the river him haue driue,
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penance light;
But most agreed and did this sentence giue,
Hie, in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might)
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee

51
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 iest:
But gau examine him in straighter fort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short,
That 'twas *Molanna* which her selfe bewraid.
Then all attonec their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

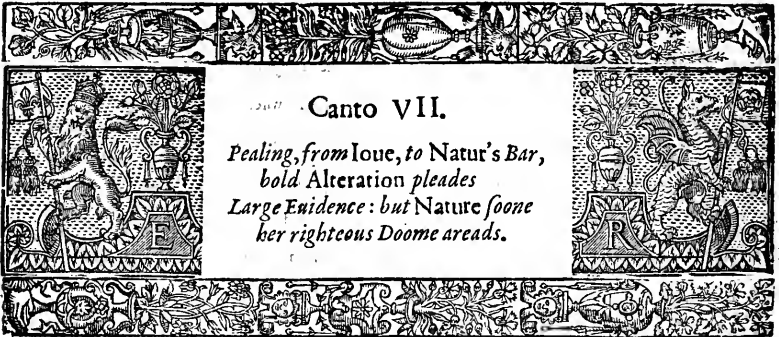
52
But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chafte
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he more speedily, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere: so fore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue braff:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring agayne, and loud reeccho to the skie.

53
So dicy him follow'd till they weary were:
When, back returning to *Molann's* againe,
They, by commandment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with itones. Yct *Faunus* (for her paine)

Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) them selues in one faire riuer spread.

54
Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandoud her delicious brooke:
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne only her, but also quite forlooke
All those faire forests about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Moutaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champion that may elfe be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

55
Them all, and all that the so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy haplesse curse did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,
And *T*hieves should rob and spoile that Coast around:
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase,
Doth to this day with Wolues and *T*hieves abound:
Which too-too truec that lands in-dwellers since haue found.



Canto VII.

*Peeling, from Ioue, to Natur's Bar,
bold Alteration pleades
Large Euidence: but Nature soone
her righteous Doome areads.*

1
AH! whither doost thou now thou greater Muse
Me from these woods & pleasing torrests bring?
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, vnfit for her weakewing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory, in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,
That him of heauens Empire sought to dispossesse.

2
Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire;
Fit for this turne; and in my fable brest
Kindle fire's sparks of that immortall fire,

Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
Can tell things doene in heauen so long ygone:
So farr past memory of man that may be knowne.

3
Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land vnto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' vnruely fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Plato* and *Proserpina* were present there.

4
And thither also came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion doe retainē,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That *Ariosto* scarcely could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his buisie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in euery border,
They would haue cauled much confusion and disorder.

5
Then forth issued (great goddesse) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physionomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well defray:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

6
That some doe say was so by skill deuizd,
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that should be fore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautions was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

7
That well may seemen true: for, well I weene
That this same day, when she on *Ariosto* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stufte to that,
As those three sacred *Saints*, though elle most wise,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgot,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd saw; his garments do did daze their eyes:

8
In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftel-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:
But th' earth her self of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bowome 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 shew.

9
So heard it is for any liuing wight,
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
The pure well head of Poetrie did dwell)
In his *Fowles* parley durst not with it mel,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaine of Kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read let forth so as it ought,
Go seeke he out that *Alane* where he may be fought.

10
And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Our of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of lundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-sole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

11
And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girdle now did tire,
As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greens;
Ah gentle *Mole*! such ioyance hath thee well becene.

12
Was neuer so great ioyance since the day,
That all the gods whylome assembled were,
On *Hemus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phabus* selfe, that god of Poets hight,
They say did sing the spouall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were rauisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, & Musicks wondrous might.

13
This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
Still mouning, yet vnmooued from hersted;
Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue teld,
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her presence fild,
With meek obayfance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

14
To thee o greatest goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe, I lowly fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all dost deale in differently,
Dammning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

15
To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faime 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 I both alike do deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then men thou dost esteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

Ii

Then

16

Then weigh, δ soueraigne goddesse, by what right
 These gods do claime the worlds whole fowerainty;
 And that is onely dew vnto thy might
 Arrogate to themselues ambitiously:
 As for the gods owne principality.
 Which *Ioue* vsurps vnjustly; that to be
 My heritage, *Ioue's* self cannot deny,
 From my great Grandfire *Titan*, vnto mee,
 Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

17

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,
 I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
 As, if ye please it into parts diuide,
 And every parts inholders to conuent,
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
 And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
 That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,
 And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and ecke in generall.

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
 How-euer fayre it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
 To turne again 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 restlesse wife.

19

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,
 The beasts we daily see massacred by,
 As thralls and vassalls vnto mens beasts:
 And men themselues doe 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 sit 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 thofe same on high, or these belowe.
 For, th' Ocean mouth still, from place to place;
 And every Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:
 Ne any Lake, that seems most still and flowe,
 Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,
 When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
 With which, the clouds are also toft and roll'd;
 Now like great Hills; & streight, like flutes, them vnfold.

21

So likewise are all wary liuing wights
 Still toft, and turned, with continuall change,
 Neuer abiding in their stedfast plights.
 The fish, still floting, doe at random rage,
 And neuer rest; but euermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
 Ne haue the wary foules a certaine grange,
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead to tarry;
 But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense
 (For, of all sense it is the middle meane)
 To sit still; and, with suball influence
 Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
 In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
 On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre:
 Which euery houre is chang'd, and alred cleane
 With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
 The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impair.

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
 Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
 Now, boyling hot: streight, fricizing deadly cold:
 Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:
 Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,
 That makes them all to shiner and to shake:
 Rayne, haye, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
 And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
 With flames & flashing lights that thousand changes make.

24

Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,
 Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,
 Wee see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,
 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 bredde, doth slay;
 And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;
 Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee
 Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous sights)
 Into themselues, and lose their natiue might;
 The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water theree,
 And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
 With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
 How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,
 Of them doe claime the rule and fowerainty:
 As, *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this, with vs so vsuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
 For, all these Riuers to me subiect are:
 And all these, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
 Vouchsafe, δ 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 thereto; and by-and-by,
 Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

So, forth it flew'd the Seasons of the yeare;
 First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
 That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
 That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):
 And in his hand a iuelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike flowres)
 A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;
 That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

Then came the iolly *Summer*, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
 That was vnlynd all, to be more light:
 And on his head a girlond well betweene
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A boawe and shaftes, as he in Forrest greene
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
 And now would badie his limbes, with labor heated fore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
 As though he toyed in his plentious store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
 Had by the belly of him pinched fore.
 Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold
 With eares of corne, of curcy for he bore:
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came *Winter* clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
 Whil'ft on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill.
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
 For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eild;
 That scarce his loofed limbes he habile was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
 And after them, the Monthes all riding came;
 First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
 The same which ouer *Hellephantus* swam:
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a Kid whose home 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 garlonds goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
 Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in fight
 With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

Then came faire *May*, the fairest mayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
 Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 The twinnes of *Leda*; which on cyther side
 Supported her like to their foweraine Queene.
 Lord! how all creatures laugh, when her they spide,
 And leapt and daunc'd as they had ransht beene!
 And *Cupid* selfe about her flattered all in greene.

And after her, came iolly *June*, 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 moteright well appeare:
 Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pace,
 And backward yode, as Bargeemen wont to fare
 Bending their force contrary to their face,
 Like that vngracious crew which faince demurest grace.

Then came hot *July* 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 beast that whylome did forray
 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.

The sixt was *August*, being nch arrayd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
 Yet rode he not, but led a loucly 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.

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote;
 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 one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did affoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
 For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats fee,
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle guft
 Made him so frolicke and so full of lust:
 Vpon a dreadfull *Scorpion* he did ride,
 The same which by *Dianaes* doom vniust
 Slaw great *Orion*: and eeke by his side
 He had his ploughing share, and couler ready tyde.

Next was *November*, he full full grosse and fat,
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
 For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,
 And yett the season was full sharp and breem;
 In planting ecke he took no small delight:
 Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
 For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in fight,
 The feed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

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 fo much did glad:
 Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
 They say, was nourisht by th' *Lean* mayd;
 And in his hand a broad decepboawle he beares;
 Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quier 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 feane he flood;
 From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the *Romane*
 (flood.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
 In an old wagon, for he could nor ride;
 Drawne of two fishes for the feason sitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly flyde
 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 hasting Prime did make them burgein round:
 So past the twelue Months forth, & their dew places found.

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 courted her vncomely face
 With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
 On top whercof 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.

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,
 And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle lone;
 But they were *Virgins* all, and loue echewed,
 That might forsack the charge to them fore-shewed
 By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
 Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
 By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and grieu'd visage scene,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
 Vn bodied, vn soul'd, vn heard, vn seene boy.
 But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
 Such as they faime *Dan Cupid* to haue bene,
 Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;
 Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,
 Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANCE doth not raige & beare the greater way:
 For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
 But *Times* do change and moue continually.
 So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
 Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
 But to be subiect still to *Mutabilitie*?

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 doe rule, and in them also thee.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
 Which we seee not how they are mov'd and swayd,
 Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
 And say they by your secret powre are made:
 But what we seee not, who shall vs perswade?
 But were they so, as ye them faime to be,
 Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
 Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
 Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

And first, concerning her that is the first,
 Euen your faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Ioues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:
 Then is the mortall borne, how-so ye crake;
 Besides, her face and countenance euery day
 We changed see, and sundry fourses partake,
 Now hord, now rou'd, now bright, now brown & gray:
 So that as changefull as the *Mooone* men vse to say.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare
 To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
 Yet, he his course doth altar euery 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 *Phabus* self, who lightome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now

52
Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most:
For, he some times so far runs out of square,
That be his way doth seem quite to haue lost,
And cleane without his vsuall sphere to fare;
That euen these Star-gazers stonish are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

53
But you *Dan Ioue*, that only constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subiect eke 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 whereloeuer they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, no other can appeare.

54
Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Vnlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable 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 changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

55
Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheres,
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes saine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still moue,
And euen it self is mov'd, as wizards saine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.


56
Then since within this wide great *Vniuerse*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toft and turned by trantueise:
What then should let, but I lost should reare
My *Troplée*, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (ô thou greatest goddesse trew!)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57
So hauing ended, silence long enfewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would enfew,
To whether side should fall the soueraigne place:
At length, the looking vp with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

58
I well consider all that ye haue sayd,
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being doe dilate:
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, and doe their states maintaine.

59
Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see.
So was the *Titanes* put downe and whist,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite distrust,
And *Natur's* selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

1
 Hen I bethinke me on that speech whyleare,
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
Me seemes, that though the all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway,
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And loue of things so vaine to cast away:
Whose flowing pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

2
Then gin I thinke on that which *Nature* sayd,
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrary to *Mutabilitie*:
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of *Sabbaoth* hight:
O that great *Sabbaoth* God, graunt me that *Sabbaoth* hight.

F I N I S.

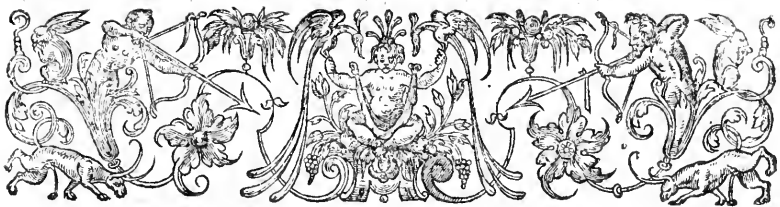


1609.



AT LONDON,
Printed by H. L. for MATHEW LOWNES.





S A LETTER OF THE AV-
 thors, expounding his whole intention in the
course of this worke: which for that it giueth great
 light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is here-
 vnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir *Walter Ra-*
leigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, &
her Maiesties Lieutenannt of the Countie of Cornewayll.



IR, 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 ieaious opinions &
 misconstructions, as also for your better
 light in reading thereof, (being so by you
 commaunded) to discouer vnto you the
 generall intention and meaning, which in
 the whole course thereof I haue fashio-
 ned, without expressing of any particular
 purposes or by-accidents therein occasio-
 ned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman
 or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I concei-
 ued should be most plausible and pleasing, beeing coloured with an histori-
 call fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varie-
 tie of matter, then for profit of the ensample: I chole the historie of King
Arthure, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous
 by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of enuie,
 and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Po-
 ets historical: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlysses*,
 hath ensampled a good Governour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*,
¶
the

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 Enchanter called *Busirane*, had in hand a most faire Lady called *Amoreta*, whom he kept in most grievous 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 beeing vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and reskeved his loue.

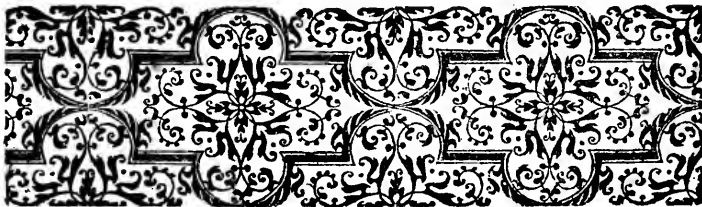
But by occasion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the ouerthrow of *Marinell*, the miserie of *Florimell*, the vertuousnesse of *Belphebe*, the lasciuiousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouer-run to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happely sceme 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 *Lanra* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dult 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 *Lur*as herse:
Hecreat 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'acelle of that celestiall thiefe.

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 prais'd, let her sole lookes diuine,
Iudge if ought therein be amisse, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dex,
*Rebo'd her Princely mind aright, and write thy *Queene* anew.*
Meane-while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore
Above the reach of all thal' linc; or such as wrote of yore :
And therby 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 device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLIN, I see by thy new taken taske,
to make red fury hath enrich thy buines,
That it'stes thy Mute in haughty verte to maske,
and loathe the linc that linc to lowly twaines.
That list the notes from Shepheards vnto Kings,
So like the lively Lake that mounting sings,

Thy lovely ROSALIND seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in icorne,
those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight;
Those true mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'it mirth: as they gau' thee the bell.

To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou carst with thy sweete roundelays,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowets :
So moughtst thou now in these refined layes,
delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
And to mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
Allow and grace our C O L L I N S s flowing quill.

And faire befall that *Faerie Queene* of thine,
in whole faire eyes loue hunkt with vertue sits:
Enfusing by those beauties siers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse-Knight* with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Islands right:
Which thou doost veile in Type of *Faery Land*,
E L Y Z A S blessed field, that *A byon* 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 fetled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

FAyre *Thamis* streame, that from *L v d s* stately
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas, (towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, while this *Bryttane O R P H E V S* playes:
Neere thy sweet banks, there liues that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes *Palme* and neuer-dying bayes;
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring lowne
Prestent her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hie drifts in shepherds weeds,
And deepe conceits now sings in *Faeries* deeds.

R. S.

GRaue Muses, march in tryumph and with praises,
Our Goddesse heere hath giuen you leaue to land:
And bids this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.
Deserts siuds due in that most princely doome,
In whose sweet breast are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great *A v g v s t v s* cast in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath scene.

H. B.

WHen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helenis* rape,
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuis'd:
Thinking by sleight the fatal warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'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 to 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 *Thetis* sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes:
So *Spenser* was by *Sidneys* speeces wonne,
To lize her fame, not fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tryed
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 fees.
What though his taske exceed a humane wit,
He is excus'd, sith *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 deserued prise,
That vnto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a ialous doubt, that there did lurke
Some seeret 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 discern of colours black, and white,
As all to free my mind from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I heere pronounceth this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware:
But such hath been the custome heeretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are.
And when your taste shall tell you this is true,
Then looke you gae your boast his vtmost dew.

Ignoro.



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'earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to raine,
Oft from thole graue affaires were wont abstaine;
With the sweet Lady *Muses* for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder *Africane*,
So *Maro* oft did *Casars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burden of this kingdome mightily,
With like delights sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:
And to these idle rimes lend little space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.
E. S.

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

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 inly 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 poysnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine ancestry
Vnder a shady veile is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the loue, which thou doost beare
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

☞ To the right honourable the Earle of
Northumberland.

The sacred *Muses* haue made alwaies clame
To be the *Nourfes* of Nobility,
And *Registres* of euerlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chenalry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the seruice of sweet Poetry,
By whose endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which giues them life, that else would soone haue diide,
And crownes their ashes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.



39 To the right honourable the Earle
of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind
The flowre of cheualry now blooming 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 Effex, 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 Poëme, for thee far vnfit.
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:
But when my Muse, whose feathers nothing sit
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.

Reeiue most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which sauage soyle hath bred,
Which beeing through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspred:
And in so faire a Land, as may be red,
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansion;
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyle doth yield,
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the L^o. Ch. Howard, L^o.
high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter,
and one of her Maiesties priuie Councell, &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 offspring
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 chace;
And that proud people woxen 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 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 Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory, and her sexes grace,
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,
Both for your neernels to that *Faery Queene*;
And for your owne high merit in like case:
Of which, apparant proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
And their disloyall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritic 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 pillar of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by wassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauc
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge t leaue
Of all the rest, that I am tyde r' account:
Rude rimes, the which a rustlick Muse did weaue
In sauage soyle, far from *Parhasso 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.

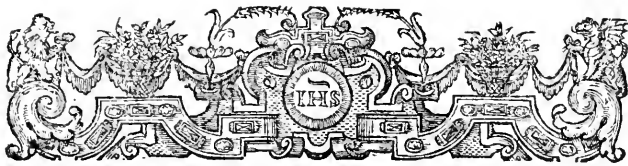
IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,
In golden verse, worthy immortall fame:
Thou much more fit, (were leisure to the same)
Thy gracious Soueraignes praises to compile.
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,
In Iostic numbers and heroïck stile.
But sith thou maist not lo, giue leauca 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 Meccenas for his worthy merit,
It first aduauunst 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 leernes like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,
That are the great Meccenas 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 feeblenesse:
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raise
In bigger tunes to sound your lining praise.

E. S.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE
Lord and most valiant Captaine, Sir *Iob. Norris*,
Knight, Lord President of Mounster.

Who euer gaue more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage
Hath filld sad *Belgick* with victorious spoile,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately shak't the *Lusitanian* soile.
Sith then each where thou hast disspred thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir *Wal. Raleigh*, Lo. War-
dein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaut 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 tunefull 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 vnswaury and sowre,
To taste the streames, that like a golden showre
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praise,
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall showre,
When so thee list thy loftie Muse to raise:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire *Cinthias* praises be thus rudely showne.

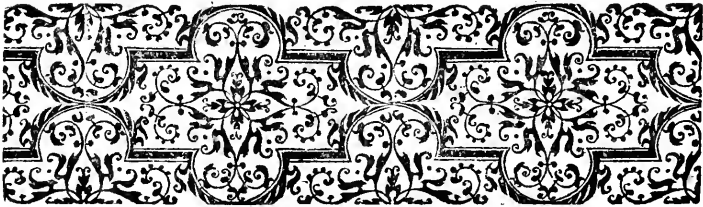
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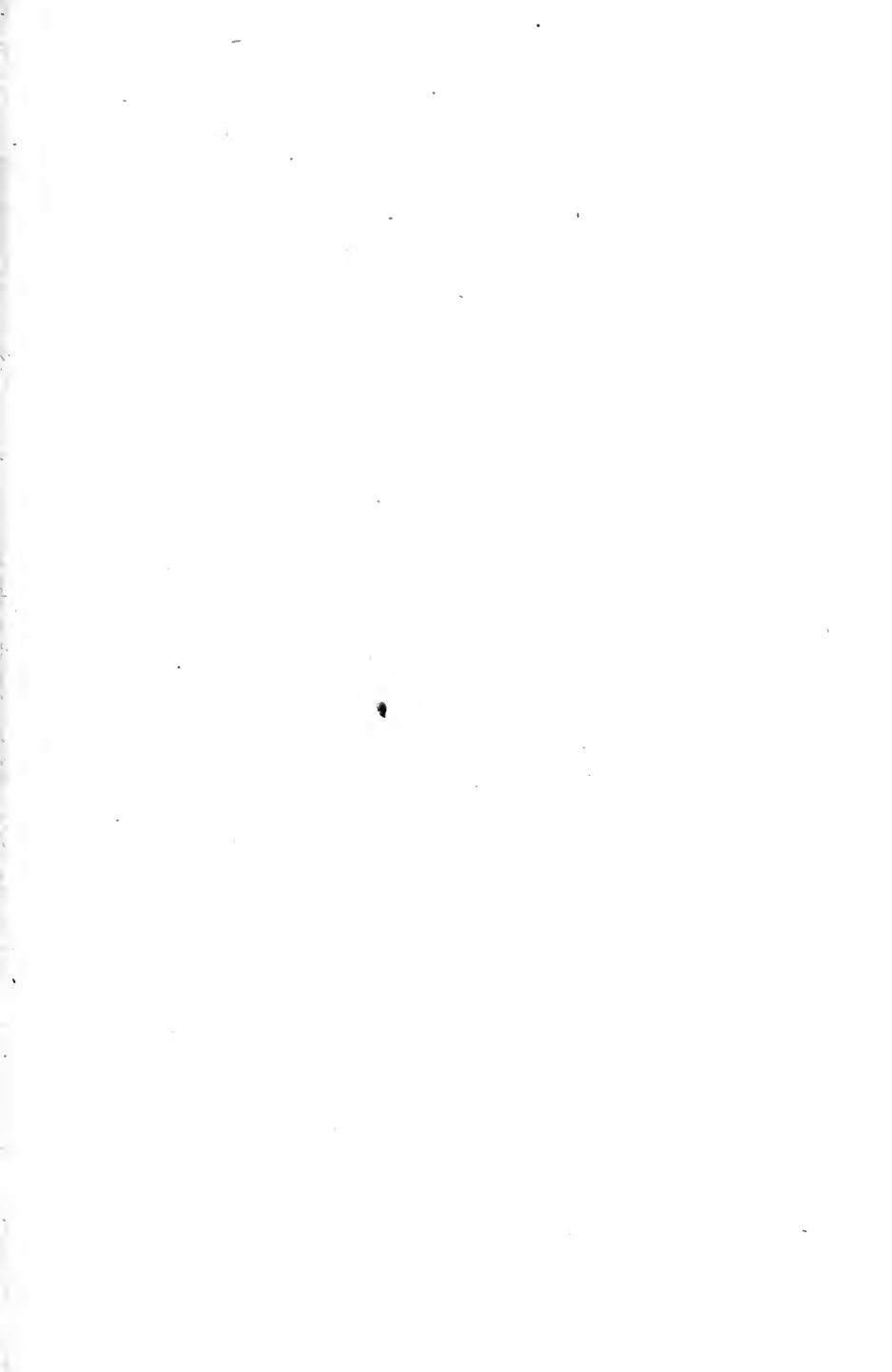


TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse
of Penbroke.

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 heavenly 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.





THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER:

CONTAINING
TWELVE ÆGLOGVES, PRO-
PORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE
MONETHS.

ENTITLED,
To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most
worthy of all titles, both of learning and chi-
ualrie, Master Philip Sidney.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*, and are to
be sold at the signe of the Bishops head in
Paules Church-yard. 1611.



TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little Booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblenesse and chivalrie:
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,
A shepherds swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde;
And when his honor hath thee redde,
Craue pardon for thy bardy-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.



☞ *Aegloga prima.*

ARGUMENT.

IN this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepherds boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country Lasse called *Rosalind*: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee 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 pleasure 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 sunshyne day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent,
 So faint they woze, and feeble in the fold,
 That now vnaethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepherds looke,
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
 May seeme he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:
 Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.
 Tho to a hill his fainting Iock he led,
 And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,
 (If any gods the paine of louers pittie :)
 Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
 And bow your eares vnto my dolefull ditie.
 And P A N thou shepherds God, that once did loue,
 Pattie 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'r'd, and after hasted
 Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadillies dight,
 And now is come thy Winters stormie state,
 Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,
 My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
 Such stormie floures, doe breed my balefull smart,
 As if my yeeres were waste, and woren old.
 And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie 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 flou'r,
 I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
 Whose drops in drerie yficles remaine.

Alfo my luftfull leafe is dry and feare,
My timely budswith wailing all are wafted:
The bloffome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed fighs is blowne away, and blafted.
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares defcend,
As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whofe fleece is rough and rent,
Whofe knees are weake, through falt, and cuill fare:
Maift witneffe well by thy ill government,
Thy Maifters mind is ouerconie with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thoufand fithes I curfe that carefull houre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to fee:
And eke ten thoufand fithes I bleffe the ftoure,
Wherein I faw to faire a fight as thee.
Yet all for nought: fuch fight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue fhould breed both ioy and paine!

It is not *Hobbino!*, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my louche feeke with daily fuit:
His clownifh gifts and cuttesies I difdaine,

His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit,
Ah, foolifh *Hobbino!*, thy gifts been vaine:
Colin them gues to *Rosalinde* againe.

I loue thilke Laffe, (alas, why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne?)
Shce deignes not my good will, bur doth reprove,
And of my rurall mutick holdeth ftorne.
Shepherds denife she hateth as the snake, (make.
And laughes the fonges, that *Colin Clout* doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude *Pan* thou pleafe,
Yet for thou pleafest not where moft I would,
And thou vnluckie Mufe, thit woontft to eafe
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou fhould,
Both Pipe and Mufe, fhall fore the while abie:
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked *Phoebus* gan auail
His wearie waine, and now the frolic *Night*,
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 carefull cafe to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora Speme.

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 *Æglogue*. Vnder which name this poet secretly fhadoweth himfelfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tyrtius*, thinking it much fitter then fuch Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Unnetes, fcarcely.

Conth, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. As wel interpreteth the fame, the worthy fir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of government: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinfman, and my very fingular good friend, *M. Gabriel Harney*, as alfo of fome other his moft graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expreffing the Latine, *Vicina*.

Stoure, a fit.

Seare, withered.

His clownifh gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verfe:

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbino!, is a fained country name, wherby, it being fo common & vsuall, feemeth to be hidden the perfon of fome his very speciall & moft familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peradventure fhall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place feemeth to be fome fauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Pæderafice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read

read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrinus*. Of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued *Alcibiades* extremally; 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 diuelish disciple *Unico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue: a pretie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, *I loue vnlke Lasse, alasse, &c.*

Rosalinde, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Scella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Iantes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Strutius* in his *Epitbalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cælia*, in her letters, enuelpeth 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.

Auaile, bring downe.

Ouerhaile, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere-vnder added in Italian, *Anchora sperme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



B.

Februarius,



☞ *Aegloga secunda.*

ARGUMENT.

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 *The not*, 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 storms of fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose, the old man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Breere, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies; more plainly could not appeare.

CYDDY.

AH for pittie, will ranke Winters rage
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'assuage?
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tails,
Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it auailles.

T H E N O T.

Lewdly complaineſt, thou lasie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worſe,
From worſe, vnto that is worſt of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeeres,

T H E N O T.

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 vn gently came.
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare,

CYDDY.

No maruaile T H E N O T, if thou can beare
Cheerfully the Winters wrathfull 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 flowing youth is foe to frost,
My ship vnwont in stormes to toft.

T H E N O T.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That

That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe,
 So loyning liue you little-heard-groomes,
 Keeping your beafts in the budded broomes,
 And when the shining funne 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 sit, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the b-eme Winter with chan-fred browes,
 Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,
 Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,
 Which cuddles 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 wayling, and miserie.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I forne thy skill,
 That wouldst me, my springing youth to spill,
 I deeme thy braine empierishd bee,
 Through rustie eld, that hath rotted thee:
 Or sicker thy head very tottie is,
 So on thy corbe shouler it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,
 Als my budding branch thou wouldst crop:
 But were thy veyres greene, as now been mine,
 To other delights they would encline,
 Tho' wouldst thou learne to caroll of loue,
 And hery with hymnes thy Lasses gloue.
 Tho' wouldst thou pipe of PHILLIS praise:
 But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.
 I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embost with bugle about the belt.
 Such an onc shepherds would make full faine:
 Such an onc would make thee young againe.

T H E N O T.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to bost:
 All that is lent to loue will be lost.

CVDDY.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,
 So simirke, so smooth, his prick'd eares?
 His hornes been as brade, as rainebowe bent,
 His dewlap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent,
 See how he venteth into the winde,
 Weeneit of loue is not his minde?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell cap,
 So luttlesse been they, so weake, to 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 widowes hangen their crags.
 The rather Lambes been starued with cold,
 All for their maister is luttlesse and old.

T H E N O T.

CVDDY, I wot thou kenst little good,
 So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood.
 For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
 Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wildernesse, whose Inne Penance,
 And floopegallant Age the host of Greuance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
 Which I cond of TYRIVS in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kceet?

CVDDY.

To nought more, T H E N O T, my mind is bent,
 Then to heare novels of his deuite:
 They been so well thewed, and to wife,
 What cuer that good old man bespake.

T H E N O T.

Many meete 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 some time had it beene,
 With armes full strong and largely displaide,
 But of their leaues they were disaraid:
 The body big and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
 Whilome had been the king of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband did yeeld,
 And with his nuts larded many iwine.
 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 fere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
 Which proudly thrust into th'element,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossoms faire:
 And thereto aye wanned to reparaire
 The sheephards daughters to gather flowres,
 To paint their garlonds with his coloures,
 And in his small bushes vsed to throwde
 The sweet Nightringale singing so lowde:
 Which made this foolish Breere waxe so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And (as he) the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
 Nor for fruite, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:
 Seest how fresh my flowres been spred,
 Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
 With leaues engrained in luste e greene,
 Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene,
 Thy waste bignesse but cumbers the ground,
 And dirkes the beutie of my blossoms round.
 The mouldie mosse, which thee accloseth,
 My Cinamon smell too much annoyeth.
 Wherefore? frede thee hence to renouue,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prouue.
 So spake this bold Breere with great disdain:
 Little him answered the Oake againe,
 But yeilded, with shame and greefe adawed,
 That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chanced after vpon a day.

The husbandmans selfe to come that way,
 Of custome to suruiue his ground,
 And his trees of state in compulle round,
 Him when the spightfull Breere had clipped,
 Canselisse complained, and lowdly cried

Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife :

O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſupplicants 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 sea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed,
With painted words tho gan this proude weed,
(As most vten ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my ſoueraigne, 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 ſlowing blossoms, to furnish the prime,
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is here, whose branches broke,
Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire?
Hindring with his shade my louely 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,
Crauing your goodly head to aſswage
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 regarded from greuance.

To this, this Oake cast him to reply
Well as he couth: but his enemy
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man would stay his leaseure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Ecreasing 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 would let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the root bent his sturdie stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the fencelesse iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forebear.
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a myſteree.
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 quiten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The blocke oft ground vnder the blowe,
And sighed to see his neere ouerthrowe.
In fine, the Steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth shrunke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasure:
But all this glee had no continuance,
For effsoones Winter gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroch,
And beat vpon the solitarie Breere:
For now no succout was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and disconsolate.
The byting frost oipt his flake dead,
The watric wet weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnowe burnded him to fore,
That now vpright he can stand no more:
And beeing downe, is trode in the durt,
Of cattell, and bouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For scorning Eld.

CYDDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long haue I listened to thy speech,
That grassed to the ground is my breech:
My heart blood is well nigh frome I feele,
And my galge growne fast to my heele:
But little case 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*.

Rotts, young bullocks.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foman, a foe.

Theuot, the name of a Shepheard in *Murot* 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* verie 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.

Accieed, plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie, pride.

Eld, old age.

Siker, sure.

Tottie, wauering.

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 waste band.

A fon, a foole.

Lythe, soft and gentle.

Venteth, snuffeth in the wind.

Thy stocks father, the ram.

Craggs, necks.

Rather Lambs, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youth is, a verie morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tyrinus, 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 wisenesse.

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 disdainefull yonkers. *Embellisht*, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Way standst, the speech is scornfull and verie presumptuous.

Engraind, died in graine.

Adamed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of flute, taller trees, fit for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said *Chaucer*,

fell and sturdie.

O my liege, a manner of supplication, wherein is kinde

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. *Noula*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

Wounds, gallsies. *Enaunter*, least that.

The Priests crew, holy-water pot, wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft groaued: a lively figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt graudo, &c.*

Boreas, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheare and iollitie.

For scorning eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

Galage, a startup or clownish shooe.

Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so bleise. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fullnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that being ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as being either by long and ripe wisdome armed against all mischances and aduersities, 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 sore agast, and dismaid at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenance; but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, and good fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

March.



☞ *Aegloga tertia.*

ARGUMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, 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 weren ouerwent with wo,
Vpon so faire a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall allege this bit er blast,
And slake the Winter sorrow.

T HOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warrest well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refreshit:
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studded,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And vtter his tender head?

FZORA now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready MAIAS bower,

T HOMALIN.

That new is vprift from bed,
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,
That scornfully lookes askaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That oow sleepeeth in LETHE lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

T HOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be asstot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeeth nor,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slumber broke?
Or made pruiue 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 stray,
The priuic markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,

Ylike to my flocke and thine:
Forals at home I haue a fyre,
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,
That duly adaises counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chance to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.

For fishens is but the third morrow,
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow,

And waked againe with grieffe:
The while thilke same vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,

And there vnoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke been ioynted attones,
Shee should haue need no more spell.

Th'elſe was to 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 tel 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 Ivie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)

I heard a buffe bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Lifting if any thing did rust,

But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moouing of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared out:
But were it facrie, feend, or snake,
My courage eard it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.

With that sprang forth a naked swaine,
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,
And laughing lopeto 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 pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw: but nought auailed.

He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched,

Therewith affraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest foatched,

And hit me running, in the heele:
For then I litle smart did feele,
But soone it fore increased.

And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it feltreth fore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:

I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whetcof he will be wroken)

Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had set;

That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:

Elſe had he sore daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stooping PHOEBVS iteepes 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 gaul, in loue there is store.
The honie is much, but the gaul is more.*

GLOSSE.

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.

Ouement, ouergone.

Alegg, to lessen or allwage.

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 yearly 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 solemne sacrifice.

Maia's bowser, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of some Country Lasse.

Afcaunce, askew, or asquint.

For thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulness: (For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulness) wherein the soules beeing dipped, did forget the carcs 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.

Alotte, 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 imitareth *Virgils* verse:

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nonerca, &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 every thing that they would haue preferred: as the night-spell for thecues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospell, or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goc.

An Iwie rodde, a thicke bush.

Swaime, a boy: For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boy. I. alwaies fresh and lustic, blindfolded, because hee maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, I. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glance of beaurie, 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 *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him read either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene, amongst other of this poets dooings, very well translated also into English rimes.

Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.

Latched, caught.

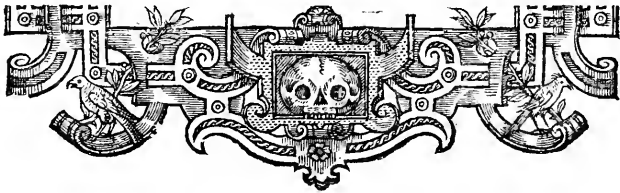
In the heele, is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing washed all ouer saue onely his heele, by which his morther 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 *Eufrathius* vnfolding, saith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Physitions) to the priue 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 *Hippocrates*) if those veines there be cut asunder, the partie straight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reason our poect well weighing, maketh this shepheards boy of purpose to be wounded in the heele.

Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is set out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of loue.
Stouping Phoebus, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvalloveth, bee but follie mixt with bitterness, and sorrowe savced with repentance. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnrestfulness all night, and weariness 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 ripper yeeres, which also there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasure.



April,



☞ *Aegloga quarta.*

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honor & praise of our most gracious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The speakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great 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.

HOBBINOLL.

Tell me good **HOBBINOLL**, what gars thee greet?
What? hath some Wolfethy tender Lambs ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loued Lasse forlorne?

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forswear.
His pleasant Pipe, which made vs merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

Or beene thine eyes attempted to the yeere,
Quenching the gasping furrrowes thirst with raine?
Like Aprill showre, to streames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?
Is loue such pinching paine, to them that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the lad, whom long I loued so deere,
Now loues a Lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plung'd in paine, his tressed lockes doth tear.

COLIN thou kenst the Southerne shepheards boy:
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whiome on him was all my care and ioy,
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But now from me his madding mind is start,
And woos the widowes daughter of the glen:
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his smart,
So now his friend is changed for a fren.

THE NOT.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee HOBBINOLL record some one,
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it vnto the watrs fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,
do bathe your brest,
For sake your watrie bowres, and hither looke,
at my request.

And kee you virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helycon*, the learned Well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Off faire ELISA be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The floure of Virgins, may she flourish long,
in princely plighr.
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot:
Which PAN the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie Greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a maiden Queene,
and Erimines white.
Vpon her head a Crimosin Coronet,
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses Greene,
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee scene her angel-like face,
like PHOEBE faire?
Her heavenly hauour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The Red rose medled with the White yferre,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere:
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you scene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden head,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spread
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:

Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shew thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,
and he not abasht:
When she the beames of her beautie displaies,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES feede:
Such follie, great sorrow to NIOBE did breede,
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be prouide, that euer he begot,
such a Bellibone,
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheards swaine,
Albee forswonke and forswat I am.

I see CALIOPES speed her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace
with their Violines.
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play:
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deffily, and singen soote,
in their merment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuē.
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 bebright,
that vnto her goe.
CHEORIS, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Oliues been for peace,
When warres doe surcease:
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 fillets fast,

And gird in your waste,
For more finepisse with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gilliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in vvine,
worne of Paramours.

Strowe me the ground with Daffidownillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The prettie Pawnee,

And the Cheuifaunce,

Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.

Now rise vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:

And now ye daintie Damfels may depært

each one his way.

I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:

Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her song.

And if you come heather,

When Damfins I gather,

I will part them all you among.

THE NOT.

And was thilke same song of COLINS owne making?

Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that been so lowly bent.

HOBBIOLL.

Siker I hold him for a greater fon,

That loues the thing he cannot purchase,

But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,

And twinkling starres the daillight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinolls Embleme.

O dea certè.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet, causeth thee vweep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken.

Attempted to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvithch moneth is most bent to flowers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drouth, caused through drinelle of March winds.

The Lad, Colin Clout. *The Lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, vvithered and curled.

Is he for a lad? A strange manet of speaking, f. vvhat manner of lad is he?

To make, to rime and verliffe. For in this word, making, our old English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaiñeth to some Southern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, because he so often nameth the Kentish downes: and before, *As tishe*, as laise of Kent.

The vvidowes. He calleth Rosalind the widowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of a cuntry 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 endued 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 grieved 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 vvorthy poet *Stefichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, hee scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, hee is said by vengeance of the gods, (thereat beeing offended) to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a song, as Roundelayses, or Virelayses.

C.

In

In all this song, is not to be respected vvhhat the vvorthineſſe of her Maieſtie deſeruet, nor what to the highneſſe of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhhat is moſt comely for the meanneſſe of a ſhepherds wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elifa*, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name: and a ſhepherds daughter; it beeing very vnſit, that a ſhepherds boy, brought vp in the ſheepfold, ſhould know, or euer ſeeme to haue heard of a *Queenes* royaltie.

Te daintie, is aſit vvhere an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muſes, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, vvhoſe abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnaffus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey ſpecially flouriſhed the honour of all excellent ſtudies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnaffus*, and alſo of a mountaine in *Boxtia*, out of the vvhich floweth the famous ſpring *Caſtalius*, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of vvhich ſpring it is ſaid, that vvhen *Pegaſus* the vvinged horſe of *Perſeus* (vvhereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) ſtrooke the ground with his hoofe, ſuddainly thereout ſprang a vvell of moſt cleare and pleaſant vvater, vvhich from thence was conſecrate to the Muſes and Ladies of learning.

Your ſiluer ſong, ſeemeth to imitate the like in *Helyodus 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; vvhich 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 poeticall 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 diotrephos baſileos.

Time d'ek dios eſti, philes de emetjeta Zeu.)

could deuife no parents in his iudgement ſo vvorthy for her, as *Pan* the ſhepherds God, and his beſt beloved *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is heere meant the moſt famous and victorious king, her highneſſe father late of vvoothie *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.

Crimſin Coronet: he deuifeth her crowne to bee of the fineſt and moſt delicate flowers, in ſtead of pearles and precious ſtones wherevvith Princes diademes vſe to be adorned and embolt.

Embelliſht, beautified and ſet out.

Phebe, the Moone, vvhom the Poets feigne to be ſiſter vnto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yſere, together: By the mingling of the Redde roſe and the White, is meant the vnitng of the two principall houſes of *Lancaster* & *Yorke*: by whoſe long diſcord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vvvas fore trauailed, and almoſt cleane decayed: Till the famous *Henry* the ſeauenth, of the line of *Lancaster*, taking to wife the moſt vertuous princeſſe *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 poeticall inuention, & the firſt glory of the Heroical verſe. Other ſay, that ſhe is the Goddeſſe of *Rhetoricke*: but by *Virgil* it is manifeſt, that they miſtake the thing. For
there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both speciall parts of Rhetorick: beside that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhinnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worn in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets.

*Arbor victoriosa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

The Graces, be three sisters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (vvhose names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Pasithea*) otherwife called *Charites*, that is, thanks. Vvhom the Poets fained to be goddesses of all beaurie & comlineffe; vvhich therefore (as saith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked (as they vv ere indeed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her back to vvards vs, and her face f: om vv ard, as proceeding from vs: the other two to vv ard vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefite we haue done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly. *Soothe*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie. A beuie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troupe, the term is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of Larks, euen as a coucy of Partridges, or an eye of Pheasants.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many yeares since, by means of certain fine fables, & loude lyers, such as were the authors of king Arthur the great, & such like, vvho tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, signifieth vvell-water; or otherwife, a Spouse or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse: of vvhom is said, that Zephyrus the VVestern wind being in loue with her, & courting her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntie of all flovvres, and green hearbs, growving on the earth.

Oliues beene. The Oliue was wont to be the Ensigne of peace and quietnesse, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else, for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growve neare the Firre tree, vv which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vved most for spears, and other instruments of vvarre. VVherevpon 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 Minervaes 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 shepheards 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 delicate, that which they vse to mistearme, flowvre delicate, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely spoken for a faire maid, or bonilasse.

For swonke, and for swat, ouer-laboured and sunne-burnt.

I saw Phæbus, the Sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cynthia* a hill, vvhere she was honoured.

Latonaes secede, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vvhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith displeased, commaunded her son *Phæbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vvhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause, the Shepheard 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 Damnsus, A base reward of a clownish giuer.

Tblent, Y is a poeticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This poesie is taken out of *Virgil*, & there of himselfe vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianaes* damosels, beeing the most diuinely set foorth. To which similitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the vvorthinesse of *Colus* song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness 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 *Thenor* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of vvho the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*.





Aegloga quinta.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fifth Aeglogue, vnder the person of two shepherds, *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.

PALINODE.

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 liucies been all too sad
For thilke same season, when all is yclad
With pleasance, the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming buds.
Youris folke aow flocken in euery where,
To gather May-buskets, and smelling Breere:
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillars ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of Roses, and Sops in wine.
Such merrie-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we heere sitten as drown'd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For yonkers PALINODE such follies fit,
But we tway beene men of elder wit.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of Shepherds out go,
With singing, and showing, and iolly cheere:
Before them yode a lustie Tabrere,
That to the meynie a home-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 muscull:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Queene atone
Was Ladic FLORA, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-bush beare!)
Ah P I E R S, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinke?

PIERS.

Perlie, so farre am I from enuie,
 That their fondnesse inly I pittie:
 Those faytours little regarden their charge,
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparcely spent,
 In lustinesse, and wanton merriment,
 I hilke same been shepheards 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 randon alone.
 But they beed lured for little pay,
 Of other, that caren as little as they,
 What fallen the flock, so they han the fleecce,
 And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
 I mule, what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,
 And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,
 When great P A N account of shepheards shall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest some dele their 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 shepheards other things tend,
 Then sith their God his good does them fend,
 Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
 For when they be dead, their good is ypoce,
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them, is lost.
 Good is no good, but if it be spend:
 God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah P A L I N O D E, thou art a worlds childe:
 Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.
 But Shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say)
 Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
 With them it fits to care for their heire,
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,
 And to continue their wont countenance.
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike worldly souenance he must fore-say.
 The sonne of his loynes why shoulde he regard,
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spar'd?
 Shoulde not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
 Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood?
 For if he misseue, in lewdnesse and lust,
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
 That his father left by inheritance,
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
 But through this, and other their miscreauce,
 They maken many a wrong cheuifance,
 Heaping vp wanes 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 content.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For oft may happen that hath been before)
 When shepheards had none inheritance,
 Ne of land, nor fee in suffurance:
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well wyis was it with shepheards tho:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
 For P A N himselfe was their inheritance,
 And little them serued for their maintenance.
 The shepheards God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were vnprouided:
 Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,
 And their flock fleeces them to array.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 (That, nource of vice, this of insolencie)
 Lulled the Shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeyfance,
 Some gaue to gape for greedy gouernance,
 And match them selfe with mightie potentates,
 Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft,
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some-while,
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did them keepe,
 This was the first soure of shepheards sorrow,
 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 assuage:
 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 weene the giant has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
 And buiddest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
 Thou railest on right, without reason,
 And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
 How woulde shepheards liue, if not so?
 What, should they pynen in paine and wo?
 Nay, say I thereto, 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 anone.
 While times endure of tranquillitie,

When we freely our felicitie;
 For when approchen the stormie flowres,
 We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
 And forth to saine, nought seemeth like strife, (showres.
 That shepherds so twinen each others life,
 And layen their faults the world before,
 The while their foes 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 shepheard, that does the right way forsake,
 And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
 Had I euer my foe, then my friend he be.
 For what concord han I light and darke sim?
 Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
 Such fators, when their false harts been hid,
 Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid,

P A L I 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 Goat her dame, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:
 But, for she had a motherly care
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 She set her youngling before her knee,
 That was both fresh and louely to see,
 And full of fauour, as Kiddle mought bee.
 His veluet head began to shoote out,
 And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
 The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,
 And sprung forth rankly vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:
 (For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)
 God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
 And leade thee ioy of thy lollitie.
 Thy father (that would the spake with paine,
 For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
 Thy father, had he liued this day,
 To see the branches of his body display,
 How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight?
 But th, false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
 And cut off his daies with vtinely wo,
 Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.
 Now I a wailfull widow behight,
 Of my old age haue this one delght,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers stead,
 And flourish in flowers of lustie head,
 For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
 And so his hautie hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A thrilling throb from her hart did arise,
 And interrupted all her other speech,
 With some old sorrow that made a new breach:
 Seemed she saw (in her younglings face)
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last, her tullen silence she broke,
 And gan his new budded beard to stroke.
 Kiddie (quoth she) thou kennst the great care,
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which many wilde beasts ligger in waite,
 For to intrap in thy tender fate:
 But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
 For he has vowed thy last confusion,
 For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
 And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:
 And if he chance come when I am abroad,
 Spurre the yate fast, for feare of fraude,
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
 Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the Goate her wanton sonne,
 That answered his mother, all should be done.
 Tho went the pensiu 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 agast,
 And Kiddie the doore spurred after her fast.
 It was not long after she was gone,
 But the false Foxe came to the doore anon.
 Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend:
 Bearing a truste of trifles at his back,
 As bellies, and babies, and glasses in his pack.
 A biggen he had got about his braine,
 For in his headpeece he felt a sore paine.
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
 For with great cold he had got the gout.
 There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,
 And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:
 Ah deere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,
 That some good body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddie all this fore constraint,
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
 Tho creeping cloze, behind the Wickets clinke,
 Priuily he peeped out through a chinke:
 Yet not to priuily but the Foxe him spied,
 For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)
 Iesus blesse that sweet face I elpie,
 And keepe your corps from the carefull sound
 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 yceond his lere,
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
 Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,
 But I be relieved by your beastlie-head.
 I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:
 For with long trauaile 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 goodhead do not disdaine
 The base knurd of so simple swaine.
 Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,
 With your ayde to forestall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke :
 Wherein while Kiddie vnwares did looke,
 Hee was so enamoured with the newel,
 That nought he deemed deare for the Jewel.
 Tho opened he the dore, and in came
 The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,
 His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
 Left he should be defcried by his traine.
 Becing 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,
 All saue a bell, which he left behind
 In the basket, for the Kidde to find.
 Which when the Kidde slouped 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.
 All agast, lowly she gan to call

Her Kidde : but he nould answere at all.
 Tho on the flore she saw the marchandise,
 Of which her sonne had set too deare a price.
 What helpe? her Kidde she koew 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 falsers friendshipp been faine.

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 talc 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 been so craftie, as so,
 Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their falshood more could I recount,
 But now the bright sunne ginneth to dismount:
 And for the deawie night now draw'th nie,
 I hold it best for vs home to hic.

Palinodes Embleme.
Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers his Embleme.
Tis d'ara pistis apisto.

G L O S S E.

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.

Blonket lineries, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed. Y, redowndeth, as before.

In euery where, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Baskets, a diminutiue. i. little bushes of hawthorne.

Kirke, Church. *Queme*, please.

A shoale, a multitude: taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shoale.

Yode, vvent. *Iouisauce*, ioy.

Swinke, labour. *Inly*, entirely.

Fayours, 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 first 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 *Lanauere* translated in his booke of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling from Italic to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus, Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an *Aegyptian*, which was

Pylot

Pyloet of the ship) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhhen hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that whē he came to *Palodes* there suddenly was such a calme of vwind, that the ship stood still in the sea vnmooued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* vvas dead: vvherevwithall, there was heard such pitious outcries, and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhich *Pan*, though of some be vnderstood the great Sathanas, vvhose kingdome vvas 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 surceaused; and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and also at the demaund of the Eniperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and verie *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malum inuidere mihi omnes, quam miserescere.*

Nas, is a lyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalm*, which he caused to be vwritten on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tullie*.

“*Hac habui quæ edi, quæque exaurata libido*

“*Hausit: at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

Which may thus be turned into English.

“All that I eate, did I ioi; 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 vvisedome bewraith then *Sardanapalm*, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse; therimes be these:

“Ho, ho, who lies heere?

“I the good Earle of Deuonshire,

“And Mauld my wife that was full deare:

“We liued together iij. yeare.

“That we spent, we had:

“That we gaue, we haue:

“That we left, we lost.

Algrind, the name of a shepheard.

Men of the lay, Lay men.

Enanter, least that.

Somenance, remembrance.

Miscreance, dispraise, or misbeliefe.

Chenisaunce, sometimes of Chaucer vsed for gaine: somtime 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.

Sourse, vvell-spring and originall.

Borrow, pledge or suretie.

The

The Giant, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his shoulders: beeing indeede a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvchich 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, vvho (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden course of the starres, by an excellent imagination; vvherefore the poets fained, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other conjectures needlesse betold heereof.

Warke, vvorke.

Encheasion, cause, occasion.

Deare borrow, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Twiten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is vnseemely.

Contecke, strife, contention.

Her, their, as vsfeth Chaucer.

Hau, for haue.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables: but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde, may be vnderstood the simple sort of the faithful and true Christians. By his damme, Christ; that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchvvords (as heere doth the Gore) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithlesse Papists, to vvhom is no credite to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The Gate, the Gore: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

Yode, went, afore said.

She set, A figure called *Filthio*, vvchich vsfeth to attribute reasonable actions, and speeches, to vnreasonable creatures.

The blossomes of lust, be the young and mossiehaire, vvchich 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 careful Hyperbaton.

The branch of the fathers body, is the child.

For enen so, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Afcanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing 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 Haltings 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: vvchich of some, that (riding vvith 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 vvvas vvithin 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, vvchich put no small religion in Belles, and babies. i. Idoles, and glaifes, f. 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 humblenesse.

Sweet S. Charitie, the Catholiques common oath, and onely speech, to haue charitie alwaies in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

Clinke, a key-hole: vvhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a key.

Stonnds, fittes: afore said.

His lere, his lesion.

Medled, mingled.

Beastlibead, a greeting to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, akinne.

Newell, a new thing.

To forestall, to preuent.

Glee, cheare: afore said.

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 warne the Protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: vvhreeofwe haue daily proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all, practised of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

Eaine, glad or desirous.

Our sir Iohn, a popish priest. A saying fit for the grossefesse 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 fallhood, breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no lesse guile to lurk in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhath faith then is there in the faithlesse? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily false, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they say.





☞ *Aegloga sexta.*

ARGVMENT.

THIS Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill successe in his loue. For beeing (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a countrey 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, *Menaëas* another shepheard recciued disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whose pleafant 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 Daieses dight,
The Bramble bush, where Birds of euery kind
To th' waters fall their tunes attempere right.

COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I blesse thy stare,
That Paradise hast found which ADAM lost.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolues to been ytost:
Thy louely layes heere maist thou freely hoste:
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 dorth thee bewitch:
Leaue me those hills, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding writch.

COLIN CLOVT.

And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
And fruitfull flocks been euery where to see:
Heere no night Rauenus lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor eluifh gholtis, nor gasty Owles doe see.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,
With heydeguiues, 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 repronc,
My fansie cke 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 haire.

The count'ning o'to , and tune m' pipe
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho' would I heeke for Quene apples vnrripe,
To giue my ROSALINDE, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudie G. ronds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more ripe,
And losse of her, whose loue is life: I wayde,
Tho' weary wanton toves away mid wipe,

HOBBIROLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes in my roundelaies,
Which thou wert wont on waffell-bils to sing,
I more delight, then Larke in Sommer daies:
Whose Eecho made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byids, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy song their cheerfull chattering,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I sawe CALLIOPE with Muses moe,
Soone as thy Oute pipe began to lound,
Their suorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they fate around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound.
But w' en they came, where thou thy skill didst shoue,
They drewe aback, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepherd to seee, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of Muses HOBBIROLL, I conne no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest LOVE,
And holden feorme of homely shepheards quill:
For sith I heard, that PAIN with PHOEBVS stroue,
Which him to much relike and danger droue,
I neuer list presume to *Farn* *se* 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 shepheard sits not, tollowe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.

I wote my times beere to gight, and away diet;
The firste they, my careful gate to frame:
Enough is me to print out my wofull fit,
And poure my pituous plants out in the same.

The God of Shepheards TITVRVS is dead,
Who t'wixt me homely, as I say, to milke:
He, whilst he liued, was the four-raign head
Of shepheards all, that been with I. ue. y. ke.
Well: outh he wale his woes, and highly flake
The flames, which loue within his hart had bredde,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discutefee,
As messengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And peace her heart with point of worthy wight:
As sice deserues, that wrought to deadly sight.
And thou MENALCAS, that by trechene
Didst vnderfong my Lasse, to weke so gight,
Should'it well be knowae for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witness all of this wicked deede:
And tell the Lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faultlesse feere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleed,
That liues on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBBIROLL.

O carefull COLIN, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faultlesse ROSALINDE, and vnd of grace,
Th'art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rite ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing stappes do you forefloe,
And wet your tender Lammes, 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 *Hobbiroll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adama* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syracus* 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 soyle. This is no poeticall 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, removed out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hills, that is, in the North countrey, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South partes, vvhere he now abideth; vvhich though they be full of hills and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvwoody, and therefore so called: (for *Kantsh* in the Saxons tongue, signifieth vvwoody) yet in respect of the North partes, they be called dales. For indeede, the North is counted the higher countrey.

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 shauclings so fained; vvhich as in other things, so in that, sought to nouell the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time smell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Masse-peny religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distracted into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, beeing tvvofamous 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 timewere froward and wanton, they vvould say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things else) become into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, vve say Elfes and Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, after vvard Earle of Shrewsbury, vvose noblenesse bred such a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defeated and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: Insonuch that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

Many Graces, though there be indeede 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 fate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in his Pageants, saith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid fate, &c.

Haydegues, A countrey 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 laungine 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 struiuing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their Iudge: vvho being corrupted vvith partiall affection, gaue the vvictory to Pan, vvndeferued: for vvhich, Phœbus set a paire
of

of Atlas eares 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 suæ*. i. the God of his life.

To make, to versifie.

O vrbj, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie: he meaneth the fallens of his louer Rotalinde, who forsaking him, had chosen another.

Point of vvorthy wit, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknovne and secret, against vvhom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by false fuggellion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poesie was *Anchora speme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished & turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come: vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.

IVLY.



☞ *Aegloga septima.*

ARGVMENT.

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 thilke same a Goteheard prowde
that sits on yonder banke :
Whose straying heard themselfe doth shrowde
among the bushes ranke ?

MORRELL.

What ho, thou iolli shepheards swaine,
come vp the hill to mee :
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy stocke, an' three.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft :
This reade is rife, that oftentime
great clumbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle :
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fierie-footed teme,
Making his way betwene the Cup
and golden Diademe :
The rampant Lion huats he fast,
with dogges of noisome breath,
Whose balefull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heate
where thou hast couerture :
The wastfull hilles vnto his throat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepheards swaine :
Come downe, and learne the litle what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORRELL.

Siker, thous but a laefie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond termes, and witleffe words
to bierre mine eyes doost thinke.
In euill houre thou heintst in hond
thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred vnto Saints they stoo'd,
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 Mules skill,
saime most what, that they dwell
(As Goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learded vrell.
And wanned not the great God PAN,
vpon mount *Oliues* :
Feeding the blessed stocke of DAN,
which did himselfe beget ?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his stocke 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 PHOEBE laicd,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill,
And sithence shepheards becne forscid
from places of delight :
For thy, I ween thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles hight,
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladies bowre :
But litle needs to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Heere han the holy FAVNES recourse,
and SYLVANES haunten rathc,
Heere has the salt Medway his fourte,
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 meynt.
Here grows *Melampode* euery where,
and *Terbinth*, 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 pearcing leuin,
that seldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,
of heauen to deemen so :
Mow be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer waies I know.
To Kirke the narre, to God more farrc,
has been an old said saw,
And he that strues to touch a starre,
oft stumbles at a straw.
Alfoone may shepheards clime to skie,
that leads in lowly dales :
As Goteheards proud that siting hie,
vpon the mountraine saies.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they need not *Melampode*,
For they been hale enough, itrowe,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted :
Or hke out of the frowie fede,
or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy Saints,
I reuerence and adore :
Not for themselfe, but for the Saings,

which

which haue been dead of yore.
 And now they seen to heauen forwent,
 their goods with them go :
 Then simple onely to vs lent,
 that als we mought do fo.
 Shepheards they were in of the best,
 and heed in lowly leas :
 And sith their foules be now at rest,
 why done we them diseafe ?
 Such one he was (as I haue heard)
 old **ALGRIND**, ofter tane
 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.
 Oſen he vied of his sheepe,
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a Kiddle, now with a sheepe,
 the Altars hallowing.
 So louted he vnto the Lord,
 Such fauour couth he find,
 That neuer fishens was aboard
 the simple shepheards kind.
 And such Tweene the brethren were,
 that came from *Canaan* :
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
 the flocks of mighty **PAN**.
 But nothing such thikke 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 **ARGVS** was,
 With fleshly follies vndeilde,
 and stout as steed of braffe.
 Sike one (said **ALGRIND**) **MOSES** was,
 that saw his Makers face,
 His face more cleare, then crytall 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 east I hote.
 Whilome all the fewere lowe, and leepe,
 and loued their flocks to feede,
 They neuer strouen to be chiefe :
 and simple was their weede.
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 the world is well amend :
 Their weeds bene not so nightly wore,
 such simpleste mought them shend.
 They been yclad in purple and pall,
 so hath their God them blit:
 They raigne and rulen ouer all,

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* Merrels Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

and Lord: as they list:
 Ygen with belts of glitter and gold,
 (mought they good shepheards been)
 Their **PAN** their sheepe to them has sold,
 I say, as tyme haue teene.
 For **PALINODE** (if thou him ken)
 yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 he saw thikke misviage.
 For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
 as Lords done others here :
 Their sheepe han crusts, and they the bread :
 the chips, and they the chere :
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O silly sheepe the while)
 The corne is theirs, let others thresh,
 their hands they may not file.
 They han great store, and thristie flocks,
 great friends, and feeble foes :
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 their boyes can looke to thote.
 These Wifards welter in wealths waucs,
 pumped in pleasures deepe :
 They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flocks to keepe.
 Sike mister men been all misgone,
 they heapen hilles of wrath :
 Sike sile shepheards han we none,
 they keepe all the path.

MORRELL.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling :
 Now siker I see thou doost but clatter :
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou meddest more then shall haue thanke
 to witen shepheards wealth :
 When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
 it is a signe of health.
 But say me, what is **ALGRIND**, he
 that is so oft bynempt ?

THOMASLIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath been long ypent :
 One day he sate vpon a hill,
 (as now thou wouldest mee,
 But I am taught by **ALGRINDS** ill,
 to loue the lowe degree.)
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 an Eagle fored hic,
 That weening his white head was cha'ke
 a shell fish downe let fire.
 She weend the shell fish to haue broke,
 but therewith bruzde his braine :
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 he lies in lingring paine.

MORRELL.

Ah good **ALGRIND**, his hap was ill,
 but thal be better in time :
 Now Erewell 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 seat of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verse,

Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.

Mickle, much.

The sunne: a reason vvhich refused to dwell on the mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hottest moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne makerh 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 which time, the Dog starre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigeth, vvvith 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 bolden chat, to talke and prate.

A loorde, vvas wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitic, Lurdans, i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation vvas so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne back, till the Dane vverecleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, vvhich vvas no lesse then present death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinke, counts much of thy paines.

Weetlesse, not vnderstood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassus aforesaid.

Pan, Christ.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, per *Synecdochen*.

Where Titan, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riseth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

The shepheard, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets saie to haue beene so beloued of Phoebe, i. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept asleepe in a cauby the space of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

There, that is, in Paradise; vvhich, through error of the shepheards vnderstanding, he saith, that all shepheards did vse to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his offspring to be debarred, and shut out from thence.

Sinab, a hill in Arabia, vvhich God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleasure so called.

Fusnes, or Syluanes, be of Poets saied 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 becaute he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

Mint, mingled. *Melampode*, and *Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diseased Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terebinthou tragoon eskaton acremonia.

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:

Feriantque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, a losell.

A borrell, a plaine fellow.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Tede, go.

Frowye, multie or mossie.

Of yore, long ago.

Forewent, gone afore.

The first shepheard, vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. i. his flocke.

Lovted, did honour and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were shepmaisters, and liued together 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 solfred of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

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 Trojans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vvas the cause of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the most famous Cittie 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, lo: 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 Idolatrie.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vvhich vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

Belts, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, vsed sometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioli. Goore.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, a shepheard, of vvwhose report he seemeth to speake all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, vvallow.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, such kind of men.

Sarly, stately and proude.

Melling, medling.

Bert,

Best, Better. *Benempt*, named. *Gree*, for degree.
Algrind, the name of a shepheard afore said, vvhose mishappe he alludeth to the
 chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

Embleme.

By this poeie 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 core, he taketh occasion to praise the meane & lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of old Philosophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midst, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For, they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaferth 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. PERIGOT. CYDDY.

TELL me PERIGOT, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne fine out of frame?
Or hath the Cramp thy ioynts benund 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 so bestid?
Whilome thou wast per gall 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 learned a new daunce:
My old musick made by a new mischaunce.

WILLY.

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That to hath raft vs of our meriment:
But rede me, what paine doth thee to appall?
Or louest thou, or becom thy younglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings and mee:
I pine for paine, and they my plaint to see.

WILLY.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thrive:
Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight:
But and if times with me thou dare striae,
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 dared.

WILLY.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchafed many a faire sight,
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warre:
And ouer them spread a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Irie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheards swaine,
To save the innocent from the beafts pawes:
And heere with his sheepooke hash him blaine.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer seene?
Well mought it becom any haueit Queene.

PERIGOT.

There to will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my stocke there nis sike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dame:
But COLIN CLOVY raft me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field:
Sore aganst my will was I forst to yeld.

WILLY.

Siker make like account of his brother,
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgroom, and none other,
Which ouer the pouffe hitherward doth post.

WILLY.

But for the Sunne beame to fore doth vs beate,

Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILLY: then fit thee downe swaine:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou; but COLIN sing.

CYDDY.

GINNE, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards swaine:
Sike a iudge, as CYDDY, were for a king.

PER. I T fell vpon a holy eue,

WILL. hey ho holiday,

PER. When ho holiday wont to shriue:

WILL. now ginneeth this roundelay.

PER. Sitting vpon a hill so hie,

WILL. hey ho the high hill,

PER. The while my stocke did feede thereby,

WILL. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:

PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibowe:

WILL. hey ho Bombell,

PER. Tripping ouer the dale alone,

WILL. she can trip it very well.

PER. Well decked in a flock 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 chaplet,

PER. Of sweet Violets therein was store,

WILL. she sweeter then the Violet.

PER. My sheepe did leaue their wanted foode,

WILL. hey ho seely sheepe,

PER. And gazde on her, as they were wood,

WILL. wood as he, that did them keepe.

PER. As the bouillasse passed by,

WILL. hey ho bouillasse,

PER. She rove at me with glauncing eye,

WILL. as cleare as the crystill glasse:

PER. All as the sunny beame so bright,

WILL. hey ho the sunne beame,

PER. Glaunceth 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 light some lewin shroudes,

WILL. so cleaues thy soule a sunder:

PER. Or as Dame CYNTHIAS siluer ray,

WILL. hey ho the Moone light,

PER. Vpon the glittering waue doth play:

WILL. such play is a pittious plight.

PER. The glance into my heart did glide,

WILL. hey ho the glider,

PER. Therewith my soule was sharply gride,

WILL. such wounds soone wexen wide.

PER. Hastig to raunch the arrowe out,

WILL. hey ho PERIGOT,

PER. I kist the head in my hart roote:

WILL. it was a desperate shot.

PER. There it rankleth aye more and more,

WILL. hey ho the arrow,

PER. Ne can I find salue for my fore:

WILL. loue is a carekelle sorrow.

PER. And though my bale with death I be w^ocht,

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, she shall be mine.
 WILL. but if thou can her obtaine,
 PER. And if for gracelesse grieue I die,
 WILL. hey ho gracelesse grieue,
 PER. Witnesse, the flue me with her eye,
 WILL. let thy folly be the priefe.
 PER. And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
 WILL. hey ho the faire flock,
 PER. For priefe 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 rundle neuer heard I none,
 Little lacketh PERIGOT of the best,
 And WILLYE is not greatly ouer-gone,
 So weren his vnder-songs well adrest.

WILLY.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye,
 Areode 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 Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleased with the doome:
 Ne can WILLYE write the witelesse heardgrome.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beautil I weene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beautil Queene.

CVDDY.

But tell me shepheards, should it not yshead
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
 Of ROSALINDE, (who knows not ROSALINDE?)
 That COLIN made: ylike can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
 With mery thing its good to muddle sad.

WILLY.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrowne be
 In COLINs steed, if thou this song areed:
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
 As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then listen each 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 resound:
 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.
 Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
 The Forrest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow Echo of my careful cries,
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
 Whose wailefull wants debar mine eyes of sleepe.
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:
 Let all that sweet is, void: and all that may augment
 My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,
 Beene the wilde woods, my sorrowes to resound,
 Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
 When I them see to waste, and find no part
 Of pleasure past. Heere will I dwell apart
 In gaitfull 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 baneful birds, whose shrieking sound
 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 craveth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrksome yellies augment.
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,
 I vowed haue to waste, till safe and sound
 She home returne, whose voices siluer sound
 To cheerfull songs can change my cheerelesse cries.
 Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment
 The memory of his misdeed, that bred her woe.
 And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,
 Let breake your soulder sleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.

O 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.

G L O S S E.

Bestad, disposed, ordered
Raft, becraft, dispersed.
 to Virgill:
Peregall, equall.
Misfunt, gone allray.
Wulome, once.
Ill may, according

Infra h' femp' ovu' ortu.

A Mazer, So also doe The Roman and Virgil reigne pledges of their strife.

Enchafed, engrave. For picture of things euery where vith Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which purpose he is called, he by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Creek, signifieth any shape or picture of any thing, wherof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guess, that they be called, not Idyllia, but *Hadina*, of the God, hearke in them.

Entrailed, wrought betwene.

Haruest Queene, The manner of country folke in haruest time.

Pouffe, Pease.

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 vp rightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deserueth no lesse praise, then hee giueth her.

Greet, vweeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland like a crowne.

Leunn, Lightning.

Cynthia, vv as said to be the Moone.

Cryde, pearced.

But if, not vnlesse.

Squint eye, partiall iudgement.

Each haue,

so saith Virgil:

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Dooe, iudgement.

Dempt, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.

The shepheard of Ida, vv as said to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to vvhom Paris ad iudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeie claiming the conquest, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cause, and Patron of his ovvne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due: saying, that he is happie vv which can: fo abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vv in the best, or moderate himselfe beeing best, and leaue off with the best.

September.



Aegloga nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, & loose liuing of popish Prelates, by occasion of Hobbinolls demaund, 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 wightly past,
And now at earst the darke night doth hast.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee so dight?
Nouer I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the faire flocke, thou wast wont to leade?
Or been they chaffred? or at mischief dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee most letfe,
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:
Sike question rippeth vp cause of new woe;
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but sorrow close shrowded in hart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare:
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wax cleare.
And now sithence I saw thy head laif,
Thrice three Moones been fully spent and past:

Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandred weele 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 tolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor jolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coasts men said, was plentie:
And so there is, but all of misery.
I denipt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countries where I haue been,
No becing for those, that truly meane:
But for such as of guile maken gaine,
No such countrey as there to remaine.
They fetten to sale their flocks of thame,
And maken a marke. of their good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And laye o baites to beguile her brother.
Or they will Luy his sheepe forth of the rore,
Or they will caruen the thers phoeds thore.
The shepheards swaine was a no more with them,
But it be by his pride, from other men.

They

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bate,
And bearen the crugge so stiffe and so state,
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke,

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I am so stiffe and so flauke,
That vnneath may I stand any more:
And now the Westerne wind bioweth fore,
That is in his chiefe foucraigne,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sit we downe here 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 cast 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 vnouth:
So lost the dogge the best in his mouth.
My feely sheepe (ah feely sheepe)
That hereby 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 taught,
That seldome change the better brought.
Content who liues with tried state,
Need feare no change of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitcht,
With vaine desire, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth a greater, when it is farre:
I thought the foyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote it is nothing fish.
For either the shepheard been idle and still,
And led of their sheepe, what way they will:
Or they been false, and full of coueise,
And casten to compasse many wrong Emprise.
But more been fraught with fraude and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:
But kundle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke againe to quench,
Wish holy wat, as they doen hem all drech,
They say they con to heauen the high way:
But by my soule I doe 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.
Mury that great PAN bought with great barrow,
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 gang alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I pray thee speake not io dirke,
Such myter saying meefemeth to mirke,

DIGGON.

Then plainly to speake of shepheard 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 shepheard is beauly and bloont,
Other faire, but how truly I note,
All for they holden shame of their cote.
Some flicke not to fay (hote cole on her tongue)
That sike mischief grafeth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To decke her Dame, and a corich her here:
For such encheafon, if you goe nic,
Few chimnyes recken you shall epie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the stall,
Is now fast stilled in her crumenall.
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 Basan 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 winke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke,
Yet better leaue off with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to keese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Now DIGGON, I see thou speakest too plaine:
Bitter it were, a little to faime,
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured,
But of sike Pastors how done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheard, sike been her sheepe,
For they will listen to the shepheard's 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 mischief fall,
And been of rauenous vvolumes yrent,
All for they could be buxome and beat.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that since the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the foorth to faime,
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine,

DIGGON.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wif,
 And with sheeces clothing doen hem disguise.
 They talke not widely as they were woont,
 For feare of raungers and the great hount:
 But priuily prolling to and fro,
 Enaunter they mought beinly 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 heedy shepheards to discern their face:
 For all their craft is in their countenance,
 They been so graue, and full of mainteenance.
 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 betright.
 He is so mecke, wif, and merciable,
 And with his word his worke is conuenable.
 COLIN CLOY I weene be his selfe boy,
 (Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
 Shepheards sich, God mought vs many fend,
 That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:
 He has a dogge to biteor to bark,
 Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,
 That wake-th, and if but a lease fur.
 Whilome there wouid a weacked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
 And euer at night wont to repaire
 Vnto the flock, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Yclad in clothing of feely sheepe,
 When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had est learned a cures 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 wif, and as ARGV'S cied)
 And when at euen he came to the flock,
 Fast in their folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Woolfe in his countertfeit cote,
 And let out the sheeces blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry DIGGON, what should him affray

To take his owne where euer it lay?
 For had his weatand been a little wider,
 He would haue deuoured both hiddor 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 beaft aboute all,
 And eke had he cond the shepheards call:
 And oft in the night came to the sheepecote,
 And called Lowder, with a hollowe throte,
 As if the old mans selfe had been,
 The dogge his maisters voice did it ween,
 Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,
 And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
 No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
 Fast by the hilde the Wolfe Lowder caught:
 And had not ROFFY renne to the steuen,
 Lowder had been flaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
 All for he did his denoier belitue.
 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 fittes 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 bene of flesh, men as other bee,
 Why should we be bound so such miserie?
 What-euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
 Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale
 Nought eafeth the care, that doth me forthale,
 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:
 Nethelisse thou seest my lowly faile,
 That froward fortune doth euer auail.
 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 ligge in a veteby bed,
 Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,
 DIGGON on few such friends did euer litte.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomevvhat to differ from the common. The cauſe vvhereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the partie heerein meant, vvho beeing verie friend to the Authour heereof, had bene long in forreine countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvich he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde 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.

Wightly, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaffred*, ſold. *Dead at miſchiefe*, an vnſuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe, Deare. *Eibe*, ealie. *Thrice three Moones*, nine Moneths. *Meaſured*, for trauailed.

Wae, vvoe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Caruen*, cut. *Kenne*, knowe. *Cragge*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, vvearie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvich is in the end of harueſt, vvich they call the fall of the leafe: at vvich time the Weſterne wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mocke Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

Lorne, left. *Soots*, ſvvet. *Vnconth*, vnknowne. *Heerby*, there, heere and there.

As the bright, tranſlated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterpriſe. Per Syncepen.

Contecke, ſtriſe. *Trode*, path.

Marris that, that is, their foules, vvich by Popiſh Exorcifmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe. *Crumenall*, purſe. *Brace*, compalle. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Ouergraſt*, ouergrowne vvith graſſe. *Galage*, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the vvhole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.

Saxon King. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. VVhich King cauſed all the VVolues, vvhereof then vvvas ſtore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroied. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue been Wolues heere found, vnleſſe they vvere 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 vvont to be an old prouerbe and common phraſe. The originall vvhereof vvvas, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvich remained long after in miſbeliefe, and vnchriſtened: So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt. Executing of lawes and iuſtice.

Enaunter, leall that. *Inly*, invvardly: aforſaid.

Privy or pert, openly ſaith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepherd in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Whō he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernance of his flock.

Colin Clout. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authors ſeſe, vvhoſe eſpecial good friend Hobbinoll ſaith hee is, or more rightly Maſter

Gabriell Haruey: of vvhose especial commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but specially in his *Musarum Lacryme*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*: vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie; afterward, presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeit names: as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Old Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of *Roffy*, seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But vvhat, I certainly know not.

Woned, haunted.

Welkin, skye, aforefaid.

A weaned waste, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and shidder, he and she, Male and Female.

Stenen, noise.

Belime, quickly.

What euer, Ouids verse translated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durable 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, he 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 Poësie I know, to haue been much vsed of the *Author*, and to such like effect, as first *Narcissus* spake it.





☞ *Aegloga decima.*

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddy is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially having beene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and beeing indeed so worthy and comendable an art; or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthousiasmos*, and celestiall inspiration, as the Author heereof elswhere at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet: which booke beeing lately come to my hands, I mind also by Gods grace, vpon further aduisement to publish.

PIERS.

CVDDY, for shame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And weare this long lingring *PHOEBVS* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to lead,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDY.

PIERS, I haue piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oaten reedes been rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.
Such pleasure makes the Grasshopper so poore,
And ligge so laid, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,
To feed yourthes fanfic, and the flocking fry,

CVDDY.

Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, a slender prise.
I beat the bush, the birds to them doe flie:
What good thereof to CVDDY can arise?

PIERS.

CVDDY, the praise is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an honour is it, to restrain
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
Or pricke 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 rural routs to thee do cleaue!
Seemeth tho doost the cit soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame

From PLYTOES balefull Bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish bound did tame.

C V D D Y.

So prayen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright ARGVS blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words been winde, and waften soone in vaine.

P I E R S.

Abandon then the base and viler clowe,
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 ELISA rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduance the worthy whom she loueth best,
That first the white Beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger founds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustiehead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,
All were ELISA one of thilke fame ring,
So mought our C V D D I E S name to heauen sound.

C V D D Y.

Indeed the Romish TITTYVS, I heare,
Through his M E C O E N A S left his Oaten reed,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely care,
And erst did sing of warres and deadly deed,
So as the heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! M E C O E N A S is yclad in clay,
And great AVGVSTVS long ygoe is dead:
And all the Worthies liggens 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 budde of Poëtic,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote againe:

Or it mens follies more to force to faime,
And roll with rest in rimcs of ribaudy:
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

P I E R S.

O peerlesse poëtic, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes palace thou doost sit
(And yet is Princes palace the most fit)
Ne breift of baser birth doth thee in brace:
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wir,
And, whence thou camst, fie back to heauen space.

C V D 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 peeced pigeons been not so in plight,
For C O L I N fits such famous flight to canne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

P I E R S.

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lifts him vp out of the loathsome 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.

C V D D Y.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse waightie prise,
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:
Let powre in lawish cups and thristie bits of meate.
For B A C C H Y S fruit is friend to P H O E B Y S wife:
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rife.

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 Girlonds of wilde luic twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint 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 affride,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

P I E R S.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide,
C V D D Y shall haue a Kiddle 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 niggardise toward Poets, in vvhom is the povver to make men immortall for their good deedes, or shamefull for their noughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

Cuddy. I doubt vvwhether by Cuddy be specified the Authours selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person vvvas brought in, singing a Cansion of Colins making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whylonie, sometime.

Oaten reedes, Aucnæ.

Ligge so laid, lye so faint and vnlustic.

Dapper, pretic.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To reframe. This place seemeth to conspire vvith Plato, vvho in his first booke de *Legibus* saith, that the first inuention of Poetrie vvvas of very veruous intent. For at vvhat time an infinit number of youth vsually came to their great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvwhich they vsed every 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 fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or suchlike. At vvwhose vvonderfull gift all men beeing astonid, and as it vvwere rauished vvith delight, thinking (as it vvvas indeed) that he vvvas inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: vvwhich kinde of men aftrvvward, framing their verses to lighter musick (as of Musicke there be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some marriall, some heroicall: and so diuerly 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.

Senfereauie. 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 vvvas 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 vvhom vvhen as Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he vvvas 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 vvvar (for that musick is very vvvar-like.) And immediatly, vvhen as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvvas so far from vvarring, that he sat 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 mollific and quench the kindly courage, vvwhich vseth to burne in our young breasts. So that it is not incredible vvwhich the Poet heer saith, that the musick can breauce the soule of sense.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of vvhom 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 avvay; 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, vv hereof 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 Soucraigne, vv whom (as before) he calleth *Eliſa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiuallry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvorthy of his paines in their deſcrued praises, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I gheſſe) the most honorable and renowned the Earle of Leicester, vv whom by his cognifance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraich, being not likly that the names of vvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

Slack, that is, vv hen thou changeſt thy verſe to ſtately courſe, to matter of more pleaſance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce.

Ring, company of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tyrus, vv ell knevv noble Virgil, vv ho by Mecenas meanes vv as brought into the fauour of the Emperour Auguſtus, and by him mooued to write in loftier kind, then he earſt had done.

Whereon: in theſe three verſes are the three ſeueral vvorke of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Aeglogue. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In ſinging of vv arres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

In ſcrring do, in manhood and chiuallric.

For euer. He ſheveth the cauſe vv hy Poets vv erewont to be had in ſuch honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vv oorthineſſe and valour ſhould through their famous poeſies be commended to all poſterities. Wherefore it is ſaid, that Achilles had neuer been ſo famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verſes, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vv ith naturall teares bleſſed him, that euer it vv as his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets vv orke, as ſo renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. Vv hich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe worthily ſet forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Aleſſandro à la famosa tomba,

Del fero Achillo ſoſpirando diſſe

O fortunato che ſi chiaro tromba Trouaſti, &c.

And that ſuch account hath been alway made of Poets, as vv ell ſheweth this, that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vv arres againſt Carthage and Numantia, had euermore in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good old Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, vv hen he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vv as borne in that City, not onely commaunded ſtraightly, that no man ſhould vpon paine of death, do any violence to that houſe, or otherwiſe: but also ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly reuarded that vv ere 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 ranſacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookes of Homers vv orke, as laid vp there for ſpeciall Jewels & riches: vv hich 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 idleneſſe and baſeneſſe

nelle of mind.

Pent, shut vp in sloth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironicall Sarcastmus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvwhich make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.

Her peeceed pinions, vnperfect skill :

Spoken vvith humble modestie.

As foote as Swanne. The comparison seemeth to be strange : for the swan hath euer vvonne small commendation for her svveet singing : but it is said of the learned, that the Swanne a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her neere destinie, as vvell saith the Poet elswhere in one of his Sonets :

The siluer Svvan doth sing before her dying day,

As she that feeles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

Immortal mirror, Beautie, vvwhich 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 caytine courage, A bale and abiect mind.

For lostie loue. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath been alwaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitareth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum P'escit.*

Lauisb cupr, Resembleth the common verse, *Fecundi calices que non fecere disertu.*

O if my: 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 staues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Iuie.

In buskin. It vvas the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vvere buskins, as also in Comedies to vsf socks and light shoes. So that the buskin in poetrie, is vsf for tragical matter, as is said in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua caruina digna cothurno*. And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nique cothurno*.

Queint, strange. Bellona the goddesse of battell, that is Pallas: vvwhich may therefore vvell be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter her father vvas in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to heaw his head. Out of vvwhich leaped out lustily a valiant Damself armed at all points : vvhom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curesse, vvwhich the Lady disdainig, shaked her speare at him, and threatened his faucincise. Therefore such strangeness is vvell applied to her.

Equipage, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper and order. For charmes vvere wont to be made by verses, as Ouid saith: *Aut si carminibus*.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this *Eglogue*, 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, wherof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

November.



Aegloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth 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 asleepe through loues misgouernaunce,
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
Among the shepherds swaines may aye remaine:
Whether thee list thy loued Lasse aduaunce,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, now tis the time of mery-make,
Nor PAN to heric, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or Sommer shade, vnder the cocked hay.
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,
And PHOEBVS weary of his yeerly taske,
Ytablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken vp his Inne in Fishes haske,
Thilke sullen season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doost praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youth and sommer dayes,
But if thou algate lust light viresayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepe long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:
And I, vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie:
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han been wared 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 feason chill,
Accord not with thy Mutes meriment:
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deaths decrement.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and dirent,
DIDO the great shepard his daughter sheene:
The fairest May she was that cuer went,
Her like she has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and rufull been,
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complain,

Much

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,
Then Kid or Collet, which I thee becompt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine.
Let not my small demand be fo contempt,

COLIN.

THE NOT, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt,
But ah! too vvell I wote my humble vaine,
And how my rimes been rugged and vnkennt:
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

VP then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muse of
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore: (nine,
Vp grisly ghosts, and vp my ruffull rime,
Matter of mirth now shalt thou haue no more:
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore,

DID 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 verfe.

Shepheard, 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 verfe.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)

Whose better daies death hath shut vp in woe?

The fairest floure our girlond all among,

Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no mo

The songs that COLIN made you in her praise,

But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heaue herfe:

Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,

O carefull verfe.

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 most auaille,

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 verfe.

She while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saue)

For beauties praise and pleasure had no peere:

So well the youth the shepheards entertaine,

With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere,

Ne would the leorne the simple shepheards swaine:

For she would call him often heaue,

And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.

O heaue herfe:

Als COLIN CLOUT she would not once disdain,

O carefull verfe.

But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heauey chauce,

Such pleasure now displast by dolours dint:

All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,

And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blewes 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 verfe.

O thou great shepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy

Where bin the nesegnes that she dyght for thee? (griefe)

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rushings, and gilt Rosemarge?

For shee deemed nothing too decree for thee.

Ah, they been all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herfe,

Thereof nought remains but the memoree,

O carefull verfe.

Aye me that dreerie death should strike so mortal stroke,

That can vndoe Dame Natures kindly course:

The faded locks fall from the lostic Oke,

The fouds do gaspe, for dried is their fource,

And fouds of teares flowe in their stead performe.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Their sundry colours tounne.

O heaue herfe,

The heaues doe melt in teares without remorfe,

O carefull verfe.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:

The beatts in Forrest waile as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring theepe:

Now sheeis gone that safely did hem keepe.

The Turtle on the bared branch,

Lamepts the wound, that death did launche,

O heaue herfe:

And PHLOMELLE her song with teares doth steepe,

O carefull verfe.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing & daunce,

And for her girlond Othe branches beare,

Now balefull boughs of Cypres done aduance:

The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,

Now byppen bitter Eldre branches scere:

The small sisters eke repent,

Her vitall threed so soone was spent.

O heaue herfe,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with heauey cheare,

O carefull verfe.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope

Of mortall men, that twinke and sweat for nought,

And

And shooting wide, doth misse the marked cope:
 Now haue I learn'd (a lesson deere bought)
 That nis on earth assurance to be sought:
 For what might be in earthly mould,
 That did her buried body bound?
 O heaue herle,
 Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought,
 O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
 And gates of hell, and fiere furies force:
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule vnbodyed of the burdenous corpe.
 Why then weepes **L O V E** fo without remorse?
 O **L O V E**, thy losse no longer lament,
 D **I D O** nis dead, but into heauen hent:
 O happy herle,
 Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes source,
 O ioyfull verse.

Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with plaints,
 As if some cull 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 herle,
 Mig' it I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verse.

Vnwife and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of fill desert:
 But knew we fooles, what it vs brings untill
 Die would we daily, once it to expert.
 No danger there the shepheard can after:
 Faire fields and pleasant layes there beene,
 The fields aye fresh, the graffe aye greene:
 O happy herle,
 Make haste ye shepheards, thither to reuert,
 O ioyfull verse.

D I D O is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next)
 There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse:
 There drinks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
 And ioyes enioyes, 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 herle,
 Cease now my long, my woe now waisted is,
 O ioyfull verse.

T H E N O Y.

Aye franke shepheard, how been thy verses meint
 With dolefull pleasance, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint?
 Thine be the Coffer, vrell hast thou it gotte,
 Vp **C O L I N**, vp, ynough thou mourned hast:
 Now giues to mizzle, hic we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort my mord.

GLOSSE.

Iouysaunce, mirth. *Souenannce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.
Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone beeing in the vvanec, is said
 of Lidgate to vvelk.
In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth of Nouember, when the Sunne
 draweth lovve in the South, toward the Tropick or returne.
In fishes haske, the Sun raigned, that is, in the signe Pifces, all Nouember: a haske
 is a wicker ped, wherein they vse to carry fish.
Virelayes, a light kind of song.
Bewetred: for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muses Well, *Ca-*
stalias, vvhcreof was before sufficiently said.
Dreiment, dreery and heaue cheere.
The great shepheard, is some man of high degree, and not as some vainly suppose,
 God Pan. The perfon 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.
Guerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed. *Teens*, sorrow.
Coffer,

Coffet, a lambe brought vp vvithout the damme. *Vukempt*, Incompti. Not combed, that is, rude and vnhandfome.

Melpomene. The fad and vvailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour & Tragedies: as saith Virgil;

Melpomene tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.

Vp grieisly ghosts. The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies & damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.

Waste of, decay of so beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

Ab vvoby, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long ago.

Floret, a diminutive for a little flowre. This is a notable and sententious comparison, *A minore ad maius*.

Reline not, liue not againe .i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen they receiue their due reward.

The branch. He meaneth Dido: vvho beeing as it vvere the maine branch novv withered; the buds, that is, beautie (as he said afore) can no more flourish.

Wish cakes, fit for shepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or stained.

The gaudie. The meaning is, that the things which vvere 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 loue and deere friend of Dido.

Rush-rings, agreeable for such base gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the sundry flovvvers 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 vvould haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For, gifts of vvirt, and naturall promptnesse, appear in him abundantly.

Cypres, vsed of the old paynims in the furnishing of their funerall pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrov and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Erebus and the Night, vvhom the Poets faine to spinne the life of man, as it vvore a long thred, vvith which they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come; but if by otherv 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 bannat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occidit.

O trustlesse. 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 faine to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, vvich are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischiefe.

Everall night, is death, or darknesse of hell.

Retight, happened.

I see. A lively Icon or presentation, as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fields, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, vvhether the happy soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

Die would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Aster, befall vvvvarcs.

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.

Moynt, mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature vve be borne to die, and being ripened vvvith age, as vvvith timely haruest, we must be gathered in time, or else of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet said before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespassse of the first man brought death into the vvorlde, as the guerdon of sinne, yet becing overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth vvell vvvith that vvas said, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.





Ægloga duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue (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, vwhen 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 shepheard fate besides a spring,
 All in the shadow of a bushie Breere,
 That COLIN might, which well could pipe and
 For he of TITVRVS his songs did leere. (sing,
 There as he fate in secret shade alone,
 Thus gan he make of louc his pitious mone.

O soueraigne PAN, thou God of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Dooft saue from mischiefe the vnwarie sheepe.
 Als of their waisters 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, runde to shepheards Oaten reed,
 Or if I euer Sonnet sung so cleare,
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feed)
 Harken awhile from thy greene Cabinet,
 The lawrell song of carefull 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 mazie thicket,
 And gather nuts to make me Christmas game:
 And ioyed oft to chase the trembling Pricket,
 Or hunt the hart esse: Hare, till she were tame.
 What reeked I of wintry ages waite?
 Tho deemed I my spring would euet last.

How often haue I scal'd the craggie Oke,
 All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
 How haue I wearied with many a stroke,
 The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
 Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
 For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

F 2.

And

And for I was in thilke same loofer yeeres,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth:
Or I too much belieu'd my sheheard peeres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

A good old sheheard, WRENOC was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With sheheards swaine, what-euer fed in field:
And if that H O B B I N O L L right iudgement bare,
To P A N his owne selfe pipe I need not yeeld.

For if the flocking Nymphes did follow P A N,
The wifer Muses after C O L I N ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaid,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he noue)
My hurrielse pleasance did me ill vpbraid,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to mone.

Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better thought they haue behote him Hate.

The gan my louely spring bid me farewell,
And summer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.

A comert sturd 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 chule my wandring way:
But whither lucke and loues vnbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.

The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The woods can witnesse many a wofull stoure.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieftly Todeestooke growne there mought I see,
And loathing Paddocks fording on the same.

And where the chaunting birds luld me asleep,
The ghastly Owle her grieuous Inne doth keepe.

Then as the spring gines place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of summers pride:
All to my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper reason selfe applide:

And learn'd of lighter timber, cotes to frame,
Such as might laue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
Was better seen, or hurtfull 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 fits, & 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 corage the reflexse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise 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 fore hart roote,
Whole rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
Why liu' 'st thou full, & yet hast thy deaths wound?
Why diest thou full, and yet aliue art found?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted:
Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:
The care that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the feed, that in my youth was fowne,
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 crift,
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 girlond light?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote:
Sike follies now haue gathered, as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
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 threshed 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 waucting 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 vvinter 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 nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes old hath pight:
My head besprent with hoarie frost I find,
And by mine eye the crowe his claw doth wright.
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,
No sunne now shines, clouds han all ouer-cast.

Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this found:
Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,
Was neuer pipe of reed did better sound.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me most lief:
Let me, sh let me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breed you greater grife,
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 vvittnesse were:
Adiew good H O B B I N O L L, that was so true,
T E L R O S A L I N D E, her C O L I N bids her adiew.

Colins Embleme.

G L O S S E.

Tytirus, Chaucer, as hath been oft said.

Lamkins, young lambes.

Als of their, seemely to expresse Virgils verse;

Pan curat oves omniūque magistros.

Deigne, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, Colinet, diminutiues.

Mazie, for they be like 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 starr, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.

Venus, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is heere taken. So he meaneth, that beautie, 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.

Sal, or fallow, a kind of vvood like vvillow, fit to wreathe and bind in heapes to catch fish vvithall.

Phæbes sailes, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is a]waies in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus, i. Venus starr, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starrs, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starrs, 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, vvho (as it is said in Liuius) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes. That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, vvell appeareth by the common working of the in our bodies, as also by the wonderfull enchauntments 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, knovvest.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, losse, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone.

This is my, The third part, vvhether

is set forth his ripe yceres, as an vntimely haruest that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, vvherein our Poet is seene: be they witness vvhich are priuie to his studie.

So now my ycere. The last part, vvherein is described his age, by comparison of vvintrie stormes. *Carefull cold,* for care is said to coole the bloud.

Glee, mirth.

Hoarie frost, A metaphor of hoarie haire, scattered

like a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe 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 *Eglogues*. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship & good vvil to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning vvhreeof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but vvorke 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 vvight and importance) boldly saith;

Exegi monumentum are perennium,

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 keele in strength, and time in durance shall out-weare:

And if I marked well the starres reuolution,

In shall continue till the vvorlde dissolution,

To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his sheepe,

And from the falsers fraude his folded stocke to keepe.

Goe little Calender, thou hast a free passport:

Goe but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort.

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,

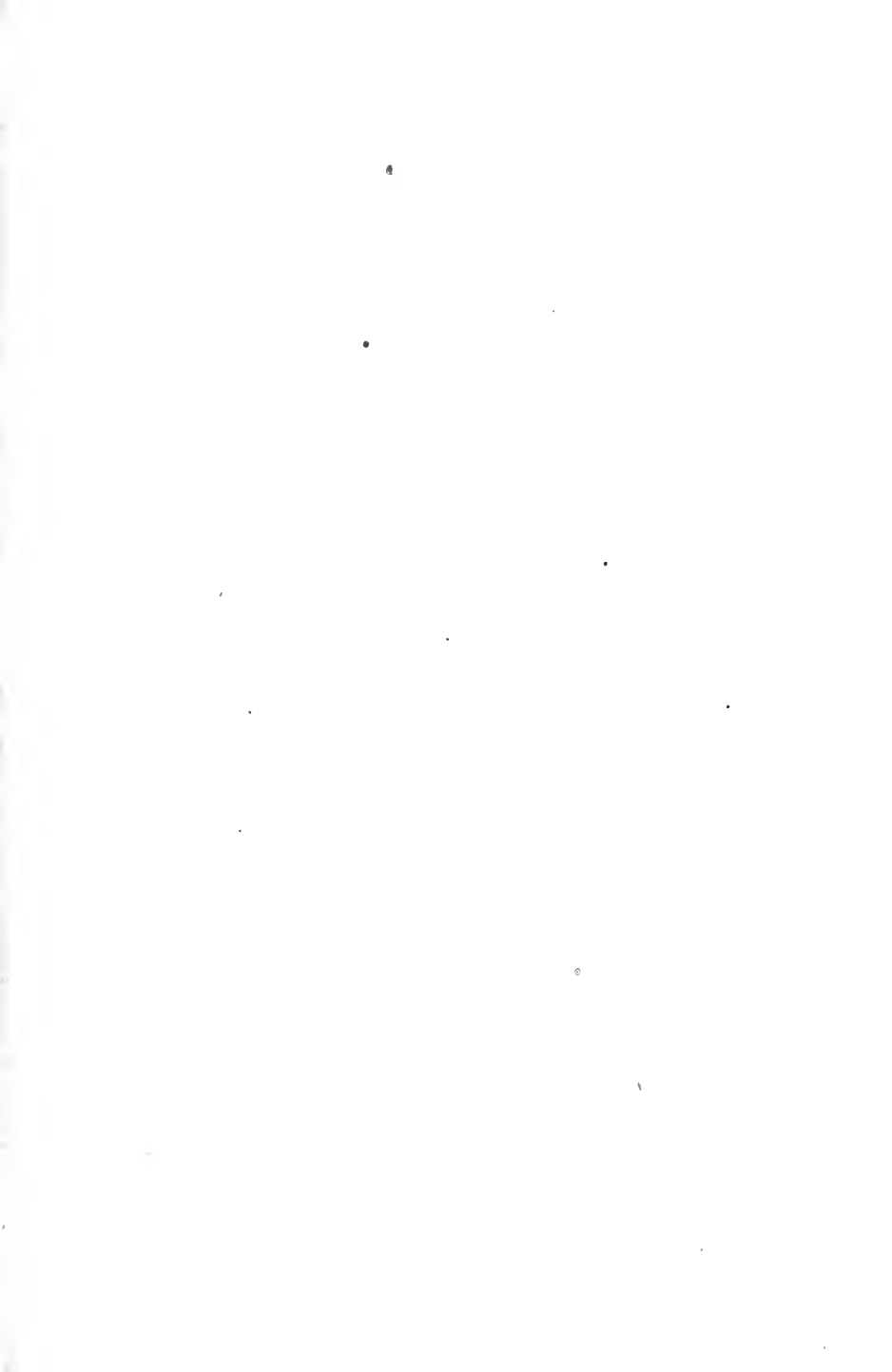
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:

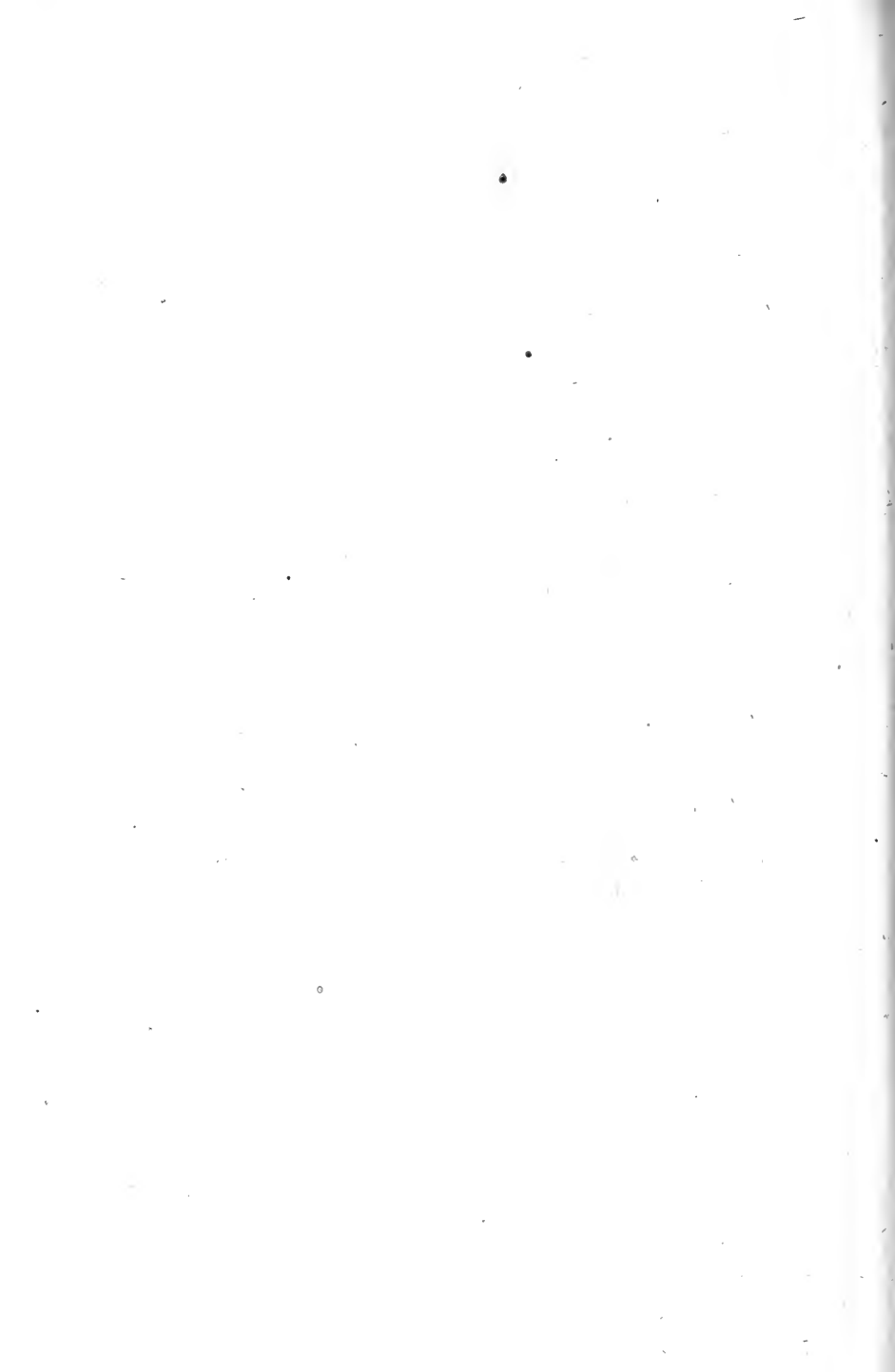
But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,

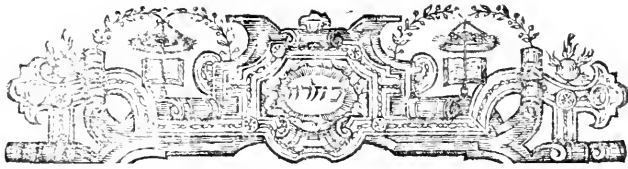
The better please, the worse displease: I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

FINIS.

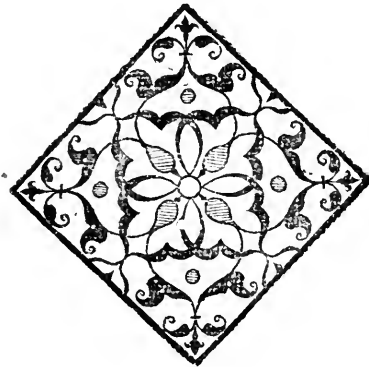






COLIN CLOVTS
COME HOME
AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*



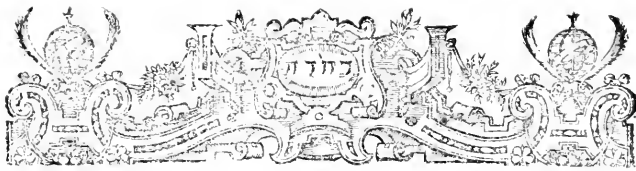
AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
COMING OF THE
MAGI

BY JOHN BUNYAN



LONDON:
Printed by J. Sturges, in the Strand.



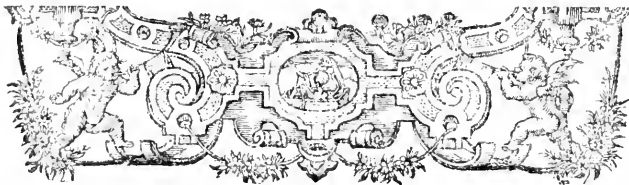
TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-
neries, and Lieutenant of the Countie
of Cornwall.

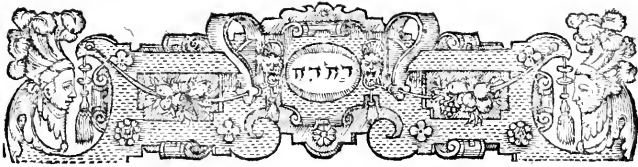


IR, that you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull, though not precisely officious; I make you present of this simple Pastorall. vnworthy of your higher conceipt for the meaneesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance 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 fundry good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenance protect against the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.





COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

THE shepheards boy (best known by that name)
That after **TITVRVS** first sung his lay,

Lazes 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 eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skall,
Like hartlesse Deare, dismaid with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him: and sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groom was hee,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd his shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight **HOBBINOLL**) gan thus to him areed:

COLIN, my life, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse:
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hie,
Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe.
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 ceplaine:
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 so painefull to repeat
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 he mens fairest light,
My mind full of my thoughts faticie,
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 an remembrance of that glorious bright,

My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternal treasure,
Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Muse awake,
Till I haue told her praises lasting long:
HOBBIN desires, thou must it not forsake,
Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song.

With that, they all gan throng about him neare;
With hungry eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,
Did round about them feede at libertie.

One day (quoth he) I fate (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of **MOLE**, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
Of the Greene alders by the **MYLEAES** shore:
There a strange shepheard chaunt to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
Whom when I aske'd from what place he came,
And how he lighted in my esse he did ycelepe,
The shepheard of the **OCEAN** by name,
And said he came to counte on my sea deepe.
He fitting me of this tale he thus did say,
Prouoked me to playe from pleasing fit,
And when he heard the musick which I made,
He found himselfe thus gladly to beate:
Yet, murthering an, on the shore he found
My pipe, I sate there long, as I may,
And playd the sweetest musicke that the shee could
I made it with such heart as any.
He piped, I sang, and with the song, I piped,
By this we got our selues each our being other merry,
Neither enuying each other, nor enuid,
So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.

These intreats came to him, a honny traine,
That **CYDDY** night, him thus awoke, be'palse:
And should hee not thy ready course refraine,
I would requet thee **COLIN**, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did play.
Forwell I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or the rill lay,
Or caroll made to praise thy loued Lasse.

Nor of my loue, nor of my Lasse, quoth he,
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desert choole to dwell.
But of my riuier **BREGGOS** loue I song,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

Which to the shiny M V L L A he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and cuer will, so long
As water doth within his banks appeare.

Of fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,
Record to vs that loosely lay againe:
The stav whereof, shall nought these cares annoy,
Who all that C O L I N makes, do couet faine.

Hearc then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In fort as I it to that sheheard tolt?
No leasing new, nor Grand: msfable stile,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

Old father M O L E, (M O L E hight that mountain gray

That wal's the Northside of A R M V L L A dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flowre of May,
Whose haire 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 courte has charge,
That springing out of M O L E, doth run downe right
To B Y T E V A N T, whercspreading 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 craged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To traucellers, which it from farre behold.
Full faine she'ou'd, and was belon'd full faine.

Of her owne brother riuier, B R E G O G hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with M V L L A wrought to win delight.

But her old fire, more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which A L L O hight, Broad-water called farre:

And wrought so well with his continual paine,
That he that riuier 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 G did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her first to wedde.

But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from farre obseru'd with ieaalous eye,
Which way his courte the wanton B R E G O G bent,

Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watcht, the other might

Passc vnespide 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 loue enioy:
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 aunge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which en comber 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 E 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 sheheard sing?
For I doe couet most the same to heare,
As men vse most to couet forraine thing.

That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindeesse, and of vjage hard,
Of C Y N T H I A the Lady of the Sea,

Which from her presence, faultlesse him debar'd,
And cuer and anon with singlets rise,
He cried out, to make his vnder song,
Ah my loues Queene, and Goddesse of my life,

Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?
Then gan a gentle bonny lassc 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 besid
T wixt him and thee, that thee did hence disswade.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my lucklesse lot,

That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leaue, thenceforth he 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 wit,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,

Such as all womankind did farre excell:
Such as the world admirr'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 mountaiues in wide wildernesce,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry.

And is the sea, quoth C O R I D O N, so fearefull?
Feareful much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:
Thousand wilde beasts, with deep mouthes gaping dire-
Therin still wait, poore passengers to teare. (full,

Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,
And yet would liue with heart halfe stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulfe, and in those wandring streames
Secke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to hell.

For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to land,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

As if it feard the danger of the same;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glwed together with some subtile matter,
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
 And life to moueit felt vpon the water.
 Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,
 That neither car'd for wind, nor haille, nor raine,
 Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
 The faue aboard vs gently did receaue,
 And without haime, vs farre away did beare,
 So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,
 And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
 Then harkle she quite and full of inward feare,
 That she heard I be fought to me to tell,
 Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
 In which I saw no lining people dwell.
 Who me recomf'oring all that he might,
 Told me that that fame was the Regiment
 Of a great shepheardesse, that CYNTHIA bright,
 His hee e, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
 It then, quoth I, a shepheardesse she bee,
 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,
 Ou which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:
 Her heards be thousand fishes with their fric,
 Which in the besome of the billowes breed.
 Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
 Is TRITON, blowing loud his wretched horne:
 At found whereof, they all for their reliefe
 Wend to and fro at euening and at morne.
 And PROTEVS eke with lim does driue his heard
 Of stinking Seales and Porpices together,
 With hoary head and deawie dropping beard,
 Compelling them which way he list, and whither.
 And I among the rest of many least,
 Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:
 Where I will lue or die at her behest,
 And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
 Besides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
 And of immortal race, do still attend, (horne,
 To wash faire CYNTHIAS 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 commandement at hand.
 Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off descride:
 Which sight much gladded me; for much afore
 I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde:
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We LVNDAY passe; by that fame name is ment
 An Iland, which the first to West was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floing amid the sea in iopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas encroching crueltie.

Those same the shepheard, told me, were the fields
 In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heards fed,
 Faire goodly fields, then which ARMYLLA yeelds
 None fairer, ner more fruitfull to be red.
 The first to which we nigh approached, was
 An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
 There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
 Which did a flatly heape of stones vs peare,
 That seem'd amid the ferges for to fier,
 Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
 There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
 And puts 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 fon,
 That hast not seene least part of Natures worke:
 Much more there is vnkend, then thou doost kon,
 And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
 For that fame land much larger is then this,
 And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
 There fruitfull come, faire trees, fresh herbage is
 And all things else that liuing creatures need.
 Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,
 No whit inferiour to thy FYNCHINS prafe,
 Or vnto ALLO, or to MYLLA clare:
 Nought hast thou foolish boy teene in thy daies.
 But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
 And is their heauen likewise there all one?
 And if like heauen, is the heauenly graces there,
 Like as in this fame world where we do woon?
 Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,
 Quoth he, abound in that fame land, then this,
 For there all happy peace and plentifull store
 Confer, in one to make contentid blisse:
 No wayling there nor wretche dresse is heard,
 No bloodie illnesses, nor no leprosyes,
 No grieftly famme, nor no raging sweard,
 No nightly bolraggs, nor no hue and cries;
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
 No rauenous Wolues the good mans hope destroy,
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest ranger.
 There learned Arts do flourish in great honor,
 And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
 Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
 Advaucing vertue, and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
 Had people grace it gratefully to vie:
 For God his gifts there plentifully bestowes,
 But gracelesse men them greatly doe abuse.
 But say on further, then said CORYLAS,
 The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.
 Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,
 Quoth he, as that fame shepheard still vs guided,
 Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS presence came:
 Whose glory, greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame;
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would

Colin Clouts come home againe.

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,
 Vpon a virgin brides adorned head,
 With Roses dight, and Goulds and Daffadillies
 Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
 In which all colours of the Rainebowe 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 base shepheard bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
 More fit it is to adore with humble mind,
 The image of the heauens in shape humane.

With that, A L E X I S broke his tale afunder,
 Saying, By wondering at thy C Y N T H I A E S praise:
 C O L I N, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,
 And her vpraising, doost thy selfe vpraise,
 But let vs heare what grace the shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduanced?

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enbanced:
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
 That she thenceforth thencein 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 the more my simple song,
 But ioyd that country shepheard ought could ind
 Worth harkning to, emongst that learned throng.

Why? said A L E X I S then, what needeth thee
 That is to great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepheards in her fee,
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
 Or be the shepheards which doe serue her Liefte?
 That they list not their merry pipes apply,
 Or be their pipes vtunable and craefie,
 That they cannot her honour worthily?

Ah nay, said C O L I N, neither so, nor so.
 For better shepheards be not vnder skie,
 Nor better able, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, 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 meane while 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 dutie,
 Whose gentle spright for D A P H N E S death doth toun
 Sweet layes of loue, to endlesse plaints of pittie.
 Ah perfiue boy pursue that braue conceipt,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of M E R I F L Y 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 enuie at my rusticke quill:
 And there is pleasing A L C O N, could he raise
 Histunes 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 rewe be more right,
 That sung so long vntill quite hoare he grew.
 And there is A L A B A S T E R throughly taught
 In all his skill, though knowen yet to few:
 Yet were he knowne to C Y N T H I A as he ought,
 His Elifis would be redde anew.
 Who liues that can match that heroiick song,
 Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
 O dreaded Dread, doe nor thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in bidden shade:
 But call it forth, & call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
 That when he finisht hath as it should be,
 No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
 Nor P o n o r T Y B Y R S swans, so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of Greece to highly praised,
 Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crowned,
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
 And there is a new shepheard late vp sprung,
 The which doth all adore him far surpass:
 Appearing well in that well tuned song,
 Which late he ting vnto a scornfull Lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fie,
 As doing 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 moit me seemes, thy accent will excell,
 In Tragickie plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that shepheard of the O C E A N is,
 That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:
 Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,
 That can empirie a Princes mightie hart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now)
 But since I sad 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, & 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 is,
 A M Y N T A S, howre of shepheards pride forlorne:
 He, whilst he liued, was the noblest swaine,
 That euer piped on an oaten quill:
 Both did he ether, which could pipe, maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there, though list not least is A E T I O N,
 A gender shepheard may now where be found:
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts inuention,
 Doth like himselfe heroiically found.
 All these, and many others moe remaine,
 Now after A S T R O F E L L I S dead and gone.
 But while as A S T R O F E L L I 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 lovely Lasse, right L V C I D A:
 Shepheard, enough of shepheards the u bait told,
 Which fauour thee, and honour C Y N T H I A,

But

Colin Clouts come home againe.

But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinue, thou hast nothing said,
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,
Or art ingrategfull to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due defers resondest.

Ah far be it, quoth COLIN CLOUT, from me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue:
For that my selfe I doe professe 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 martyriz: e
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 to enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou hast made
Her name to echo vnto heauen hie,
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praise: but in the highest place,
VRANIA, sister vnto ASTROFELL,
In whose braue mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of INDE, 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 vuell 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 chiefe grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,
Well worthie she of so honourable place:
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is her sister deare,
Faيرة MARIAN, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shineth as the morning cleare,
With siluer dewe vpon the Roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is MANSILIA,
Best knowoe by bearing vp great CYNTHIAES traine:
That fame is she to whom DAPHNAIDA
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the patterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirthor of feminitie:
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 viewe.

She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,
Yet there is not her won, but here with vs
About the borders of our rich COSHMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praise-worthy faيرة NEAERAS,
NEAERA, ours, not theirs, though there she be,
For of the famous SHVRE, the Nymph shee is,
For high desert, aduauit to that degree.
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 praies of her nee'd are,
Whom verte of nobilitie shepheard lately dead
Hath praied and rais'd aboute each other starr.
Ne lesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie:
Of which I meaneft boast my selfe to be;
And most, that vnto them I am so nie.
PHYLLIS, CHARILLIS, & sweet AMARILLIS,
PHYLLIS is the fairest eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.
But th'yougest is the highest in degree.
PHYLLIS is the floure of rare perfection,
Faيرة spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereauce 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 swaime,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
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 that elsewhere I euer yet did see)
A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high adrest,
That is with sparks of heauenly beautie fired.
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or else vnfortunate may I read,
That freed us from CYPIDS yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new bands aduenteur dread.
Shepheard what euer thou halt heard to be
In this or that prayd duersly apart,
In her thou maist them all aduembled see,
And seald vp in the treasure of her hart.
Ne thee lesse worthy gentle FLAVIA,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthy courteous CANDIDA,
For thy true loue and loyalne 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 hild 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 shryad,
 Then by discourse them to indiguisse.
 So hauing said, AGLAYRA him bespake:
COLIN, well worthy were those goodly fauours
 Bestowd on thee, that fo of them doost make,
 And them requit with thy thankfull labours.
 Set of great **CYNTHIAES** goodnesse and high grace
 Finisht the storie which thou hast begunne.

More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case,
 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,
 Demaunds a yeere, it duly to display.
 Her words were like a streame of honny snecting,
 The which doth libbly trickle from the hieue,
 Able to melt the hearers hart wneeting,
 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 fleecce cattell haue begun
 Vpon the perled grasses 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.

COLIN, said **CYDDY** then, thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
 Such losstie flight, base sheheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True, answered he: but her great excellence,
 Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:
 That being filld with furious insolence,
 I feele my selfe like one yrap in spight.
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly foith:
 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 vitall 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 fill,
 Her name Ile teach in known termes to frame:
 And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
 Ile teach to call for **CYNTHIA** by name.
 And long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepheards daughters dauncing round,

My laves made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowrie gylonds crown.
 And ye, who fo ye be, that shall suruiue,
 When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
 Be witnesse of her bountie here aloue,
 Which she to **COLIN** her poore sheheard shewed.

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Moov'd at his speech, fo feelingly he spake:
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
 Till **THESTYLIS** at last their silence brake,
 Saying, Why **COLIN**, since thou foundst such grace
 With **CYNTHIA**, and all her noble crew:
 Why didst thou euer leaue that happy place,
 In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew?
 And backe returnedst to this barren soile,
 Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,
 Here to keepe sheepe, with hunger and with toile:
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.

Happy indeed, said **COLIN**, I him hold,
 That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
 Of fortune and of enuy vncontrold,
 Which still are wont most happy states annoy:
 But I by that which little while I proued,
 Some part of those enormities did see,
 The which in Court continually hooed,
 And followd those which happy seemd to be.
 Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
 Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
 Durst not aduenture such vnknown waies,
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
 But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
 Whose vnstoft hardnesse I before had tried,
 Then hauing leard repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there deride.
 Sheheard, said **THESTYLIS**, it seemes of spight
 Thou speakest thus gaulst their lecherie,
 Which thou enuist, rather then of right
 That ought in them blame worthy thou doost spie.

Cause haue I none, quoth he, of canted will
 To quite the mill, that me demaend so well:
 But seife-regard of priuate good or ill,
 Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,
 And eke to warne young shepheards wandring wit,
 Which through report of that lifes painted blisse,
 Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
 And leaue their laves to losse, mist amisse.
 For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
 For sheheard fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his decei full wit,
 In subull shifts, and finest sleights deuis,
 Either by flaundering 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 guilfull hollow hart,
 Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
 A filed tongue, furnisht with tearmes of arts
 No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

For artes of schoole haue there small countenance,
 Counted but royes to busie idle braines:
 And there professors find small maintenance,
 But to be instruments of others gaires.
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can apply:
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite flit,
 As hale, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
 For each mans worth is measure'd by his weede,
 As Harts by hornes, or Asses by their eares:
 Yet Asses been not all whose eares exceede,
 Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the highest beares.
 For highest looks haue not the highest mind,
 Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
 But are like bladders blown vp with wind,
 That beeing prickt doe vanish into noughts.
 Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke, that sunneth soone away:
 Such is their glorie that in simple eye
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of foolcs 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 Honesty
 Do wander vp and downe depey'd of all:
 Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.

Ah COLIN, then said L O B B I N O L, the blame
 Which thou impute'st, is reu' g'nerall,
 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 L O B B I N (L O B B I N well thou knewest)
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
 As euer else in Princes Court thou viewest.
 Of which among you many yet remaine,
 Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
 Those that poore Suters papers doe retaine,
 And those that skill of medicine profess.
 And those that do to C Y N T H I A expound
 The ledder of strange languages in charge:
 For C Y N T H I A doth in Sciences abound,
 And giues to their professors stipends large,
 Therefore vnwisly thou doost wite them all,
 For that which thou mislikedst in a few.

Blame'st, quoth he, more blamelesse generall,
 Then that which priuile errors doth pursue:
 For well I wote, that there amongst them be
 Full many persons of right worthy parts,
 Both for report of spouesse honestie,
 And for profession of all leamed arts,
 Whose praise heereby no whit impaired is,
 Though blame doe light on those that faultie be:
 For all therest doe most what fare amis,
 And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
 For either they be puffed vp with pride,
 Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe swell,
 Or they their daies to idlenesse diuide,
 Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like Moldwarps noursing still they lurke,

Vnmiadfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
 And doe themselves for want of other worke,
 Vaine votaries of laefie loue profite,
 Whose seruice high so basely they entwe,
 That C Y P I D selfe of them ashamed is:
 And mustring all his men in V E N V S view,
 Denies them quite for seruitors of his.
 And is loue then, said C O R Y L A S, once knowe
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
 I weened sure he was our God alone:
 And only woodd in fields and forests here.

Not so, quoth he, loue most aboundeth here.
 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 valiant seeme,
 Vnlesse that some gay Mithrasse badge he beares:
 Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
 Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
 But they of Loue and of his sacred here,
 (As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,
 And him doe sue and serue all otherwise.
 For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they doe prophane,
 And vs his idle name to other needs,
 But as a complemer: for courting vaine.
 So him they do not serue as they professe,
 But make him serue to them for lordid vses.
 Ah my dread Lord, that doost liege harts possesse,
 Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
 But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,
 Or through our iudicelsse into errour led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go,
 To seruice that God, that is so greatly dred:
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
 Boine without Syre or couples, of one kind:
 For V E N V S selfe doth solely couples seeme,
 Both male and female, through commixture ioynd.
 So pure and spotlesse C Y P I D forth she brought,
 And in the gardens of A D O N I S nurs't:
 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 to feed and p'uisant he grew,
 That I o v e him selfe his powre began to dread,
 And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
 From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where
 Into the world, at random as he will,
 On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals heere,
 Like as himselfe vs pleaseth faue or spill.
 So we him worship, so we him adore,
 With humble harts to heauen vp-lifted hie,
 That to true loyes he may vs euermore
 Prefere, and of their grace vs dignifie:
 Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
 What-auer feeds in forest or in field,
 That dare with euill deed or leasing vaine,
 Blaspheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.

Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
 Of loue, quoth C Y D D Y, is breath'd into thy breast,

That

Colin Clouts come home againe.

That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
 Of that high powre, wherewith thou art posselt.
 But neuer wilt till this present day,
 Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deemed,
 That he was such an one, as thou doost say,
 And to religiously to be esteemed.
 Well may it seeme by this thy deepe insight,
 That of that God the Priest thou shouldst bee:
 So well thou wot't the myserie 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, pasteth reasons reach,
 And needs his priest t' expresse his powre diuine.
 For long before the world was made of yore,
 And bred about in VENUS 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 couet 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 cheerfull day:
 Next gan the earth to shewe her naked head,
 Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.
 And shortly after, euery liuing wight
 Crept forth like wormes out of their slimie nature,
 Soone as on them the Suns like giuing light,
 Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature,
 Thenceforth they gan each one his liketoe loue,
 And like himselic 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 himselic was fairest by creation,
 For beautie is the bayr which with delight
 Doth man allure; for to enlarge his kind,
 Beautie, the burning lampe of heauens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mund:
 Against whose power, nor God nor man can find
 Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
 But being hurt, seeke to be medicind
 Of her that first did strie that morall fownd.
 Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,
 With prayers lowd inportuning the skie,
 Whence he them heares, & when he list shew grace,
 Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
 So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
 And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw:
 All being made the vassalls of his might,

Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw,
 Thus ought all louers of their Lord to decme:
 And with chaste heart to honour him alway:
 But who 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 deeply hast diuind
 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 women are thy debtors found,
 That doost their bountie still so much commend.
 That ill, said HOBENOLL, they him requite:
 For hauing loued euer one most deare,
 He is repayd with scorne and foule despise,
 That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.
 Indeed, said LYCID, I haue often heard,
 Faire ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blamed:
 For being to say, it was too cruell hard,
 That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
 But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
 To vse him so that loued her so well:
 Or who with blame can iustly her vpbraid,
 For louing not? for who can loue compell?
 And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
 Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
 For demigods they be, and first did spring
 From heauen, though graff in fraillesse feminine.
 And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
 How one that fairest HELENE did reuile:
 Through iudgement of the gods to been wrooken,
 Lost both his eyes, and so remaind long while,
 Till he recanted had his wicked crimes,
 And made amends to her with trebble praise.
 Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
 How rashly blame of ROSALINDE ye craife.
 Ah shepherds, then said COLIN, ye ne wect
 How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
 To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
 Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw.
 For she is notlike as the other crew
 Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,
 But of diuiner regard and heavenly 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 so hie:
 So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
 And loath each lowly thing with lestie eye.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:
 Yet that I may her honour parauant,
 And praise her worth, though far my wit about,
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieft,
 And long affliction which I haue endured.
 Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
 And ease of paine which cannot be required.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witness bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophée of her great conquest.

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprofe eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,
Warnd 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 wont on pipes of oaten reede,
Of-times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your pitious layes haue learnd to breed
Compassion in a country-lasses hart;
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may empierce,
Wich 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 nyce 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 moou'd to pittie such a case.

B.

Agentle

Colin Clouts come home againe.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in **ARCADY**,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grasie banks of **HAEMONIY**,
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and flore.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and **ASTROPHEL** he hight.

Young **ASTROPHEL**, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young **ASTROPHEL**, the rusticke Lasses loue:
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,
In all that seemely shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so lappy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lames to feed,
A slender swaine, excelling farre each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage, and demeaure mild:
That all mens harts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne spight in selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could lay was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioy, once innocent,
Sweet without sowe, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delighfull play,
When **ASTROPHEL** lo-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast:
As Sommers lark, that with her song doth greet
The dauning day, forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose.
Thrice happy she, whom he to praue 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 gyrlounds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to thrill:
Both cryfall vells and shade groues forooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
And brought him presents, flowers if he were prime,
Or mellow fruit, if it were hauesst 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 vnworthy of the countries flore.
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare lones deligh't.

STELLA the faire, the fairest starre in skie,
As faire as **VENVS**, or the fairest faire:
(A fairer starre law neuer huing eye)
Shot her sharpe pointed beames through purest ayre.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortal praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,
And bold achievements 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 shooting, steddie; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one, he vanquish't euery one,
He vanquish't all, and vanquish't was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather, infelicitie he found:
That euery field, and forest farre away,
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chase 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 perillous 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 **ARDEYN**, nor foile **ARLO** is.

There his wel-women 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 soone entrap.
Full happy man (milwetting much) was hee,
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Esuooones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their final bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.

His

Colin Clouts come home againe.

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmin thul of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skyes,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd amongst that beauly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood:
Vpon him tuind (despaire makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischeuous might,
That it both bone and muscles riued quight.

So dea lly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured nor 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 aliuie was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the shape of dremic 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 those shepheards thither led.

They stoppt his wound (too late to stop it was):
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefullst beare that cuer man did see,
Was ASTROPHEL, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wou to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye more see,
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in furest summers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong,
From her red cheeks the roles rent away.
And her faire brest, the treasure of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, in picture twith death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wastring breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and oft.
And oft she said to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient feegret,
And pitious mone the which she for him made;
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose hart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when paine his vital powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not awhit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth-with her gholt out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaste:
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide;
Which liuing were in loue to finely tide.

The Gods which all things see, this fame beheld;
And pitying this paire of louers wiew,
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 ASTROPHEL, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a starre appeares,
As fairly formd as any starre in skyes:
Resembling SELLA in her freshest yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That herbe of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, PENTHA, though not so well:
But thou, where cuer thou doost find the same,
From this day forth doe call it ASTROPHEL.
And when loeuer thou it vp doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heere of when tydings far abroad did passe;
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 wish bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone;
With inward anguish, and great griefe oppress:
And euerie one did weepe, and waile, and mone,
And meane deuis'd to shew his sorrow best:
That from that houre since first on grassie Greene
Shepheard kept sheepe, was not like mourning scene.

But first, his siter, that CLORINDA high,
The gentlest shepheardesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began thus dolefull lay:
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In fort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

AY me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it flow?
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied wo:
For they forefaw what to vs happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be fo.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree.
Their best redresse, is their best forfeiture.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrowe mourne,
Sith none aloue like sorrowfull remains:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vsury with double paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall refound
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 floure did late deface.
The fairest floure in field that euer grew,
Was **A S T R O P H E L**; that was, we all may reu.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath crompt the stalke which bore so faire a floure?
Vntimely crompt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely houre.
Great losse to all that euer him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, & ye shepherds lasses,
Sith the faire floure, which them adorn'd, is gon:
The floure, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let Lasse put girlond on.
In stead of girlond, wear 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 alasse 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 shepherds pride was hee,
Shepherds 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 floure 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 immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:
By foueraine choice from th'heauenly quires select,
And lineally deriu'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, arcad,
Aye me! can fo diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wif,
And compass all about with Roles sweet,
And dauntie 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:
Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortal beautie, 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 enioy from iecalous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreadiog harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing sauage 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 leave thee heere thus to lament:
Not thee that doest thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne selues, that heere in dole are drent.
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine,
Of gentlewit, and daintiesweet deuice,
Whom **A S T R O P H E L** full deare did entertaine,
Whilst heere he liu'd, and held in passing price:
Hight **T H E S T Y L I S**, began his mournfull tourne,
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
And eury one in order lou'd him best,
Gan dight themselues 't' expresse their inward wo,
With dolefull layes vnto the time addest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest floures to deck his mournfull hearse.



The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

Come forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
for sake your warty bowes,
For sake your motsy cures,
and help me to lament:

Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
to gurgling fount

O! **L I F F E S** tumbling streames:

Come let salt teares of ours,
Mixe with his waters fresh.

ô come, let one consent

Ioyne vs to mourne with wailfull plaints
the deadly wound

Which fatal clap hath made;

' decreed by higher powres.

The dreery day in which
they haue from vs yrent

The noblest plant that might
from East to West be found.

Mourne, mourne, great **P H I L I P S** fall,

mourne we his wofull end,

Whom spightfull death hath pluckt
vntimely from the tree,

Whiles yet his yeares in flowre
did promise worthy fruite.

Ah dreadfull **M A R S**!

why didst thou not thy knight defend?

What wrathfull mood,

what fault of ours hath moued thee

Of such a shining light

to leaue vs destitute?

Thou with benigne aspect

sometime didst vs behold,

Thou hast in **B R I T O N S** valour

tane delight of old,

And with thy presence oft

vouchsafst to attribute

Fame and 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 diddaine doth cause

these shunne our Clime (I feare)

For hadst thou not been wroth,

or that time neere at hand,

Thou wouldst haue heard the cry

that wofull **E N G L A N D** made,

Eke **Z E L A N D S** pitious plaints,
and **H O L L A N D S** toren haire

Would haply haue appeafd

thy diuine angry mind:

Thou shouldst haue seene the trees

refuse to yeeld their shade,

And wailing, to let fall

the honour of their head,

And birds in mournfull tunes

lamenting in their kind:

Vp from his tombe

the mightie **C O R I N E Y S** rose,

Who curling of the Fates

that this mishap had bred,

His hoary locks he tare,

calling the heauens vnkind.

The **T H A M E S** was heard to roare,

the **R E Y N E** and eke the **M O S E**,

The **S C H A L D**, the **D A N O V V** selfe

this great mitchance did rue,

With torment and with grieffe;

their fountaines pure and cleare

Were troubled, and with swelling floods

declar'd their woes.

The Muses comfortlesse,

the Nymphs with paled hue,

The **S Y L V A N** Gods like wife

came running farre and neare,

And all with teares bedewd,

and eyes cast vp on hee,

O help, ô help ye Gods,

they ghantly 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 waves,

by storme then stirr'd to rage,

This erie did cause to rise

th'old father **O C E A N** hoare,

Who graue with eld,

and full of maiestie in sight,

Spake in this wise:

Refraine, quoth hee, your teares & plaints,

Cease these your idle words,

make vaine requests no more.

No humble speech nor moone,
may moue the fixed stint
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 ſunt
Might tender make,

yet nought heerein they will preuaile.
Whiles thus he ſaid,
the noble Knight, who gan to feele
His vitall force to faint,
and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart

his mortall body to aſſaile,
With eyes liſt vp to hea'ns,
and courage franke as ſteele,

With cheerefull face,
where valour liuely was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid ;

O Lord, if ought this fraile
And earthly carkaſſe haue
thy ſeruiſe ſought t' aduaunce,

If my deſire haue been
ſuill to relieue th' oppreſt :

If iuſtice to maintaine
that valour I haue ſpent
Which thou me ga'ſt ;

or if henceforth I might aduaunce
Thy name, thy truth,
then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt
Forbear theſe vnriue yeeres.

But if rhy will be bent,
If that prefixed time
be come which thou haſt ſet,

Through pure and feruent faith,
I hope now to be plaſt
In th' euerlaſting bliſſe,

which with thy precious blood
Thou purchaſe didſt forvs.

With that a ſigh he ſet,
And ſtraight a clouddie miſt
his ſenſes ouer-caſt,

His lips waxt pale and wan,
like damaſke roſes bud
Caſt from the ſtalke,

or like in field to purple ſlowre,
Which languiſheth being ſhred
by cutter as it paſt.

A trembling chilly cold
ranne through their veines, which were
With eyes brim-full of teares
to ſee his fatal howre,

Whoſe bluſtring ſighes
at firſt their ſorrow did declare,

Next, murmuring enſude ;
at laſt they not forbore
Plaine out-cries, all againſt
the hea'ns, that enuiouſly
Depriu'd vs of a ſpright

ſo perfeckt and ſo rare.
The Sun his lightſome beames
did throwd, and hide his face
For grieſe, 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 frer apace :

And grisly ghoſts by night were ſcene,
and fierie gleames,
Amid the cloudes
with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme
To rent the ſkies,
and made both man & beaſt aſeard :

The birds of ill preſage
this luckleſſe chance fore-told,
By dernfull noiſe, and dogs
with howling made man deeme

Some miſchiefe was at hand :
for ſuch they doe eſteeme
As tokens of miſhap,
and ſo haue done of old.

Ah that thou haſt but heard
his louely S T E L L A plaine
Hergriſenous loſſe,

or ſeene her heaue mourning cheere,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt,
her ſorrowes did vnfold.

Her haire hung looſe negleckt,
about her ſhoulders twaine,
And from thoſe two bright ſtaires,
to him ſometime ſo deere,

Her hart ſent drops of pearle,
which fell in ſoylon downe
T'wixt Lilly and the Roſe.

She wrong 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 enuioſus hand
hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content,
my comfort and my ſtay ?

Thou onely waſt the caſe
of trouble and annoy :
When they did me aſſaile,
in thee my hopes did reſt.

Alas, what now is left but grieſe,
that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life,
and with continual rage

Torments ten thouſand waies
my miſerable breſt ?
O greedie enuioſus hea'ns,
what neede thee to haue

Enrich with ſuch a Jewell
this vnhappy age,

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

To take it backe againe to loone?

Alas, when shall
 Mine eyes see euglit that may
 content thee, since thy graue
 My onely treasure hides
 the ioyes of my poore hart?
 As here with thee on earth I liu'd,
 euen so equall
 Me thinks it were with thee
 in heau'n I did abide:
 And as our troubles all
 we heere on earth did part,
 So reason would that there
 of thy most happy state
 I had my share.
 Alas, if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be,
 how canst thou leaue me thus alone
 In darknesse and astray;
 weake, wearie, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe,
 refusing for to take
 Me with thee, to the place of rest
 where thou art gone.
 This said, she held her peace,
 for sorrow tide hir tooing;
 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 V S when she waild
 her deare A D O N I S slaine,
 Ought moou'd in thy fierce hatt
 compasion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints,
 her sighes and teares among,
 Would sure haue made thee mild,
 and inly rue her paine:
 A V 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 shoure 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 wile.
 Yet sorie for her griefe,
 which he could not amend,
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,
 and cleere thole lights,
 Those lights through which,
 his glory and his conquests shine.
 The Graces tuckt her haire,
 which hung like threds of gold,
 Along her Iuoric brest

the treature of delights,
 All things with her to weep,
 it seemd, did encline,
 The trees, the hills, the dales,
 the caues, the fionnes to cold,
 The ayre did helpe them mourne,
 with darke clouds, raine and mist,
 Forbearing many a day
 to cleare it selfe againe,
 Which made them estoones feare
 the dayes of P I R R H A should,
 Of creatures spoile the earth,
 their fatall threds vntwist.
 For P H O E B V S gladsome traies
 were wishd for in vaine,
 And with her quitering light
 L A T O N A S daughter tei light,
 And C H A R L E S S V A I N E eke refus'd
 to be the shipmans guide.
 On N E P T V N E wate was made,
 by A E O L V S and his traine,
 Who letting loose the winds,
 roist and tormentd th'ayre,
 So that on eu'ry coast
 men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallowed vp
 in open sea with waues,
 And such as came to shoare,
 were beaten with despair.
 The Medwaies siluer streames,
 that went so still to slide,
 Weretroubled now and wroth:
 whose hidden hollowe caues
 Along his banks with fog
 then shrouded from mans eye,
 Aye P H I L I P did resound,
 aye P A R T I S they did cry.
 His Nymphs were feene no more
 (though gentosome still in craues)
 With haire spread to the wind
 then in selues to bane or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net,
 barefooted wautonly
 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 perceite
 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 none.
 But thou (O blessed soule)
 doost haply not respect,
 These teares we shed,
 though full of louing pure aspect,

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

Having affixt thine eyes
on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maicstie
the high Creator raignes,
In whose 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 stains:
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 molt.
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 PHILIP immortal,
The flower 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 veries might
so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage,
nor time might end the same.



A Pa



A Pastorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir
Philip Sidney, Knight, &c.
(..)

Lycon.

Colin.

COLIN, vvell fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greuous losse of owres.
Heer'st thou the **O R O VVN**? how with hollow tound
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
P H I L L I S I D E S is dead. Vp iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freeze,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart. (teach

C O L I N. Ah **L Y C O N, L Y C O N,** what need skill to
A grieued mind poure forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poore Turtle gone to schoole (ween'st thou)
To learne to mourne her lost Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seene, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or glad some sight appeare
Vnto thine eyes, since that same fatal 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 ioyne our mournfull song with theirs,
Griefe will en lite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Echo will our words report.

L Y C. 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, **Ø P A N,**
To pardon me, and heare this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And cke ye rurall Muses, that doe dwell

In these wilde woods; If euer pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now **C O L I N** then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though fare behind.

C O L. **P H I L L I S I D E S** is dead, O harmfull death,
O deadly harme. Vnhappy **A L B I O N,**
When shalt thou see among thy shepherds all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred **P A L E S,** where with haire
Vntrust she 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 despightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthy to haue been
Prolong'd with many yeeres, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and **O R E A D E S** her round about
Doe sit lamenting on the grafsie greene;
And with shrill cries, bearing their whiteft breasts,
Accuse the dreffull dart that death lent out
To giue the fatal stroke. The starrs they blame,
That deaf or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groues they then;
They leave their crysall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laur all faire,
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 wailefull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,
And seeme to beare a burden to their plaint.

L Y C. **P H I L L I S I D E S** is dead. O dolefull rime.
Why should my tongue expresse thee? who is left
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faint,
L Y C O N vnfortunate? What spightfull fate,
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chiefe comfort; of thy onely stay?
Where is become thy wouted happie state,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, & many an vnknowne way,

Along

A Pastoral Aeglogue.

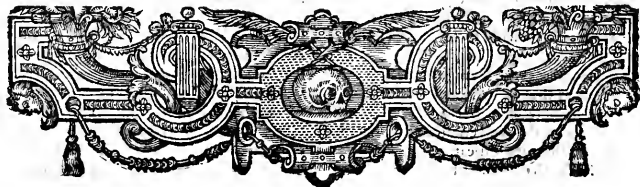
Along the banks of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
The craggy rocks of th' Alpes and APPEINNE?
Still with the Mules sporting, while those beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father NEPTVNE, with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strand now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waues
The white feete washeth (waying 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 arc come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdom.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull strikes salute him great and small.
Eke wailefull Echo, forgetting her deare
NARCISVS, their last accents, doth resound.
COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world; o brookes and fountaines cleere;
O hills, o dales, o 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 daunst after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
That oft haue left your purest crystall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all grieffe and sorrow from your hartes.
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 engraued by his hand yet lues
The name of STELLA, 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 wanders scattered now,
What maruell if through grieffe ye woxen leane,
For sake your foode, and hang your heads adowne?
For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,
Whose parting, bath 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 sittst 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 twaine
(Whose learned Muse thou cherishst most whylcare)
Where we thy names recording, seeke to ease,
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountaines now left desolate,
And withred grasse with Cypres boughes bespred,
Behold these flowres which on thy graue we strew;
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and pure
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importune shall the heau'ns for aye,
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learnedst shepheards honour may thy name
With yeerely praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tombe may decke with fresh & sweetest flowres;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.
COL. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to steepe
In Western waues: and th'ayre with stormie 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





AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PAs- sion, for his *Astrophell*.

WVritten vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir
Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouvernour
of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No twelling cloude, accloid the ayre,
The skie, like graffe of watchet hew,
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,
The garnisht 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 ACTEON'S horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDES speckled Poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With loue-iyuce stained the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And PHILLIS 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 bla. ke & dolfull Ebonie,
All in a circle compact were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people fat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here PHILOMELL, 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 Turde by him neuer stird,

Example of immortal loue.
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leauing MEANDER, stood thereby:

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phoenix left sweet Arabic:
And on a Cedar in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the graffe:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceiue him reare
His body on his elbowe end:
Earthly and pale with gaffly 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 so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

An Elegie.

O sunne, said he, seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why doost thou shine?
My starre is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of mine eie,
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heaue 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,
Di'de in the brest of **ASTROPHILL**.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno,
What be the forrowes me agreu's,
Listen ye then to that int' th,
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 still)
Things knowne permit me to renew:
Of him, you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of **ARCADIE**,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine **PARTHENIE**,
Vpon the crystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seem'd most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerefull eie,
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractiue kind of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that count'nance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was neuer eye, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long:
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare defects did raigee,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
O could the starres that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit?

Then beeing filld with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue.
As **BACCHVS** ope's dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood;
Most rare and rich of heau'nly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
Tis likely they acquainted foone,
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 so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we recede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement to,
Sees more than any others do.

Then **ASTROPHILL** hath honored thee,
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liude beautie, ay to liue.

About all others, this is hee,
Which erst approoued 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 aboucher height.

Then **PALLAS** afterward attyrd,
Our **ASTROPHILL** with her deuce,
Whom in his armor heauen admird,
As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fiery starres.

The blaze whereof when **MARS** beheld,
(An enuious eye doth see afar)
Such maestie, quoth he, is feld,
Such maestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set **MARS** by his deitie.

An Epitaph.

In this furrize he made with speede
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.
The flame and bolt together shut,
With prime force burst out againe,
And so our ASTRORPHIL was flaine.

This word (was flain) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life-strings twitch,
The skie immediatly aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds fro out the ground,
Fild all the ayre with rattling found.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The Forrest beafts made rutfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And PHYLOMELE for ASTRORPHIL,
Vnto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said, I tell the truth,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedy wing.
This mortall life, as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phoenix where he laid,
Her ashes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breed an offspring neere that kind,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my mind,
That vnder-branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing sight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to IOVE the case,
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,
For ASTRORPHIL, by enue flaine.

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 influde, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,
And heere my pen is forst to sitinke,
My teares discolour 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 obfcurde in secrest brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that fild the rising Sun hath fought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse then such (by gifts that Nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere

For this base world, and hath resumed it neere,
To sit in skies, and fort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hast, and thaid nor yeers, 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 wisedome rare employd 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 liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might;
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
But past with praise, from off this worldly stage.

C.

Backe

An Epitaph.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the souldiers, the proud *Castilians* shame;
Vertue exprest, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath wooen,
Young yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnfore
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with fo great praises rune.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the fame,
Flawnders thy valure, where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow, where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,
In thy worth harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy foule and spright enrich the heauens about.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'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,
Entrag'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 flaine her knight,
SIDNEY is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the worlds delight.

Place peniue wailes his fall,
whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:
his life was my spring tide,
Fame mournes in that she lost
the ground of her reports,
Each liuing wight laments his lack,
and all in sundry sorts.

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 not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorow I,
who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom death denies,
whose thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who looks for no reliefe,
Must spend my euer dying dayes,
in neuer ending grieffe.

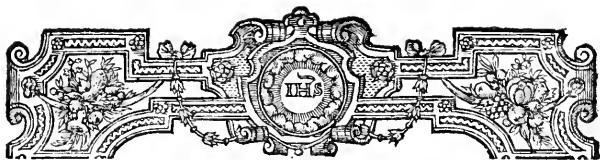
Harts ease and onely I,
like parallels runne on,
Whose equall length, keepe equall bredth,
and neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will,
for liking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell sometimes enioyed ioy,
eclipsed are thy beames,
Farewell false-pleasing thoughts,
which quietnesse brings forth,
And farewell friendships sacred league,
vnting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltlesse 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 frage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endlesse grieffe, which deads my life,
yet knowes not how to kill,
Goe seeke that haplesse tombe,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the stones, that keepe the limmes,
that held so good a mind.

F I N I S .



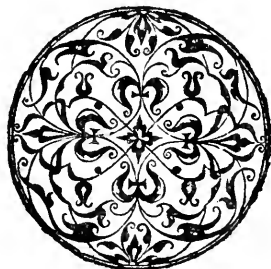
PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE

by *Edmunde Spenser,*

In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerset*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worcester*: and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, *M. Henry Gilford*, and *M. William Peter*, Esquires.



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.

THE GREAT EASTERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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PROTHALAMION.

Calmc 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 sic away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my braine,
Walkt forth to ease my paine
Along the shore of siluer streaming THEMES,
Whose rutty Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMES tunne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
A flock of Nymphes I chanced to espy,
All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntyde,
As each had been a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine fingers, cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hie.
Of euery 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 trew,
With store of vermil Roses,
To decke their Bridegroomes posies,
Against the Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMES tunne 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 strew,
Did neuer whiter shewe,

Nor IOVE himselfe when he a Swan would be.
For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:
Yet LEDA was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heauens light,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMES tunne 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 floating on the crystall 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 beaucely borne, or to be that lame payre
Which through the Skie draw VENVS siluer Teeme,
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weed
The earth did fresh aray,
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMES tunne 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,
Whē down along by pleasant TEMPEs shore (streem,
Scattered with Flowers, through THESSELY 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 snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil' t' one did sing this Lay,
Prepa'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 heuens 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 V S, that is Queene of loue,
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue
All loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For euer to affoile.
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 Lee, 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 flow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flocke about these twaine, that did excell
Thereof, so far, as C Y N T H I A doth shend
The lesser starres. So they engaged 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 source:
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'cmpler Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next wherevnto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feelles my friendlesse case:
But ah! heere fits not well
Old woos, but ioyes to tell
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thun-
And H E R C U L E S two pillars standing neere, (der,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualric,
That fillest *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from forraine harmes:
And great E L I S A B E 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 Riuers open viewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
About the rest were goodly to be seene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature
Beseming 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 Heauens bright.
They two forth passing to the Riuers side,
Receiu'd those two faire Brides, their Loues delight,
Which at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Against their Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.
FINIS.



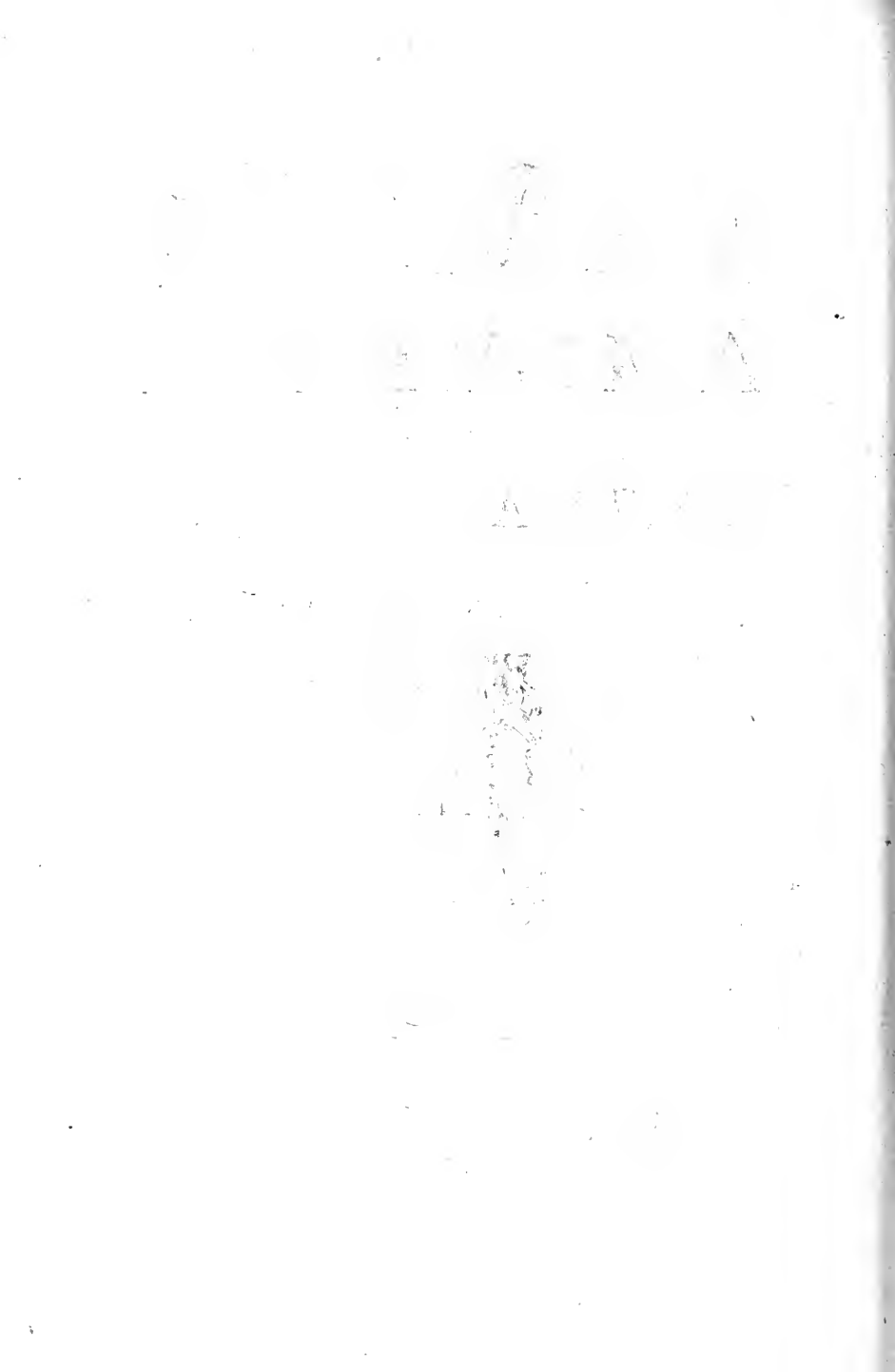
AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION.

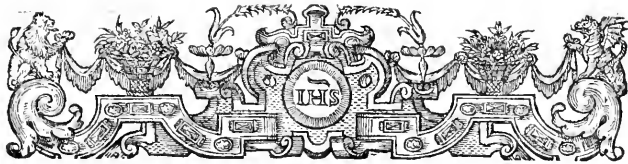
Written by *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*

1611.





AMORETTI.

G. W. senior, to the Author.

DArke is the day, whē Phœbus face is shrowded,
 And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
 But whē they see his glorious raies vnclouded,
 With steady steps they keepe the perfect way:
 So while this Muse in forraine Land doth stay,
 Inuention weepes, and penne is cast aside,
 The time like night, deprud of chearfull day,
 And few doe write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
 Then, bie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
 And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
 Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,
 That do for poeie, challenge chiefest name:
 So we that lue, and ages that succeed,
 With great applausē thy learned works shall reed.

AH Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
 Piping to shepheards thy sweet roundelays:
 Or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
 Heroicke deeds, of past, or present dayes:
 Or whether in thy lovely Mistresse praise,
 Thou list to exercise thy learned quill, (p'ease,
 Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to
 With rare inuention, beautified by skill:
 As who therin can euer ioy their fill!
 O therefore let that happy Muse proceed
 To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
 Where endlessse honour shal be made thy meed.
 Because no malice of succeeding dayes,
 Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaues, when as those lilly hands,
 which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
 shall handle you, and hold in loues soft bands,
 like captiues trembling at the victors sight.
 And happy lines, on which with starry light,
 those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke
 and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
 written with teares in harts close bleeding booke
 And happy rimes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
 of **H E L I C O N** whence she deriued is,
 when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
 my foules long lacked foodde, my heauens blis.
 Beaes, lines, and rimes, seeke her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

VNquiet 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 woxen 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 humbleesse and afflicted mood,
 pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
 Which if she grant, then lue, and my loue cherish:
 If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THe soueraigne 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 basenesse raised;
 That being now with her huge brightnes dazed,
 base thing I can no more endure to view:
 but looking still on her, I stand amazed,
 at wondrous sight of io 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 rauisht is with fancies wonderment:
 Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IIII.

New yeare forth looking out of **I A N V S** gate,
 doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:

and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
 bids all o'd thoughts to die in dumpish spright,
 And calling forth our 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 houre,
 is ready to come forth, him to receiue:
 and warnes the Earth, with diuers colourd flowre
 to decke her selfe, and her faire mantle weane.
 Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
 Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

Rvdely 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 lustie lookes is close implide,
 scorn of base things, & deigne of soule dishonor:
 threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
 that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
 Such pride is praise, such portlineffe 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 vn moued mind
 doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
 such loue nor 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 kindle 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 object 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 eies admired,
 may kindle 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 about vnto the maker neuer:
 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 cut his darts to base affections 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, where your light shined neuer;
 Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

Long-while I sought 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 changed neuer;
 nor to the starrs: 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 Crystill: for nought may them seuer;
 nor vnto glasse: such baseness might offend her.
 Then to the Maker selfe they likest bee,
 Whose 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 worlds pride bow to a baser make,
 and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
 That I may laugh at her in quall for,
 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 worke her selfe addresse
 to battell, and the warie war reneweth.
 Ne will be mou'd with reason or with ruth,
 to grant small respite to my restlesse toile:
 but greedily her fell intent pursueth,
 of my poore life to make vn pittied poile.
 Yet my poore life, all forrowes to assaile,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
 but then she seekes with torment and turmoile,
 to force me liue, and will not let me die.

All paine hath end, and euery war hath peace,
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

One day I fought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
I ticked ambush which lay hidden long,
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me capturing straight with rigorous wrong,
haue cuer since kept me in cruell bands.
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

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 humbleste, mixt with awfull maestic.
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 lostie countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with droffie slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lowlineesse shall make you lostie be.

SONNET XIII.

Returne againe my forces late dismayd,
vnto the siege 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 eour'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, vov'es, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue couert:
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 gaine:
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found:
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubics, loe, her lips be Rubics found:

If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
if Iuorie, her forehead Iuorie weene:
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground,
if Siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortal light:
the whiles my stonish hart stood in a maze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrowes fierie bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had beene slaine,
Yet as it was, I hardly escap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weak mens confus'd skill:
and this worlds worthless glory to embace,
what pen, what penill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
yet many wondrous things there are besid.
The sweet eye-glauces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:
the louely pleasure, and the lofty pride,
cannot expresse'd be by any art.
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth need,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardest Steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizzling drops that often doeround,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreatie, soften her hard hart:
that she wil once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pity on my painefull smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:
and when I sigh, she sayes, I knowe the art,
and when I waile, she turnes herselfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine,
Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

The merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already founded:
that warms all louers waite vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.

With

With noyse whereof the quire of Birds resounded
 their anthemes sweet deuized of Loues praise,
 that all the woods their Echoes back rebounded,
 as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongit them all, which did Loues honour raise,
 no word was heard of her that most it ought,
 but she his precept proudly disobayes,
 and doth his idle message set at nought.
 Therefore, ô loue, vntlesse 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 ste in my necke doth place,
 and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
 And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
 and raigeth ouer euery beast in field,
 in his most pride disdaineth to deuoure
 the silly Lambe that to his might doth yield.
 But she, more cruell and more salage wilde,
 then eyther Lyon, or the Lionesse:
 flumes not to be with guiltlesse bloud defilde,
 but taketh glory in her cruellnesse.
 Fairer then fairest, let none euer say,
 That ye were blooded in a yielded pray.

SONNET XXI.

VVAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
 which tempered fo 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 cease
 their loofer lookes that stir vp lustes impure,
 With such strange traines her eyes the doth inure,
 that with one looke she doth my life difmay:
 and with another doth it straight recure,
 her smile me drawes, 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 inclin:
 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 appeare her ire,
 and on the same my hart will sacrifice,
 burning in flames of pure and chaste desire.
 The which vouchsafe, ô goddesse to accept,
 Amongst thy deertst relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES sake,
 deuiz'd a Web her woocers to deceaue:

in which, the worke that shee all day did make,
 the same at night she did againe vnrcaue:
 Such subtil craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
 th' importune sute of my desire to shonne:
 for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,
 in one short hoare 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 spits that long I spoone,
 and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
 Such labour like the Spydres web I find,
 Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIII.

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 shiny beames doe dart,
 I thinke that I A NEW PANDORA see;
 Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree,
 into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
 that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
 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 attonce to let me die,
 and shew the last ensample of your pride:
 then to torment me thus with crueltie,
 to proue your pouwe, which I too well haue tride.
 But yet if in your hardened breitt 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 briers:
 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-floure, but yet fowre enough;
 and sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
 So euery sweet with foure is tempered 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 endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SON-

SONNETS,

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 Idoll now so gay becene,
 shall doffe her fleshes borrowd faire attire:
 and be forgot as it had neuer been,
 that many now much worship and admire.
 Ne any then shall after it inquite,
 ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 but what thus verie 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 pur you in mind
 of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.
 Proud **DAPHNE**, scornful **Phœbus** louely fire,
 on the **Thebalian** 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 stubborn damzell doth depraue
 my simple meaning with disdainfull scorne:
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
 accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
 The bay, quoth she, is of the Victors borne,
 yeelded them by the vanquish 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 prayse.

SONNET XXX.

MY **Loue** is like to Ice, and I to fire:
 how comes it then that this her cold so great
 is not dissol'd through my so hot desire,
 but harder grows the more I her intreat?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 is not delay'd 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 depraues each other better part,
 and all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other heists 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 she 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 offeruent heat,
 the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,
 that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
 and fashion to what hee it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
 her hart more hard then Iron soft awhit:
 ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
 doe beat on th' anuile of her stubborn wit:
 But still the more she feruent sees my fit,
 the more she friezeth in her wilfull pride:
 and harder grows the harder she is hit,
 with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones be length all frozen turue?

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 to that most sacred Empreffe my deare dread,
 not finishing her **Queene** of **Faëry**,
 that mote enlarge her liuing prayes dead:
 But **LORD VVICK**, 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 merest,
 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 plast:

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 clear my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortles,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiueneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greely couetice,
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 hauing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like **N A R C I S S V S** vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
but 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 shoues but shadowes, fauing 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 affwagement or release.
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their crueltie doth still increase,
and daily more augment my miseries.
But when ye haue shew'd all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue 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 tresses
she doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with flie skill so cunningly them dresseſs,
that which is gold or haire, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
shee may entangle in that golden snare:
and being caught, may craftily enfold
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe stare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
To couet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

AR I O N, 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 stubborne will,
But in her pride the doth persecuer still,
all carelesse how my life for her decays:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,
to spill were pittie, but to saue were praise.
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 E**,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart,
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art,
for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
a melting pleasure 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 trance:
and feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
fed on the iulnesse of that chearefull glance.
More sweet then Nectar or Ambrosiall meat,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke when she 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 fit.
Likest it seemeth in my simple wit,
vnto the faire sunshine in sommers day:
that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
At sight whereof, 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 lift vp their drooping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared,
With that sun-shine when cloudy looks 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 encrease a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are lost.
And that same glorious beauties idle boast,
is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
as being long in her loues tempest tost,
she meanes at last to make her pittious spoils.
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,

that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
to be acquit from my continuall smart:
but toy, 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 Adamant chaine:
and from all wandering loues which more peruart,
in safe assurance strongly it restraine.
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 tyrannic is this, both my hart to thrall,
and eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie;
that neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
but like a stupid stock in silence die?
Yet I my hart with silence 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 harts thought can spell,
Will soone conceiue, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIIII.

When those renowned noble Peeres of Greece,
through stubborne pride among theselues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden seece,
then **ORPHEVS** with his harp their strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make:
whilst my weak powres of passions warred are,
no skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But when in hand my tunelesse harpe I take,
then doe I more augment my foes despight:
and griefe renew, and passions doe awake
to battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whom the more I 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 semblant true.
With n my hart, though hardly it can shew
thing to diuine to view of earthly eye:
the faire Ideas of your celestially hew,
and euerie part remains immortally.
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with sorrow dimmed and deformed it were,
the goodly image of your wisdom,
clearer then crysfall would therein appeare.
But if your selfe in me ye plain will see,
Remoue the cause by which your faire beames darkned

SONNET XLVI.

When my abodes prefixed times is spent,
my cruell faere straight bids me wend away:
but then from heauen most hideous stormes are sent,
as willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heauen or her obey?
the heauens know 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 sorrow see,
sith all your tempests cannot hold me back,
assuage 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 tried:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the foolish fish their bayts doe hide:
So she with flattering smyles weake harts doth guide
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay:
whom beeing 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 her ire:
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 hereticks ordained:
yet heresie nor treason didst conspire,
but plead thy Masters cause, vniuistly pained.
Whom she, all carelesse of his grieffe, constrained
to steter 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 know that mercy is the Mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force against your enemies.
Let them feeble th'vnoit of your cruelties,
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footstool humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

Such mercy shall you make admird to be,
So shall you live, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languishing in double malady,
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little prife,
in deepe discouery of the minds disease:
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then with some cordials seeke first to appease
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:
but such sweet cordials passe Physitions art.
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reuale,
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, vntraid in Louers trade,
her hardnesse blame, which I should more commend?
sith neuer ought was excellēt as fayd,
which was not hard r'atchieue and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but be that would ateed,
mote soften it and to his will 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,
despoyled of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield,
to sorrow and to solitarie paine:
from presēce 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 dildaine
of all worlds gladnesse more my tōrment feed.
So I her absence will my penaunce make,
That of her presēce 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 to 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 wolds Theater in which we stay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
disgiuing diuersly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:
soone 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 mone,
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LV.

Soft as I her beautie doe behold,
and there-with docher crueltie compare,
I maruaile of what substance was the mould,
the which her made atonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'nly 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 frize with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
for, to the heauen her haughty lookes aspire:
and eke her loue is pure immortal hie.
Then sith to heauen ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy asin 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.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
gainst which, a ship of succour desolate,
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

Sweet 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:

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I should liue a iot,
seeing my hart through-launched euery where
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
but glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposed
in her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:
that soonest falls, when as the most supposed
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought afraid.
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vntayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
her glorious pride that none may reipaire.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or faire,
but faileth, truiting 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 farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured are.

SONNET LIX.

THrife happy she, that is to well assur'd
vnto her selfe, and fetled 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 fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
of grudging foes, ne fauour seeke of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET LX.

THEY that in course of heavenly spheres are skild,
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfilld,
as **MARS** in threecore yeeres doth run his sphere.
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then all those fortie which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers booke inuent,
the sphere of **CYPRID** fortie yeeres contains:
which I haue wasted in long la' gushment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,
This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THE glorious image of the Makers beautie,
my soueraigne iunt, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth about the bounds of dutie,
& 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 blossom of the morn,
the beame of light, whom mortal eyes admire:
what reason is it then but she should forme
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such beaunty formes ought rather worship be,
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THE wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,
the new begins his compact course anew:
with shew of morning nyd he hath begun,
betokening peace and plentie to ensue,
So let vs, which this change of weather view,
change eeke our minds, and former liues amend,
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs eschew,
and flie the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his gladfomeray:
and all these stormes which now his beautie blend,
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your beauly 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 desery the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arriue:
faire soyle it teemes from far, & fraught with store
of all that deare and daintie is aliuie.
Most happy he, that can at last atchieue,
the ioyous safetie of so sweet a rest:
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All pines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blis.

SONNET LXIII.

COMming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
mee seemd I melt 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 tuddy checks, like vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes like budded Bellanoures,
her lonely eyes, like Pinks but newly spred,
Her goodly botonie, like a Strawberry bed,
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullambines:
her brest like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,
her nipples like young bloudomd 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 ſie.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,
without conſtraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird fees no captiuitie
within her cage; but ſings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approche, nor diſcord ſpill
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:
but ſimple truth and mutuall good will,
ſeekes with ſweet peace to ſalue each others wound:
There faith doth feareleſſe dwell in braſen towre,
And ſpoileſſe 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 tie 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 ſtouple 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 enlumined me,
With my reflex, yours ſhall encreaſed 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 purſue and vaine aſſay,
when I all wearie had the chace forſooke,
the gentle Deere returned the ſelfe ſame way,
thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brooke:
There ſhe beholding me with milder looke,
fought not to ſie, but feareleſſe ſtill did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmlye tyde.
Strange thing me ſeemd 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 harrowd hell, didſt bring away
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddeſt die,
being 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,
vſd trophies to erect in ſtately wiſe:
in which they would the records haue enrolld,
of their great deedes and valarous empriſe.
What trophies then ſhall I moſt fit deuife,
in which I may record the memorie
of my loues conqueſt, peerleſſe beauties priſe,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chaſtitie.
Euen this verſe, vowd to eternitie,
ſhall be thereof immortal moniment:
and tell her praife to all poſteritie,
that may admire ſuch worlds rare wonderment:
The happy purchaſe of my glorious ſpoile,
Gotten at laſt with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

Freſh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,
in whole 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,
vleſſe ſhe doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her ſelfe ſoone ready make,
to wait on loue amongſt his louely crew:
where euerie one that miſleth then her make,
ſhall be by him amearſt with penance dew.
Make haſt therefore ſweet loue, whiſt 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 thralld 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,
Betwene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

Oft when my ſpirit doth ſped 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 mortalitye,

Where

SONNETS.

Where, when that foueraigne beautie it doth spy,
 resembling heauens glory in her light:
 drawne with sweet pleasures bayts, it back doth flie,
 and vnto heauen forgets her former sight.
 There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,
 doth bathe in blisse, and maadeth 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 here in care,
 my hart, whom none with seruile bands can tie:
 but the same 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 desynd,
 the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
 with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first, my heeing to me gaue by kind,
 from mothers wombe deriu'd by due descent,
 the second, is my foueraigne Queene most kind,
 that honour and large riches to me lent.
 The third, my loue, my liues last ornament,
 by whom my spirit out of dust was raised:
 to speake her praise and glory excellent,
 of all aliuie most worthy to be praised.
 Ye three **E L I Z A B E T H S** for cuer 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 walded 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 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 verse your 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.

Faire 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 heavenly bright:
 How was I raiust with your loouely sight,
 and my fraile thoughts too rashly led astray?
 whiles diuing deepe through amorous asight,
 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 loofely did their wanton wings display,
 and there to rest themselves did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts, I eniue you so happy rest,
 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 iuncats, fit to entertaine
 the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
 Mongit which, there in a siluer dish did ly
 two golden apples of vnauld price:
 far passing those which **H E R C U L E S** came by,
 or those which **A T A L A N T A** did entice.
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,
 that many sought, yet none could cuer 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, wherelast 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 deekt,
 yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
 yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
 But when mine eyes I there vnto direct,
 they idly backe returne to me againe,
 and when I hope to see their true obiect,
 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 hie:
 but onely that is permanent and free
 from fraile corruption, that doth flesh enue.
 That is true beautie: that doth argue you
 to be diuine, and borne of heavenly 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 vntimely fade.

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 foredonee,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Thas as a feed refreshed after toile,
out of my prison I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke assoile,
with strong endeour and attention due.
Till then giue leaue to me, in pleasur mew
to sport my Muse, and sing my loues sweet praise:
the contemplation of whose heauenly 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 wauing chance to marke:
faire when the rose in her red cheekes appears,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.
FAire when her brest like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize the forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display,
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of hats astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

IOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky plac'd:
but then the more your owne mishap I rewe,
that was to me such by so meane loue embas'd.
For had the quall heauens so much you grac'd
in this as in the rest, ye mote iouent
some heaucoly wit, whose verse could haue enchain'd
your glorious name in golden moniment.
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 prayse forth:
Whose lustre argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedily couetize,
still to behold the object of their paine:
with no contentment can themselves suffize,
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 V S vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke:
but 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 shadows, suuing the.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fire
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:
ne one light glance of sensuall desire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnrest.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
and modest thoughts breath'd frō well tempred spirits,
goe visite her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
accompanie with Angel-like delights.
These fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
the which my selfe could neuer yet attaine:
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
which her too constant stiffenesse doth constraîne.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse 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 Maui sings,
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heauenly 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 entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly furie doth inspire,
and my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders sting,
of that selic kind with which the Furies sell
their snakie heads doe combe, from which a spring
of poysoned words, and spightfull speeches well;
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accurd hire:
that with false forged lies, which thou didst sell,
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of fire,
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 cuening vntill morn.
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 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 see, though in the clearest day,
when others gaze vpon their shadowes vaine:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,
through contemplation of my purest part,
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamish't hart.
But with such brightnes whilst I fill my mind,
I starue my 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,
moue me to my selfe the absence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all desolate,
feele with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy 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 wipotted pleasures to delight.
Duke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinded boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hie to grope for honny:
But when he saw me fledge and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiver 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 Cupids dart.

I Saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid 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 Venus from the other.
Then, neuer blush Cupid, 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 noife,
and saw the beast so small:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues so great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wise 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 likee, ife an litle 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 crueltye,
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 welc-away,
I wounded am full fore:
The flie that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his litle 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.

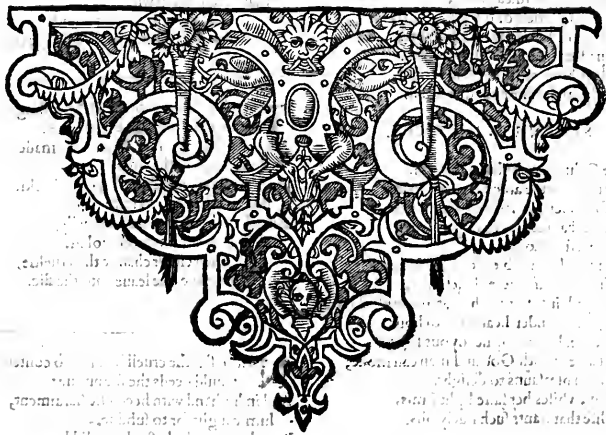
SHeooke him straight full pittiously lamenting,
and wrapt him in her smock:
Shee wrapt him softly, all the while repeating,
that he the flie did mock.
Shee dreft his wound, and it embalmed well,
with saluc of foueraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a daintie well,
the well of deare delight.

Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be bath'd in VENUS blis?

THe wanton boy was shortly well recured
of that his malady:
But hee, soone after, fresh againe enured
his former crueltie.
And since that time he wounded 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.

FINIS.



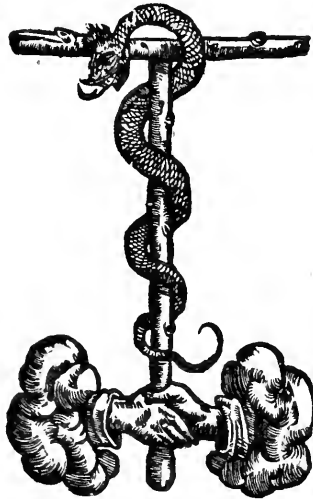
Vho condescendeth to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me
I think him worthy to be lov'd by me

And one of his eyes I have receiv'd
And one of his eyes I have receiv'd
And one of his eyes I have receiv'd
And one of his eyes I have receiv'd
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EPITHALAMION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



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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 forne
 To heare their names sung in your simple layes,
 Borrowed 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 ieriment:
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
 And hauing all your heads with girlands crown'd,
 Helpe me name owne loues praises to recount,
 Ne let the fame of any be enuide:
 So **ORPHEVS** 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 disperst the nights vncharefull damp,
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lusthead,
 Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
 My truest Turtle-doue,
 Bid her awake; for **HYMEN** is awake,
 And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
 With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In their fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
 For loe the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her vsury of long delight:
 And whilst she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the Riuers and the Forrests greene:
 And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,
 All with gay girlands goodly well befene.
 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 diapred like the discoloured mead,
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,
 For she will waken strat,
 The whiles doe ye this long vnto 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 greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
 And ye likewise which keepe the russh lake,
 Where none doe fishes take,
 Bind vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crytall bright,
 That when you come whereas my **LOU**e doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountaine vse to towre,
 And the wilde **WOLUES** which seek r' em to deuoure,
 With your Steele darts doe chace from comming neere,
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to deek 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 **TITHONS** bed,
 All ready to her siluer coach to clime,
 And **PHOEBVS** gins to shew his glorious head,
 Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,
 And carroll of loues praise,
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
 The Thrush replies, the Mavis delciant plays,
 The Ouzell shrils, the Ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this daies meriment,
 Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' await the conning of your ioyous make,
 And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,
 The dewy leaues among:
 For they of ioy and pleance 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 starrs that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames
 More bright then **HESPERVS** his head doth reere.
 Come now ye damfels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight,
 But first come ye faire houres which were begot
 In **IOVS** sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
 And all that euer in this world is faire,
 Doe make and still repaire.
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian **QUEENE**,
 The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beaunfullest bride:
 And as ye her array, still throw betwene
 Some graces to be seene:
 And as ye vse to **VENVS**, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

EPITHALAMION.

Now is my Loue all ready forth to come,
 Let all the virgins therefore well await,
 And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her grome,
 Prepare your selues, for he is comming frait.
 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 E 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 resounds from far,
 The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all, the Damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrels smite,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carroll sweet,
 That all the senses they doe ransh quite,
 The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noise,
 As if it were on 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 aduance 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 belemes, that ye would weene
 Some Angell she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene,
 Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
 And beeing crowned with a girland greene,
 Seeme like some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes abashed to behold
 So many gazers, as on her do stare,
 Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;
 Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
 But blusht to heare her prayes sung so loud,
 So farre from beeing proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

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,
 Adorned 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 vn-cruded,
 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 faire,
 To honours seate, and chastities sweet bowre.
 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.

BUt if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beautie of her lucely spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly 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 mazed full head.
 There dwells sweet loue and constant chastitie,
 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 celestiall 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 humbler euerence,
 She commeth in, before th'almighties view:
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
 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 pertake,
 The which doe endlesse matrimony make,
 And let the roring Organs loudly play,
 The prayes of the Lord in liuely notes,
 The whiles with hollowe throates
 The Organisters the ioyous Anthem 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 speaks,
 And blesseth 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 crumfin dyde in graine:
 That euen the Angels, which continually
 About the sacred Altar doe remaine,
 Forget their seruice and about her die,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seemes more faire,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes still fast'ned on the ground,
 Are governd with goodly modestie,
 That suffers not one looke to glauce awry,
 Which may let in a litle thought vnfound.
 Why blush ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band.
 Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluys sing,
 That all the woods may answer, 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 iollitic.
 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 sweat, and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye god **BACCHVS** with a coronall,
 And **HYMEN** also crowne with wreathes of vine,
 And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest,
 For they can doe it best:

The whiles the maydens doe their carroll sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, & their echo ring.

RING ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,
 And leaue your wanted labors for this day:
 This day is holy; doe you write it downe,
 That ye for euer it remember may.
 This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
 With **BARNABY** 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 ordained was,
 To chuse the longest day in all the yeare,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
 Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
 And benefiers make all day,
 And daunce about them, and about them sing:
 That all the woods may answer, and your 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 **TRIME** 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 crest
 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 dead,
 How chearefully thou lookest from above,
 And seem'st to laugh atwene thy twinkling light,
 As ioying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for ioy doe sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their 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 nighing fast,
 Now bring the Bride into the bridal bowres.
 Now night is come, now soone her disaray,
 And in her bed her lay;
 Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
 And silken curtaines ouer her display,
 And odour sheets, and Arras couerlets.
 Behold how goodly my faire Loue doct ly,
 In proud humilty;
 Like vnto **MARIA**, when as **IOVE** her tooke,
 In Tempe lying on the flowrie gras,
 Twixt sleepe and wake, after the weary was,
 With bathing 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 answer, nor your echo ring.

NOW welcome night, thou night so long expected,
 That long dayes labour doost at last de tray,
 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 hortor 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 affray:
 Like as when **IOVE** with faire **ALCME**NA lay,
 When he begot the great Tiryntian grome:
 Or like as when he with thy selfe did lie,
 And begot Maiestie.
 And let the mayds and young men cease to sing:
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their 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 misconciued doubt.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights;
 Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, 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.

Frays vs with things that be not,
 Let not the shriek-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,
 Nor the night Rauen that still deadly yels,
 Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mightie spels,
 Nor grieufully vultures make vs once affeard:
 Ne let th'vnpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking-
 Make vs to wishe their chocking.
 Let none of these their dreary accents sing,
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo 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 pleasant plaine,
 The whiles an hundred little winged looses,
 Like diuers feathered doues,
 Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reprocues,
 Their pretie stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread
 To fish away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through couert night.
 Ye sonnes of V E N V S, play your sports at will:
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
 Thinks more vpon her paradise of adoyes,
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day:
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

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 favourable now;
 And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly doost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
 And the chaste wombe informe with timely seede,
 That may our comfort breed:
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
 Ne let the woods vs answer, nor our echo ring.

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 solemneize:
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Or 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 bridele bowre and geniall bed remaine,
 Without blemish or staine,
 And the sweet pleasures of their loues delight
 With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
 Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou faire H E B E, and thou H Y M E N fere,
 Grant that it may so bee:
 Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
 In dreadfull darknesse lend desired light:
 And all ye powers which in the same remaine,
 More then we men can faime,
 Poure out your blessing on vs plentiously,
 And happy influence vpon vs raine,
 That we may raise a large posterite,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
 With lasting happinesse,
 Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,
 And for the gurdion of their glorious meri,
 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 toyes to sing,
 The woods no more vs answer, nor our echo 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 promist 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.



FOUR
HYMNS

WILLIAM
EDWARDS



NEW YORK
1852



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 mouued by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reforme them, making (in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celestiaall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye daily shew vnto mee, vntill such time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen so I pray for your

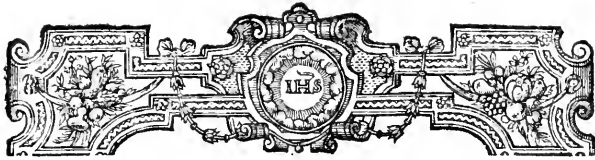
happinesse. Greenewich, this first of

September. 1596.

(* * *)

*Your Honours most bounden euer
in all humble seruise,*

Edm. Sp.



AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdu'd my poore captiu'd hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Dooft tyrannize in euery weaker part:
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the prayes 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 subdu'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouer-spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, & come, thou mighty God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doost sit in VENVS lap aboue,
Biting thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter fare then any Nectar is:
Come to sit, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And yee sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his aueng. full darts;
And yee faire Nymphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie boast,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne, doe sing,
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

GREAT god of might, that reignest in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy left 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 aloue 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 heauenly 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 CLOTHOB 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,
Weakely at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hier,
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did seuer,
The which before had lyeen confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till 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 lukt 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 being haue, and daily are increast,
 Through secret sparks of his infused fire,
 Which in the bairtaine cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are
 To multiply the likenesse of their kind,
 Whilst they seeke onely, without further care,
 To quench the flame, which they in burning find :
 But Man, that breathes a more immortal mind,
 Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,
 Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fire,
 He is coluind with that goodly light,
 Vnto like goodly semblant to aspire :
 Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desire
 That seemes on earth most heauenly, to embrace,
 That same is **B E A U T Y**, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame
 Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
 Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
 Of heauenly light, then **B E A U T Y** s glorious beame.
 What wonder then, if with such rage extreame,
 Fraile men, whose eyes seeke heauenly things to see,
 At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee ?

Which well perceiving, 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 plaine, and makefull pitious mone
 Vnto the author of their balefull banes ;
 The daies they waste, the nights they grieue and grone,
 Their liues they loathe, and heauens 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 thralvs forlorne,
 The whiles thou doost triumph in their decay,
 And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,

Thou doost emmarble the proud hart of her,
 Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (aye me the more)
 To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
 With thousand wounds thou mangled hast fo fore,
 That whole remains scarce any little part :
 Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
 Thou hast enfrezod her disdainfull breast,
 That no one drop of pittie there doth rest.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
 Thus to ennoble 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 lue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
 The worlds great Parent, the most kind preferer
 Of liuing wights, the soueraigne Lord of all,
 How failes it then, that with thy furious feruour,
 Thou doost afflict as well the not deseruer,
 As him that doth thy louely heasts 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 sverue,
 And maist them make it better to deserue :
 And hauing got it, may it more esteeme.
 For things hard gotten, men more deely deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfired,
 As things diuine, least passions doe impress,
 The more of stedfast minds to be admired,
 The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse :
 But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
 Which at first blowing take not haste fire,
 Such fancies feele no loue, but loofe desire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,
 Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,
 Op golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
 About 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 durie 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 natue might
 Of heaue earth, vp to the beauens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
 That it all fordid basenesse doth expell,

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 full 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 fatiside with it,
Like TANTALE, that in store doth starued ly:
So doth he pine in most latietie:
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 fame possesse,
He faunes himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he doe not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himselfe doth weene,
That heuens such happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue seene,
His hart enshrined Saint, his heuens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what 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 LEANDER, in the Euxine wauer,
And stout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,
ACHILLES preassing through the Phrygian glauces,
AND ORPHEVS, daring to prouoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:
For both through heauen and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these paines,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heuens of ioy, then to himselfe he faines,
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory
What euer ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striueth still
T'approach more neare, till in her inmost breast,
He may embosomed bee, and loued best;
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, o how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fantasie represent
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his idle braine:
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not beleue
Least part of th'euls which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shewes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The fained frienas, the vnassured 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-worme, that monster louse,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentile loue, that all his ioies defaced.

By these, o LOVE, thou doost thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and doost the more eedere
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
As after formes 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 heuens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradise
Of all delight, and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wise,
With HERCVLES and HEBE, and the rest
OF VENVS darlings, through her bountie blest,
And lie like gods in iuory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASURE they do play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentile game;
Then her they crowne their goddess & their Queene,
And decke with flowres thy altars well bescene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wished scope
Of my desire; or might my selfe assure,
That happy port for euer to recure.

An Hymne

Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but peanance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal 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, dread 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 wondrous fury doost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whilst seeking to aslake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindest much more great desire,
And vp aloft about my strength dost raise
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I carst, in praise of thine owne name,
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame;
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The raiusht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds such foule enchanting might.

There to 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 dullede cynne,
And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,
That now it waded 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.

VWhat time this worlds great workmaister did cast
To make all things, such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Patterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could;
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne wherefoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to despoile,
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 emight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,
The duller earth it quickneeth with delight,
And life-full spirits pruiely doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is, thy loueraigne 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 giueth pleatant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which shining in the face,
Thence to the foule darts amorous desire,
And robs the harts of those which it admire,
Therewith thou pointest thy tonnes poyned arrow,
That wounds the life, & waxes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temperment
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a Sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition,
Of parts well meassur'd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times, we Nature see of Art
Excel'd, in perfect limning euery part.

But ah! beleeue me, there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know:
And who so list the like asayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confesse it then,
That **B E A U T Y** is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall decay.
And those sweet rose leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, those sparkling starres so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguish't nor decay;
But when the vitall spirits doe expire,
Vnto her nauie planet shall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Becing a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the foule, the which deriu'd was
At first, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whosome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens height,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light

And liuely spirits from that fairest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retainyng still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshy seede is efit enaced,
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoile
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and braue
Their fleshy bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a fountaine might
Tempers to trim, that it may well be teene,
A palace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So in the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, an it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the foule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the body make,

Therefore where-euer that thou doost behold
A comely corpe, with beautie faire endew'd,
Knowe this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thwed;
Fit to receiue the seed of vertue strow'd.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind
Dwels in desord'rd tabernacle drownd,
Either by chance, against the courte of kind,
Or through vnaptnesse in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me the more to rewe)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is soule abus'd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight a'orne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinneis scorne;
Whilist euery one doth seeke and sue to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to deprauit it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abuse it vnto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Nathelasse, the soule is faire and beauteous still;
How euer fleshes fault 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 fill of your first countries fight,
Doe still preferre your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shines in your beautilous 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-slave of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marre,
And quench the light of your bright shining starre.

But gentle LOVES, that loyall is and true,
Will more illumine your replendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours by opposit reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appear,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admire their fountain may.
For else what booteeth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknes be enshined euer,
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well advise,
That likest to your selues ye them select,
The which your formes first soure may sympathise,
And with like beauties parts be iolly deckt:
For if you loosely loue, without respect,
It is not loue, but a discordant warre,
Whose vnlike parts amongst themselues do iarre.

For loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likeli harts composd of starrs concent,
Which ioyne together in sweet sympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beauty which they see,
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not 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 obiect of their eyes,
A more refined forme, which they present
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
Of that first Sunne, yet sparking in his sight,
The of he fashions in his higher skill,
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so iolly faire to bee,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully fettereth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,
And yet indeed her faireness 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 mutual receipt of the beames bright,
Which carry priuie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that almost 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 having wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compassion to their louely foe;
Who seeing her fayre eyes to thurpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweet aspect.

In which, how many wonders doe they see
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 liket to Cordials bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinkling starrs in frosty night:
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All these, 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 hearts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *To triumph*, O great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maiestic,

of Heauenly Loue.

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, ô great Soueraigne,
That the whose conquering beaustic 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 dearling, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pynning grieffe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

F I N I S.

A N H Y M N E, O F heauenly Loue.

LO V E, lift me vp upon thy golden wings,
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soueraigne might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of L O V E, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue.
But all those follies now I doe reprove,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heauenly praises of true loue to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire,
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your selues at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame:
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any beeing place,
Ere sitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound, 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 heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, 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 might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
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 celestall dew,
That may my rimes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant still with powrefull 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 to great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All gliftring 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 hold,
That they might serue him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
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 termelss 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 increase
 Above the fortune of their first condition,
 And fit in Gods owne seate without commision :
 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 hight, to which they did aspire,
 To deepest hell, and lake of dammed 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 aboue
 Through pride ; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
 And now of sinne to all ensample bee :
 How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
 Sith purest Angels fell to be impure ?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
 Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,
 Now seeing left a waste and emptic place
 In his wide Palace, through those Angels fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to enfall
 A new vnknown Colonie therein, (begin.
 Whole 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 fashiond in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breath'd a liuing spright
 Into his face, most beautifull and faire,
 Endewd with wisdoms riches, heauenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortal 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 lowly shapemay bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
 No lesse then Angels, whom he did enuew,
 Fell from the hope of promitt 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 meere 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 redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blifs,
 In which he reigned with his glorious fire,
 He downe descended, like a most demis
 And abiect 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 hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide :
 Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpass,
 Could make amends to God for mans misgude,
 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,
 He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
 Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
 Reuiling him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
 And flew 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 entire affection,
 And sharply launcing euery inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart ;
 Dooing him die, that neuer it deferred,
 To free his foes, that from his heart had swerued.

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
 Or thought can thinke the depth of so deare wound ?
 Whose bleeding fource 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 ! o flowre of grace !
 O glorious Morning starre ! o lampe of light !
 Most liuely image of thy fathers face,
 Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,
 Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,
 How can we thee requite for all this good ?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,
 But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.
 Aye me ! what can vs lesse then that behoue ?
 Had he required life of vs againe,
 Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine ?

of Heauenly Loue.

He gaue vs hie, he reftored loft;
Then life were leaft, that vs fo little coft.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and bleffed that was band;
Ne ought demands, but that we louing bee,
As he himfelfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,
And bound the refo with an eternall band,
Him firft to loue, that vs fo dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him firft to loue, great right and reason is,
Who firft to vs our life and beeing gaue;
And after, when we fared had amis,
Vs wretches from the fecond death did faue:
And laft, the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen hee himfelfe in his deare facrament,
To feede our hungry foules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that felfe mould, and that felfe Makers hand,
That we; and to the fame againe fhall fade,
Where they fhall haue like heritage of land,
How-euer here on higher fteps we ftand;
Which alfo were with felfe fame price redeemed
That we, how-euer of vs light eftemed.

And were they not, yet firft that louing Lord
Commanded vs to loue them for his fake,
Euen for his fake, and for his facred word,
Which in his laft bequeft he to vs fpake,
We fhould them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing, that whatfoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his moft holy reed
Vnto vs taught, and to approuoit trew,
Enfampled it by his moft righteous deed,
Shewing vs mercy (miferable crew)
That we the like fhould to the wretches fhew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himfelfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouze thy felfe, ô earth, out of thy foyle,
In which thou wallow'ft like to filthy fwine,
And doot thy mind in dirty pleasures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that deareft Lord of thine;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his foueraigne bounty maift behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from firft where he enradled was
In fimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylefull Ox and humble Affe,
And in what rags, and in how baie aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the filly Shepherds came to fee,
Whom greateft Princes fought on loweft knee.

From thence read on the ftory of his life,
His humble carriage, his vntauly waies,

His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his trefe,
His paines, his pouerty, his fharp afflues,
Through which he paff his miferable daies,
Offending none, and dooing good to all,
Yet being malift both of great and fmall.

And looke at laft, how of moft wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and falfe accused,
How with moft fcornfull taunts, & fell delights
He was reuil'd, dilgrast, and foule abused,
How fcourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruifed;
And laftly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (fide.
With bitter wounds, through hands, through feet, through

Then let thy flinty hart that fees no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,
At fight of his moft facred heauenly corfe,
So torne and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy foule, whole finnes his forrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With fenfe whereof, whilst to thy foftned fpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endleffe merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th'author of thy weale,
And to his foueraigne mercy doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee: fo deare,
And in thy breaft his bleffed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy foule and mind,
Thou muft him loue, and his bechefs embrace:
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and ftirre vp affections baife,
Thou muft renounce, and vtterly diflace,
And giue thy felfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himfelfe for thee.

Then fhalt thou feele thy fpirit fo poffeft,
And rauiht with deuouring great defire
Of his deare felfe, that fhall thy feeble brest
Inflame with loue, and fet thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou fhalt delight,
But in his fweet and amiable fight.

Thenceforth, all worlds defire will in thee die,
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,
Seeme durt and droffe in thy pure fighted eye,
Compar'd to that celeftiall beauties blaze,
Whole glorious beames all flefhly fenfe doth daze
With admiration of their paffing light,
Blinding the eyes, and luming the fpright.

Then fhall thy rauisht foule inspired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes fhall plainly fee
Th' Idee of his pure glory, preftent full
Before thy face, that all thy fpirits fhall fill
With fweet enragement of celeftiall loue,
Kindled through fight of thofe 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,
Doe kindle loue in high conceited spirits:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, o 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 showe
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,
Of that immortal beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughed 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 themselves vp hier,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewy,
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th' easie view
Of this base world, subiect to fleshy eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortal skie.
Of the soare Faulcon so I learne to flie,
That flaps awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herselfe for stronger sight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wide *Vniuers*, and therein read
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 beauty deckt.

First th' Earth, on Adamantine pillars founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with brazen bands;
Then th' Ayre still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On euerie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And last, that mightie shining crytall 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 still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
O' purest beautie, it at last ascend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright shinie round still mouing Masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call *Skye*,
All sow'd with glistering starrs more thicke then grasse,
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 about these heauens which here we see,
Be others, farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, nor corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in height,
Vnmoouing, vncorrupt, and sparkle bright,
That need no Sunne to illuminate their spheres,
But their owne natieue light, farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arise,
Vntill they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mighty compass doth comprise,
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 enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie:
More faire is that, where those *ID*ESON his
Enranged be, which *PL*ATO so admired,
And pure *I*NTELLIGENCES from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne
The fouerain *P*OVERERS & mighty *P*OTENTATES,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *D*OMINATIONS are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be those bright *C*HERUBINS,
Which all with golden wings are our-dight,
And those eternall burning *S*ERAPHINS,
Which from their faces dart out 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 farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyned 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 beutie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I find :
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight,

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th' Angels selues cannot endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth shine,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine ;
In sight of whom both Sun and Moore are darke,
Compared to his least refuldend sparke ?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,
Which he hath made in beutie excellent,
And in the fame, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregifted in eury nooke
His goodnes, which his beutie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blind,
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmitie.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footstool of his Maiestie,
Throwe thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great DEITY,
For feare, lest if he chance to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowly fall before his Mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integritie,
From the iust wrath of his auengefull threat,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hie :
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,

More firme and durable then Steele or brasse,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust.
And the great Dragon strongly doth repressse,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust :
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust ;
From whence proceede her beames so pure & bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from TRINITYS flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red :
Whose nature yet to much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest Wifards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortall 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'eternall Truth it doth proceede,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnfound :
And vnderneath his feete are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his auenging ire.

There in his bosome SAPIENCE doth sit,
The fouraine dearing of the DEITY,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerlesse maiestie :
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starrs appeare,
And make her nature brightnesse seeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest fouraignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hie,
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
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 beaust,
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 increast 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 admired it,
Hane 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 foueraine.

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,
Scene but a glimpse of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
About that 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 perfections part,
Whose beautie fills the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.
Enough is me to admire so heauenly thing:
And beeing thus with her huge loue possest,
In th'onely wonder of her selfe 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 celestially 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 chasteft 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 beaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasie,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earth seemd sweet, seemes now offence,
And all that pleased earth, now seemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which oow they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes be.

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seemes foule, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire
By name of honour, and to much desire,
Seemes to them basenesse, 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 satietie,
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 misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies price;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grieft.

And looke at last vp to that soueraigne light,
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie springs,
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 beeing so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

FINIS.



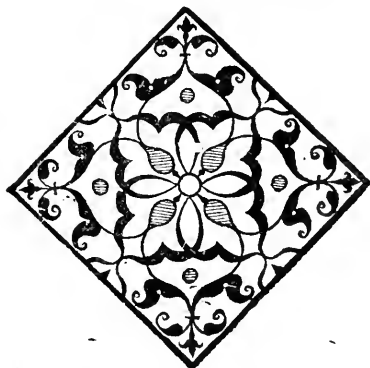
DAPHNAIDA.

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

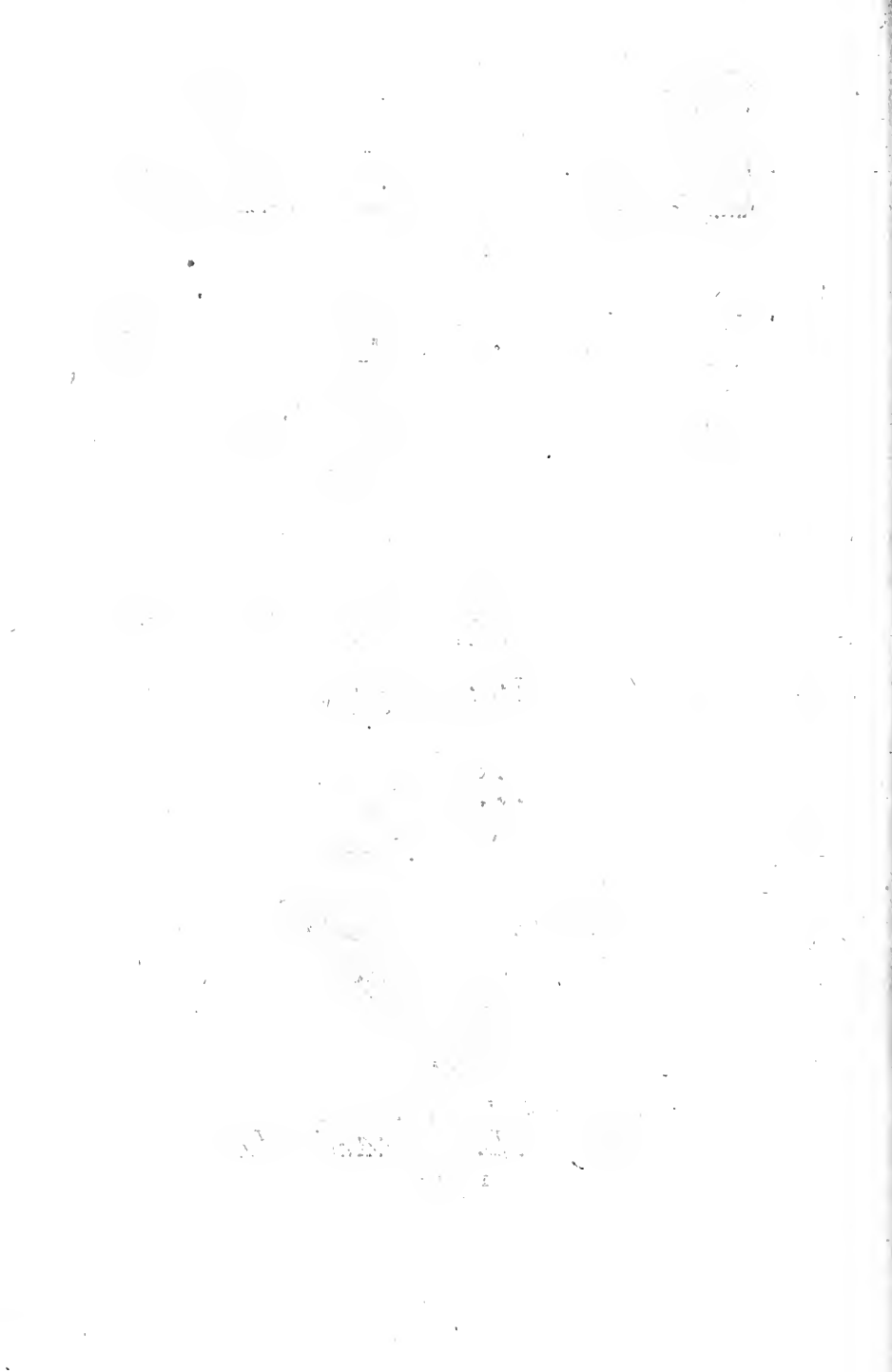
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY
Helena, Marquesse of *North-hampton*.

By *Edmunde Spenser*.



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.

1611.





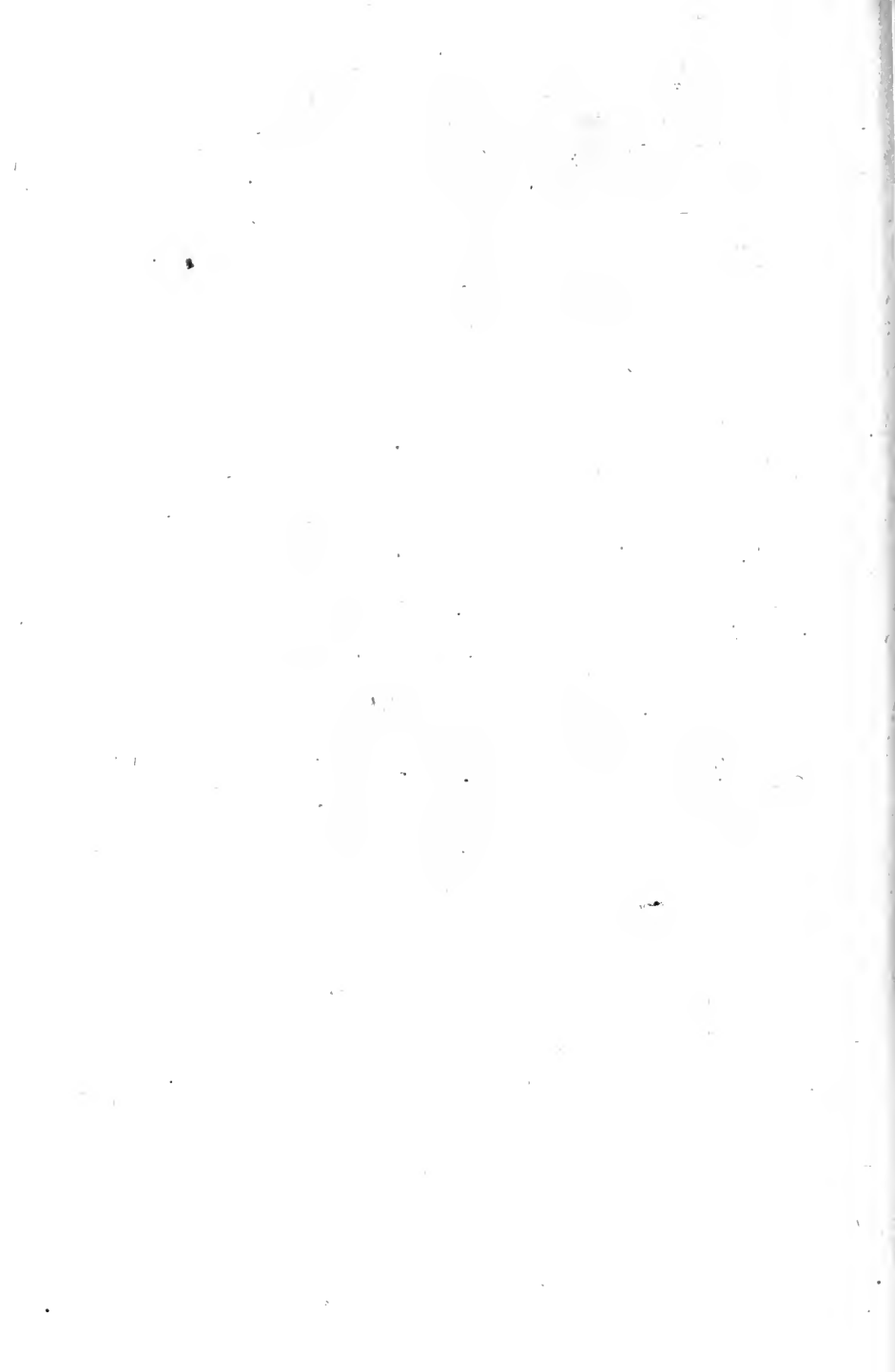
TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marqueffe of
North-hampton.

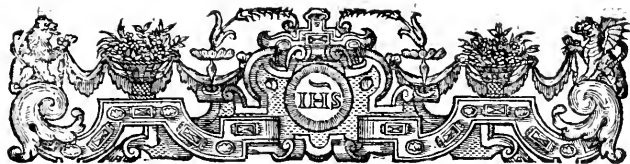


Haue the rather presumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Master *Arthur Gorges*, a loue of learning & vertue: whose house, as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue euer borne themselues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldest daughter to *John Duke of Norfolk*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladyship, 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 January. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer,

Edm. Sp.





DAPHNAIDA.

WHat-cuer man he be, whose heauy mind
With grieue of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one (I weene) the wofullst man aliuē;
Euen sad **A L C Y O N**, whose empierec brest,
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riuē.

But whofo 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 heaueic song would breed delight:
But here no tunes, saue sobes and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie;
Let those three fatal Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weaue the direfull threds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darknes deepe come from the **S T R Y G I A N** strands;
And grify Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And swetic iteedes now hauing ouer-run
The compact 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 possels,
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauinels,
Which the conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnes, and lifes wretchednes,
That yet my soule it deeply doth empaffion.

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 fory wight did coste,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And **I A A K O B S** staffe in hand deuouly crost;
Like to some Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careles locks, vncombed and vnshorne,
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne;
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He sighd oft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance,
Me seemd I had his person seene elswhere,
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 pleafance 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 disdaine full wife,
Yet stayd not: till I againe did call.
Then turning backe, he said with hollow sound,
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulnes impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And giuen like cause with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare:
Then stay **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.

Cease foolish man (said he, halfe wrathfully)
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, vnpietied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained:
Least that the world thee dead, accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

G.

Who

DAPHNAIDA.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Then question made of his calamitie,
For harts deepe sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my griefe,
And can'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 vnde (as thou right well doost know)
My little flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,
Not far from whence S A B R I N A E S stream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Farelesse 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 seldome seene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer bene:
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 Lioness without becheaf
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.

Off did the Shepherds, which my hap did heare,
And oft their Lasses, which my luck enuide,
Daily resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater then the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bleſse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds sicklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruell S A T Y R E with his murderous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gae her the fatall wound of deadly smart:
And rest from me my sweet companion,
And rest from me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lionesse (ah woe 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 foyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pity of his heauy plight,
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe;
Certes A L C Y O N, painfull is thy plight,
That it in 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 sand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beaſt his noble hart embasse,
And be the vassall of his vassallesse:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case,

Then sighing sore, D A P H N E thou knew'st, quoth hee,
Shee 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,
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
All were my selfe through griefe 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 breast;
But he thereby was more empaffionate:
As stubborn steed, that is with curbe restrained,
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearily pained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
Which so vnjustly do their iudgements thare
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflicke so sore
The innocent, as those which doe transgreffe,
And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
Than wo: it or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world to faire, sith fairenesse is negiected?
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 reiected:
Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestially grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
Liu'ng on earth like Angell new diuine,
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since faire ASTRÆA left
The infull world) more vertue in a wight:
And when she parted hence, with her she left
Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:
Well may the shepherd Lasses now lament,
For double losse by her hath on them light;
To lose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall Shepherdesse
The prayes of my parted loue enuy,
For she hath praies in all plentioufnesse,
Pour'd vpon her, like showers of CASTALY
By her owne Shepherd, COLIN her own Shepherd,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

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 Shepherd, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

2 What hart so stomie hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What TIRMON, but would let compassion creepe
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
In stead of teares, whole brackish bitter well
I wasted haue, my hart bloud 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 close her eyes with carelesse quietnesse:
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule asoyld from sinfull fleshincesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She all reuolu'd, and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wile bespake;
ALCYON, ah! my first and latest loue,
Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chaunc't some cruel tourne?

I, sith the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules vnto the bridle feast
Of his great Lord, mult needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his loue: ane behest:
Why should ALCYON then so sore lament,
That I from misery should be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and discafe,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appeafe,
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he that loues me, forrie 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 gladoes to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
May come, their happy quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestially thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest:
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My young AMBROSIA, in lieu of mee
Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So hauing said, away she softly past:
Weepe Shepherd, weepe, to make mine vnderlong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breast,
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 possest,
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 rosie garland crown'd?
And when she list aduance her heauenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your vielayes?
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 thrill,
That may allure the senses to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard found his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke their might
To idle pleasure: but let ghastrifesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauineffe.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells:
Let streaming floods their bawtie courtes stay,
And parching drouth dry vp the crystal 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 wearineffe,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hidious monsters full of vglifesse:
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 focke, 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 I L**,
And stinking Smalage, and vsfaerie 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 beasts be glutted.

Ne worfe to you my filly sheepe I pray,
Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall

Than to my selfe, for whose consule 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'vnrighuous 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 **DAPHNE** they bauetane 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 seruiue 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 fro 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 penaunce, 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 forrowe satisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'heavens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pittie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penaunce 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 it sighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate

DAPHNAIDA.

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 balefulnes in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doe fly
So fast away, and may not stayed be,
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 dild mine cares:
I hate to taste, for foodde with-holds my dyiug:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to finell, no sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:
So all my fences 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 part.

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 vntoedfast, round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednes and woe,
That dyiug liues, and liuing still does die.

So doe I liue, so doe I daily die,
And pine away in life-consuming paine:
Sith she that did my vitall powres supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain
Is fetcht from me, why feecke I to prolong
My wearie dayes in dolour and disdain?
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder-song.

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 vncath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continual 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 fend.

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 lummes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for beauienesse.

But as the mother of the Gods, that fought
For faire E V R Y D I C E her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heauy thoughts
So will I trauell whilst I tarry heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping T I T A N draweth neere,
To loofe his teeme, will I take vp my Iune.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more.
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and forrow all the night
With P H I L V M E N S, my fortune to deplore,
With P H I L V M E N E, 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 whole departure, day is turn'd to night,
And night without a V E N V S starre is found.

But soone as Day doth shewe his deawie face,
And calls forth men vnto their toylsome trade,
I will withdrawe me to some darke some place,
Or some deere caue, or solitarie shade:
There will I ligh, and forrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnload:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnder-song.

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
Faire 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 vsance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaistrous chaunce
Hath fare exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrowe and sad sufferance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place,
Lamenting loud my D A P H N E S Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enioy
The presence of your dearest loues delight,

DAPHNAIDA.

When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empaffiond fpright,
And thinke that fuch mishap, as chaunft to me,
May happen vnto the moft happieft wight;
For all mens fates alike vntedfaft be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe feed
Your carelefle flocks on hills and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me fucceed;
Remember yet my vnderferued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or flaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow fwaines;
That fad ALCYON dyde in lifes difdaine.

And ye faire Damfels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts poffefle,
When as my hearfe fhall happen to your fights,
Vouchsafe to deck the fame with Cypareffe;
And euer fprinkle brackifh teares among,
In pittie of my vnderferu'd diftreffe,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with reftlefle toyle
Wearie your felues in wandring defert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes affoyle,
When paffing by, ye read thefe wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my DAPHNES wrong,
And moune for me that languifh out my dayes:
Ceafe Shepheard, ceafe, and end thy vnderfong.

THus when he ended had his heaue plaint,
The heauieft plaint that euer I heard found,

His cheekes wext pale, and fprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I faw, I (ftepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his ftone fwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor fuffer folace to approach him nie,
But cafting vp a fdeignfull eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,
As one difpofed wilfully to die,
That I fore grieved to fee his wretched cafe.

Tho when the pang was fomewhat ouer-paft,
And the outrageous paffion nigh appeafed,
I him defirde, fith day was ouer-caft,
And darke night faft approached, to be pleaft
To turne afide vnto my Cabinet,
An ftay with me, till he were better eafed
Of that ftrong ftownd, which him fo fore befet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ftay;
But without taking leaue he forth did goe
With staggering pale and difmall lookes difmay,
As if that death he in the face had feene,
Or hellifh hags bad met vpon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM.





COMPLAINTS
CONTAINING SVNDRY
SMALL POEMES OF THE
VVorlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE
following maketh mention.
(* *)

By Edmunde Spenser.



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*



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
Pembroke.



MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long
sithens deepe sowed in my breast, the seedes of most entire
loue and humble affection vnto that most braue
Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking
roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth:
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 draw out his daies) spired forth
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 vpbrayding mee, for that I
haue not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them;
but suffer their names to sleepe in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whom chief-
lie to sarsifie, 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 renouwing of that noble Race, from
which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe
of them late deceased. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it
most specially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my selfe bounden,
by many singular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honorable
happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

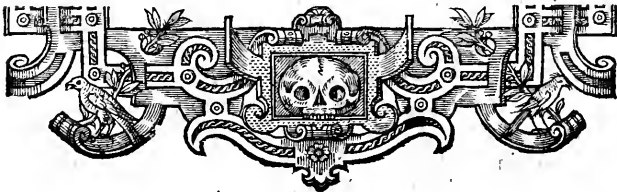
Your Ladiships ener
humbly at commaund,
Edm. Sp.



THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.



Since my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you; I haue sithence endeoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my hands such small Poëmes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundry hands, & not easie to be come by, by himselfe; some of them 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 loosely scattered abroad: as, The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The sacrifice of a Sinner, The seauen Psalmes, &c. Which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine to, I meane likewise for your fanour 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 siluer-streaming THAMESIS to bee,
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memorie,
Nor any litle 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 forrowfully wailing,
Reading her yelow 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 seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuer Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some deere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'ancient G E N I V S of that Cittie breath:
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 enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And 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 riuē 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,
Berest of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wastefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast 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 trophée 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 overcome
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 footing now on earth appeares?
What of the **P E R S I A N** Beares our gouernesse,
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 wondrous wealth now bide?
With her owne weight downe pressed 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 fatal ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst sheauen with equall view
Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts betowne,
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 Princesse.

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 walles, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imagines,
All those (ô pittie) now are turn'd to dust,
And ouer-grown with blacke obliuions rust.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
I N B R I T A N N I E was none to match with mee,
That many often did ablie full sore:
N E 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 victorious conqueresse,
That lifting vp her braue heroicke thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the **R O M A N S** fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice preuailed:
Yet was she foyld, 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 wast.

Wast 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 grislie shades, such as doe haunt in hell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilome v'side to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heape of slime and sand,
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to poure
Her restlesse plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now hannt yelling Mewes & whining Plovers.

And where the cryfall **T H A M I S** wont to slide
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie banks on either side,
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitice
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free:
There now no riuers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my mishap, which oft I to him plain'd;
Or for to shun the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pain'd,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,
And his sweet waters away with him led.

There also where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waues to cut their fomic waie,
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fish, which they with baits v'side to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,
Nor euer ship shall faile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remains, but to lament
My long decay, which no man else doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull detriment.
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,
Sauce One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell ort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming fort.

The Ruines of Time.

CAMBDEN, the nourice of antiquitie,
And lantern vnto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:
CAMBDEN, though time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is rased
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique monuments defaced?
Sith I doe daily see things high est 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 greatest ones did see to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bolonie of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* 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 vainely thinke your felues 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 die,
That euer 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 bearest worldly sway,
Liuig, on God, and on thy selfe relye;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Sawc what in heauens storehoufe he vplaid:
His hope is faul, 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 worne already out of thought,

Ne any Poet seekes him to reuiue;
Yet many Poets honourd him aliuie.

Ne doth his **COLIN**, careles **COLIN CLOYT**,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raile,
Ne telh his sorrow to the liffning rout
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise whofo list, yet I will him dispraise,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And whofo else did goodnes by him gaine,
And whofo else his bountions mind did try,
Whether be shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For many did, which doe it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a par applye:
And I, the whilstt yon mourne for his deceafe,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increafe.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,
His brother Prioce, 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 Spoufe, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilstt he liued, happy was through thee,
And beeing dead, is happy now much more;
Liuig, that linked chaunilt 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 verse
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his soule doe from his body feuer.
And thou thy selfe, heerein shalt also liue;
Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patron of weake pouertie,
Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,
Haue purchast him in heauen a happy crowne:
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his soone t'ansue 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 Empe of **BARD**, growe 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

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 heuens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirit breathed from aboue,
Our of the bolome 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 celestially 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 guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirit, liue there euer blessed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heuens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
With mortall cares, and cumberous worlds annoy.
But where thou doost thar happines enioy,
Bid me, & 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 hart 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 resownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepherds leaue their lammes vnto mischaunce,
To ronne thy thrill *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 *LINYVS*, and the choice
Of all that euer did in times reioice,
Conuersest, 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, being euer song
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worship, amongst that blessed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroes strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And cuerie where through excellent depart.

But such as neither of themselues can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,
Vnlesse they mentioend be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich alieu?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth suruiue,
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepes 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 memored 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 doe perish,
Because they liuing, cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or couenize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye liue,
That of the Muses ye may friended be;
Which vnto men eternitic doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie,
And *IOVE*, the Father of eternitic,
And doe those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie doe chose.

The seauen-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 else would die
In soule forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt *ALCEBNA*, for great merit,
Out of the dust, to which the *OBTEANWOOD*
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirit;
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherit

The Ruines of Time.

All happinesse in **H E B E S** siluer bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

So raide 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 beginnes
To shew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pity of the sad wayment,
Which **O R P H E Y S** for **E Y 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 I E R I A N** sacred Sisters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On **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 themselves decay,
But wile words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, liue for aye;
Ne may with storming showers be wast away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blast,
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Secke with Pyramides, to heauen aspired;
Or huge Coloffes, built with costly paine;
Or brazen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall most desired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue,

Such one **M A 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 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 moniments of earthlie masse,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe passe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then whofo will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on **P E G A S V S** must ride,
And with sweet Poets verse be glorified.

For not to haue beene dipt in **L E T H E** lake,
Could saue the sonne of **T H E T I S** from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortall make,
With verses, dipt in dew of **C A S T A L I E**:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to found.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good **M E L I B E E**, that hath a Poet got,

To sing his liuing praises beeing dead,
Deferung neuer here to be forgot,
In spite of enuie, that his deeds would spout:
Since whose deceafe, learning lies vnguarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnguarded.

These two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright
Of **S A L O M O N**, with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wisest wight.
But now his wisdom is disproued quight:
For, such as now haue most the World at will,
Scorne th' one and th' other in their deeper skill.

O grieue of griefes! O gall of all good harts!
To see that vertue should despised bee
Of such as first were raide for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading, like an aged tree,
Let none shoote vp that might them planted bee:
O! let not those, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muse adorned.

O vile worlds trust, that with such vaine illusion,
Hath so wise men bewicht, and ouerkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion,
O vaine nesse to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward grieue infect:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see.

And whofo else that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be mou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull shrikes she vanished away,
That I through inward sorrow wexen faint,
And all astonish'd with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say:
But fate long time in senselesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieved, home againe,
Renuing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that faire womans pitious paine;
Whose words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning brest,
And deeply musing at her doubtfull speech,
Whose meaning, much I laboured forth to wrest,
Beeing 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.

I Saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,
That all, which did the same from far behold,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest faire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
To which th' A S S Y R I A N Tyrant would haue made
The holy brethren fallie to haue praid.

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 every one, which by it went ;
That it seeing, dearely did lament.

NEXT 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 renownd
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 buidles so strongly on so fraile a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauielles toyle,
To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes (poyle) !
I saw this Towre fall suddainly to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was brust.

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 sights
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 garden 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.

S OONE after this, a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour,
With railing tearmes definde 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 fleshlie pride ;
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
That downe he fell into the deepe Abyssie,
Where drown'd with him is all his carhly blisse.

T HEN did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Ouer the Sea, from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it r'vphold,
But like the coloured Rainbowe arch'd 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.

(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.

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 bloud to craue :
Two fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
Although the compass world were sought around.

But what can long abide about this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse ?
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quight,
And I in mind remained fore 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 ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind ;
For all the rest must needs be left behind.
With that it bade me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

V P O N 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 shiores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forward to die,
With loftie flight about the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow minc.

VHilst thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee
I saw an Harpe strung all with siluer twine,
And made of gold and costly Iuorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
The Harpe, on which DAN ORPHEVS was seene
Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of PHILISTIDES now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,
And borne about the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northerne Beare.

SOone after this, I saw on th' other side,
A curious Coffre made of HEBENWOOD,
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 fight thereof much grieu'd my peniue 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.

LOoking aside, I saw a fitately 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.

STill as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The fame that bred was of MEDVSÆS blood,
On which DAN PERSVS borne of heauenly seed,
The faire ANDROMEDA from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood forth flowed on the grass.

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 smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

LASTly, I saw an Arke of purest gold
Vpon a brazen pillour standing high,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Encloude therein for endlesse memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with th' earth did disgrace,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last, me seem'd, wing-footed MERCURIE,
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 liue in heauen, where happines is rise:
At which, the earth did griue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L: Epouy.

IMmortal spirit of PHILISTIDES,
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 bent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, 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 aspire,
And loathe this drosse of sinfull worlds desire.

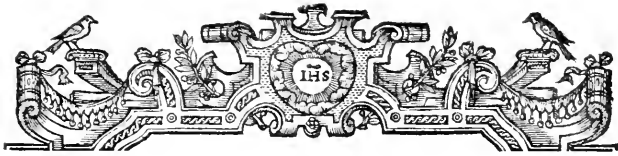
FINIS.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both manual and automated processes. The goal is to ensure that the data is as accurate and reliable as possible.

The third part of the document provides a detailed breakdown of the results. It shows that there has been a significant increase in sales over the period covered. This is attributed to several factors, including improved marketing strategies and better customer service.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for future actions. These include continuing to invest in marketing, improving operational efficiency, and maintaining a strong focus on customer satisfaction.



THE
TEARES OF
THE MVSES.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
the Ladie *Strange*.

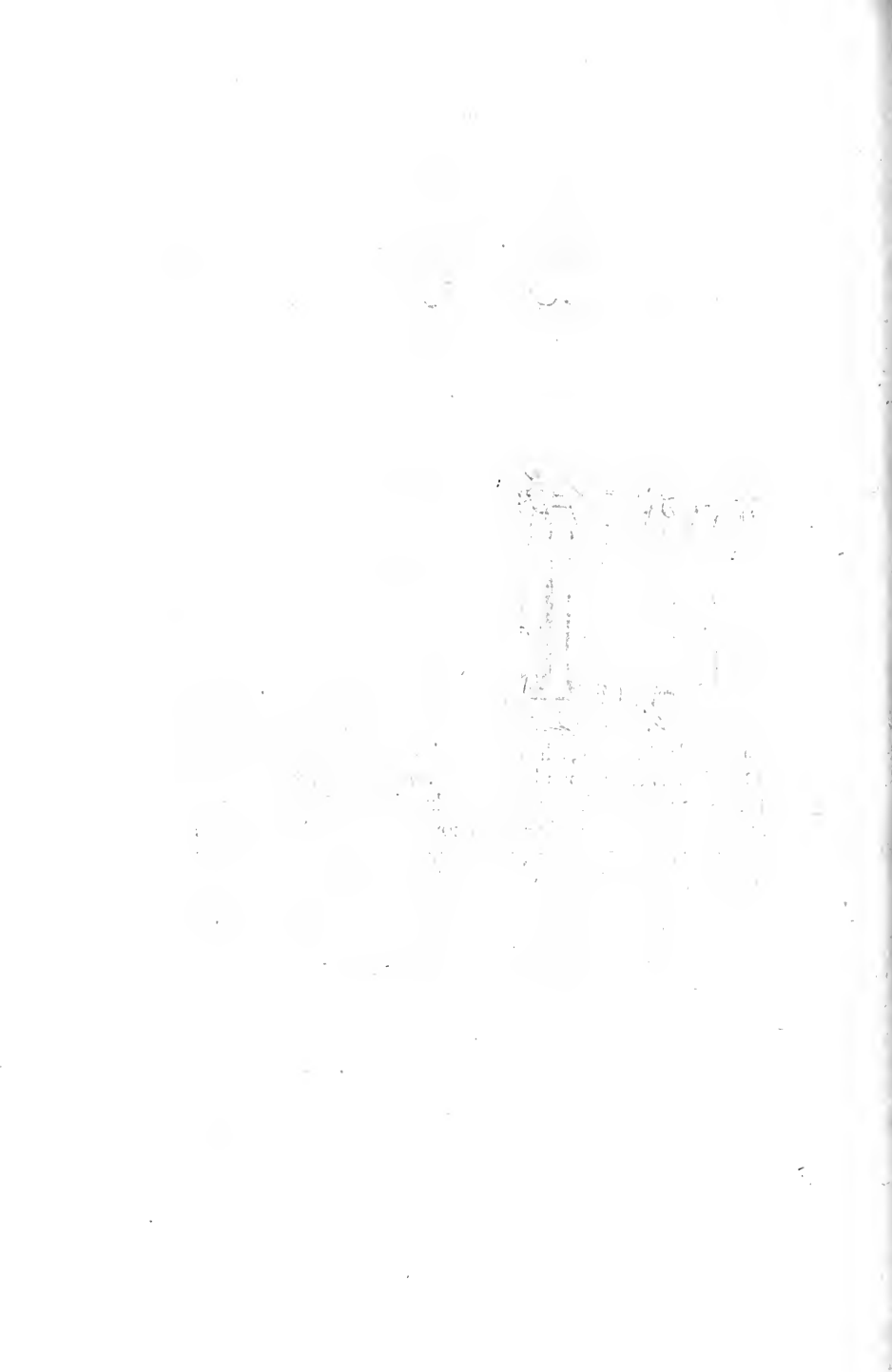
(* *)



MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE
Ladie, the things that make yee so much honored of the world as ye be, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughly knowne to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behauiour, 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 private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which when as I found my selfe in no part woorthy, I deuised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, & also to make the same vniuersallie knowne to the world; that, by honoring you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you. Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your selfe, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee may heereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence of your owne excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humblic take leaue.

Your La: humblyeuer,

Ed. Sp.





THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(* *)

Rearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great **A P O L L O** swit,
Those pitious plaints and forrowfull sad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of **H E L I C O N E**,
Making your musick of hurt-breaking mone.

For since the time that **P H O E B U S** foolish sonne
Ythundered through **I O V E S** auengefull wrath,
For trauffering the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire **C A L L I O P E** did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearings of her ioy,
Her **P A E L E C I**, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatal Sitters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long spaces;
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
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 rumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by their right tuncfull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now forst to ouerflow with brackish teares,
With irrcleulous 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 sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to distinnall heauinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

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 into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortal breasts with mortall smart?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee enuew.

C L I O.

HEare thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that rainest in *Castalie*,
And Mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy 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 sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou great **I O V E S** by doome vniust

Didit

The Teares of the Muses.

Durst to the type of honour earst aduance;
They now putt vp with disdainfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,
They vnder keepe, and with their spreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdomes to sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themselves behoues to bee;
That is the girdle of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned, it a base thing deeme;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himselfe for wisdomes most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nightst 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 Grandfires, they care not to archiue.

So I, that doe all noble feates professe
To register, and found in trumpe of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnessse,
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 light
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:
Therefore I mourne with deepe harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that the rained such store of streaming teares,
That could haue made a stonie hart to weepe,
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steepe.
So ended shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

Who shall poure into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that neuer may be dride,
A brazen voice that may with strilling 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 wreaks of mortall 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 hee thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare;
Of wretched life the onely ioy hee is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throes of dolorous darts,
Shee solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smartes:
When hee is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdomes him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
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 celestiall 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 vnhappyenesse.

My part it is, and my professed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,
And fill the Scenic 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 sore Catastrophes;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophies,
Are heapt with spoiles of fortune and of feare,
And hee at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with ruffull spectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA OR PERSEPHONE;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The floure of wit, find nought to buse me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan shee wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wife:
And all her Sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shriekes and drierie dolefull cries:
So rested shee: and then the next in row,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

The Teares of the Muses.

THALIA.

VV Here be the sweet delights of learnings treat
That wont with Comick fock to beautify (sure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raige as *Queene*,
And maske in mirth with Graces well betcene:

Of all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and grisly countenance,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, vcrept of late
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyssme,
Where being 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 possest,
And with vaine toves the vulgar entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfeauce and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the Comick Stage
With reasond wit and goodly pleasure graced;
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
Our pleasant *WILLIAMS*, 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 scornful Follic 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 base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throwe;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Then so him selfe to mockery to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manic,
And laughing stocks of all that list to scorne,

Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith the lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sisters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in rewe,
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

E V T E R P E.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Faire *PHILOMEL*, when Winters stormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earst to gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite depoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst fauourable times did vs afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culuers doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme then winters stowe
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont to faire to flowre,
Hath mared quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plants, which woot with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnes hath benumbd the sense;
And liuely spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that seemed fayre.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the boosome 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 hight.

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 raged;
And our chaft 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 *Castalon*,
The famous winnes 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 pleafant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our mufick went fo oft to ring,
And Arbors sweet, in which the Shepherds fwaines
Were wont fo oft their Paftoralls to fing,
They haue cut downe, and all their pleafance mard,
That now no Paftorall is to be hard.

In ftead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;
And feeble Echo now lamentations and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries thrill.
So all is turned into wilderneffe,
Whilft ignorance the Muses doth opprefse.

And I whole ioy was earft with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to found aloft,
My fpirits now difmayd with sorrow dull,
Doe mone my misery with filence foft.
Therefore I moume and waile incessantly,
Till pleafe the heauens afford me remedie.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding woe,
And pittious lamentation did make,
And all her Sisters feeing her doe fo,
With equall plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enfew.

TERPSICHOE.

V Vhofo 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 earft in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crownd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdom did confound;
Be now become most wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of foule infamie;
Blind Error, scornfull Folly, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we should haue by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries,
They cheerefully chaunt, and rimes at random sing,
The fruitfull spawn 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-fangleness,
And (way in Court with pride and rashnes rude,
Mongst simple Shepherds they do boast their skill,
And lay their mufick matcheth P M O E B V S quill.

The noble harts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights distaine:
Clerks they to loathly idleness inuice,
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 despise,
And with reproachfull scorn discountenance,
From our owne nanue heritage exile,
Walke through the world of euery one reuile.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse:
Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call:
Therefore we moume and pittifull complaine,
Because none liuing pittieeth our paine.

With that she wept and wofully waymented,
That ought on earth her grieffe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented,
With shrieks and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her pittious plaint as doth enfew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in VENVS 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 woe your loues to deifie,
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,

And

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;
Thole now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And vse to paine in times the troublous state
Or Louers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by thole that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoole-master of my skill,
And the deucefull matter of my song;
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotlesse, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighties bosome, where he nestes;
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 lostie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire **C Y T H E R E E**, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist goe pack:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And yee three Twins to light by **V E N V S** brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:
He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding moone;
And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in row,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLOPE.

T O whom shall I my euill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart:

But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With foule reproach, and cruell banishment.

For they to whom I vsed to apply
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
The goodly of-spring of **I O V E S** progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose liuing praises in heroick stile,
It is my chiefe profession to compile.

They all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble sloth, or sinful 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 auncestrie
Of th' old Heroes 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 sprong,
As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What hootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?
What oddes twixt **I R V S** and old **I N A C H 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 strue in vertue others to excell;
If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,
Doe 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 desie:
B A C C H Y S and **H E R C Y L E S** I raise to heauen,
And **C H A R L E M A I N E**, amongst the Starris seauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion reed,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich see which Poets wont diuide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doe share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe, and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and strike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,

The Teares of the Muses.

And all her Sisters with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

VRANIA.

VHat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men'r afflict,
Hath pourd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
With loue of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without soueraine?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th'heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wildome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeing of the danger hee is in,
Through besches frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onely comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But hell and darknes, and the grislie graue
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men borne heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was:
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formlesse mass:
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 crystal firmament:
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee view,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can view.
O soueraine Lord, ô soueraine happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse haue they, that doe embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Haue they, that forne the choole 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 beafts doe lie in loathsome den,
Of ghostly darknes, and of gaffly dread:
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdain.

With that, shee wept and waild so pitiously,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells:
And all the rest her sorrow to supple,
Did throw forth shrikes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

ADolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And squalid Fortune into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged times for me,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to try,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures;
Now beeing let to runne at libertie
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hidiously,
With horrid sound though hauing little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilome in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill.
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was she held in soueraigne dignitie,
And made the nourishing 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 vnclene,
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,
Which was the care of Cæsars and of Kings.

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 peecelesse Poëtesse.

The Teares of the Muses.

Most peerelesse Prince, most peerelesse Poëtesse,
The true P A N D O R A of all heauenly graces,
Diuine E L I Z A, 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 excellences;
Which beeing lighned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby filld with happy influence,
And lifted vp about the worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortal praise.

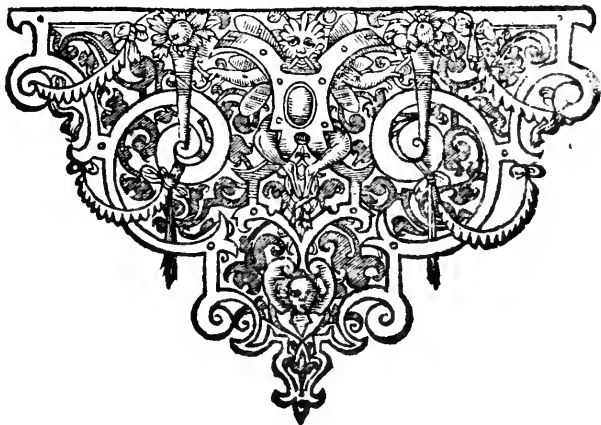
But all the rest, as borne of saluage brood,
And hauing bene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit sauour this celestiaall food;
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the light some day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Effsoones 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 wale, and made exceeding mone,
And all their leaured instruments did breake.
The rest, vntold, no liuing tongue can speake.

FINIS.

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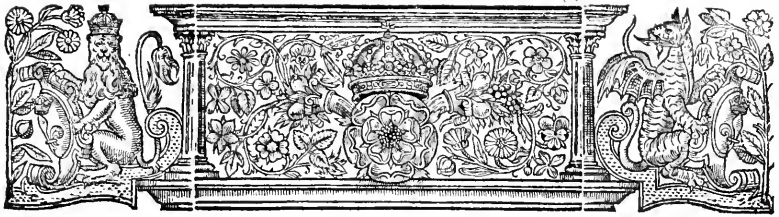


VIRGILS GNAT:

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 clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:
 But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,
Shall chance, 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 griued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
 But what-so by my selfe may not be shoven,
 May by this *Gnats* complaint be easily knowen.



VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (*AVGVSTVS*) wantonly,
Tuning our long vnto a tender Muse;
And like a cobweb weaning slenderly,
Haue onely playd: let thus much then excuse
This *GNAT*s small Poëme, that th'whole historie
Is but a iest, though ennie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this *GNAT*s idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
The golden offspring of *LATONA* pure,
And ornament of great *IOVES* progenie,
PHOEBVS shall be the Author of my song,
Playing on *Ivorie* harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he wooon beside
Faire *XANTHVS* sprinkled with *CHIMÆRAS*
Or in the woods of *Astery* abide; (blood;
Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweet waues of sounding *Castaly*,
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie be
Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre *NAIADES*,
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holy *PALES*,
To whom the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Haue care for to pursue his footing light: (dight.
Through the wide woods, and groues, with greene leaues

Professing thee, I listd am aloft
Betwix the Forrest wide and starric sky:
And thou most drad (*OCTAVIVS*) 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 *Phlegrean* ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horsie people, *CENTAVRES* light,
Fought with the blouid *LAPITHÆAS* 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 Nauiic cast,
My volume shall renouwe, so long since past.

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with horsles 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 lightsome glorie striue,
Through the worlds endlesse ages to suruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest,
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deseruest best,
Hereafter many yeeres remembered be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Liue thou for cuer 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 hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the shepheard seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan drue out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloathe the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,

Now

VIRGILS GNAT.

Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
 Spread themselves farr abroad through each descent ;
 Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fill,
 Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hie,
 Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud ;
 This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
 Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud ;
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud ;
 The whiles another, high doth ouerloo
 Her owne like image in a cryfall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
 Who-so loathes not too much the poore estate,
 With mind that ill vye doth before depraue,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rare
 Of riotise, and semblants outward braue :
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,
 Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die ;
 Ne glistering 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 embost with Imagery
 OF B A R T V S, or of A L C O N S vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
 Which are from Indian Seas brought far away :
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweet Spring time, when flowers varietie
 With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay :
 There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,
 With type of fennie recedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
 His looser 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 cryfall 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 knowes, nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlike flecte doth feare,
 Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,
 Thar in the sacred temples he may reare
 A trophoe of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
 Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
 And not with skill of craftiman polished :

He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
 With sundry flowers in wilde fields gathered ;
 Ne frankincense he from *Panchaea* buyth,
 Sweet quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
 And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuoure.

This all his care, this all his whole endeuour,
 To this, his mind and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flowe in quiet matchles treasure,
 Content with any food that God doth lend,
 And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leisour,
 Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eat.

O flocks ! ô Faunes ! and ô ye pleasant springs
 Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rise,
 Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
 As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
 As that *Asraan* Bard, whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life,
 Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyll,
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights, whilst thus his carelesse time
 This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
 And on shrill reeds chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
 Into the highest top of heauen gan clime ;
 And the world parting by an equall 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 carule stream, rombling in Pibble stone,
 Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord.
 Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouer gone,
 When he is heard back from that water foord,
 Draue from the force of P H O E B 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 she with cursed hands had shed before ;
 There she halfe frantick hauing flaine her sonne,
 Did throw her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grasse greene,
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and switt Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing scene.
 Not so much did D A N O R P H E V S repress,
 The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,
 As that faire troupe of wooddick Goddesses
 Staid thee, (ô P E N E V S) pouring forth to thee,
 From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & glad some glee.

The verie nature of the place, redounding
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 weariness redounding.
For first, the high Palme trees with branches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
V L Y S E S men, whom rapt with sweetnes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew,
The Sunnes sad daughters waile the rash decay
O F P H A E T O N, whose limbs with lightning 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 fatal charmes transformd to such an one:
The Oake, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That C E R E S seed of mortall men was knowne,
Which first T R I P T O L E M E taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argan* ships braue ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe,
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the swet Cypresse, signe of deadly bale,

Emongst the rest, the clambring Yuiç grew,
Kaiting 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 surwe,
And paine with pallid Greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her oldereproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowting,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet content,
And vnder them a siluer Spring forth pouring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them a round:
All which the ayrie Echo did redound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepherds flock
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rack,
Whete breathe on them the whistling wind mote best:
The whiles the Shepherd selfe tending his stock,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleepe oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and leized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But loose on the grassie Greene dispreed,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleepe;
Which weighing down his drouping drowie hed,
In quiet rest his molten hart did sleepe,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all fallied:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischaunce his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same place,
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himselfe to hide:
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie ayre did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts 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 vaunt his head aloft 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 flashing fire,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last hee spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:
Effoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fire eyes on euerie side,
He commeth 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 preuent,
A little nourfling of the humid ayre,
A G N A T, vnto the sleepe Shepheard went,
And marking where his eye-lids twiokling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vnto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing faire,
His little needle there infixing deepe,
Warn'd him awake, from death himselfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruizing, slew,
As in auengement of his heedlesse smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses 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.

VIRGILS G N A T.

All suddainly dismayd, and hartlesse quight,
He fled abacke; and catching hastic hold
Of a young Alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan behold,
What God or Fortune would asist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To ouercome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie back of that most hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aslaie, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
And for he was but slowe, did stoth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for feare and ire
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;)
Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this, the night forth from the darksome bowre
Of **H E R E B V S** her teemed steeds gan call,
And lazie **V E S P E R** in his timely howre,
From golden **O E T A** gan proceed withall:
Whenas the Shepheard after this shapre stowre,
Seeing the doubled shadowes lowe to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entred, and now loosing euery lim,
Sweet slumbring deaw in carelesnes did sleepe,
The image of that **G N A T** appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With grisly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,
Whilst that thy life more deare and precious
Was then mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now in lieu of paines loe gracious,
Am tost in th'ayre with euery windy blast:
Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleepe doost display.

So liuest thou: but my poore wretched ghost
Is forsot to ferry our **L E T H E S** Riuer,
And spoyld of **C H A R O N**, to and fro am tost.
Seest thou not, how all places quake and quier,
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery post?
T I S I P H O N E each where doth shake and shiuer
Her flaming fier brond, encountering me,
Whose lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And **C E R B E R V S**, whose many mouths 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 glister fire red:
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painfull tormentes to be sorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks so much should faile of need,
For that I thee restord to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadly dreed,
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so pittious deed?
The praise of pity vanisht is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And lest mine owne, his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shund destruction doth destruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath trespast,
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 waste wilderness,
Waste wilderness, amongst *Cymmerian* shades,
Where endlesse paines, and hideous heauineffe
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
For there huge **O T H O S** sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
Farre off beholding **E P H I A L T E S** side,
Which once assaid to burne this world so wide.

And there is mournfull **T I T Y V S**, mindfull yet
Of thy displeasure, **Δ L A T O N A** faire;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
Thit made him meate for wild foules of the ayre:
Much doe I feare among such fiends to sit,
Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,
To the black shadowes of the **S T Y G I A N** store,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmost brinke doth he abide,
That did the bankes of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought might being dride,
His sense to seeke for ease turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mighty stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe cursed Damofells,
Whose bridall torches soule **E R Y N N I S** tynde,
And **H Y M E N** at your spoufalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death, and massacre vnkind:
With them, that cruell **C O L C H I D** mother dwells,
The which concei'd in her reuengefull mind,
With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdered troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on **I T I S**, **I T I S** euermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they slew with guiltie blades:
For whom the *Thracian* king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fouliet them vpbraides,
And fluttering, round about them still does sore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

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 cursed Steele, of neither will withlood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was flaine.

Ah! (welayday) there is no end of paine,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other Powers farre different I see,
And must passe ouer to th'Elysian Plain: e
There grim PERSPHONE encountering mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestly,
With their bright firebrands me to terrifie.

There chaste ALCESTE liues inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate,
Lo there liues also the immortal praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
PENELOPE: and from her farre awies
A rulelesse rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All flaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad EYDICE thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, beeing forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.
Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleue that any thing could please
Fell CEBERVS, or Stygian Powres appeale.

Ne feard the burning waues of Phlegeton,
Nor those fame mountful kingdoms, compassed
With rustie horrour and foule fashion,
And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
And iudgement teates, whose Iudge is deadly dred;
A Iudge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before,

But valiant fortune made DANORPHEVS bold:
For the swift running riuers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did with-hold,
To follow ORPHEVS musick through the land:
And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold
Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand:
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his siluer sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her haſtie steeds did stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,
And didst (O monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as easily,
To yeeld EYRVICE vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnto full were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,
The feeds to be too cruell and seuer,
Obferu'd th'appointed way, as her behououed,
Ne euer did her eye-fight turne arere,
Ne euer spake, ne caufe of speaking mouued:
But cruell ORPHEVS, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok't the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but sweet loue of pardon worthy is,
And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
And to the seates of happy soules admitted.
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doe in order stand.

There be the two stout sonnes of AEAECYS,
Fierce PEBEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,
Both seeming now full glad and ioyous
Through their Sires dreadfull iurisdiction,
Beeing the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by strange occasion,
Reuou'n'd in choyce of happy marriage
Through VENVS grace, and vertues carriage.

For th'one was rauisht of his own: bond-maid,
The faire IXTONE, captin'd from Troy:
But th'other was with THETIS loue 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 diuorces
Of that great warre, which Troyans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greeckish forces,
When Teucrican foyle with bloody riuers sweld,
And wide Sigean shores were spred with corfes,
And Simois and Xanthus blood out-weld,
Whilst HECTOR rag'd with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wou'ds in Greekes fleet to haue trynd.

For Ida selfe, 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 Nauie of their enemies,
And all the Rheetan 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 riuie
The ratching heauens, and cloudes asunder drie.

VIRGILS GNAT.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other stroue for to defend
The force of *V L C A N E* with his might and maine.
Thusth'one *A E A C I D E* did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plain
Hauing the blood of vanquisht *H E C T O R* fled,
He compast *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 fallie *V L Y S S E S* slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment:
Therefore from him *L A E R T E S* sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rhesus* fall,
And est in *Dolans* subtle surprisall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cyccons* him dismay,
And blacke *Lastrigones*, a people stout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about;
Then doe the *Aetnean Cyclops* him affray,
And deepe *Charybdis* gulping in and out:
Lastly, the squalid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And grieftly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly *A G A M E M N O N* boasts
The glorie of the focke of *T A N T A L V S*,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Vnder whole conduct most victorious,
The *Doric* flames confum'd the *Iliack* posts.
Ah! but the *Greekes* themelues more dolourous,
To thee, *O Troy*, paid penance for thy fall,
In th'*Hellespont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischance,
The changefull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should cleuate:
For Iustie 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' *Argolike* power returning home againe,
Enrich with spoyle of th'*Erichoniam* towne,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine;
And with good speed the somie 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 blowne vp from farre,
That now the *Pylote* can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doe make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striming to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striming 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,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmful showres,
That death on euerie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke most ghastly feares.

Some in the greedy fouds are funke and dreat,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euhoick* Cliffs in peeces rent;
Some scattered on the *Hercean* shores vnknowne;
And many lost, of whom no monument
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrygian* pray
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like *Heroës* bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in foueraignie,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:
Heere *Fabij* and *Decij* doe dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout *C A M I L L*
Doth euer liue, and constant *C Y R T I V S*,
Who stiffly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countries health, a gulfe most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appeare the Powers; and prudent *M V T I V S*,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by cofample of the fame.

And here wife *C Y R I V S*, his companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endless rest;
And stout *F L A M I N I V S*, whose deuotion
Taught him the fires scornd 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 lowd.

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 soules doe alwaies mourne,
And by the wailing shores to waite my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchelesse flames doth burne;
By which iust *M I N O S* righteous soules doth seuer
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long snakes, & thousand yron chaines,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell,
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains
To be the Author of her ill vnares,
That carelesse hear't my intollerable cares.

Them

VIRGILS GNAT.

Them therefore as bequathing 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 siting 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 grieved minde full fore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
For that G N A T s death, which deeply was imprest:
But bends what-euer power his aged yeceres
Him lent, yet beeing such, as through their might
He lately flue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And squaring it in compasse well becene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig vp tods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had concei'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little Mount, of greene turfs edifice;
And on the top of all, that passers by

Might it behold, the tombe he did prouide
Of immothest Marble-stone in order set,
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

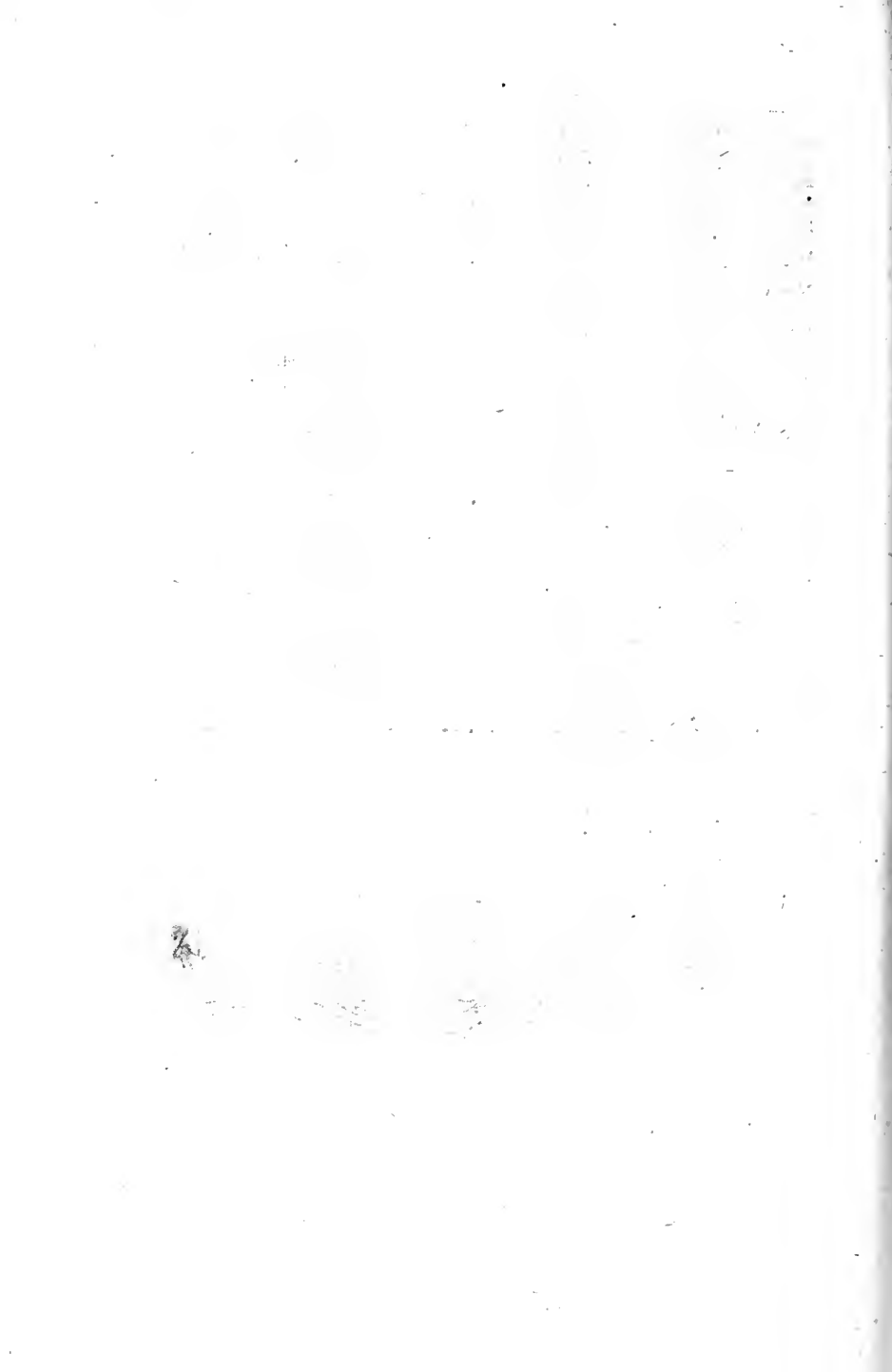
And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerfull Rosemarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe.
The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,
And Laurell th'ornament of P H O E B V S toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'ancient Frankincence,
And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,
Ox-cye 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 ensue.

*To thee, small G N A T, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.*
F I N I S.







THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY *BELLAY.*

I

YE heavenly Spirits, whose ashe cinders lie
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
Through your faire vertes, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight aliuē,
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deepe Abysses open riue,
That ye may vnderstand my shrieking yell.
Thrice hauing scene vnder the heavens veale
Your tombs deuoted compas ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie heere doc 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 sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre;
Greece will the old *Ephesian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurilings their *Pyramides* faire;
The same yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the storie
Of **Ioves** 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 set 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 about 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* perceiuest at all,
These same old walls, olde arches, which thou seekest,
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 deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victorie;
Ne ought saue *Tyber*, halstning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme, doth sit and fall away,
And that is fitting, doth abide and stay.

4

Shee, whose high top about the starres did fore,
One foote on *Tiberis*, th'other on the *Morning*,
One haud on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundness compassing,
I o v s 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 *Quirinall*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminal* and *Auentine* doe meet.

5

Who lists to see, what-euer Nature, Art,
And Heaven could doe, ô *Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can ghesse in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.

Rome is no more: but if the shade of *Rome*
May of the body yeeld a seeming sight,
Its like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magick skill out of eternall night:

The corps of *Rome* in ashes is entomb'd,
And her great spirit reioyned to the spirit
Of this great masse, is in the same encomb'd;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In sight of time, out of the dust doth reare,
Doe make her Idol through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright
In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:

This Citie, more then that great *Phrygian* mother,
Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes, by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe her equal match could see:

Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthly power should not resemble

Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens 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 doth th' heaven it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:

And though your frames doe for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate:

For if that time make end of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassalls *Rome* the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Citie's strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had suruue'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 embase 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 wield th' affaires of earthly creature;

Why haue your hands long sithence traueled
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 *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;

So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies
An Hydra was of warriours gloriously,
Did fill with her renownded nourlings praise
The fire funnes both one and other house:

But they at last, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, to saake feed to repress;
Emongst themselues with cruell furie striuing,
Mow'd down themselues with slaughter mercilesse;

Reocwing in themselues that rage vnkind,
Which whilom did those earth-borne brethren blind

II

M A R S, shaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Pust vp with pride of *Romane* hardie head,
Seem'd about heauens powre it selfe to aduance:

Cooling againe his former kindled heat;
With which he had those *Romane* spirits filld,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

Into the Gothlike cold hot rage inthild:

Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,
And beating downe the walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bolome, all did marre;

To th' end that none, all were it I o v e his fire
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles I o v e at them his thunder-bolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:

So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On theese fœuen 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 fœorn'd fields bemoane her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so of thee (*Rome*) their conquest made;

Ne stroke on strok. of torture variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor (pight of men vntable,
Nor thou oppold gainst thine owne puiffance;
Nor th' horrible vprone of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his ouerflwing
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.

14

As men in Summer fearless passe the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare
The ploughmans hope, and shepherds labour vaine:

And as the coward beasts vie 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 *Troy* most daftards 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 alshie tombes shew boldnes vaine,
And conquerd dare the Conquerour disdaine.

15

Ye pallid spirits, and ye alshie ghosts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your daye,

Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous
Which now their dusty reliques doe bewray; (boasts

Tell me ye spirits (with the darksome ruer
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doe not restraine your images still mourning)

Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet heere: about him secretly doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought elie, but heaped lands?

16

Like as yee see the wrathfull sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyle,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rock to breake with dreadful poyle:
Like as yee see fell *B O R E A S* with sharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempest. through the troubled sky,
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in waft,
To stop his wearie carriere suddenly:

And as yee see huge flames spred diuerslie,
Gatherd in one vp to the heauens to spire,
Eftsoones consumed to fall downe feebly:
So whilom did this Monarchie aspire
As waues, as wind, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

17

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 brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspred,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.

Then was the Germane Rauin in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue afunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountains, now consumed to powder.

In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seene flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which yee see,
Were first enclosures but of saluage foyle;
And these braue Palaces which maistr'd bee
Of time, were shepherds cottages somewhile.

Then tooke the shepherds Kingly ornament,
And the stout hynd armd his right hand with Steele:
Eftsoones 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,

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

Her power to PETERS successor betooke:
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things tume to their first beeing.

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 PANDORA, locked long in store.

But destinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heauen, from sinfull bondage losed:
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise then rainie cloud, first fed,
With earthy vapours gathered in the ayre,
Etsometimes in compass arch, to steepe his hed,
Doth plunge himselfe in TETRYS bosome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great belly spreads the dimmed world,
Till at the last dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth is hold;

This Citie, which was first but Shepherds shade,
Vprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made,
At last nor 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 PYRRHVS, and the puissance
Of *Africk* could not tame, that same braue Citie,
Which with stout courage armed against mischaunce,
Sustained the shock of common enmitie;

Long as her ship tost with so many freaks,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was neuer scene, 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 meard her tuler with *Africa* and *Egypte*,

With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise;
Her nourslings did with mutinous vpror
Harten 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'vniuersie
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is runne,
The bands of th'elements shall backe reuerse
To their first discord, and be quiet vndonne:
The feedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wisdom 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 given all to care,
Ambition is engendered easly;
As in a vicious body, grosse disease
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 warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or scalic creasts;
What fell *ERANNIS* with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbrawd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (*ye Romanes*) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeased guilt
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 *CAESARS*, sleeping long in darke,
The which this aunctid Citie whilome made:

Or that I had *AMPHIONS* instrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th'*Ausonian* light might be reftord:
Or that at least I could with penill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palaces.

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

By patterne of great VIRGILS spirit diuine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my lottick stile,
That which no hands can euer more compile.

26

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:
But him behooues to view in compasse round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long armes;
Be it where th' veerely starre doth teorch 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' auncient Plot of *Rome*, displaid plain,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* stonish't doost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of old,
These wals, these arks, these baths, these temples hie;
Iudge by these ample ruines view, the rest
The which inurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old fragments are for paterne borne:
Then also marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Demon*
Doth yet himselfe with fatal hand enforce,
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 Trophees old,
Litting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whose 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 vnbound,
Onely supports herselfe for meat of wormes;
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And many yong plants spring out of her hind:
Who such an Oake hath leene, let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities flourish'd much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuise,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embrause,

After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guise,
Or *Corinth*, skild in curious works to graue;
All that LYSIPPVS practike arte could forme,
APOLLOS wit, or PHIDIAS his skil,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And heauen it selfe with her wide wonders fill,
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wise,
All that which *Africk* euer brought forth strange,
All that which *Asie* euer had of prise,
Was hers to see. O meruailous great change!
Rome, hung, was the worlds sole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds tole monument.

30

Like as the seeded field Greene graffe first shoves,
Then from Greene graffe into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth growes,
Which eare the frutfull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in featon due the husband mowes
The waung iocks of those faire yellow heares,
Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comly towes,
Vpon the naked fields in stakkes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till th' Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these old markes to see,
Of which all passers by doe somewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques vse to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him ehanit to teater.

31

That fame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlde pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whoe euer doost abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Iyge* or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spayne*,
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* rinks,
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne soul' iour which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cause, O Ciuill turme art,
Which sowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest light
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might' fall more hornbly.

32

Hope ye my verses that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes work may chalenge 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, who P O E T S deign'd to giue,
Seate

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay*.

Ceate not to fount thefe old antiquities:
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maift thou boaft, how euer bafe thou be,
That thou art firft, which of thy Nation fong
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

¶ *BELLAY*, firft garland of free Poëfie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue
Well worthy thou of immortalitie, (wits,

That long haft traueled by thy learned writs,
Old *Rome* out of her afhes to reuiue,
And giue a fecond life to dead decayes:
Needs muft he all eternitie furuiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endlefs, and thy praife
Excelling all, that euer went before:
And after thee, gins *BARTAS* hie to raife
His heauenly Mufe, th'Almightie to adore,
Liue happy fpirits, 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.

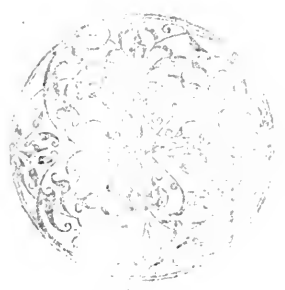


WYOMING
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THE STATE OF WYOMING THE GREAT SEAL

1890

Approved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Wyoming, this 1st day of January, 1890.



Printed by the State Printer, Cheyenne, Wyo.
1890



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 yeilded. 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 spred in the mouthes of all men: vvith which 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 wanted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happincesse.

(* * *)

Your La: emer humbly;

Ed. Sp.

L.

MVIO-



MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
 Sturr'd vp through wrathfull N E M E S I S despight,
 Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
 Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
 Through proud ambition, and hart-swelling hate,
 Whilst neither could the others greater might
 And (deignfull) scorne endure; that from (small) iarre
 Their wraths at length broke into open ware,

The roote whereof and tragickall effect,
 Vouchsafe, o thou the mournfullit Muse of nine,
 That wont' st the tragick stage for to direct;
 In iuneral complaints and wailefull tine,
 Reuale to me, and all the meanes detect,
 Through which sad C L A R I O N 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 C L A R I O N, the eldest sonne and heire
 Of M V S C A R O L L, and in his fathers sight
 Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

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' ensamp of his equall Peares,
 Did largely promise, and to him fore-red;
 (Whilst off his hart did melt in tendercreares)
 That he in time would sure prouue such an one,
 As fash was worthy of his tathers 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 lothsome sloth; or hours in case to wast,
 But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
 Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
 And with vnweared wings each part t'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 ste
 Vp to the cloudes, and thence with pineons 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 riuets, 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 H Y P E R I O N 's ferie childe
 Ascending, did his beames abroad disspred,
 Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
 Young C L A R I O N with vantagefull lustiched,
 After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
 And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure;
 Before his noble hart he firmly bound,
 That mought 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 V L C A N E made to shield
 A C H I L L E S life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An haire hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In saluage Forrest by aduenture slew,
 And sett the spoyle his ornament to bee:
 Which (spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
 Made all that him so horrible did see,
 Thinke him A L C I D E S with the Lyons skin,
 When the *Nemeian* conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
 The which was wrought by wonderous deuise,
 And curiously engrauen, he did set:
 The metall was of rare and passing price;
 Not Silbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
 Nor costly *Oriacbe* from strange *Phanice*;
 But such as could both P H O E B V S arrowes ward,
 And th' hailing darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced 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 sad death doe hyde:
So did this flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly, his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so many sundry colours are
In I R I S bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguish'd with many a twinkling starre,
Nor I Y 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 hartes to see,
Bears in her wings so many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought against thine honour I haue told,
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wish't that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,
Or that when them the gorgeouse 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, excelling all the crewe
In curteous vfrage, and vntained bewe.

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 hartes enuying fore,
Told V E N V S, when her as the worthiest
She praidd, 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 sonne to P S Y C H E secret loue did beare,
And long it close conceald, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and many a ruffall teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th'accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Etsoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plentifully
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh C L A R I O N beeing readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addressse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light,
And all the country wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountioully,
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,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide:
His choicefull sense with euery change doth sit,
No common things may please a waucering wit.

To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauih Nature in her best attire,
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;
And Art with her contending, doth aspire,
T'excelle the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasaunt may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth sit,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre 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 deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:
The wholesome Salge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raining in the pride of May,
Sharpe Ilope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Fairé Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram, and Dayfies decking prime.

Coolle Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Em bathed Balme, and cheertull Galingale,
Fresli Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drinck-quickning Setuale,
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Saourie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Percline,
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 humtelse embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisance
Of all his gl'iafulness, and kingly ioyauce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Then to enjoy 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 flowers, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euier thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day:
Sith morning faire may bring soule euening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in clofe awate
About vs daile, 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 fey, 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 voy,
Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars spent:
Nought may thee saue from heauens auengement.

It fortun'd (as heauens had beight)
That in this garden, where yong CLARION
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslau of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion,
And lurking closely, in awate now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot displacing to and fro,
Fearelesse of foes and hidden icopardie,
Lord how he gan far to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson sweld,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his meanes was vanquished
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When she 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 selfe to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragot to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie the will for her tapet take.
ARACHNE figur'd how IOVE did abuse
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did beare; so liuely scene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye wou'd weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how she in euery member shooke,
When as the land the saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

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 she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Ioie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Ennie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth dettoures,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her work to dight,

She made the storie of the old debate,
Which she with N E P T V N E did for *Ashens* try:
Twelue Gods doe sit around in royall state,
And I O V E in midst with awfull Maieftie,
To iudge the strife between them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eaue to be knowne; but I O V E aboute them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in fight,
The signe by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But feldome 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 smore the ground, the which streight forth did
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spread, (yield
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
Shee compact with a wreath of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst those leaues she made a Butterflie
With excellent deuce and wondrous sight,
Fluttering among the Olyues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, 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 hoines, 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 dismayd,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her bloud to poytsoonus 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 drynhed,
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,
His hart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
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.

Not any darnzell, 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 lyne;
Nor any skild in workmanship embost;
Nor any skild in lotpes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning cuer dare,
With this so curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that same subtil 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 fame he did apply,
For to entrap the carelesse C L A R I O N,
That rang'd each where without suspition.

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 fatall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his gouernaunce.

Yet still A R A G N O L I (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking courtly him to surprise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could deuite.
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesly,
Where hidden was his fatall enemy.

Who seeing him, with secreete ioy therefore
Did tuckle 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 bewraid,
Ne any noyse, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
Where on a lunny banke the Lambes doe play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He russeth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnwares:
So to his worke A R A G N O L I him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my grieft to show?
Helpe ô thou Tragick Mule, me to deuide
Notes tad enough, t'expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the drier itownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs deprived.

MVIOPOTMOS.

The luckles **CLARION**, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misted,
Of some vngracious blast out of the gate
Or **AEOLUS** 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 ourthrooe.

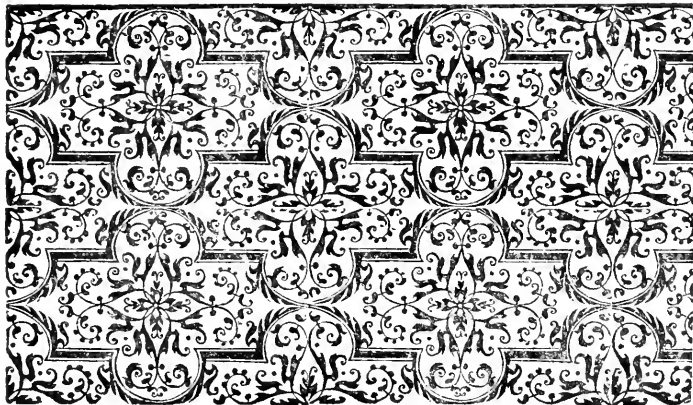
There the fond Flie entangled, struggled long,
Himselfe to free therout; but all in vaine.
For struing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twaine

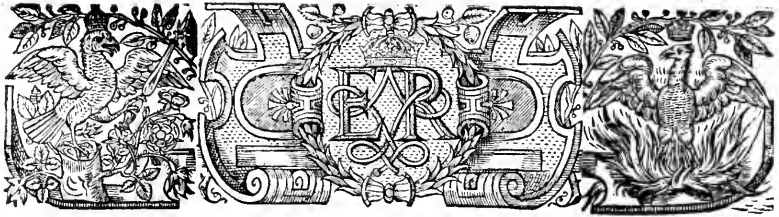
In lymic snares the subtile loupes among;
That in the ende he breathelesse did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the grieffly tyrant did espy,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resiffles prey, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing strooke his weapon flie
Into his hart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloody streames forth fled into the aire,
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 geafon,
 And all that humble is and meane debaced,
 Hath brought forth in her last declining feafon,
 Griefe of good minds, to see goodnelle difgraced.
 On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
 Vnto my eyes strange fhewes presented were,
 Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
 That yett thofe fights empaffion me full nere.
 Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
 That when time ferues, may bring things better forth.

2
 In Summers day, when **P H O E B U S** fairely fhone,
 I faw a Bull as white as driuen fnowe,
 With golden hornes embowed like the Moone,
 In a frefh flowing meadow lying lowe:
 Vp to his eares the verdant graffe did growe,
 And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
 But he with fatnes fo did ouer-flowe
 That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
 Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
 Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
 Through his faire hide his angry fting did threaten,
 And vext fo fore, that all his goodly feature,
 And all his plentious paffure nought him pleased:
 So by the fmall, the great is oft difcafed.

3
 Befide the fruitfull fhore of muddy **Nile**,
 Vpon a funnie banke outfretched lay

In monftrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 That cramd with guiltles blood, and greedy pray
 Of wretched people traouiling that way,
 Thought all things leffe then his difdainfull pride,
 I faw a little Bird, call'd **Tedula**,
 The leaft of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forft this hideous beaft to open wide
 The grieftly gates of his deuouring hell,
 And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
 Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime fwel.
 Why then fhould greateft things the leaft difdaine,
 Sith that fo fmall fo mightie can conftreine?

4
 The kingly Bird, that beares **I O V E S** thunder-clap,
 One day did lorne the fimple Scarabee,
 Proud of his higheft feruice, and good hap,
 That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:
 The filly Flie, that no redrefte did fee,
 Spide where the Eagle built his towring neft,
 And kindling fire within the hollow trec,
 Burnt vp his young ones, and himfelfe diftreft;
 Ne fuffred him in any place to refte,
 But droue in **I O V E S** owne lap his eggs to lay;
 Where gathering alfo filth him to infest,
 Forft with the filth his eggs to fling away:
 For which when as the Fowle was wroth, faid **I O V E S**,
 Lo how the leaft the greateft may reproue.

5
 Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
 I faw the fifh (if fifh I may it cleepe)
 That makes the fea before his face to flie,
 And with his flaggy finnes doth feeme to fweepe

Visions of the worlds vanitie.

The fomic waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,

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.

Hereby 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 speare,
With shields of Braffe, 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 enemie.

The subtile vermin creeping closely near,
Did in his drinke shed poyton priuilie;

Which through his entrailes spreading diuersly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnes trust.

O how great vaineance is it then to come
The weake, that hath the strong for oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and fraight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,

Her match in beautie was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:

Thenceforth her Garland so much honoured
Began to die, (o great ruth for the same)
And her faire locks fell from her Iosie head,
That shortly bald, and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To seee fo goodly thing fo loone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, 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, fo him pained,
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natie beautie stained.

Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith fo small thing his happines may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
And flage 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 louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.

All suddainly there cloue vnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the beele,
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,

10

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly fatiside,
With pray of beasts, and spoile of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:

His sternesse was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a Wolfe, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battell euen to his iawes;

Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart is filld with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats 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.

11

What time the Romane Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The Nations gan their soueraigntie disdain,
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:

So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possess' nigh of the Capitoll through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayd.

If then a Goose, great *Rome* from ruine stayd,
And *IOVE* himselte, the Patron of the place,
Prefer'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,
Why doe vaine men meane things fo much deface,

And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

12

When these sad fights 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 so great things by so small distress.
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieu'd brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppress'd,
And vnawares doe into danger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall

Learne by their losse to loue the lowe degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours fear, forget not what you bee:
For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnure.
F I N I S.



THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulnesse of sleepe doth drowne
The careful thoughts of mortall miseries:
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Loe, all is nought but flying vanities.
So I that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence doth stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystall, which from top to base
Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of *Africke* gold's enchafe.
Golde 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 nesse! 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 hight,
So farre as Archer might his leuel see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the metall which we all doe honour,
And in this golden vessel couched weare
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 greiuaunce hold.
I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flath did rend,

4

I saw rayde vp on Iuoric pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest metall's warke,
The chapters *Alabaster*, the fryes *crystall*,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each side purtraid was a *Victorie*,
Clad like a *Nymph*, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the *Romane* Peares.

Ne

The Visions of Bellay.

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-darts for I o v e his fire doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight
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 *Ausonian* streame :

There many an auncient *Tropee* was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that braue races greatnes did arteft,
That whilome from the *Trojan* bloud did flow.
Rauisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs downe threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone ;
And since I saw the roote in great disdain
A twaine of forked trees send forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie 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 assuage.

I saw a thousand huntfmen, 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 vphangd I saw her spoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her mothers flight :

I saw her rise, and with a larger sight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill she raught 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 tur'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 forme 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 :

Thereout a strange beast with leauen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her breast did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall rauine 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, burit out of *Scythian* mew,
That sperrit these cloudes, and in so thort as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9

Then all astonied with this mightie ghoast,
An hideous body big and strong I saw,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterge face, and front full of Saturn-like awe ;

Who leaning on the belly of a por,
Pou'd forth a water, whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore astot,
Whereon the *Trojan* Prince spilt *T V R N Y S* blood ;
And at his feete a bitch-wolfe sucke did yield
To two young babes: his left, the *Palme*-tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,
And head with *Laurell* garnisht was about,
Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,
And faire greene *Laurell* branch did quite decay.

I O

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 fobs.

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 *Hydra* new,
Of hundred *H E R C U L E S* to be afraid,
With *seauen* heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,

So many *N E R O E S* and *C A L I G V L A E S*
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise ?

I I

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Waung aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmic 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,
Whilft 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 earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Crytall gainst the Sunny beames,
The bottoome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright P A C R O L Y S watheth with his streames;

It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song:

The feates and benches shone of Iuorie,
And hundred Nymphes fate side by side about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rour,
Which with their villaine feet the streame did ray,
Threw downe the feats, 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 farre off, I chauntt to see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:

But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enue to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.

And finally the storme impetuouse
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 saw after raid againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Cittie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tydings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:

It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
And no lesse rich then faire, right worthie sure
(If ought heere worthy) of 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 U S
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens full wauering thus,
I saw T Y P H A E V S sister comming neare;

Whose head full brauely with a morion bidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.

She by a riuers banke that swift downe slid,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hie;

An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wife;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rife:

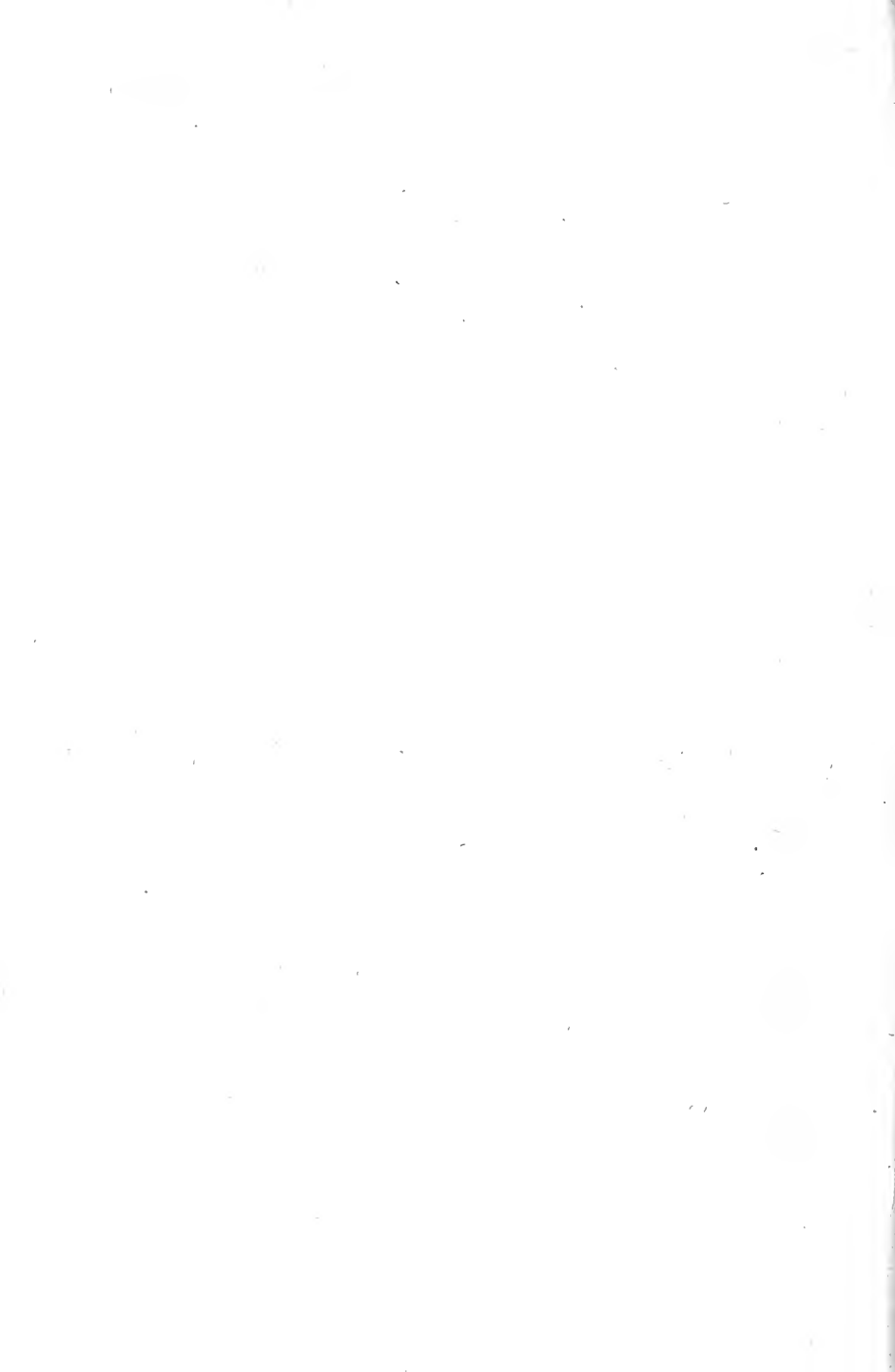
Then downe she striken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

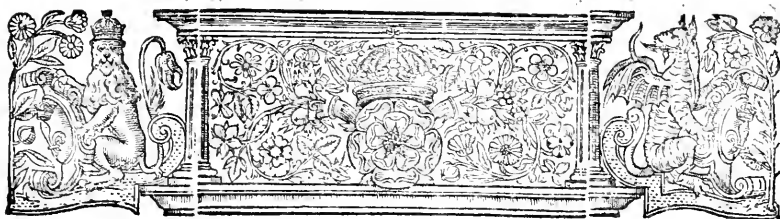
FINIS.

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 opprell,
Fell to the ground, and there vntumely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oit makes me waile so hard a destinie.

2

After at Sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Iuorie,
The sailes of gold, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to be,
The skie each where did show fall bright and faire;
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighte'd was:
But sudden storme did to turmoyle the ayre,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a Rocke, that vnder water lay,
And perished past all recourte.
O how great ruth and sorrowfull affay,
Doth vexe my spirit with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

The heauenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and luscious Laurell tree,

Amidst the young Greene wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundry melodie,
That with their sweeter noise 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 brast,
And rent this roe all 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 approched not in any wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad hart therat did much reioyce.
But while therein I tooke my chiefe deight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth deuoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight:
Which yet aggrecues my hart euen to this houre;
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

5

I saw a Phoenix 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.

Vasil

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 at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phoenix 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 dide:
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 heards and flowres she walked pensiuely,
Mild, but yet loue she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought.
About the waste a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Where-with she languisht as the gather'd flowre,

And well assur'd she mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

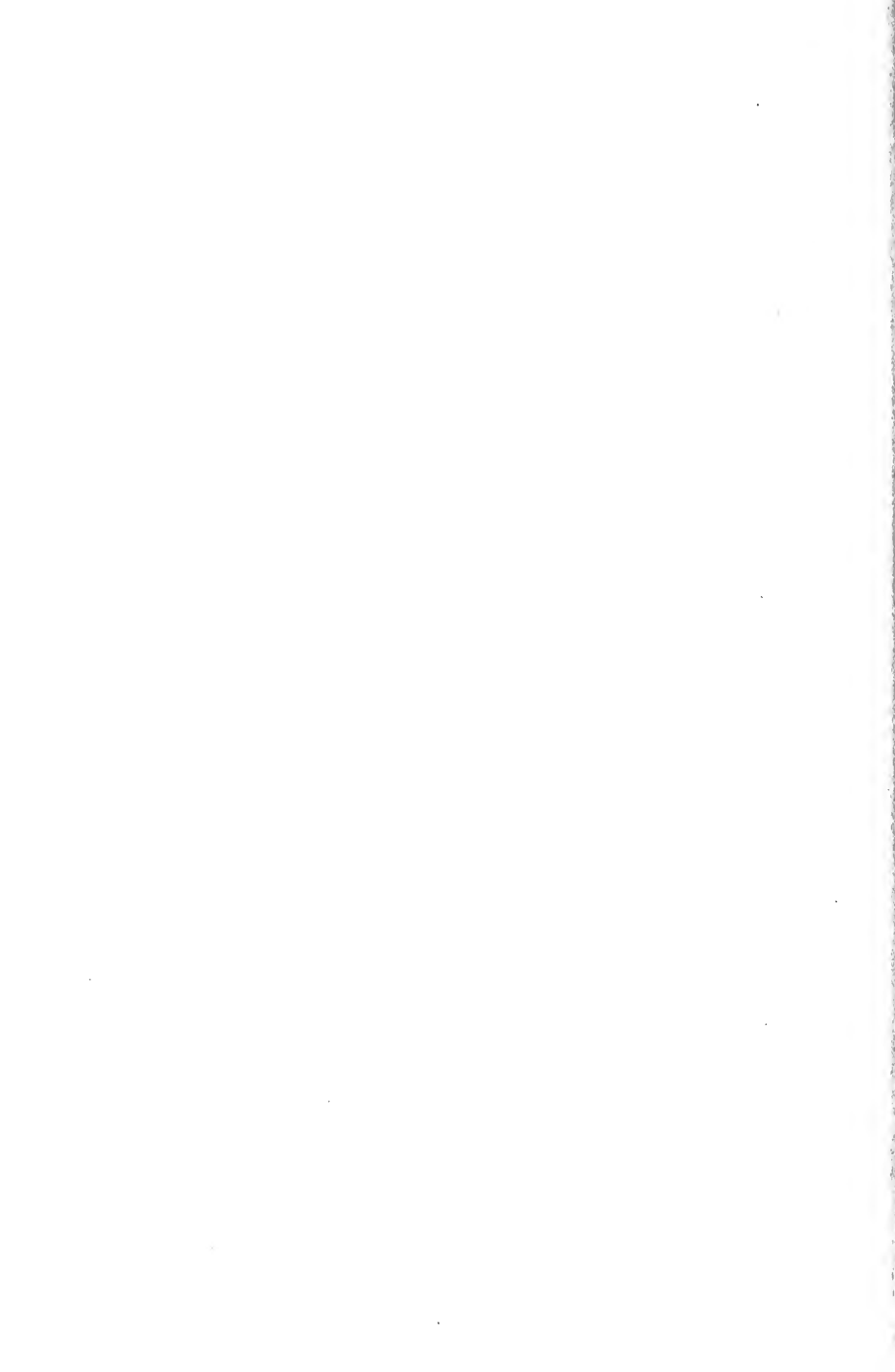
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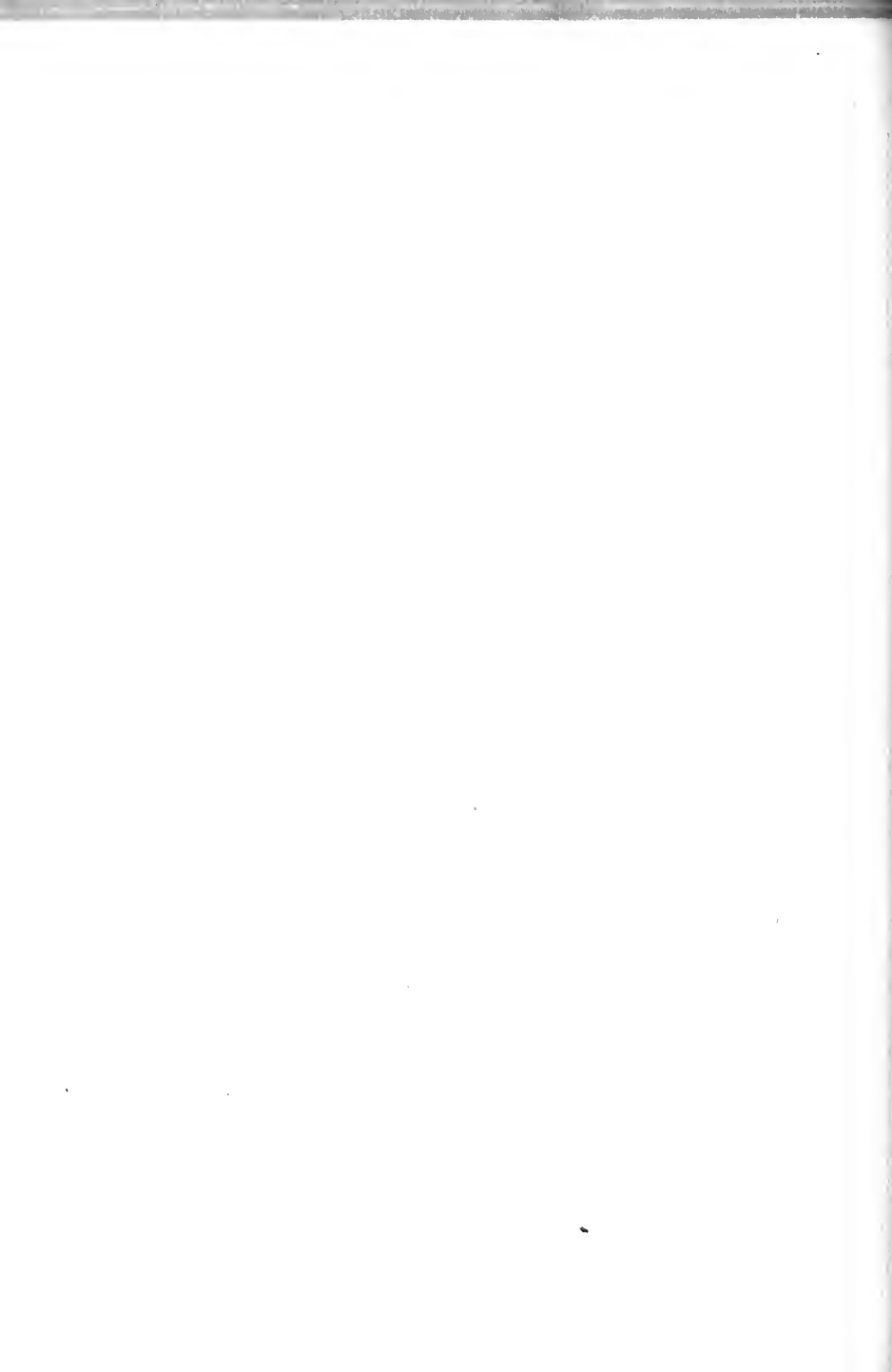
When I beheld this tickle trustlesse state
Of vaine worlds glory, sitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restless seas of wretchednes and woe,
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne vnto my happy reit,
Where my free spirit might not any moe
Be vext with sights, that doe her peace molest.
And ye faire Ladie, in whose bountious brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rimes doe read, and view the rest,
Loathe this base world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet think, that death shall spoile your goodly features.

FINIS.









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=6

